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MOTION PICTURE

STORY
MAGAZINE

JAN -6 1914

15 CTS.

FEBRUARY

FREE COUPON

To ELBERT MOORE:
Box 772, T. L. Chicago

You may send me, without cost or obligation, printed matter showing how your method is so superior to all others that you can guarantee me at least \$10 on the first moving picture play I write after taking your few simple lessons. Also send me your free credit certificate which I can use later, if I decide to take your course just as if it were \$5 in cash.

Name.....

Address.....

Sign
tear off
along dotted
line and mail today

MAIL
NOW

I don't care Who You Are

If you are over 14 years of age

Quick

write name here, **FREE**



ELBERT
MOORE

I Absolutely Guarantee You At Least \$10.00

for the first motion picture play you write after taking my few easy lessons. Yes, sir — a written guarantee — *iron-clad* — the same as that much money in your pocket.

Your Ideas Are As Good As the Next Person's

I want to end all this nonsense about any special education or talent being necessary to write photoplays. I want to put my proposition squarely up to "everyday folks" — who want to make some extra money, quickly, easily, pleasantly — in spare time, at home.

I want to prove that *Anybody* with ordinary common sense and power of observation can write an acceptable photoplay — if they let *me* show them how. *Anybody* can cash in on the demand created by the 30,000 motion picture theatres in this country changing their programs daily and clamoring for new ideas.

These theatres don't want fancy ideas, but just the "happy thoughts" that occur to you *two or three times a week*. You're no literary specialist, of course, but your ideas are as good as the next person's — maybe better.

I Coach You FREE

It's easy — by my method. That's why I absolutely guarantee you *at least \$10* for the first photoplay you write after taking my few simple lessons. If you have the least trouble selling the photoplay, let me know and I will pay you the \$10 in cash, myself, *at once*, without delay or question.

The fact that my system is *different*, explains how I can give this remarkable guarantee and make good on it.

And furthermore, I will stick by you *after you take my lessons*, and, if necessary, will coach you

free until you have sold five photoplays — and *obtained your money for them*. Photoplays bring \$10 to \$100 apiece.

Earn \$1200.00 Yearly Writing One Photoplay a Week in Spare Time

I know men and women, no more experienced than you, who are earning \$25 to \$100 weekly writing photoplays in their *spare time* — right in their own homes.

The idea is *new*, of course. Many people haven't yet heard of the big profits. Remember, there are now over 30,000 moving picture theatres in this country. A few years ago there were *nine*. That accounts for the big demand. The theatres are increasing too fast for the photoplay writers to come anywhere near keeping up with them.

Will You Hurry, to Save \$5?

Everybody's in a hurry in this wonderful, wealth-giving business. Everybody is making money so fast they are *rushed to death*. I am in a hurry, also. I must have more students *at once* so that I can turn over more plays to the producers. I am willing to make a *big sacrifice* to get them. If you will send me your name on the free coupon above at once, I will allow you \$5 off the regular price of my course, reducing the cost to an *unbelievably low figure*. Don't send a cent now — but get your name in to learn about the guarantee and all other facts at once.

Act, before it is too late to obtain the \$5 credit. You can use it later on, if you decide to take up my proposition, exactly as if it were so much cash. If you decide not to take me up, simply drop the matter — it hasn't cost you a cent. Hurry — mail the free coupon at top of page, now, before you turn the page.

ELBERT MOORE, Box 772 T. L., Chicago



*If it
isn't an
Eastman,
it isn't
a Kodak.*

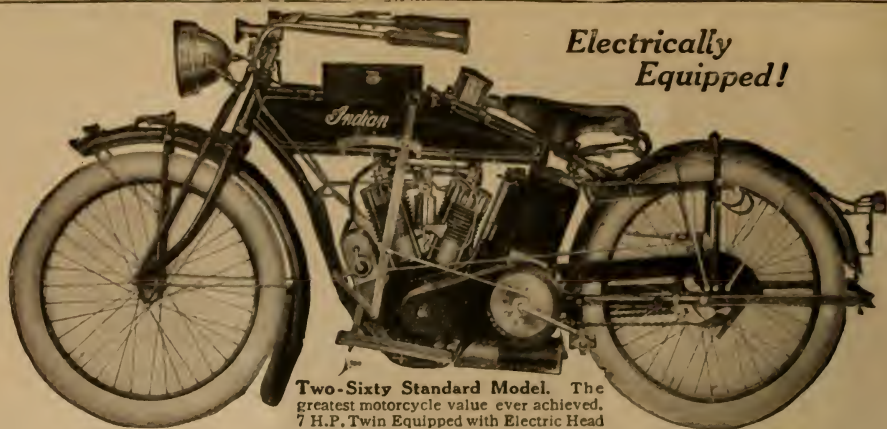
The Story of the **Kodak Album**

The friendships of school days, the very atmosphere of the home, every phase of life that makes for companionship—in all of these is an intimate picture story—a story that glows with human interest, grows in value with every passing year.

Let Kodak keep the story for you.

Ask your dealer, or write us, for "At Home with the Kodak," a delightfully illustrated little book that tells about home pictures—flashlights, groups, home portraits and the like—and how to make them. It's mailed without charge.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



Two-Sixty Standard Model. The greatest motorcycle value ever achieved. 7 H.P. Twin Equipped with Electric Head Light, Electric Tail Light, Electric Signal, Two Sets Storage Batteries and

Corbin-Brown Rear-Drive Speedometer. Price \$260.00. See Catalog for detailed description.

Indian MOTOCYCLES FOR 1914

60,000 brand-new red machines will go out over the Indian trails during the coming year—the greatest motorcycle production in the history of the industry.

They will flash forth fully armed with “Thirty-Eight Betterments for 1914!” Armed with powerful and beautiful Electrical Equipment! Armed with a New Standard of Value which must completely overturn all contemporary ideas of motorcycle worth!

All standard Indian models for 1914 come equipped with electric head light, electric tail light, two sets high amperage storage batteries, electric signal and Corbin-Brown rear drive speedometer.

You cannot fully realize the 1914 Indian without a thorough study of the 1914 Indian Catalog. It makes plain a host of compelling Indian facts that everyone—dealer, rider, all motorcycle-interested men—can consider to their real profit. Write for the 1914 Indian Catalog—the most interesting volume of motorcycle literature you’ve ever read.

1914 Indians are being demonstrated by 2,500 dealers the world over.

The 1914 line of Indian Motorcycles consists of:

4 H.P. Single Service Model.....	\$200.00
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7 H.P. Twin Two-Sixty Standard Model.....	260.00
7 H.P. Twin Two Speed Regular Model.....	275.00
7 H.P. Twin Two Speed Tourist Standard Model.....	300.00
7 H.P. Twin Light Roadster Model.....	260.00
7 H.P. Twin Hendee Special Model (with Electric Starter).....	325.00

Prices F.O.B. Factory

HENDEE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

864 STATE STREET, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

BRANCHES AND SERVICE STATIONS

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← THE SILENT INDIAN →

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Accept This \$100 Credit

Before too late—It costs
nothing—If you write
your name here —————
at once you get our complete

Home Training in Law

**\$100 less, just as if you
had sent us that much CASH**

World's Greatest Home Study Law Course, for Almost Nothing

Using that coupon cuts the cost down to unbelievable figures and brings it within reach of everybody. This does not refer to any *shortened* law Course. It refers to our regular, complete Three Year Course including Faculty Talks, Lectures, 12-volume law library—everything, exactly the same as if you had paid the regular price—exactly the same Course which has been recommended and *taken* by distinguished men all over the country. This is the Largest Law School for Home Study in the World—over 40,000 students.

Investigate Today, You Risk Not a Cent

It does not put you to the least expense or obligation to fill out and send in the **FREE** coupon. Nobody will call on you or bother you in any way. But you will receive our *free* booklet explaining everything, and if you then decide to take the Course use the Credit Certificate in paying us, *just as if it were a \$100 bill.*

Big Demand for Legally Trained Men —at \$5,000 to \$20,000 a Year

Don't let that coupon get away from you. You will note that it is a *thirty day limited coupon*. Act before it is too late. If you have

American Correspondence School of Law
Dept. 1822 Manhattan Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen—Please send me, right away, full particulars of your limited **FREE SCHOLARSHIP CREDIT** offer, also a certificate entitling me to

\$100 Credit

on your complete Three Year Course in Law together with complete information regarding your simplified method of Home Instruction. I obligate myself in no way, nor do I agree to buy anything. Send everything **FREE** and Prepaid.

Name _____

Address _____

**Fold, Tear
Out and
Mail
Today**



not already decided to study law you *soon will*—and getting that coupon in now, will hold the \$100 credit for you until you have had plenty of time to make up your mind. We want you to know *why* there is far greater demand for legally trained men now than there was a few years ago. Our free booklet explains it. The legally trained man makes from \$5,000 to \$20,000 a year.

You Can Learn Law At Home

It requires no advanced education.

The fact that this advertisement has interested you proves that you are above the average in intelligence. You can easily understand the simplified method of study originated by this school. We coach all graduates free until they pass the bar examination. Many men, no more capable than you, *studied at home in odd hours* and are now making \$5,000 to \$20,000 a year. They happened to hear of the big opportunity in law sooner than you did, that is all. But it is not too late. The demand will be even greater in the future.

Don't Throw Away \$100 By Delaying —Use Free Coupon

You have everything to gain and nothing to lose by quick action. If you decide you don't want to study law, simply drop the matter. It hasn't cost you a cent. But don't throw \$100 away merely because you are not sure now what action you will take. **Investigate.** Fill in the free coupon. Write plainly. Do not hesitate—act, *before you turn the page.*

AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW, Dept. 1822 Manhattan Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

VITAGRAPH.

DECORATE YOUR DENS

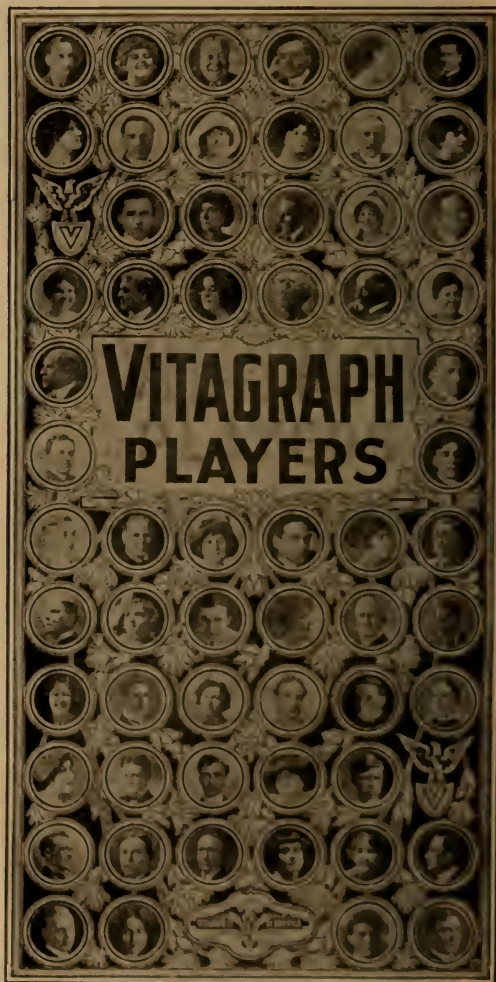
With a Beautifully Colored Poster of Vitagraph Players and a
Vitagraph Pennant, Made of Cloth and Printed in Colors

PENNANTS 25 CENTS EACH

POSTERS 30 CENTS EACH



Size of Pennant, 11 x 30 inches. Send 25 cents
in Stamps or Money Order



Size of Poster, 42 x 80 inches. Send 30 cents in
Stamps or Money Order

Publicity Department, THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA

East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York

BE A WRITER *of* MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

EARN BIG MONEY AT HOME IN SPARE TIME



You Will Be Interested in This Story!

One night last Spring a Young Man dropped into a Moving Picture Theater with a friend. A "Blood-and-Thunder" Western story was being shown—you know the kind. "Pshaw!" said the Young Man, "I could write a better story than that." "Why don't you?" asked his friend. That started the Young Man to thinking and he investigated.

Here Is What He Found!

He found that twenty million people attend thirty thousand moving picture theaters in the United States every day. "Surely," he thought, "it must require quite a number of motion picture plays to entertain all these people." So he investigated further.

He found that the demand for good moving picture plays exceeds the supply—that there are more moving picture plays bought each month by producers than there are stories by all the high-class magazines in the

United States combined—that the producers pay from \$15.00 to \$100.00 for good plays, and carry standing advertisements in the magazines inviting writers to submit their work.

He found that many men and women—clerks, teachers, stenographers, students, housewives—people in all walks of life, with no literary training whatever—were making money in their spare time writing these plays.

This was enough for the Young Man. He took up the work himself. He found to his delight that his lack of literary training was no handicap, no descriptions or conversation to supply—just IDEAS developed into plays under the simple rules required by the producers.

In six months he was earning more than his regular salary writing plays at home in the evening. His job interfered with his writing, so he quit his job. More than this—he is his own boss now. Remember, this Young Man is no genius—he had never written a story in his life—he simply saw an opportunity and GRASPED IT.

You Can Succeed in This Work

Your Ideas Are Worth Money

You have had ideas which you thought would make good moving picture plays—better than some you have seen on the screen. If you haven't, suppose you give the matter a little thought. Go to the theater tonight. Note how simple the stories are—yet these simple little plays brought their writers \$25.00, \$50.00 or \$100.00 each. How about that incident at the office or in your home, or that you heard or read about? Don't keep it bottled up—write a motion picture play around it and sell it for \$25.00 or more.

Literary Training Not Necessary

If you are possessed of imagination—and who is not?—if you are ambitious and can use more money than you are making now—if you have tried to become a story writer and failed because of insufficient literary training—THE MOTION PICTURE PLAY OFFERS A SHORT CUT TO SUCCESS! Think of seeing YOUR OWN IDEAS on the screen in your own town, before your friend! This is to experience a satisfaction that cannot be described.

LET US TEACH YOU TO TURN YOUR IDEAS INTO DOLLARS

You can make \$50.00 to \$100.00 a month in your spare time

Others are doing it! You have the ideas! Let us teach you how to use them in this new and profitable work. Our simple and interesting Course will teach you everything you need to know to succeed, how to write and how to SELL your plays. Our Course has been prepared by a WRITER OF NATIONAL REPUTATION. You probably have enjoyed many of his plays on the screen. He will give you his PERSONAL HELP AND ADVICE throughout the Course. He will teach you his methods, by which he SUCCEEDED.

Learn all about this fascinating spare-time work

There is MONEY and FAME to be gained in this new profession, if you start NOW! We have prepared an interesting catalogue which tells all about the wonderful possibilities of this work and describes our easy and fascinating method of teaching. Suppose we send you a copy? It is FREE.

AUTHORS' MOTION PICTURE SCHOOL
Dept. S
122 So. Michigan Ave.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

I am interested in learning how to write MOTION PICTURE PLAYS. Please send me a catalogue and particulars regarding your method of teaching.

AUTHORS' MOTION PICTURE SCHOOL

Dept. S 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

COUPON CUT OFF AND MAIL TODAY

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Great Artist Contest

EACH READER IS ENTITLED TO VOTE ONCE A MONTH, ON THE PRINTED COUPON, FOR THE

GREATEST MOTION PICTURE ARTISTS

Each vote must contain the name of a male player and the name of a female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity, good looks, personality, etc., and they may excel in drama, tragedy, comedy, villainy portrayal, or anything you please. A good critic can recognize artistry in a comedian or in a villain just as in a player who plays heroic or emotional rôles.

While no valuable prizes will be given, the winners of this contest will be awarded the highest honors that can come in the theatrical profession—the stamp of public approval.

At no time will there be offered any extra inducements to the voters in the way of votes for subscriptions, etc., nor will there be any coupons printed different from the one that is printed in this issue, on another page. The winners will receive a handsome, engraved certificate, but nothing more; hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players or companies.

The first prize for ladies will be awarded to that female player who receives the largest number of votes, and the first prize for men will be awarded to that male player who receives the largest number of votes. Furthermore, we intend that the most popular "team" shall play in a great drama to be written especially for them by our readers. This will be accomplished in this way: It will readily be seen that the winning female player may not belong to the same company as the winner of the male prize, and it might be impossible to bring them together; hence, we may have to select the second player of the winning team from the same company in which the winner plays. Thus, if Earle Williams is declared the greatest male artist, the female player of the same company having the greatest number of votes will be elected to play with him in the

One Hundred Dollar Prize Photoplay

in which the winning team is to play. After this contest has run for two or three months, we shall offer a prize of one hundred dollars for the best scenario, and the story of the same will be published in this magazine.

Do not send in your scenario yet! Due announcement will be made concerning this phase of the contest, which is in reality another contest entirely. You may vote, whether you compete for the scenario prizes or not. We shall select, say, twenty of the best scenarios and submit them as "Prize Scenarios" to the different companies, offering them at "usual rates," in which their players who receive the highest number of votes shall play, and the amount received will be awarded to the writers of the scenarios. Thus, there will probably be twenty prizes or more instead of one. The Photoplay Clearing House and the Scenario Department of the winning company will act as the judges. Thus, if Ormi Hawley and Arthur Johnson should win first prize, the Lubin Company are to have these players play in the prize play. And if James Cruze and Marguerite Snow should be next highest, the Thanhouser Company may have second choice out of many thousand selected scenarios, and that company may choose a play at its own price in which to feature those players.

But, just now, you are concerned only in the contest of determining who are the greatest Motion Picture artists.

Not only will a specially selected and admirable play be used as the medium to present the Greatest Artists as such to the public, but the studios, the newspapers at large, the theatrical reviews and *The Motion Picture Story Magazine* will unite properly to feature them and to perpetuate a record of their talent.

Please send in your votes at once. Find the coupon on another page, fill it out and mail it to "Great Artist Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y." You may enclose two or more coupons in one envelope, provided each is signed by a different person. Nothing but coupons will be counted!

Remember that you may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, or any other kind, and it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. If any of these win we shall see that they get leading parts. Don't forget that a great play could be written for such unlike players as John Bunny and Alice Joyce, or for Yale Boss and W. Christie Miller! Send in your votes now!

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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J. Stuart Blackton, President; E. V. Brewster, Sec.-Treas. Subscription, \$1.50 a year in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, \$2; in foreign countries, \$2.50. Single copies, 15 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted (one-cent stamps only). We do not want scenarios, stories and plots except when ordered by us; these should be sent to the Photoplay Clearing House (see advertisement).

Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both the old and the new address.

STAFF FOR THE MAGAZINE:

Eugene V. Brewster, Managing Editor.

Edwin M. La Roche, }
Dorothy Donnell, } Associate Editors.
Gladys Hall, }
C. W. Fryer, Staff Artist.
Guy L. Harrington, Circulation Manager.
Frank Griswold Barry, Advertising Manager.

Western, and New England Adv. Rep.: Pullen, Bryant & Fredricks Co., Chicago and Boston.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

After reading these stories, ask your theater manager to show you the films on the screen!



My Favorite Magazine

By MRS. ALTA STEVENS

The loftiest themes that thrill the human heart
Have always graced its pages with fine art,
Each graphic story full in every part.

Most wondrous legends of long ages past,
Of curious lore that held the child-folk fast,
That turned to fact the fiction of their minds,
In magic form upon the screen unbinds.
Or humor quaint, or pathos keen, it holds,
Nor falters once till aptly it unfolds.

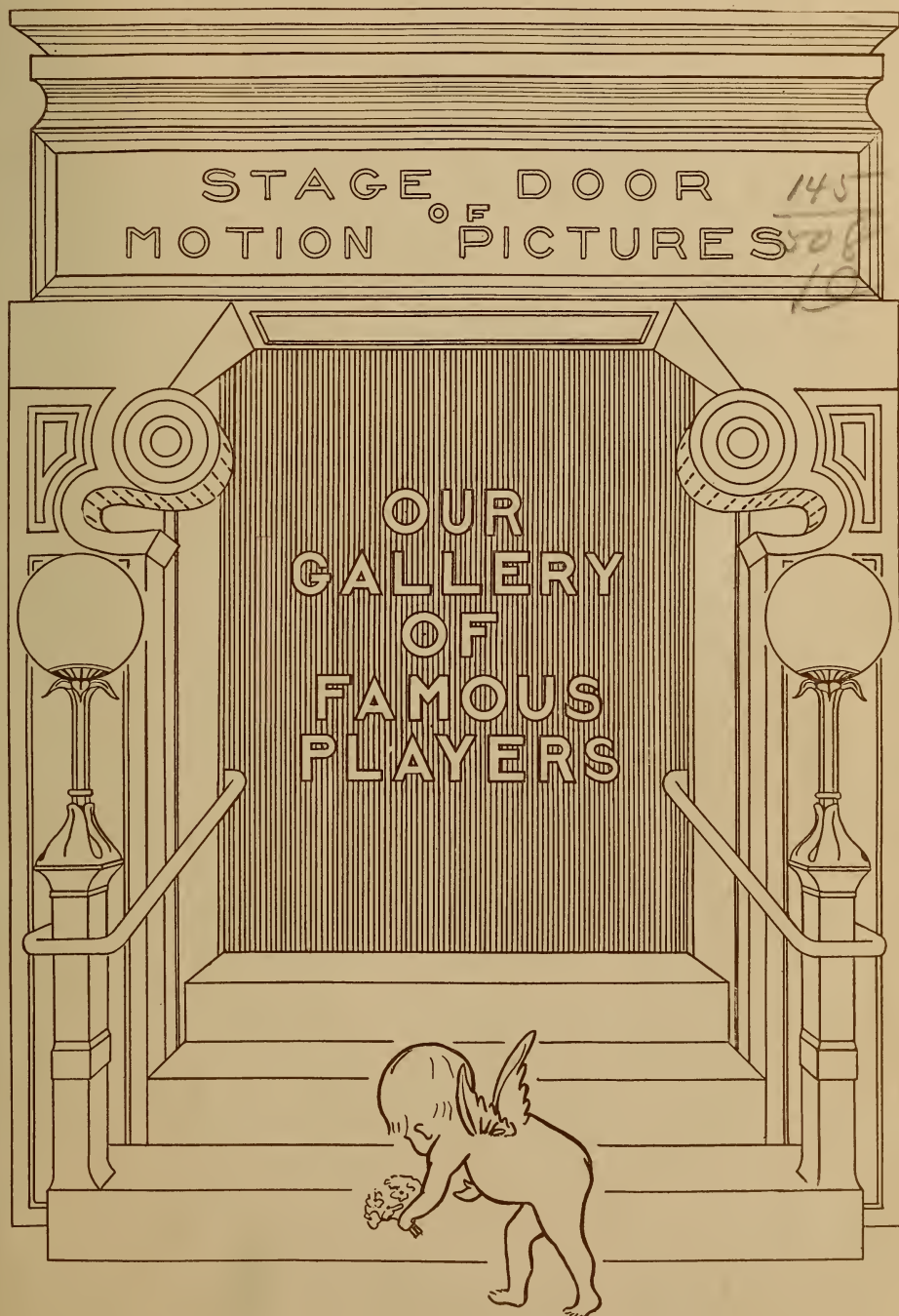
Presenting oft the charming, race-old theme,
In which a woman's love must all redeem;
Compelling instincts bind man's own heart fast
Till love and home his dreaming years recast.
Useless the cry of moss-grown pessimist;
Returns no more a bygone day, I wist;
Ebbs out the old to join the Eon's mist.

So, telling news of photoshow and screen,
The mission of my favorite magazine.
"Outranks them all," says Motion Picture fan;
Renowned from East to West, it leads the van,
Yet months are reckoned few since it began.

Marked aspirations glow thru all its verse,
And answers by wise Answer Man are terse;
Gay Greenroom Jottings whisper many things
And recent news of Playerdom outbrings;
Zest, gives the Photoplay Philosopher;
Inspiring Chats with Players, pleasures stir;
Now Picture Players' Gallery the rage,
Enhancing silent drama and the stage.

3

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE





REINA VALDEZ
(Ersanay)



JANE FEARNLEY
(Vitagraph)



ANNA Q. NILSSON (Kalem)



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG (Vitagraph)



WALLIE VAN
(Vitagraph)



MABEL TRUNNELLE
(Edison)



ETHEL CLAYTON
(Lubin)



FRED MACE
(Apollo)



LAMAR JOHNSTONE (Majestic)



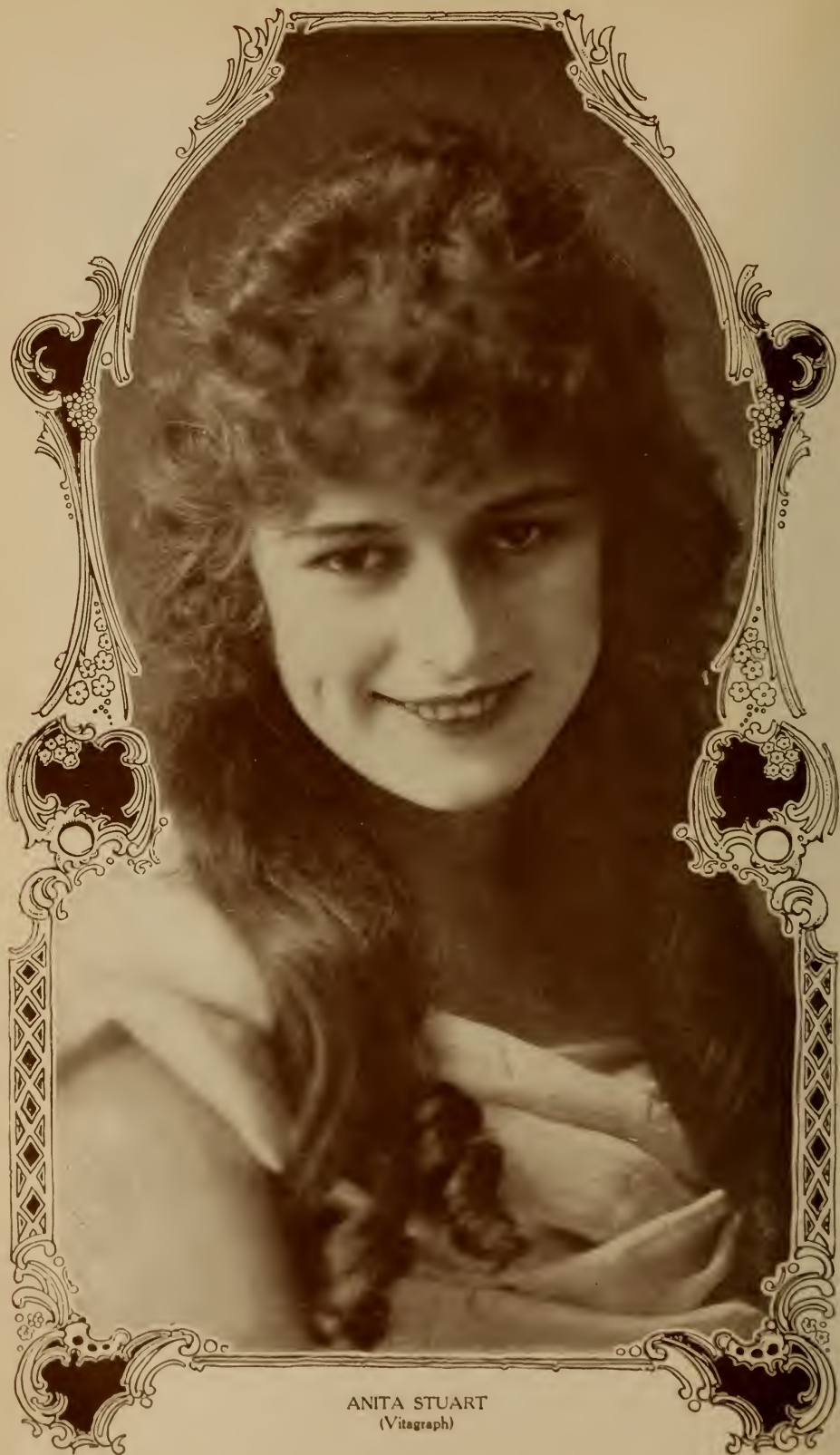
EDNA MAISON (Universal)



DOROTHY GISH
(Biograph)



PEARL SINDELAR
(Pathé Frères)



ANITA STUART
(Vitagraph)



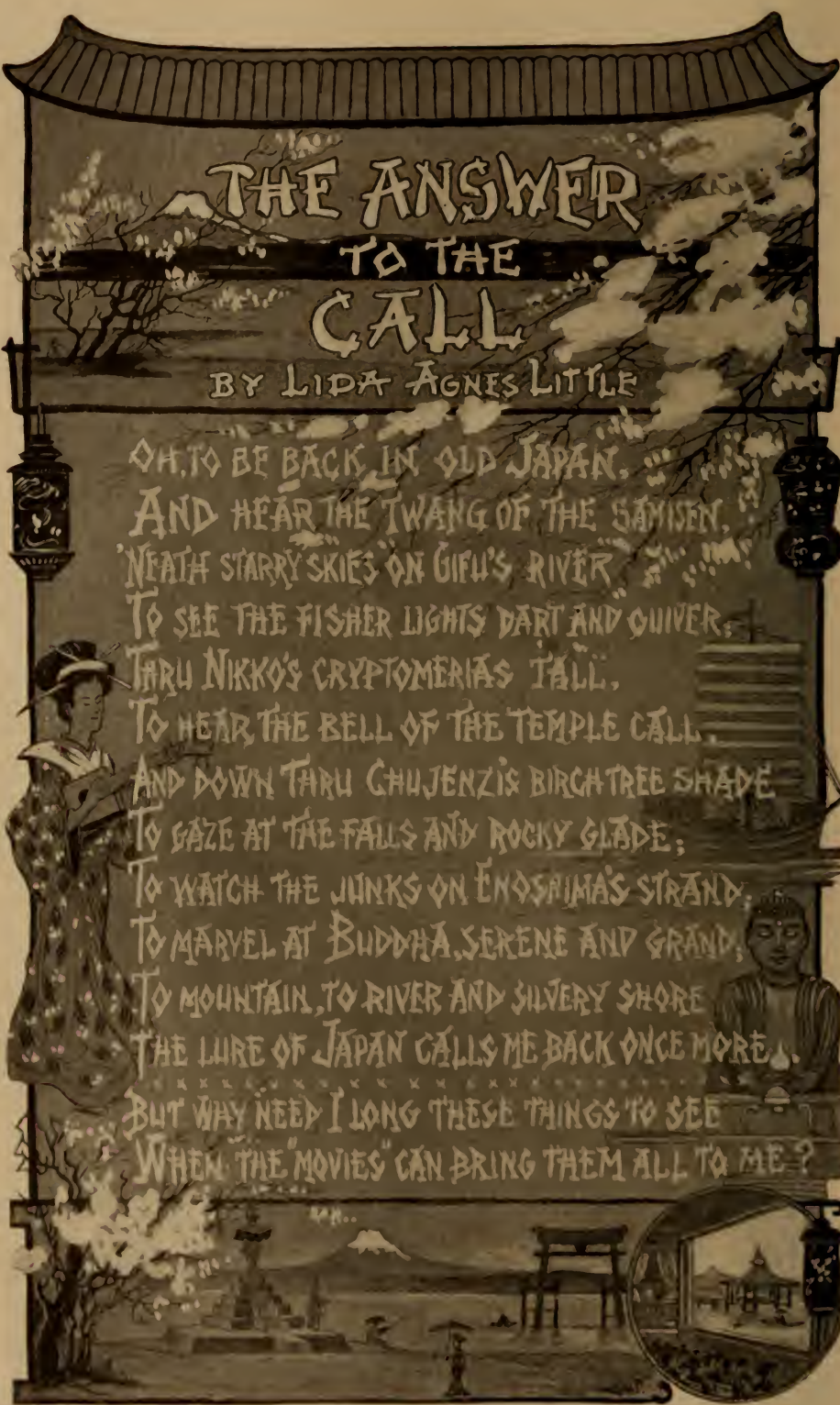
BARBARA TENNANT
(Eclair)



FREDERICK CHURCH (Escanay)



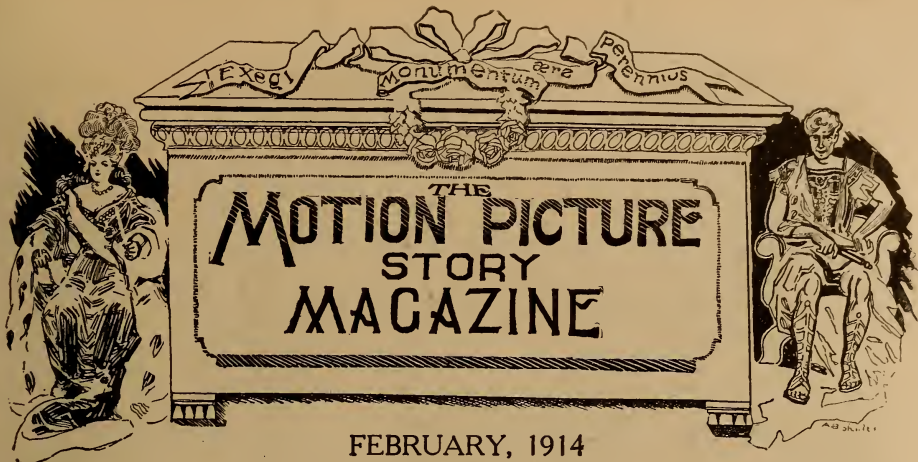
ROMAINE FIELDING (Lubin)



THE ANSWER TO THE CALL

BY LIDA AGNES LITTLE

OH, TO BE BACK IN OLD JAPAN,
AND HEAR THE TWANG OF THE SAMISEN,
NEATH STARRY SKIES ON GIFU'S RIVER
TO SEE THE FISHER LIGHTS DART AND QUIVER,
THRU NIKKO'S CRYPTOMERIAS TALL,
TO HEAR THE BELL OF THE TEMPLE CALL,
AND DOWN THRU CHUJENZIS BIRCH TREE SHADE
TO GAZE AT THE FALLS AND ROCKY GLADE,
TO WATCH THE JUNKS ON ENOSHIMA'S STRAND,
TO MARVEL AT BUDDHA SERENE AND GRAND,
TO MOUNTAIN, TO RIVER AND SILVERY SHORE
THE LURE OF JAPAN CALLS ME BACK ONCE MORE.
BUT WHY NEED I LONG THESE THINGS TO SEE
WHEN THE "MOVIES" CAN BRING THEM ALL TO ME?



Vol. VII

FEBRUARY, 1914

No. 1

Thru the Storm

(Essanay)

By KARL SCHILLER

This story was written from the Scenario of F. F. MACE

IT seems as tho Time must have been created after Man; as tho Life must be the dial, not a blank, white circle arbitrarily marked off into mathematical spaces. Certainly, that one night was longer than any year of their lives; so long that it left a faint, grayish shadow on Susie's girl hair and chiseled lines in Andy's face. They say drowning people live whole lifetimes in a moment. In those few hours of storm-wrestle and wild rain the wife lived over every kiss, every embrace, every tender word that he had given her in their Five Beautiful Years, with the fierce, merciless vividness of dead, never-to-be-repeated things. And he—well, he was a man, and it was a man's duty that called him thru the stumbling delirium of the storm. But he, too, had once or twice a lightning flash of visioning—of his wife's face as she had waved him good-by that afternoon from the station platform, a gallant, Madonna figure, holding their baby sweetly to her breast. Yet the day had prophesied no such night.

craft as the tall shadow blocked the door-light. "Listen, Andy, I believe I've got the hang of it."

In the obedient silence a few halting clicks from the telegraph key stammered a message. Susie's cheeks fired triumphantly, and the baby gave a loud, fatuous crow, looking at its father for applause.

"Fine, old lady!" cried Andy, heartily. He flung aside his lineman's outfit and strode across the small room, carrying her reward on his lips.

"Did you understand what I said?" she persisted.

"Deed I did." His eyes twinkled. "But is that all you've learnt, Sue? Those three little words are mighty sweet, but I'll not allow you to telegraph them to any one but me."

"Silly!" Sue sprang to her feet in sudden housewifely haste. "I believe I've forgotten dinner, Andy. Take Honey-Gal out of my way, and I'll hurry things onto the table. Just the same, when we get telegraph service at Burton's Bend, you'll be glad you've got such an intelligent wife, sir."

"When," sniffed Andy, pessimistically; "yes, *when*."

"Oh, *Andy!*" Susie italicized. She glanced up from her absorbed handi-



"BUT I'LL NOT BE ALLOWING YOU TO TELEGRAPH THEM TO
ANY ONE ELSE BUT ME"

His wife paused in her bread-slicing, emphasizing her words with the point of the knife on the red-covered table. "We'll get it," she cried gallantly. "'Course we will, Andy McMann. Isn't Honey-Gal going to college on the strength of that job? Aren't we going to telegraph a porch on the house and a new roof on the ell? Why, we've just *got* to get it, that's all. Maybe the letter 'll come this very afternoon. I've got a feeling in my bones."

"It's rheumatism, I'll wager," laughed Andy. "Dont fret, Susie; everything always comes out all right, you know, in the end. And, say, rustle with that grub, will you, old lady; I got t' take the car down the line this afternoon."

"Then Honey-Gal and I'll go with you, far as the station, and watch the noon Eastern come in." Susie set the

plates down stubbornly and drew up the chairs. "Sit down, dear, and eat. But just you mark my words. Something is going to happen, sure as you know." But her radiant optimism did not warn her just what the something was to be.

The noon Eastern, screaming along the rails an hour later, paused a whiff or two of engine smoke at the tiny, wooden shack of Burton's Bend. As it coughed pompously away again, a bored passenger or two, glancing up from stale novels, caught a glimpse of quivering, rebellious lips and stormy blue eyes. Then Susie thrust the letter hastily into an apron pocket and wiped away visible tokens of disappointment on Honey-Gal's fluff of hair. Andy, chug-chugging laboriously toward them a moment later, along the still vibrant rails, brought his handcar to a stop beside his



"BUT JUST MARK MY WORDS. SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN"

family, tranquilly unaware that Fate had just preceded him.

"I'll be home at lamplight," he promised. "Here, kiss me good-by, old lady, and I'm off."

If she could have glimpsed the dark hours that lay ahead of his careless words, what a kiss she would have given him! But the disappointment rankling in her apron pocket robbed her lips of enthusiasm.

"Good-by, Andy," she said; "I'm going to make your kind of biscuit for supper, so be home on time."

She reflected that it would be easier to tell him what the letter said after a third biscuit. "Poor Honey-Gal!" she mourned, over the puzzled baby. "So she can't go to college, after all. Andy said they'd never put in telegraph service here, but I hoped so. Well, we'd better run home, baby, quick as you can say 'Jack Robinson,' for I've got a feeling in my bones it's going to rain."

Rain! In five minutes Andy was so wet that he did not care. After that, he gave up craven notions of turning home and drove his tiny car

on into the gray heart of the storm. The twin rails cut the distance ahead of him, twinkling the brighter for the wet. Overhead, his peering glance sought for possible trouble in the dark tangle of telegraph wires, plainly outlined against the leprous white clouds. But on either side the rain shut him in like gray curtains, in the uncanny isolation of the storm. It deadened sound, blanketed vision, clogged lashes, ears and the strange sixth sense in man that warns of peril lurking near. On he went, pausing once or twice to question the integrity of some wire strand, until the dusk and the storm together blotted out the world in a universal dinginess. The homeward trip was swifter, spurred on by the comfortable mental vision of the lamp-bright, love-lit homecoming that awaited him. He drove the car over the bridge, with the odd sensation of poising in space. Above, around, below, the white fog and the stealthy lisp of water; his sense of touch the one link that bound him to reality. And then, at last, the shanty where the car must be stored for the night, a gray blur on the background

of neutralness. A storm is an awful thing. It sends men's thoughts homing, like frightened, lonely pigeons back to their nest; it sets laws loose for the moment—laws of Nature and those man-made—filling the gray, impalpable, shadowy world with creeping shapes of mystery or ill. Even the most practical of men, as Andy was, feels his common sense adrift on a sea of imagination. He ran the car into the shack, bolted the door and turned homewards, whistling damply in subdued, under-the-breath fashion. The curtain of rain swayed about his shoulders, revealing momentary flashes of tree-stumps or goblin-armed bushes, and underfoot the loose gravel ran ahead of his footsteps in showers down the steep path to the ravine. Suddenly he paused, straining ahead with eye and ear. Voices? And such voices, hoarse and menacing, muffled by the wisps of fog.

"Hi tell yer it's a gol' mine, fellers. Aint a trip she dont carry ten thou'. An' it's ourn f'r th' arsku'." A chuckle made a threat of the words.

"Th' bridge's th' place f'r th' job," monotoned another. "'Oo's got th' soup? You, Bill? Hall right."

"Now soon's th' bloke wit' th' car goes 'ome, we'll start—aint any too soon."

"Hist!"

In the strained silence a pebble bounded, singing, down the ravine; gravel crunched warningly; a twig,



"I'LL BE HOME AT LAMPLIGHT,"
HE PROMISED

pressed him back, like clutching fingers, strangely like. It choked his nostrils like fierce hands, and then turned red beneath his puzzled, closing eyes.

"'Hover he goes into th' drink, boys—dead men cant peach. Aha! Now f'r th' ear."

"Susie!" the man moaned, "Susie!"

He beat the water with lax fingertips, sending ugly, red streaks across the seummy gray. Was it a nightmare, this heavy weight upon his head, this sense of struggling thru painful eternities of darkness toward the light? Oh, kind Heaven! was there no light anywhere in all the world? He opened difficult lids, straining thru the murk in a travail of returning consciousness. *The train!* He sobbed the words aloud, wrenching himself to his knees in the pool, groping for hand-hold on the slippery bank. Under his clawing fingers, the rain-loosened earth tore

somewhere above, snapped like an insect pistol-shot. Andy, white-faced, was feeling his way back up the steep path toward the shack; the roar of blood in his ears drowned the sound of his own incautious footsteps. Aware only of the passing of precious moments, he stumbled on, his thoughts outracing him to the shack and the car. The mail! She would be due in an hour, and there was no way to warn her but to get to the next station beyond the bridge in time. The fog



AT A CROSSING OF THE RAILROAD AROSE A CHORUS OF YELLS AND CURSES

rottenly away. His breath came in hard gasps, choked with fruitless words. "Oh, dear God in Heaven—the train—Thou knowest—the—the train——"

Babbling his futile prayer, Andy dragged himself to the bank, nausea shaking him with the effort of the movement. The blood from his gashed forehead trickled into his eyes; the mud of his fall smeared him into an unearthly, goblin thing; but, at last, he was somehow at the top of the ravine and running, with ludicrous, sprawling lunges, toward the shack. Thru the mist, the doorway yawned agape on shattered hinges. The car was gone!

He swayed under the shock of realization. How long had he lain there like a log in the ravine? Was it too late? The rails led his thoughts out into the darkness, toward the bridge, where, at this very moment, the fast mail might be lying, a tortured cripple of steel and iron, below the traitor bridge; or, worse to think of still, it might be speeding on to its doom, unsuspecting.

Out of the darkness along the rails came a clatter of grinding wheels, and the black bulk of a freight crawled into his vision, like a great, ugly slug, toiling painfully on its earthly errands along the path of a Pegasus. Andy drew a sudden breath thru quivering lips and felt, with the new hope, new courage flogging his sick body into false strength. There had been no wreck—yet. He plunged into the doorway of the shack and emerged with his lineman's tools.

Five moments later, the operator in the top of the telegraph tower at the junction, ten miles down the line, heard a faint clicking of his receiving-key and reached a bored hand for his pad and pencil. As his ears interpreted the stammering sound, his fingers galvanized into life. He leaned forward, tense, watching the struggling key; then whirled about and bent above his own, clicking a message over and over so urgently that the sparks danced from the wires. At last the muscles of his face relaxed. He listened to the snap and crackle of his answer and, drawing a long breath



FOUR HEADS BENT CURIOUSLY 'DOWN. FOUR PAIRS OF EYEBALLS
STARED AT THE LABEL

of relief, rose from his stool, wiping the gray sweat from his forehead, and went to the window, staring out into the maelstrom of the storm.

With unabated vigor, the rain beat down from the close, sullen sky, and the wind, an insane, distant thing, moaned and shrilled across the sodden world. In the heart of the storm, events were shaping swiftly.

A gray-faced woman bent above a sleeping baby in a lamp-lit bedroom, trying to fashion her whirling dreads and conjectures into a prayer.

At a crossing of the railroad and highway, in the thick blackness, arose a chorus of yells and curses and the crash of bodies in impact. The hand-car, with its evil freight, tottered on the rails, slithered and rolled rackingly into the ditch, beside the wreckage of a farm-wagon and a frenzied, struggling horse. A red lantern, swinging from the rear of the cart, sent sinister flickers over the chaos of struggling, swearing men.

"Wot d'ye mean, ye blank rubes, runnin' us down?"

"Who did th' runnin', I'd like t' know? Why wasn't yure blamed car lighted, anyhow?"

"Beat it, you fellers! beat it!"

"Land sakes! what's in this can?"

A match sputtered blueely in an uncertain hand. The occupants of the handcar stayed only for a glance; then, with wild yells of terror, were off into the darkness.

"Blame it! th' match's gone out. Strike a glim, Hi."

The red lantern swung above the can, held in a drunken grasp. Four heads bent curiously down. Four pairs of eyeballs stared at the label. Four hoarse yells echoed, fleeing thru the night. Left alone, the countryman fumbled in his pockets, with uncouth imprecations. A second match cracked into light above the painted word, "Dynamite!" then fell, wavering, into the top of the can. Sobered, the man raised an arm, hurling the hissing menace away to



"THIS IS THE PLACE, FLANNIGAN—'NEAR TRACY'S BRIDGE. REPORTED
HOLD-UP—GO SLOWLY' "

the full strength of plow-trained muscles; then turned and fled from the scene, after his fellows, just as heaven and earth bellowed open in the fog.

"This is the place, Flannigan." The man in blue uniform consulted a grimy telegraph blank by the flare of the fire-box. "'Near Tracy's Bridge. Reported hold-up—go slowly.' Get Reilley and a couple of lanterns and go ahead."

"Yessir."

"And, Flannigan, if everything's O K, wave twice. If the bridge is down, once. I got t' set a signal in th' rear f'r th' police special behind."

The sleeping passengers stirred uneasily at the jolt of stopping, fumbling for watches and grumbling under their breath at the inconvenience of night travel. The rain beat against their cozy windows as they turned, stretched and sought sleep again, indefinitely peevish at the night and storm.

The engineer, peering anxiously thru his blurred pane, caught two flashes in the darkness and opened his throttle cautiously. As the great train lumbered ahead down the tracks, a dripping figure with drowned lantern climbed into the cab.

"All safe," reported Flannigan, briefly, "but there's been queer work somewhere. A handcar in the ditch and a smashed wagon. Mebbe th' special 'll find out what's wrong."

A man who could have answered the puzzle lay sprawled across the tracks five miles farther on. From the tip of a telegraph pole beside him swayed two loose ends of wire. He had done his best, and better, and his usefulness, like that of the crippled wire, was over—for the time. So he lay, an inert puddle of clothes, with open, senseless eyes staring up at the ghastly sky, while the rails beneath his head sang, and, far thru the gloom, pricked the headlights of the mail. It was so Susie found him, as she stumbled thru the curtains of fog.

"Andy—Andy!" shrieked the wife, above the sprawling, staring thing. "Look at me, boy—it's Susie! Oh, Andy, you aren't *dead*, are you——" She fell upon drenched knees beside him, with wild kisses on the wet, cold face. She beat impotently upon one outflung arm, begging him to look at her. Then she started, listening. A vibration ran along the steel toward her, louder than a noise, and the evil

Susie's voice shuddered on the words, pleasurably. She held the beef-tea spoon suspended, looking down adoringly at the invalid.

"But I *did* learn it." Andy's tone was masculinely matter-of-fact. "I'll bet there's five hoboes in jail wishing this very minute that they'd finished this job." His hand touched the bandage on his head. "Say, Sue, what you staring at out of the win-



AND FRIENDLY FACES BENT ABOVE THEM IN THE YELLOW FLARE
OF THE ENGINE FIRES

eye of the headlight winked, leering, about the bend. Love steeled her slender arms to power, and she lifted the long, lax body as strongly as she might have Honey-Gal. But when, a moment later, the great bulk of the mail shuddered to a stop, with hoarse, inquiring breaths of smoke, and friendly faces bent above them in the yellow flare of the engine fires, there were two senseless figures beside the track, instead of one.

"Oh, Andy-man, just *supposing* you hadn't learnt telegraphy!"

dow? Do I get my dinner, or dont I get it?"

"You do not!" Susie's eyes shone. "Andy—there are four men coming up the path. You lie still and look nice and pale and heroic, while I go see what they want. Oh, Andy, I've got a feeling in my bones——"

Outside the bedroom door, Susie listened shamelessly. Stray phrases, drifting solemnly out on a tide of official dignity, set her eyes a-sparkling.

"Token of your presence of mind," she murmured—"distinguished service—telegraph agency—"

Oh, Honey-Gal!" She caught the wide-eyed infant to her in an ecstatic hug. "Oh, Honey-Gal, you're going to college, after all!"

The murmur of words continued behind the closed door, with the somnolence of a babbling rill. But to Andy's wife, it was no murmur at all—the peans of praise for Andy sang, torrent-like, into her ears.

She clasped her hands and waited.

Then the delegation of solemn officials trooped out of Andy's room, with Andy following them.

Andy sat down groggily, and, for one cruel instant, the pallor of his drawn skin and the dreamy look in his eyes brought a catch to her throat.

He reached over weakly and drew Honey-Gal to his lap, and, with officialdom gathering round them and making undignified efforts to unbend, the glad surge of happiness swept into Susie's heart.



HONEY-GAL IS GOING TO COLLEGE,
AFTER ALL

"College?" questioned Andy, into the toy ear behind the tousled hair; "I guess, little Honey-Gal, you can have your pick—honest! I'm not dreamin'."



Picture Books

By RALPH BACON

When I was just a little lad
How earnestly I used to pore
O'er all the picture books that dad
Spread for me on his study floor.

And now that I am older grown,
And somber texts my eyes should win,
I find that still I have to own
I like the books with pictures in.

Time was when education came
To only those who sought her out;
The books that brought their authors fame
We idlers never knew about.

But things 've changed, now children know
The wondrous tales that Dickens wrote;
The story folks of long ago
Before their happy visions float:

The gorgeous history of old Rome;
The sacred one of Palestine;
The village where Christ had His home
Before the world knew Him divine,

And all the many stories laid
Away on dark and dusty shelves,
The movie actors now have made
In pictures that explain themselves.

The movies give us all that's best
In literature, if we but look,
For, in their great scenario quest,
They've made the world a picture book.

And now that I'm a gray-haired man,
My happiest hours are at the show,
For I am still a picture fan,
As in the days of long ago.

The Place o' Youth

By DOROTHY DONNELL

Long while I've been seeking thru the nighttime and the daytime,
My young days, my strong days, my days of long ago,
When mine were the treasures of the summertime and wintertime—
The old ways, the gold ways, ah, I have missed them so!

Whitened is my hair with life's gladness and sadness,
Dim have grown my keen eyes with the weeping many tears;
But God be thanked, I've found again the oh-so-long-lost ground again,
The queer place and the dear place where they store the bygone years.

I've seen my boyhood's dreaming, the wondrous fairy gleaming
Of fabled far-off places and of faces far away.
I hold the key to Romance, which is every boy's and no man's,
For the old man is a young man at the Motion Picture play.



Their Growth

By GEORGE B. STAFF

The wonders of the photoplay
Are growing greater day by day;
Above the screens the hand of skill
Is ever ready with a thrill
That helps to keep the old world gay.

The power of the photoplay
Is waxing stronger day by day;
Each year denotes a marked advance
Into the broadening expanse
Where they possess a sovereign sway.



The Moving Picture Directory

By OTTIE E. COLBURN

Shoemakers	Writers	And
And	Policemen	Signmen
Preachers	And	And
And	Fighters	Sisters
Students	And	And
And	Dentists	Brothers
Teachers	And	And
And	Mailmen	All these
Doctors	And	And
And	Bankers	Others.
Tailors	And	To
And	Jailmen	Find them
Bakers	And	And
And	Actors	Go
Sailors	And	To the
And	Linemen	Motion
Lawyers	And	Picture
And	Store Clerks	Show.



A Thief of Hearts

(PATHEPLAY)

BY

JANET REID

"**M**A foi, but you are stupide!" Ida Bianca stamped her sandal-shod, otherwise unclad, foot; "it is to the Pavillon du Bois I wish to go—to the Pavillon du Bois, in the Bois de Boulogne—comprenez?"

Pierre was miserably silent; he felt the sadness of the irrevocable step and the ominous whisper of premonition. For the Pavillon was sure to be thronged with the people of his world—his set; perhaps the one person of all others would be among them—and Ida Bianca was decidedly not of that status. The lovely dancer was on every lip—the toast of all cafés—the one bright star in the theatrical firmament—but she was not to be introduced to one's sister, one's mother, or one's wife-to-be. It was Pierre's wife-to-be who stepped before his mental vision now and cautioned him by her distant loftiness of spirit.

Ida Bianca stepped close to the irresolute youth. She was gossamer-clad; the pink of her lovely flesh gleamed, pearl-wise, thru her dancing-robe. Her eyes drooped, and a strange perfume assailed the nostrils—the perfume all Paris coveted, made exclusively for the favorite of the hour. Pierre caught his breath. He

loved her, or, rather, his senses loved her. God who maketh the feline, woman things, how they loved her!

"Mon cher," she purred in his ear, while one tapered hand curled like a crumpled flower-petal in his gripped palm, "cela est bien fâcheux—so sad, just be-cause la pauvre Ida is not ze lovely lady, you will not refuse her—eh?"

Pierre was wise enough. He knew quite well the cunning of her deliberate proximity; the subtlety of her artful, murmuring voice; the cold-bloodedness with which she was nestling to him in order to gain her end. He knew, but his senses rose and quelled his finer intelligence; his senses leaped to her touch and rioted at the nearness of her. He cursed them for their dominance of him, but he clasped her tremulously close.

"Yes—I will take you, Ida," he breathed throatily; "you devil-woman—you knew that I would."

"It is arranged, zen." Ida breathed the happy sigh of the child that has gained its desire.

"Yes, it is settled." Pierre gathered up his hat and stick and strode toward the door. "Be ready at nine, chérie."



TO COME THERE WITH THE BIANCA WAS TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE
EXISTENCE OF A TIE

Out in the cool of the falling night the pulses throbbing in his temples abated, and his reason asserted itself. There in the night waited his lady of Heart's High Worship—waited the cool, shrined maid of the level, gray eyes; the woman who, wise and woman-tender, had promised to be his wife. He knew that he loved her with all the fineness in him, with every breath he drew in his noblest moments, with the real, man-love of him. He knew that it was she to whom he turned in his aspirations and strivings for the better things; it was she whom he dreamed of cradling his children on her white breast; it was she to whom he knelt with supplicating, silent prayer when, shamed and bruised of respect, he came from the exotic presence of the dancer who had enslaved the baser self.

They were the cynosure of all eyes as they entered the Pavillon du Bois late that evening. To come there with the Bianca was to acknowledge the existence of a tie, and Pierre knew that to its most dire certainty. There had been rumors of his infatuation

abroad, but they had been only rumors; and, so long as he kept his liaison confined to the proper places and did not flaunt it in the eyes of his world, no one had anything to say. This was different. This was brazenry, and the inhabitants of the clique within whose charmed circle Pierre de Brezeux had moved and where such as the Bianca might never set foot, raised their penciled eyebrows and scandalmongered gluttonously. They craned their necks and wondered, breathlessly, whether Marthe Rozay, Pierre's affianced wife, would appear. They had not to wonder long. A slim figure, in softest gray—a queenly, light-poised figure, with an air of gentle, gracious dignity—entered, accompanied by her mother and father, and sat at the table only once removed from that where sat Pierre de Brezeux and his notorious inamorata.

Pierre tasted of the waters of Lethe that night. Wormwood were the horribly obvious charms of the dancer as he saw the dearer, rarer lures of Marthe fading forever beyond his

reach. The room, with its crowds of eating, reveling people, with Ida Bianca, radiantly perfect, at his side, held only that gray-clad form, until it seemed to quiver, a cool, diaphanous mist, before his blinded eyes, and chill him with an unearthly remoteness. He wanted her; he wanted her as a man dying of thirst wants the blessed cool of the waters. He wanted to be true to her, to live for her—for her alone. Yet the red flames were devouring him, working his destruction, and the red flames met in the warm flesh of La Belle Bianca.

As a man announces his own crime, the confession being unsolicited, so Pierre called on Marthe the following day, in order that he might learn the truth from her lips. He thought, as she greeted him, that she looked like some pale nun made saintly and spiritual by long years of fasting and all denials of the flesh. And he knew, with an anguished pang, that it was thru his sordid wrongdoing the purging had come.

"I have come, Marthe," he began humbly; "I suppose it is to say good-by." He did not query; he knew his sin.

"Yes, it is to say good-by, Pierre." The girl's voice was low, but it held the steady timbre of resolution, made firm by bitter waters.

"There is nothing to say—I am not worth even an apology." Pierre spoke with the miserable despondency of one for whom Life has withdrawn her last effective charm. "Only"—Here he hesitated an instant and met the gray eyes of this lady of Heart's High Worship. They seemed to say: "Tell me!" and he rushed on heedlessly—"only I must say, Marthe, absurd and incongruous tho it may seem—it is to you I give my heart's best love; it is to you I—I—pray—"

"I cant say I understand, Pierre," the girl made answer. "I wish that I could. I think, perhaps, we women never will quite understand that. We give, or perhaps I should speak personally and say *I* give, my love, and that means all of me, Pierre—heart and mind and soul—and all to the

loved one, to keep thru all time. There could be no other, only the one; there could be no further giving, because I have given to the uttermost—there is no more. You are not made that way. Perhaps you cannot help it. How should I know? Why should I judge?"

"You are made of angel stuff, Marthe," the man said. "I am the commonest clay, and, oh! I am not worthy your splendid gift."

"No, you are not, Pierre," she returned sorrowfully. "It is that which hurts the most—the fact that you are not worthy; that I have given my one love to you, and you have trampled on it. Poor, bruised thing!" She smiled whimsically, yet her eyes held fathomless deeps of tears. Then she extended her hand in the swift little gesture of one who dismisses, yet would hold.

"This is good-by, mon ami," she said simply, "because you are you and I am I."

Pierre touched the slim, white hand, and, as he pressed his lips to the white fingers, he left the tribute of a bitter tear.

Because she was a woman, and a very clever one, Ida Bianca sensed the fact that it was she, not Pierre, who pursued the game of love most ardently. He acquiesced, because he was too weak to withstand the subtlety of her wiles, the potency of her sinuous allure; but once she should cease the chase, Pierre would go back—go back to his own class and the white lady at whom he had looked with such fathoms of despair in the Pavilion du Bois. The look had not been lost on Ida Bianca, nor the ensuing indifference on the homeward trip. She had known, then, that it was the gray-clad girl with the Madonna face to whom Pierre had given his heart's best. And the Bianca loved Pierre. Loved, that is, in her own peculiar conception of the word. She was primitive, as all true materialists are. She resorted now to primitive methods.

Novita, a famous matador, was



IDA BIANCA ROUSED THE EMOTIONAL NATURE OF NOVITA, AS WELL
AS HIS JEALOUSY .

visiting the Parisian city, and the Bianca had met him at a supper recently given in her honor. He was a superb specimen of a man—one vibrant of strength and suggestive of ferocity in his passions. He was material such as the Bianca loved best to manipulate. She used him now as a foil for Pierre.

A foil was not the sort of plaything one might make of the fiery Spaniard, and, in her attempts to whet Pierre's sluggish amativeness, Ida Bianca roused the emotional nature of Novita. And Novita was not of the stuff Pierre was made. He, too, was primitive, and he was untamed. He wanted Ida Bianca, and he wanted nothing else in all the world. There was one other issue for Novita—that issue was Death. For life meant the serpentine dancer, and life robbed of her would not be life at all. Ida was delighted. She had not hoped for so effective a setting as the actual passion of the matador, and she played the game with all her accustomed aplomb.

She and Pierre were dining together one evening a week after the final rupture with Marthe, and Ida had received from the maitre d'hotel a blotted, impetuous scrawl from the fevered Novita. It begged of her one token of regard—some little ghost of a hope, a tiny touch from her hand—and Ida passed the note to Pierre, with a lilting laugh. Pierre frowned over the desperate appeal. He did not love Ida with a love of fine fiber, but she belonged to him, and he resented the thought of another man daring to presume upon his property.

At the next table sat two friends who had been intimates in what they called "poor old Brezeux's better days," and they witnessed, with amusement, the passing of the note and the ugly scowl with which it was received.

"Poor old Pierre!" murmured one, with a backward glance, mayhap, at some similar experience of his own life, when a tinsel dancer had held his heart balanced in one airy palm.

"Ida delights in making the poor boy jealous," the other said; then, with a shrug and a light laugh, "Diable! I wonder how many others the Bianca has played the same game with?"

Pierre heard the low-toned interchange, and his head whirled. It was bad enough to be the acknowledged plaything of the equally acknowledged player, but to be pitied as her dupe was a little too far.

"Ida," he whispered to her, hoarsely, "what do you say to a trip to Spain—a motor trip?"

Ida hesitated. She weighed values carefully. She recalled the fact that Novita was to be in Madrid the next month. Paris was a bore just now. She would have Pierre to herself on the long trip, and at the end, when he should be more enslaved than ever and the memory of the gray-clad lady should have been banished from his heart—at this triumphant journey's end—there would be Novita. Surely, surely, the cool blood of the young Parisian would wake to a blue-tipped flame.

Ida had planned well. The trip wooed Pierre from the grating reproach every avenue in Paris had held out to him. The Bianca was her most fascinating self. The country stretched mile upon mile of verdant undulation, and the waters were golden under the summer sun. Pierre was almost happy. And then, one day, he knew that happiness was not for him—that he had bartered thrice-tested gold for the glitter of brass. Running out of gasoline, and far from the next town, their chauffeur hailed a passing car, and the occupants of both machines alighted. It was Marthe who faced him there in the road, and her white face held only scorn. Swathed in her veils, the dancer watched the encounter with narrowed eyes, and Pierre felt that he had tasted the bitterest that could be offered. He knew that Marthe did not think the hailing of her car accidental. And he knew the humiliation to which her proud spirit was subjected. And then the cars passed on.

In Madrid, he wrote her a penitent note, telling her how deeply he felt the accident of the meeting; how more than gladly he would have averted the encounter; how truly he was sorry. And the girl who had given to him all that she had to give, felt a little rush of warmth around her heart. His self-respect was not entirely dormant, at all events. Perhaps, some day, the old Pierre might return—the Pierre of the clear eyes and the steel-true soul—perhaps. Then she apostrophized herself as a fool for daring to think the impossible and as a peasant soul for thus humbling herself.

The journey's end had not quite the triumphant conclusion Ida had hoped for. Pierre had been distraught since the meeting with the white-faced girl, and Ida had begun to consider the game not quite worth the candle. After all, there were other fish in the sea—and there was Novita. Her pagan soul yearned secretly for the untamedness of his. What a splendid lover he might make—what a splendid love theirs might be! It would be as flame to water compared with the passive Frenchman at her side.

Novita met them in Madrid, and that night, in the lobby of the hotel, he pleaded with the dancer to leave Pierre and seek true happiness with him.

"What does he know of love, Ida?" he whispered fiercely. "I—I can give you the flame from the hot suns of Spain—the essence of the wine of the grape. I can give you love, my Bianca, such a love as he has never dreamed of."

Ida weighed values. La Belle Bianca would not be La Belle Bianca if she had not sensed the values of things. And she knew that the time for leaving Pierre was not yet ripe. That her passion for him was waning, she was aware, but all the more surely could she torture him if the fire of her own love should die.

But Novita knew no sense of values. He knew only Ida Bianca—and the oblivion of Death. To him there

could be no alternative. And he wrote her a note and told her so—told her that if she would come to him she should wear violets at the bullfight in which he was to take part the following day; if she appeared without them, then he would know that she meant to deny his love, and he would end what had become torture on the horns of the bull.

Perhaps it was Fate who intervened. Perhaps the gods thought

picadors and toreadors, Ida singled out the splendid girth of Novita. And she knew that it was not her eye alone, but the fickle heart of her that singled out this man as mate—and master.

Straight and true his eyes sought her, looked a moment, then turned away; and Novita had received his death-warrant—received it without a murmur, without a contraction of the splendid frame; even with a sense of



THE COUNTRY STRETCHED MILE UPON MILE OF VERDANT UNDULATION

that Ida Bianca had played the stakes of men's hearts sufficiently long. Perhaps God thought of the tiny thing—her soul. At any rate, chastening came, and it came thru the man she had used as foil—Novita, the matador.

Pierre received the sealed note telling Ida of the two alternatives, and, because his mind was not in sunny Madrid, he forgot to deliver it.

Ida and Pierre were going to the bullfight. The amphitheater was crowded, and the throngs were cheering and shouting with their usual excitable volubility. The parade advanced, and, among the matadors,

blessed relief that the fever in his veins should be stilled at last.

Ida watched him breathlessly, shuddered at the charging bull, trembled at the adroitness of the dodges; then came a terrible chaos. The most famous matador in Spain had hurled himself upon the horns of the infuriated beast. There was a loud wail, rising higher and ever higher; a mangled thing of gore and moaning sounds; and La Bianca found herself in the street, propelled by Pierre, white-faced and shivering. Novita was dead.

Alone in their hotel rooms, Ida faced Pierre.

"He is dead!" she cried, and her beauty was contorted with strange passion, as if some sleeping depth had been stirred, at last, from a lifelong sleep. "He is dead—dead—and I loved him. Mon Dieu, I loved him!"

Pierre was helpless. The death of Novita was a horrible thing; this savage, raging regret, looking from the eyes of the Bianca, was worse. He sought for some word, some solace, and suddenly he bethought him of the letter. He had imagined it to be from Novita. Perhaps it held some word that would soften the cruel grief, or some gentler feeling might be aroused. Silently he handed it to her. There was a long silence. Pierre could not know, but the soul of Ida Bianca was awakened. Real love had touched her flesh and gone beneath. A man had died for her. Life was warm and glowing and safe and sure. Death was cold and still and irrevocable and unknown. And this man had gone into its depths for the love of her.

She turned to Pierre, and Marthe herself could show no whiter face, no deeper anguish. Then, cold and hard and smitten, hatred looked from her eyes.

"I hate you," she said; "you sing of ice and snow—I hate you. Ze God in Heaven Himself cannot know how much! Go away—away—and nevaire come again—you—you!"

With the awakening of the Bianca's soul had come the reviving spirit of the old Pierre. In her hate he read his release, and he knew, with a glad

joy, that the release was final. Never again could Ida Bianca snare his spirit thru his senses; never again could he stoop from the heights to probe the depths. And after many months had come and gone, he met Marthe and told her so. And she was a woman, and she loved him. Because of this, she knew her highest happiness in divine forgiveness, in



SUDDENLY HE BETHOUGHT HIM OF THE LETTER

healing his hurt soul, in ministering to his need.

"Marthe," he whispered to her, as they dined together the evening of their reuniting, "do you know what I have called you always in my dreams?—My Lady of Heart's High Worship."

"And I, Pierre"—the girl looked at him with the eyes of the Madonna and the warmer light of the woman-love—"always I have called you—*mine*."

The Light

By C. LEON KELLEY

Out of the darkness—the darkness of night—
Pure and brilliant, splendidly bright,
Embracing a thousand virtues, serene,
Shines the true light—the light of the screen.



The New Photoplay House

By C. LEON KELLEY



WHEN the Motion Picture was born, it was like all newly-born things—awkward and crude. A great field, a dream to be realized, hung upon the outcome of a wonderful little invention, and the invention itself was not a certainty. That was why the Motion Picture and every relative branch connected with its manufacture and use were crude, and there was not a more crude branch than the exhibition of the pictures. This branch, the building, managing and developing of the photoplay house, began in the lowliest of steps, to evolve into the most beautiful part of the whole industry—great as it now is.

In those early days—not really so early, for the Motion Picture is still, we are frequently told, quite young—the exhibition of the pictures was a puzzle; a game played in a hundred different ways; a business based upon the ideas of each individual exhibitor. One man owned a projection machine and three thousand feet of film, which he carried from one town to another, exhibiting in old dance-halls, meeting-houses and churches. Another man rented a store on the main street of some small village—or, possibly, it was in the very city itself—filled it with chairs, built a flourishing cement or pressed-metal front, and equipped it with a noisy, flickering projection machine, unboothed and operated by the ticket-taker. Still another man, more venturesome, constructed a “theater” building for an exhibitor, making sure, however, that it could be easily broken up into stores again should his tenant meet with failure. Sometimes a pioneer photoplay was wedged into the bill at a big variety theater for novelty.

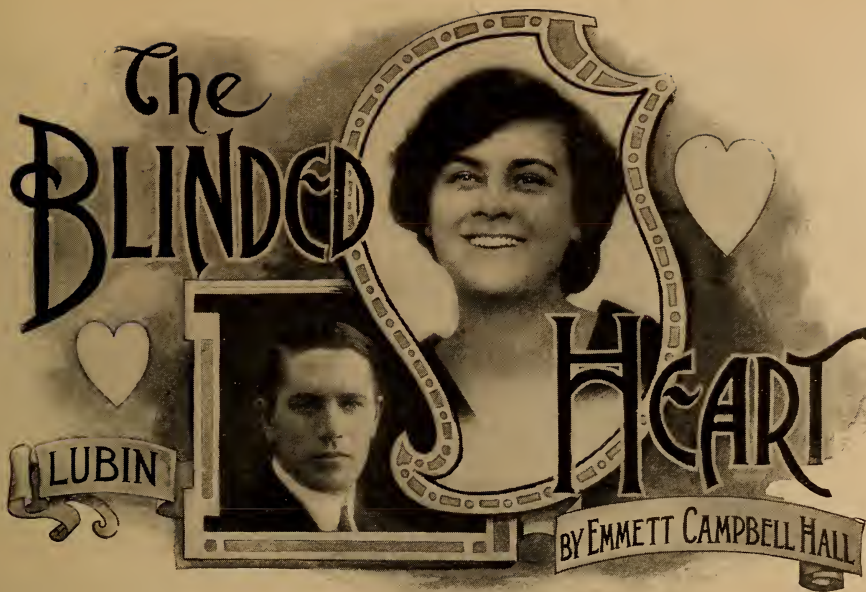
In short, the exhibition of the now mighty film was crude and awkward, made upon cheap lines, in cheap places, and accompanied by a cheap recommendation of its patrons.

And, recalling those days, we cannot fail to see the marvelous changes which have occurred in the methods and places of exhibition. In each small town or city where we may chance we can see the new theater, with its modern architecture, flashing electric displays and massive construction. We cannot escape the tale of success about this or that exhibitor, relating how, with accumulated capital, he abandoned the little show-in-the-store to tenant the new, spacious photoplay house. And in the big cities, too. The newly-built and under-construction photoplay houses there are beginning to rival the theaters, the homes of the *legitimate stage*.

It is just these new photoplay houses that are the marvel and reflection of the Motion Picture industry. They are the proof of the progress made in the exhibition branch.

The new photoplay house is luxurious. Its entrance gleams with lights and is of attractive design. Its portals are guarded by polite, uniformed men. Brass bars and neat signs aid and direct our convenience on entering. Inside, the murmur of a softly playing orchestra strikes our ears with pleasing effects. We sink into deep, plush seats at the advice of another polite attendant. We confront the magnificence of the interior, the rows of seats, the balconies, the boxes, the people, the high, vaulted ceilings. We see the screen, and how different it all is from the old show-in-the-store! How clear the characters are—how distinct and true their actions! How like a *real* theater!

This, then, is the new photoplay house. A thousand-and-one just such places of exhibition now replace those formerly used for the *crude* photoplays. The newer, finer kind of pictures deserve this luxury. Every new photoplay house built is a monument erected to the progress of the Motion Picture.



From the Photoplay by the same author

To one here and there, on whose birth an angel smiled, has been given the quality of perfect love, of passion burning with soft and clear white flame, unquenchable—giving all, yet asking in return but the privilege to shed its glow and perfume about the object of its adoration. Thus it was with her whom they had so fittingly called Rose, for, in truth, she was like one of the white roses that blossomed in the quaint old garden at her door, fragrant and very fair. For three years she had been the wife of Fred Lester, yet still there clung about her, subtle as the aroma of a tropic night, a sense of girlhood, a magic incense from the heart to which had been granted eternal youth, and which a poet would have heard in the soft tones of her voice, or a great painter would have seen in the depths of her dark eyes, even tho the years had silvered the locks now gleaming brown as the ripe chestnuts dropping from their bursting burrs.

It was harvest-time, and the sunshine, warmly amber, filled the Valley of the Mohawk with a gentle languor. In the fields, the golden corn stood in ordered shocks. From the old tree close beside the kitchen win-

dow ripe apples were falling. Rose Lester dried the last of the dinner dishes and wiped her slim hands daintily. It was almost oppressively still, and there was a trace of weariness in the unconscious gesture with which she tucked neatly into place a tendril of hair that curled damply on her forehead. Her eyes, wandering inquiringly about the tidy room, rested upon a battered but shining tin box, and eyes and small mouth united in a little smile of happiness.

"I'll not wait until supper; I'll show it to him now," she said, and took from the box a newly baked cake, the fruit of an hour snatched from the morning by extra speed in doing the hundred tasks that must be performed by a farmer's wife, even tho hands be daintily slender and hurrying feet childishly small. Taking the supper treat, she passed thru the cottage to the porch, where her husband was availing himself of the hour of rest which he allowed himself at noon.

As always, when he could seize a few moments, Lester was deeply absorbed in the pages of a book, and did not raise his eyes at the sound of his wife's step. The girl stood regarding him for a few moments,

with the brooding light of the eternal mother in her glance. Then she spoke, with a little, wistful eagerness.

"Guess what I have made for supper, dear?" she coaxed.

A slight frown of impatience sprang to his face, but he did not look up.

"Oh! I dont know," he replied indifferently, and turned a page.

"Well, if you cant guess, look, then," she insisted, and, reluctantly, he glanced away from his book.

"A cake, I see," he commented, without interest, and turned again to his reading.

With a slight drooping of the corners of her small mouth, Rose set aside the dainty result of her labor. With timid caressing, she placed a hand upon his shoulder; then, as he took no notice, she playfully took the all-absorbing book from his hand.

"Dont you ever wish to just talk to me, Fred?" she asked wistfully. "You read and read, all the time you are not in the fields. As soon as supper is over, you get your book and scarcely speak until bedtime. Cant we, at least, have the noon-hour just to love each other?"

Lester rose, only half-concealing his annoyance.

"If you would read some, yourself, you would better appreciate the interest I take in books," he said coldly. "It's time for me to get back to the fields," he added quickly, and hurried abruptly away.

Rose stood for a brief moment watching him, no thought of resenting his gruffness entering into her love-filled heart. She even smiled a little, half in tenderness, half in humor.

"Read? When would I read?" she thought. "And, besides," she added aloud, "there isn't a book on earth that could give me the pleasure I find in doing something, even the smallest thing, for you, beloved."

For a little while the girl fell a-dreaming; then she roused with a start of self-reproof.

"My! but I am wasting time, and I might be actually doing something

for him, instead of just thinking about it," she exclaimed, and hurried into the cottage.

Lester, meanwhile, had made his way toward the field where the corn was waiting his labor, but, with each step, his mood of unrest and irritation seemed to increase; the stillness oppressed him; the golden sunshine seemed a mockery; he felt like a prisoner within the circle of the distant hills that shut out from this fruitful valley of peace the clamor of a bustling world. He hated it, he told himself. He was weary of soul, his feet clogged by the dreary routine of his eventless life. He yearned eagerly for the swift movement, the gay companions, the keen intellects, the beautiful, poised and self-reliant women with whom his book-fed fancy peopled the cities beyond the hills. Lester was of that class from which the dreamers come, to have their dreams rudely shattered on the rocks of reality—fairly prosperous, still young, educated and well-read, but with superficial knowledge and no actual experience of life beyond his native valley. Suddenly he raised his eyes and looked into the frankly smiling face of the Strange Woman.

Whence she came, what devious paths her feet had trod, or why she came to rest, like a weary bird of passage, in this remote valley, only she could have said, and of these things her earmined and always smiling lips never spoke. Hers was a somewhat bold beauty, insistent as a scarlet poppy, and even as her lips smiled, her eyes were inscrutable, calculating. But Lester saw only the smile, the air of self-confident ease which he vaguely realized would persist under whatever circumstances might strangely befall, and the garments which, even to his inexperience, spoke the magic word. "Paris." Too much amazed for words, he remained dumb before her.

"I suppose I am trespassing, of course," the stranger remarked lightly; "one always seems to be trespassing in the country, but my intentions are no more criminal than to



THE SLIM LITTLE HANDS SOON COAXED THE COMPLIANCE OF THE BEAST,
AND FROM THE MILK-PAIL THE PITCHER WAS SOON FILLED FOAMINGLY

find a shady spot where I may read my book without having several interested natives peering over my shoulder in the hope that it is something wicked."

She looked at him from eyes half-closed and smiled again.

Suddenly Lester found himself strangely at ease.

"Of course you are trespassing," he assured her, "but you will be entirely forgiven if you will permit me to assist in finding the delectable spot, free from the espionage of uncivilized natives, for which your spirit hungers. Sorry I can't provide a jug and loaf."

She flashed him a glance of surprise and approval.

"You are good," she drawled.

"No, only self-seeking," he assured her. "You see, I may get the chance denied the other savages."

She held out the book.

"Why, I, also, am reading this," he exclaimed eagerly. "Let's see—I was at page one hundred and six-

teen when I was interrupted." A slight frown of retrospective annoyance creased his forehead.

"Really? I am a few pages ahead of you, I believe, but I wouldn't mind going back if you are good at reading aloud—" Her glance was of provocative invitation.

"Best thing I do," Lester responded, and was subconsciously astonished at his self-possessed ease. An hour ago, he would have thought it quite beyond the bounds of possibility for him to banter flippant speech with a "woman of the world." "Simply shows I was right—I am being smothered," he thought. Aloud, he said:

"Come on, then; let's find that woodland bower."

Thruout the sultry afternoon Rose had busied herself about the cottage, stealing only a few moments, when the overflowing tenderness of her nature imperatively demanded some expression, to fondle the kitten and dog that came in eager response to

her call. Suddenly she paused in her work.

"He has not seemed so strong of late; perhaps he is tired and thirsty. I'll take him a pitcher of fresh, warm milk," she decided, and hurried to the barnyard to carry out the first necessity of her plan. Her cow, sedately chewing its cud, eyed Rose in mild surprise at the untimeliness of this performance, but the slim little hands soon coaxed the compliance of the beast, and from the milking-pail the pitcher was filled foamingly. Then Rose hurried off toward the fields.

"Oh, there he is!" Rose whispered to herself, as she neared the ranks of shocked corn, and, as always when she came to him, her heart swelled with tenderness. Suddenly she stopped, with a little gasp of amazement. Lester was not alone. With a feeling of physical sickness, Rose noted the bold beauty, the handsome garments and the easy poise of the woman to whom Lester was speaking in so animated and familiar a manner. The woman turned away, paused and said smilingly:

"You will want a name to call me by when we meet again. Well, mine is Florine." Then she threw him a kiss and strolled away.

For a few moments Lester watched her admiringly; then, with an air of buoyant cheerfulness, strode across the field toward his neglected corn. With grave, troubled eyes and a dull ache in her breast, Rose retraced the path she had come.

"It—it hurts so," she moaned softly, "but if it will make him happy, I must not mind, or let him know I know."

Nor did the girl, in the days that followed, for one moment allow her husband to suspect that she knew—what all the neighbors knew. This was, perhaps, the most cruel part of it all, for Rose had, for all her gentleness, a high, white pride, and she knew how spiteful gossip played with her husband's name, his and the Strange Woman's. Once, indeed, the farmfolk came to her, under guise

of pity and friendship, and her spirit flared up in haughty anger. Coldly she bade them begone. What her husband chose not to tell her, if, indeed, what they said was true, she would not hear from other lips. But when, outraged at her hardness, the women had gone, the girl wept bitter tears.

Even in her wish to be the more tender and loving, Rose was unknowingly driving Lester from her. In the frame of mind to which he had come, her caresses but irritated him, her kisses cloyed. With pathetic earnestness, she strove to do still more for him in little, intimate ways of which he never knew: to wash his garments, to prepare for him the food he liked best, the dishes of which now, alas! went frequently untasted. These things were to her a precious joy. One afternoon, when the valley seemed fairly brimming with the amber air and golden sunshine, this impulse came to her as she was gathering the apples that had fallen from the old tree beside her kitchen window, and, with a happy little smile, she selected a dozen of the finest and set out for the fields.

For a while Rose failed to locate Lester, as he was hidden by the corn, but, at length, she came suddenly upon him, and she felt her heart strain to breaking in her breast, for the Strange Woman was with him, and it did not need the interpretation of love for her to read the meaning of the look upon his face. They did not observe her, for the stacked corn shielded her, and for a little time she remained, still and helpless in her pain. Their words came plainly to her ears.

"This is good-by, Freddy," the Strange Woman said, and, curiously, there was a tremor in her voice.

"Good-by? Why?" Lester demanded.

"Because I am going away—to-night. Playtime is over."

"But—but I can't let you go!" he cried, in almost angry protest. "Why, what would I do without you? For the first time in my life I've had some one to whom I could talk, some



SUDDENLY SHE STOPPED, WITH A LITTLE GASP OF AMAZEMENT—
LESTER WAS NOT ALONE

one who thinks and knows and has lived. And, besides—why, I love you!”

A curious light came into the Strange Woman’s face.

“Dear boy,” she said slowly, “this has all been very well, and perhaps I have helped you to pass away the time more or less agreeably, but—you don’t know what you are talking about when you say you love me. You couldn’t, really, you know; not if you have any adequate idea of what I have been and am.” Her voice was queerly wistful.

“I’m no fool, and not a child,” he said sullenly. “I know—and I want you with me. And I will not give you up.”

“Yet I must go. So, if——”

“Yes,” he shouted in sudden frenzy—“that’s it. I’m going with you.”

Then he crushed her, unresisting, in his arms. A moment after, she freed herself.

“I must go—my trunks are not yet packed. I will take the evening train for the city,” she said, and, without another word, turned and hurried away. He also swung off, with nervous, rapid strides, and neither

saw the girl, drooping, almost dying, near where they had stood.

Unconsciously, the hand that grasped her little apron unclasped, and, unheeded, the scarlet apples rolled at her feet.

“Make me strong, dear God, for just a little while!” she whispered, and then, lest he should reach the cottage and, not finding her, suspect that she knew, she choked back the gasping sobs and fled swiftly from the fields.

When, later, Lester did, in fact, reach the cottage, he approached with caution and peered thru the kitchen window. Rose was busily preparing the evening meal. Furtively, he stole round the house, entered by the front door and ascended to his bedroom, where, with feverish haste, he threw into a satchel a few articles of clothing, concealing the satchel under the bed. Then, after changing his working-clothes for the suit he ordinarily wore into the near-by town, he descended to the kitchen. Rose, he observed, was also dressed to go out, and the girl caught the question in his glance.

“I—they expect me at the church fair,” she said.

Lester barely concealed his gratification. At least he would not have to steal away like a thief.

"I am going out myself," he lied, "to see a corn buyer."

Shortly after, Rose went upstairs, to put on her hat, she told him. Tho she had given no sign, she had heard him enter the house, knew that he never took so long to change his clothing, and now, quite with certainty, she looked for and soon found the hidden and packed suitcase. Swiftly she opened it and, with a feel-

and to return, smiling, to where he waited.

"Shall I go with you?" he asked, but Rose shook her head.

"No, it is out of your way, and you know I am never afraid. I think I will go now. Good-by, my dear," she said and, taking his face between her hands, kist him once and was gone. With a sigh of relief, Lester hastened to secure his suitcase and set out for the railway station. Crouched beside the road, Rose saw him pass; then slowly returned to the silent cottage. Wearily, she climbed the stairs, reached the chamber that had been his and, sinking upon her knees, buried her face in the covers of his bed.

"Make him happy, oh, very happy, please, dear God!" she sobbed, over and over, until, at last, the slender form ceased its convulsive shudders and was very still.

In a fierce glow of excitement, Lester reached the railway station, to find that Florine had arrived before him.

"So, you came," she greeted him, and her eyes glowed softly.

"Yes, I have come," he answered, and as this seemed to mean all that words could express, to sum up life and all its circumstances, he said no more.

"Very well, then," she responded, and her mood grew brighter. "Just put this troublesome small package in your grip for me."

Under the uncertain light of a station lamp he opened the suitcase and, with a sudden chill, realized that it was not as he had packed it that he now found it. With trembling hand, he secured and opened the little note. Startled at the strangeness of his expression, the Strange Woman looked over his shoulder.

In a childish, unformed hand, half-blotted by tears, they read together:

DEAREST—Here are your winter flannels and thick socks. Put them on right away if it gets cold or damp. I am sorry I haven't finished your new shirts—they are so pretty. I hope you will be very happy.

ROSE.



SHE KNEW HOW MALICIOUS GOSSIPS
PLAYED WITH HER HUSBAND'S
NAME

ing of almost maternal pity, noted how poor and unwise had been his selection of garments. Rapidly she replaced them with others and, tho scalding tears blinded her, wrote and placed with the things a hastily scrawled message, and returned the satchel to its hiding-place.

"He must be, he shall be, happy!" she panted, and, in the strength of her love, found means to clear from her face all trace of grief and tears

Dazed, Lester turned in mute questioning. On the Strange Woman's face was a look infinitely sweet, and deep in the heart she had thought hardened to all the world there stirred the half-savage, wholly tender emotions of the eternal mother that always live, tho they may sleep, in the breasts of womenkind.

"She—why, she must be only a child!" she whispered.

"Yes, a child," he answered dully.

In a sudden blaze of fury the Strange Woman turned upon him.

"A child, who loves you like *that*, and you would leave her? Why, in all the world there can be no other so despicable, so mean, so lacking in all that goes to make a man. Go back, tho you crawl on bleeding knees across a thousand leagues of broken flints, and beg that you may kiss the hem of her garment and thereby be honored! Go back, and, if she will forgive you, thank your God to your dying day that so unworthy a thing as you—so little a soul—are the object of such a love! Go!"

"You are right—I am going back—and beg forgiveness," he muttered, and, without a word of farewell, stumbled blindly away.

Florine stooped and picked up the glove which he had let fall from his hand. Convulsively, she pressed it to her lips.

"And I thought that, at last, to me had come a love which I might cherish," she murmured brokenly; then, with a disdainful laugh, tossed the glove from her. A little further along the platform, a gorgeously appareled drummer stood and eyed her with obvious appreciation. As he caught her glance, he strolled forward.

"Well, how do I size up to you, little one?" he challenged.

"Pretty good, all right, old kid," Florine responded, in easy acceptance, and, with her carmined lips alone, smiled.

Swiftly Lester followed the roads and paths that led back to the cottage. Once only he paused and raised his hands in humble appeal

toward the arch of the star-studded sky.

"Oh, God, make me worthy of her love! I have been a fool, with blinded heart, but now I see and realize!" So he prayed, and then went on.

At last he came to the cottage and smelled the fragrance of the white roses in the little garden—and for the first time he realized how truly *she* was like a white rose—and, finally, treading softly and with tightening breast, to that chamber where a slen-



"ROSE, MY WHITE ROSE, I AM SORRY, DEAR," HE WHISPERED

der form knelt motionless, with tear-wet face hidden upon his bed. And because he knew that, however unworthy, he was to her, because of her great love, placed upon a pedestal from which she would not wish to see him descend, he did not grovel, as did his soul, at her feet, but gently he sat beside her and raised her head.

"Rose, my white rose, I am sorry, dear," he whispered. "I have been blind, but now I see. At last I know the value of my treasure, my pearl beyond all price."



"NOW, NOW I AM VERY HAPPY, BUT I AM WEARY, BELOVED——"

The harvest moon had climbed above the circling hills to fill the valley with its glory, and thru the window a broad bar of mellow light streamed across them like a benediction.

"I am glad, dear, for I knew that

in a little while my heart would break," she murmured softly. "Now, now I am very happy, but I am weary, beloved——" The soft voice trailed into silence, and, like a tired child, she put her head against his breast and slept.



The Holiday

By L. M. THORNTON

We're going out tonight, Marie and I.
You can't guess where;
We'll watch the motorboats on some fair lake,
Or count the waves that into a'ons break
Beneath an azure sky.

Later, perchance, we'll take a little ride,
The Merrimac beside,
Or at the circus spend a quarter hour,
Where trainers rule and leas'ts and reptiles cower,
With red jaws gaping wide.

We're going out tonight, and night is nigh,
I'll tell you where
We've planned to end the week's half-holiday
In fitting manner at a picture play,
Marie and I.





This story was written from the Photoplay of GORDON V. MAY

MAJOR THORNDYKE was dead. His proud old heart was stilled forever, and more secret than the tomb to which his body was presently to be committed. Locked within its depths were his grim despair and his healing joy.

Since first he had held a wee, red, unprepossessing bundle in his arms and been assured that said squalling bundle was his son, the stern-visaged, military man had been fired with one great ambition—one great hope. He lived for the years when he might point to a strong, clean, dominant male thing, taut-fibred, physically and morally, and proclaim to the world: "This is my son!"

As the squalling bundle evolved from the more-or-less tadpolish state into a definite human, the father's desire grew, and it had augmented with the years. A mighty desire blinds us, by its potency, to the truth of things. We do not *want* to see; therefore, we don't see; and so it was

with the Major. Then, one day, he awoke. He was compelled to the awakening. And he saw his son. Under the searchlight of realism, the youth showed up—dissolute, purposeless, most pitifully weak—so weak that no outer force had power to tonic his lamentable laxity.

The Major thought that his heart must surely break; he was an old man, and the cosmos did not offer any further fruits to his hand. One's heart does not break with the shattering of the heart's desire. Life is not thus merciful. It goes on, a bruised, maimed thing—but it goes. The Major's heart went, until, just when he thought it must surely stop of its pain if it could not break, Marjorie came back. She had been away, "finishing," that is, learning how to enter a room without colliding conspicuously with any of the furniture, acquiring a smattering of all the least useful languages, and practicing hand-shakes and airy persiflage that

would be a credit to society. But she was sunny and young and in earnest, and she filled a dreadful need in the Major's empty heart. And that is why, now that the Major lay dead, surprise was universal when it was found that no will had been made, and that, in consequence, the entire estate must fall to Beldon Thorndyke. Marjorie, the loved grand-niece, was penniless.

The "finishing" had not taught Marjorie overmuch of the world as it

close of that spring day saw a plighted troth under a stilly moon.

Now Lieutenant Preble was on the far seas, and Marjorie was alone in her sorrow, and the sorrow was very real. If she had come to the Major when his gray day was very gray indeed, he had been home to her and father and wisest counselor, and she had accorded him a generous love and the profoundest admiration. She did not realize the oddity of his failing to provide for her; the conspicuous



THE EXECUTION OF THE WILL.

is outside of "best sellers." And the one other source of her information had not cared to teach that pretty head realities he fondly hoped to keep from her ken forever. This source was Lieutenant Preble, and he held all of Marjorie's ardent, youth-warm heart in his reverent hands. He had come on a matter of military import to see the Major one day in the early spring, and, crossing the estate by a wooded path, he and Marjorie had met. It was spring, you know, and they were very young, and the heavens were very blue—and mating was in the air. And, primevally sure, each recognized in the other the Most Desired—the All Essential. And the

urgency of her departure from Thorndyke Hall did not present itself, until Beldon Thorndyke presented it to her.

He came across her on the wooded path where she had met Edward Preble, and where they had sworn, under the cover of the stars, to keep eternal faith, and Thorndyke's unruly, indiscriminate passion was aroused. She was slim and rounded and subtly fair in the black gown, and suddenly Beldon recognized it as a desirable fact that she should grace Thorndyke Hall permanently—as his wife. The way he chose to tell her so was one peculiarly disagreeable to the untutored girl. She could not have

said why, but she suddenly became aware of a host of unpleasant things, and the kiss he stole from her filled her with a burning shame. The heir to his father's will had not permitted frustrated desires to enter into his self-arranged scheme of things in the past; he did not propose to do so now, at least, without showing his fangs, and he saw quite clearly that Marjorie would have none of him—more, that he was repellent to her. His mirror showed him, when he was able to visualize clearly, a form most pleasing to the biased eyes, and, vanity being strong within him, he was enraged.

"Perhaps you think," he sneered, as he caught the girl by the arm and held her captive, "perhaps you think that I am charitably inclined; that, for the honor your presence lends my house, I am ready to keep and provide for you—eh?"

"I had not thought," the girl said dully.

"Hadn't thought, eh? Well, my lady, suppose you make a mighty effort and do that little thing now. It's stay here as my wife, or quit—flat. And I hold these strings—see here." Beldon exhibited a wallet. "I hold 'em, and I'll hold 'em tight. Come, Marjorie"—with a sudden change of manner and a coaxing clasp of the forcibly held waist—"think it over, girlie; we'll pull together yet."

"Let me go, Beldon." The girl raised her eyes and met his, a world of unuttered reproach in their depths. "I love Edward Preble. Do I need to say more?"

"No, by thunder!" roared the infuriated youth, "but you can *do* a whole lot, and the first thing you can pull off is—to hike."

There isn't much that a "finished" girl can do in a big city and still maintain a certain caste, but, being

finished, Marjorie did not know that. She was hurt and a bit dazed, of course, at the thought of leaving the Hall that had been home to her from earliest infancy, but she was untried and eager, and the future held new experiences—and Edward Preble.

As she walked down the wide drive on her exit from the Hall, for she had scorned to request a carriage or car, there was one kind word to speed her, one heart to ache for the pity of her



THE MAJOR IS STRICKEN

loneliness, and those were in the person of Terence O'Brien, her late uncle's groom. Terence had been on his annual vacation at the time of the Major's death, and had returned that day. His honest heart grieved at the loss of the kind master who had been a friend, and marveled at the forlorn state of the girl who had been the light of the Major's eyes.

She found New York a hurrying, bewildering city of strangers, this girl who had been restricted and guarded all her life, and not one of all the rushing throng turned to hold out a friendly hand to the timid girl. After

awhile she was glad for the ignoring, for those who paused to stop her on her way looked upon her with eyes of a far keener glance than friendship, and the girl recognized in the bold effrontery the same element that had tintured Beldon's unwelcome proposal.

There was really nothing she could do—it didn't take her long to dis-

finance, and they were very low, indeed. Sometimes, instead of dinner, she would sit and dream of a future free of rude men and insolent women and lodging-places unspeakably dubious as to sanitation. These dreams became ambitions, and, finally, longings keen to the anguish point. Again, in the still of the long, sleepless nights (for one does not sleep soundly after many half-fed days), she would vision herself in the safe haven of his arms, the tale of her pitiful struggles sobbingly told, and restitution made at last. These dreams did not increase the diminished income, either, and work seemed a hopeless prospect. She would find some position in a store, only to be obliged to leave it because of insolent treatment, or because the manager was "laying off." And it was in these straits that Terence O'Brien found her one bitter winter day.

Terence and the dainty girl were neighbors, so it seemed, tho Terence's tenement was rather more pretentious than that inhabited by Marjorie. Terence had left the Hall shortly after the expulsion of Marjorie, not finding the sway of Beldon in accordance with the ethics of a God-fearing man. Also, Beldon had held the purse-strings with the grip tenacious, and, while Ter-

ence was far from grasping, he did rather incline to the paying of well-earned wages. And these things had kindled a great wonder and the seed of a growing suspicion in Terence's honest brain. Marjorie was as rain and sunshine to the seed. The sight of her too apparent poverty—the pathetic hopelessness of her face, the pinched hunger-lines—the whole unmistakable impress of a losing fight, fired Terence to thought and action. He began to remember. He had been



MARJORIE FINDS IT DIFFICULT TO GET WORK

cover that fact—and, dimly, she began to grow up, to wonder *why* her uncle, who had loved her so tenderly, had trained her to this helplessness, and then left her a petitioner to a cold humanity. She began to realize that, somehow, somewhere, things were very wrong, and she wrote Edward Preble and told him so. But Edward was on the high seas, and it would take the spanning of many a watery league to unite them. The letters did not increase Marjorie's

witness to a new will made by the Major some little time after the return of Marjorie from the school. He had not read the document, but it was borne in upon him that the will must have had to do with the girl. He connected this with the Major's growing fondness for his grand-niece, their evident comradeship, the pride and solace the Major had found in her, and then he recalled having seen

"It's the loikes av him that 'ud be doin' such tricks," declared his mother, affirmatively. "Why dont ye go down to th' Hall and see th' villain, Terry, me bhoy?"

"I'll do that—tomorrow!" responded the awakened groom. "And it's the neck av him I'll be wringin' if he kapes Miss Margy out av a rightful penny."

And on the morrow Terence took a



TERENCE HUNTS UP BELDON AT THE HALL

the will in Beldon's hands some few days prior to the Major's accident and death. After that he, Terence, had gone on his vacation, and these things had slipped his none too retentive mind. This mind Marjorie aroused, and a great light broke upon the phlegmatic gray matter of the groom.

"Th' dhirty dog," he muttered to himself, over his evening pipe, and he thereby confided his suspicions to his mother, who had just returned from coddling Marjorie with a cup of broth.

trip down to the Hall and was admitted by his former fellow servants.

The sounds of tinkling glasses and hoarse voices came from Thorndyke's library, and the former groom walked quietly to the curtains and peered thru. A card game was in progress, and the players, friends of the Major's son, were heated with drink and the lure of high stakes.

One chair was vacant, facing the drawn curtains, and Terence waited for its occupant to appear. It was Thorndyke, and soon he entered the room and lurched into the chair.



“IT’S THE MATTER OF THE WILL I’D BE TALKIN’ ABOUT,
MISTHER BELDON”

Terence drew the curtains barely enough to show his face and coughed slightly. Two red-rimmed eyes glared into his, and their owner, signaling silence, came toward him.

Thorndyke passed between the curtains and beckoned the other to follow him. In his father’s old-fashioned parlor he shakily bade his unbidden guest take a chair.

“It’s th’ matter of the will I’d be talkin’ about, Misther Beldon,” announced the erstwhile groom.

Beldon smiled amicably. The spirit of cunning pointed a show of friendliness as the safest road.

“We’ll take a stroll and talk it over, Terry,” he said, leading the way abruptly out-of-doors. “tho I cant think what you could find to say on that subject.”

“Cant ye, thin?” Terence turned and faced the youth with sudden

sharpness. His “Irish” was up, and Beldon saw that something was going to happen. “Well, Misther Beldon, me foiné lad, it’s this I’m findin’ to say: I was the witness to your father’s will, and it’s the whereabouts av that will I’m inquirin’ after.”

“You fool!” Beldon’s face turned an ugly scarlet. “What the devil business is it of yours about my father’s will? Turning nasty because you didn’t graft your pesky wages off of me, I suppose——”

“Not that, Misther Beldon.” The Irishman turned scarlet in his turn. “It’s for the sake of the little girl ye turned from your door to starve or die that woke me up, and, as sure as me name is Terence O’Brien, I dont lave this place till I see that will.”

“You blasted, interfering dog, you’ll never leave this place, save in a box!” Beldon shouted these words,

and his long arm shot out. The steep cliff, with its sheer fall to murderous depths below, was but a pace away. Taken unaware, Terence stumbled; there was a brief snatching of the empty air, a gasping sound; then the sickening impact of flesh on bottomless depths, and the last silence.

Beldon cowered under the thing he had done; then flew, with the sly, furtive haste of the habitual fugitive from the law.

A little letter, tear-stained and broken of heart and spirit, had sped its way over the seas, and the recipient sent the answer in his own person. The letter had said that the address would probably be a different one by the time he should return, and, not knowing of the circumstances under which Marjorie had left Thorndyke Hall, Lieutenant Preble came there direct from his ship to ascertain.

He came by the wooded path, and he remembered, with a catch in his throat, of the tender vows that little path had witnessed, and of the delicate, love-touched lips that had made them precious sweet. He wondered what manner of sordid, combative words those lips had had to frame since then, and, as he was wondering, with a half-tender, half-grim smile curving his lips, he heard a slight groan, from the depths of the ravine.

Terence was a hardy Irishman, brawny and hard and resilient, else had that groan never issued from his lips. When the Lieutenant reached him, he found a broken arm and considerable surface damage, but nothing that would endanger the life of the supposed corpse. With imprecations and threats, the Irishman told his tale, from the witnessing of the will down to his resolution to face Beldon and demand what had become of it.

"He thinks you are dead, Terence," said the Lieutenant, "and—"

"And small wonder to that!" ejaculated Terence, excitedly, "after the pushing av me into kingdom come. It's a murderer he is in his cursed heart, and it's such that the Blessed Virgin sees him."

"Well, Terence," continued Preble, after the outburst had subsided into half-audible mutterings, "my plan is to go to the house and confront Beldon. He's a coward, else he would not have done this deed. That he's guilty is obvious for the same reason. He'll be badly frightened at sight of you, and we may get a confession from him."

Beldon was cowering in the library, when Terence stepped in at one of the unhinged French windows. A half-emptied decanter stood beside him, and the hand that drained the glass trembled as he set it down. Terence crept silently around the chair and faced him suddenly, an awful, accusing figure, blood-stained and ashen from the fall.

"God!" yelled the would-be murderer; then, crashing the decanter to the floor, "it's this cursed whisky that's doing this—"

"The will, Misther Beldon," said Terence, gutturally; "where is the will?"

"A million hells!" Beldon pulled open the secretary near him and thrust a sealed paper into the very tangible hands extended to receive it. Then he sank into the chair and pulled the whisky-glass to him.

Spring had dawned over Thorndyke Hall, the spring of the earth and the richer spring of two close hearts. Banished into a past, too gray to be recalled, was the time of grim struggle and hardship. Perhaps, in a happier world than this, the Major's heart found peace in the supremacy of the right, and sought, even there, to work a miracle in the broken spirit of the son he had so sorrowed.

Terence, the groom, was driving them, Marjorie and her lover-husband, and their hands met under the light robe.

"Dearness," she whispered softly, "the darkest hour is just before the dawn—isn't it?"

"And, oh, beloved!" he answered, "the dawn is wondrous fair."

THE WEDDING-GOWN

Biograph



By NORMAN BRUCE

"No fair, Billy; you peeked—o-o-o!" Scarlet reefer, topped with white cap and flying curls, plunged recklessly over the frozen furrows, like a sensibly clad autumn nymph, pursued by a young satyr in brown corduroy; around cornshucks; over forlorn, abandoned cabbage-heads; down the crisp pasture-side, to the great oak-tree, raining a Danae shower of gold and russet about their heads. Here the chase came to an end abruptly.

It was his virgin kiss—and hers. It terrified them both almost equally, as tho a sudden shock had changed them from children to man and woman without any warning. Solemnly they stared into each other's eyes; then suddenly the girl's flaming face fell into the shelter of two small, trembling hands.

"Oh! Billy, what *made* you?" wailed a voice, trickling thru the fingers.

The boy stared down dazedly, his honest young jaw set and white. Then he drew a slow breath and bent over her swiftly.

"Why—I—I love you, May

Belle," he marveled. "I guess I always have loved you, but I didn't know it till just now." He touched one little, straining hand awkwardly, in new, wonderful fear of her. "Dont fret, May Belle—it's all right. You see, I—I love you——"

"Honest, Billy—oh! Billy, are you *sure*?" She was looking up at him with wide, joyous eyes, half-shy, half-eager with dawning consciousness of power. "Do—do you love me—like Ivanhoe and—and Jacob and Mark Antony—do you, Billy?"

"Lots more," he whispered, breathless with wonder. "Why, May Belle—I—I dont feel like anything would be hard to do now. I could plow the south field or clear out the wood-lot just as easy. D'you see what I mean, honey? Aint it strange?"

"It's lovely!" May Belle clapped her hands. "Just like poetry books. And me only seventeen!"

"It's more like prayin', I think," he answered huskily. "Listen, are you willin' to be engaged?"

"Course I am!" she laughed.



HERE THE CHASE CAME TO AN END

Her eyes, clear and frank as a child's, met his, untroubled. The sleeve of the scarlet reefer brushed his arm. "Come on, Billy; let's go tell ma."

"Where you been, May Belle, child?" Ma peered over the rim of her "nigh-to" glasses, mildly censorious. "Law sakes! how red your cheeks are! What's she been doin', Billy, to get het up this way?"

"Oh, ma!" May Belle flung herself down beside the rocker. "Oh, ma! I—Billy—we—oh! *you* tell her, Billy; I dont know how."

The rocker suspended its serene creaking as, for the space of ten solemn ticks of the old grandfather's clock, the eyes of ma sought Billy's in startled questioning.

"Yes, ma'am," the boy nodded; "it's true. We're going to be married, May Belle and me."

"Heart alive!" murmured the mother, helplessly. She looked from one to the other, readjusting her world. May Belle—her baby—*grown up*? And little, freckled, neighbor-

boy Billy, this tall young fellow, with the new, glad manliness in his eyes? Suddenly her arms went out to the both of them, gathering them in. "If you *aint* the surprisingest children," she laughed shakily. "But I'm glad it's *you*, Billy—if my little girl had t' grow up."

Later, when the dusk warned the new lover of chores and evening duties to be done, the mother, watching May Belle lift open, frank lips for his kiss, smiled wisely to herself, remembering very-long-ago things. "She's only a child," she murmured; "she aint waked up—yet. But that'll come in good time, Lord willin'—in good time."

That very evening ma started to cut out the wedding-gown.

The autumn days floated lazily by, like the autumn leaves, drifting on the sunshine into yesterday. Thru the scarlet and amber groves, May Belle and Billy wandered staidly, no longer racing each other to the turn



"MA, CAN I GO? PLEASE—PLEASE SAY YES"

of the lane, pelting each other with pilfered nuts or scuffling childwise thru the gossiping drifts of leaves.

"Say it again, Billy," she would command him instead. "Say it a different way."

But Billy knew only one way. His big body would tremble suddenly, and his good, honest young face grow white with the meaning that lay behind the words. "I love you, May Belle," he would whisper shakily, over and over, till she would clap her hands joyfully and skip a step or two beside him; then pout reproachfully. "But you might say something else than just *that*, Billy," she would say.

"That's all I know, May Belle," said Billy, solemnly. "I aint much on words, little girl, but, oh! I *do*—I do, May Belle."

And secretly, under the mother's patient, love-guided old fingers, the wedding-dress grew slowly into being, fold on filmy fold. Into it were stitched tender things and glad things and sad things—remembrances of Little-Girl May Belle, of the father who had died, of an old woman's

young wedding-day, of long ago hoping and rejoicing, and shy, sweet visioning of the days to come to her little girl.

"She'll understand," thought the wrinkled mother-heart, over her secret stitching; "she dont yet—quite—but when she puts this on for Billy, she'll know what it means to have a good man's love."

Then, before the dress was finished, the letter came—a little, perfumed, white bolt of destiny, freighted with uncanny powers of heartaches and pain. Billy, invited to tea, glowered suspiciously at the envelope even before it was opened, but May Belle fluttered with excitement over it.

"Oh, ma!" she cried, "it's from Aunt Belle, and she wants me to come to visit her in the city. Ma, can I go? Please—please say yes."

Ma looked across her preserve-saucer, vaguely disquieted. Billy, jaw set, waited for her reply. The city! There'd be streets of stores, grand houses, fine clothes—and *people*, men, maybe. A fierce, numb ache choked his throat, and mechanically he



"AHA, YOU SLY YOUNG FOLKS!" HE CHUCKLED

pushed back his plate. But he said nothing.

"Land sakes! what ever put it into Cousin Belle's mind t' ask you visiting, May Belle?" puzzled ma, fretfully. "Why, child, she's got a big house, all fixed up, and fine friends, no doubt—she aint our kind."

"Oh, ma!" May Belle wheedled, "think how much it'll improve me, t' learn city ways. Billy, you make ma say I can go."

"You dont need improvin', May Belle," said Billy, fiercely. "You're good enough f'r us right now."

But in his heart he knew she would have her way, as always, and he was afraid.

A week later, the comfortable old farmhouse babbled with loud, friendly tongues. Muffled, ear-padded, great-coated and beshawled, the whole town was here to say good-by to May Belle. There were pop-corn and cider; there were the good old games, Drop the Handkerchief, Going to Jerusalem; there were hearty good-wishes and good advice. May Belle, radiant in

figured delaine, faced Billy in the kitchen, in a lull of her hostessing.

"What you *so* cross for?" she asked him, petulantly. "Dont you *want* me to have a good time?"

"I dont want you to *want* a good time without me in it," he laughed ruefully. "I s'pose there's heaps o' young sparks in the city that'll make a lot better showin' than me."

"Oh, Billy!" She gazed at him delightedly. "I b'lieve you're jealous. I guess you *do* like me a little, after all."

He caught her suddenly in his arms with a roughness that frightened her. "Oh, May Belle!" he whispered brokenly against her fluff of curls. "Oh! May Belle, honey, cant you *see*?"

A chorus of friendly laughter from the sitting-room doorway startled them apart in red unease. About them, cheering and chattering, danced the guests in bacchanalian jubilation. The white-haired old doctor, who had brought them both, and half of the others present, into the world, clapped

Billy on the shrinking back and pinched the girl's glowing cheek.

"Aha, you sly young folks!" he chuckled. "So there'll be another party—a wedding—when May Belle comes home again!"

These words rang mournfully in Billy's brain as he and the little mother watched the last flicker of engine smoke fade from the sky, city-wards, the next afternoon. They hurt him vaguely, with their sweet promise of unfulfilled joys. He had felt on his lips, for a brief, good-bye moment, the cool, untroubled touch of her young lips; had seen the child-anticipation in her tearless eyes. And he *had* let her go! With an effort, he smiled down into the pitiful, working old face at his side and tucked one big, warm hand under the shawled elbow.

"It's gettin' real chilly out here," he said briskly. "Come on, ma; let's go home."

To May Belle, the city was a fairy tale come true, with her little, country self for heroine, and a splendid, willow-plumed, satin-dressed, fairy godmother indulgently waving her wand. It seemed quite impossible that Aunt Belle, with her marceled hair, slender waist and sparkling fingers, was any relation to her mother, or that the great, luxurious mansion on the Avenue could be in the same world as the farmhouse, shivering forlornly under its leafless elms. And when she looked into the mirror, in her own white-and-gold

little room, May Belle saw, not the small, country maiden of her pine-bureau glass at home, with the loose curls and the green, figured delaine, but a new, lovely self, in soft blue silk, hair piled modishly on the top of her head, bright color, delicately veiled with powder, and round, radiant eyes. The eyes were those of the old May Belle, tho she did not realize it, eager, unworldly, innocent, widening with every fresh wonder of the wonderful days.

In the first three weeks of sight-seeing, shopping and shaking hands with the new life, May Belle learnt many curious things. She found that supper was dinner, and dinner, luncheon; that one must not laugh much or talk much, or skip, or clap her hands; that a man with money and automobiles was a "catch," but without them he was an "impossible"; and she found, too, that there were a great many men in the world who looked at her in a



THE PARTING

way that made her feel red and queer and thrilled.

And then there was Nelson Gryce. May Belle, among the perfumed, perfect artificiality of the afternoon tea-guests, was like a cool, little, fragrant breeze or an old-fashioned, simple, wild blossom caught in a formal garden. And he was bored and sense-jaded. So they became friends. At first, it was theater tickets; boxes of candy, such as May Belle had never dreamed of; flowers that came, city pale in tissue and silver foil. Then



THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED WERE FULL OF PARTIES

it was compliments; tête-à-têtes in Aunt Belle's little, confidential den; then, finally, a kiss. It was not at all like her first kiss, but May Belle, in her enchanted fairy tale, was almost forgetting that one—ma—Billy—old, quiet, homely things.

"You are the prettiest creature I have ever seen," Nelson Gryce told her, ardent eyes on her face. "You make other women look faded, somehow. Nymph Lady, I think I am going to fall in love with you."

May Belle clasped her hands joyfully, in the old way. "Oh! *do* you?" she cried. "Tell me why."

So he told her, and it was very pleasant to listen to, and May Belle's little, foolish heart beat rapidly, for he spoke as her dream-heroes always spoke, and as the lovers talked in books. But her lips, when she gave them to him, were child-lips still.

"She will learn," thought Nelson Gryce, complacently. "And she will make a better wife for not knowing the world."

Of course there was Billy to be told, and ma. May Belle did not enjoy writing that letter, but she never dreamed of leaving her fairy tale and going back to her Cinderella rags. Aunt Belle was delighted with the good match her niece was making and began at once to plan a trousseau. After she had written the letter and posted it, May Belle drew a long breath. She thought that she was very glad she had done it, and wondered why her hands were so cold and what the queer, frightened feeling in her heart meant.

The days that followed were full of parties and dozens and dozens of lacy, white underthings, dressmakers and plans for the fine wedding that was coming to May Belle. She moved among them all as one moves in a dream, vaguely excited, unquestioning.

She tried on her new frocks in open vanity before her mirror, raptured over misty laces, frost-like embroideries and ribbon bows. She listened

to Nelson's heated love-making, admiring the many different ways he had of saying one thing. Sometimes, for an instant, as she felt his hot breath on her cheek or the uneasy thrill of his kiss, the blank, chilly, frightened feeling would come back, but this was not often, and so the days slipped by, and it was spring.

"A package, miss."

"For me, James? O-o-o!" May Belle looked at the bulky, brown paper bundle eagerly. Then her eyes widened, and her breath came flutteringly from surprised, parted lips. With sudden desperate hurry, she jerked at the strings and pulled the wrappings aside. A white dimity dress stared up at her, creased from folding; a dress of unstylish fullness of skirt, clumsy and pathetic, spelling "country" in every awkward line; a dress patiently sewed with fine, near-sighted, painful stitches. On the breast lay a note from ma. The girl read slowly:

DEAR MAY BELLE—I made this for you to wear for Billy, but I'm sending it anyway. Every stitch in it means a prayer that my girl will always be happy in the love of an honest man. MA.

The sheet fluttered silently to the floor. Eyes wide and staring, the girl looked straight ahead, as a sleeper suddenly aroused. The love of an honest man! She snatched up the dress and held it before her, searching her image in the glass. Suddenly a burning red flamed across her face—a *wedding-dress*! Why, she had not realized that—a wedding! It was not just clothes and parties, then, but more—ah! much more. She would be

a *wife*—and ma had made this dress for her to wear for Billy. She touched it shyly, tremulous at the wave of new emotion that swept over her. Vaguely, something of ma's happy dreaming crept from the folds. It was a wonderful thing—a wedding-dress; a sacred thing.

Suddenly May Belle crushed the dimity to her and broke into weeping bitter tears of shame and pain, of understanding and a new, deep joy.

The fire crackled comfortably in the coal stove, sending little, prying fingers of warm red into the dusk. In her chair before it, ma slept fitfully. Billy, coming in softly, sank into the old cane rocker and fell a-brooding in the shadows. His boy's face, stained by the friendly firelight, was worn and chiseled, by new lines, to a man's. It was very quiet in the room, and all at once Billy began to dream. Of course it was a dream; yet she looked very real, standing there before him, dark curls blowing about her face, arms stretched out across the leaping light.

"Billy," the Dream said, falteringly. "Billy—I've come—home!"

He stumbled to his feet, somehow, and forward. And then—ah, dear God! it was *not* a dream, after all, but May Belle, his May Belle in his arms, her face upturned, and the wonderful new woman-light in her eyes.

"Do you, dear, *do you?*" whispered a little voice faintly against his cheek. "Say it, Billy——"

"I love you!" cried Billy, gladly. Their lips met, and he knew that at last she understood. "Oh, I *love* you so, May Belle!"

Ambition

By RUSSELL E. SMITH



he laurels of Temyson
I could have easily won
If I'd the mind for to try.
The yarns that are by Lamb
Or dear old O. Khayyam
Bring never a light to my eye.

There's Emerson, Addison,
And Edison, Madison,
All famous from here to Rosario—
But I'd rather be noted
And famous and quoted
As the author of some scenario.



(GENE GAUNTIER)

Come BACK TO Erin

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of GENE GAUNTIER

A MULE is the contrariest thing the good Lord ever made, barring one, and that is a woman. Only a few men understand a mule's mind rightly, and no men at all know a woman's. Maybe poor Michael O'Malley was not so much to be blamed, after all.

As for Peggy—well, I better let Jerry Donovan tell you about her, as he stood one morning in the top of the harvest-tide, gleeking thru the low doorway, the honest soul of him smouldering like green peat in his breast, and his cap fair palsied in his hand.

"Shure," thought Jerry, with the part of his brain that he kept for saying his prayers at Mass, "shure, 'tis a wild rose that looks pale forninst th' cheeks av her, an' 'tis two howly candles lit ahindt her eyes. Arrah!" thought Jerry, trembling at the boldness of the idea, "but what a swate-heart she'd be makin', wid th'

dimples av her an' th' shmile, an' what a wife!"

'Tis not likely a man, young and well-looking, can think such things in the whereabouts of a lassie, and her not hear his heart a-pounding and his courage chattering its teeth. Peggy knew who was by and guessed, the pretty spalpeen, well enough what he was wanting, and so she swept up the earth floor and wiped up the stone hearth with never an eye-wink in his direction, till, at last, the poor, misfortunate man spoke up, timid-like.

"Top av th' marnin' to yez, Peggy," said the brave lad, clutching his hat to keep his feet from running away with him. "Is—are yez—c'n I—arra! happen your feyther's about?"

"Shure," twinkled Peggy, tossing her curls, "an' what'll yez be wantin' wid feyther, I'm wondherin'."

Jerry drew a bit nearer. "I'm wishful av tellin' him," he whis-

pered, "that I'm afther marryin' his daughter come Candlemas Day."

"Indade!" cried Miss Peggy, sharply. "Well, maybe 'twould be so if me sisthers hadn't been born byes, an' me brothers 'ad been a gurrul, an' I hadn't been th' ownly childher av me parints, besides!"

"Ach, ye heart-breakinest av acushlas!" begged Jerry, opening his mouth, only to put his foot in it, being a plain, honest blacksmith and no lady's man. "Sure I've skimmed th' crame av th' marnin' to come here and ask your feyther f'r ye. There's no manner av doubt I've lift two or three shillin's in thrade sthandin' forninst th' shop, an' I've worn an inch off th' mare's legs besides, hurryin.' Shure, shmile a bit, mavrone, an' show me you're gladful I'm come."

There's no saying whether or not Peggy would have smiled, and all would have gone merry as a kirk bell, if at that very moment old Michael himself hadn't stuck his hairy face thru the door, sent, no doubt, by the Auld Wan, knowledgeable man, to make a world of trouble in a troublesome world. If he had stayed two moments longer, by the clock on the mantel-shelf, the kiss on Jerry's lips would have been blooming on Peggy's instead of withering into stupid words. 'Tis a queer word, that "if," and it's done a deal of harm.

"Marnin', Jerry, me bye!" Michael roared, smashing the pleasant little silence to bits and making the two of them jump in their shoes. "Sit yesilf down and have a bite and sup wid us. 'Tis a bit of bacon 'nd go foine, I'm thinkin', Peggy gurrul, an' a noggin' av cider, wid maybe a dhrop or two av th' rale chrather in t' warm our four bones."

'Twas the worst he could have said, and poor Jerry blushed to his cow-licks, for bacon and love-making are queer tongue fellows, but he spoke up resolute and bold.

"No, thankin' yez as much," said Jerry, "but 'tis another matther I've come on. Ye know, Mither O'Malley, I've got a cottage av me own, a cow

and pratie patch, wid mebbe a cabbage or two and a turnip besides; I've got wan fether bed and a copper kettle and a foine thrade, not min-tioning a matther av twenty-sixen pounds, tuppence, laid by. An' I'm wishful av marryin' Peggy, if yez plaze."

Old Michael scratched his head, reflective-like, and looked at the ceiling; then he scratched his chin and looked at the floor; then he looked at Jerry and slapped him hard on the shoulder.

"Yarra, me bye!" he cried. "Ye're as honest a gossoon as there is in th' parish, and 'tis proud I'll be t' have yez in th' family. Take her, lad, an' here's me hand on it!"

The two shook hands cordial-like, while a pair of black eyes looked on, snapping and flaring like two holy candles flickering in a wind of rage.

"And now," said Miss Peggy, at last, coldly, "and now mebbe ye'll loike t' hear what I have t' say! And if they sh'd be me lasht worruds, they'd be these. I wouldn't be afther marryin' yez, Jerry Donovan, if yez was th' Imperor av Roosia, wid a goold crown; I wouldn't be afther marryin' yez if yez an' a haythen Chinee was th' lasht wun on airth; I wouldn't be afther marryin' yez if I was t' be an ould maid to me coffin. Now, put that in yer poipe an' shmoke it, me foine gossoon!"

And, with this, she rose up grandly and ran out of the room and slammed the door so that the pewter plates rattled above the cupboard shelf. In her heart, a naughty feeling of triumph elbowed a sickly little runt of disappointment.

"Shure I'm glad I said it!" stormed Peggy, aloud. "'Tis mesilf 'll not be made t' marry anny man. I'll do as I plaze," cried Peggy, stamping her foot, "an' bad cess t' all min! I hate him, an' what's more, I dont loike him, an' I'm happy t' be rid av him, that I am!" And to illustrate her pleasure, Peggy burst into a storm of tears.

In the house, young Jerry stared at old Michael, and old Michael at



OLD MICHAEL INFORMS JERRY THAT HE CAN DO NOTHING WITH PEGGY

young Jerry, while you could have counted a hundred and five.

"Arrah!" said the father, at last, with the fierceness of a man who knows his womenfolks are not by. "Dont ye be afther frettin', me bye. Lave th' lass t' me. A colleen," says Michael, savagely, "is like a colt. She balks at th' bit at firrst an' shows her heels, but niver a colt yit thot couldn't be harnessed in th' ind. Lave her t' me, Jerry; lave her t' me."

'Twas a matter of a seven-night later, with the gorse blazing like rooted sunbeams along the laneside and the larks gossiping in the thorn hedges, when Peggy and her father set out for the fair at Killarney, driving their kine afore them. Never had the contrary lass looked sweeter than on this same morning, with an artful scrap of green ribbon twisted in her black curls and the joy of the day in her face. Spite of the empty place by her side, where a certain young blacksmith should have been and

wasn't, Peggy was heartset on enjoying herself, and, when the fair was gained at last, she soon had no lack of gallants to make up for Master Jerry. Flags were flying from every tent-peak; a steam-organ was grinding out jigs, and a hundred bold gossoons and rosy colleens were footing it on the green. A neater ankle had no lass than our Peggy, and in all Erin none danced better, for love of the youth and the joy of living that tickled her heels. So the day passed pleasantly enough, and on the edge of the evening she left half a score of new admirers, stammering and sighing and staring, as is the way with gossoons in love, and turned homewards with her father and the sheep that he had bought at the fair. And, afore ever she knew it, there was Jerry Donovan himself, in his old, black apron, new-banding a wagon-wheel in his own front yard, with a look in his face at seeing her like a priest's saying Mass.

"Hivin bless yez!" said Michael,



PEGGY AND HER FATHER SET OUT FOR THE FAIR AT KILLARNEY

rubbing his hands, "but 'tis Jerry himself, twice as handsome as loife, bejabbers. Peggy, lass, spake t' Misther Donovan, an' tell him ye're afther raygrettin' th' onmannerly wurruds yez sphoke t'other marnin'."

Now, at sight of young Jerry, Peggy's contrary heart had knocked, pleading-like, on the roof of her mouth, whispering some such words as these: "Ach, agra! be swate t' th' lad. There's none boulder in Kerry, as yez well know, an' he's lovin' yez throe. Give him a shmile an' a dacint wurrud, Peggy mavrone!"

But afore ever she could decide what to do, her father's meddlesome bidding came cold to her ears. So she tossed her head, scornful as the squire's lady, and turned her back on the honest young gossoon entirely. Old Michael's face grew as black as a banshee's, but he went on making matters as worse as he could, which is the way with a man in a temper.

"Niver ye moind, Jerry, me lad," he shouted. "Thrust me t' tache th' young hussy betther manners. Marry yez she shall, as throe as me name's

Michael O'Malley, if I have t' bate her into lovin' yez, begorra!"

For the rest of the trudge home Peggy was silent. When a woman talks, a man need not fear her, for her anger runs off the tip of her tongue and is gone. But when a woman is silent, she is dangerous. Old Michael felt rather uneasy as he smoked his cob pipe on the doorstep and listened to Peggy neatening the room and putting away the supper dishes. When the last plate was in place, she came to the door.

"Feyther," said Peggy, coldly, "wance an' f'r all I tell yez I'll marry who I plaze, an' not who ye plaze. 'Tis useless t' argyfy longer. Me moind," said Peggy, firmly, "is made up intirely."

"Ye ballyraggin' spalpeen!" cried old Michael, waving his pipe fearfully, "I'm masther here, an' ye'll do as I say."

"Niver!" retorted his daughter, and fled up the ladder to her room in the loft, hugging a wild, new scheme to her heart.

"I'll love who I plaze!" cried



MICHAEL AND JERRY START OUT IN SEARCH OF PEGGY

Peggy, fiercely. "Yez shall see that Peggy O'Malley has got a moind av her own."

Late the next morning, young Jerry looked up from his anvil, to see old Michael afore him, wild of eye and speech. "She's gone!" sobbed the poor man, when his breath had caught up with him. "Me daughther's gone! The Saints pity me f'r a lone ould man!"

"Peggy?" cried Jerry, gripping his sledge and looking as white as his soot would let him. "Dont be tellin' me 'tis she——"

"Aye, Peggy's gone," said old Michael, helpless-like. "She sint wan av thim tallygrims, sayin' she was goin' t' Ameriky. Jerry, me lad, we'll niver see her agin."

Jerry Donovan drew a long breath and slowly shook his red head. "Ameriky's far off," he said, his words roughened between a menace and a sob—"aye, plaguey far, but 'tis this side av Hivin, an' as long as Peggy is in th' wurld, I'll foind her an' bring her home."

'Twas a mighty humble colleen that sidled down the gangplank at Ellis Island ten days later. 'Tis one thing to be bold when one is angry, and another thing to be bold when one is homesick. The tallness of the buildings terrified her; the awesome cars that roared across the sky or under the street; the sharp-voiced women who stared at her as she shivered on the bench in the employment office and asked her prying questions that brought the honest Irish wrath to her cheeks. But a tempestous week swept her finally into a haven, all gilded chairs and velvet carpets and whispering servants that laughed at her good Killarney clothes. Peggy had a position.

"Shure, darlint, dont yez fret—" The brogue was like salve to Peggy's sore heart, but the smart little lady's maid, in her stiff apron and cap, did not match her tongue. "'Tis mesilf who was afther comin' across ownly lasht year. Ye'll soon feel at home here, an' 'tis an illigant lady Mrs. Mortimer is, t' be shure. A parlor-

maid has a foine, aisy toime, an' whin yez buy some rale shoes and comb ye hair loike mine, ye'll be as dawnsy as th' rest av thim. Shure, woman dear, dhry yer eyes. 'Tis Marie Maloney is ye frind, an' manny's th' gran' toimes we'll be afther havin' mavrone!"

Maybe 'twas the Irish brogue, maybe the friendly words, and maybe 'twas the part about the shoes and the hair that dried the salt woe on Peggy's cheeks. As long as there's a new way of doing her hair or bedecking herself, life isn't wholly dark to a colleen, and, besides, Peggy was soon to be introduced to other joys.

"Kin yez dance, agra?" asked Marie, one afternoon.

"I could in Killarney," said Peggy, wistful-like. "Ach! but th' illigant jiggin' at th' fair!"

"I know a betther place f'r dancin' thin th' fair," said Marie, tossing her head scornfully. "An', what's more, I'll be takin' yez there this blissid evenin', as shure as pigs is swine."

'Twas a trembling Peggy that stood afore her mirror a bit later, hardly knowing herself in her new American finery and wondering whether she was really pretty or only looked so.

"'Tis Jerry Donovan would be thinkin' I was pretty," she said to herself afore she remembered, then she grew red with anger and tossed her head.

"Ye'll do," said Marie, critically, as the two of them started out. "Ach! darlint, yez should have seen th' grand, new diamint croon my missus has on th' night. Master gave it to her, an' she looks loike th' Impress av Roosia, bedad! That's why I'm afther bein' late. We must hurry our bones, or th' byes 'll think we're not comin' at all, at all."

To Peggy the dance that evening was like the dreams one has in a fever. She could not remember afterwards what had happened, only vague impressions of wonderful mooth floors, strange, hot, uneasy music, not a bit like the cheery pipes or fiddle at home; a young man named Mills who danced every dance with

her, and his crony, "Red" Randolph, Marie's partner. She knew that Marie had boasted of the mistress's new tiara; that they had all laughed at her for ordering tea instead of beer to drink, and that, when he left her, Jim Mills had squeezed her hand and whispered: "You're one swell dancer, kid, and I've took a shine to you. See you Saturday; s'long." She had had a good time—very; but strangely, in the shelter of her small room, as she took down her hair for the night and it fell in the old Irish ringlets about her face, Peggy stamped her foot and wrung her hands.

"I'll marry who I plaze!" cried she aloud, stormily. "Shure Ameriky is an illigant counthry, afther all!" But, ah! the pipes and the Irish lads and the dance of youth on the green!

"No, I cant go." Marie's voice was prickly with disappointment. "Shure, an' 'twould thry th' patience av a saint t' wait on th' missus to-night. Dont I get her ready f'r th' opery, gownd, diaminds an' all, an' thin doesn't her head stharta t' achin'—off cooms th' tiary—Marie, rub me head—Marie, th' hot-wather bottle—Marie, a glass av wine!" Here, Peggy mavrone, take th' ghlass in t' her f'r me, will yez, an' thin throt along t' th' dance."

Peggy took the tray good-naturedly into her mistress's bedroom. The great lady lay scowling on a pink satin couch in the midst of a drift of scattered possessions. On a table by the window Peggy caught the chilly gleam of the wonderful new tiara, and wished that she dared ask to look at it, but the china clock on the dressing-table warned her that she must not tarry, or she would be late to the dance.

"Gee! but you're a peacherino t'night, b'lieve me," Jim Mills greeted her a little later. "Come on, kid, an' I'll learn you th' Fascination Glide."

The music sank to an undertone, full of subtle meanings; the smooth floor seemed to sway and slide beneath



"I ARREST YOU ON TH' CHARGE OF STEALIN' MRS. MORTIMER'S DIAMOND TIARA"

their feet. In Peggy's cheeks a dull flush wilted the freshness of the wild rose, and the lights in her eyes were more like electric sparks than holy candles.

"Aw, say, dere's Red—'scuse me a minute," said Jim, suddenly, in her ear. Panting, she stood still where he left her, watching him elbowing his way roughly across the room. The tight American shoes hurt her feet; her head felt queerly hot and heavy under the stiff American pompadour. Suddenly the crowded room wavered thru a film of tears. At that very moment a heavy hand fell on her shoulder, and a heavy voice upon her ears:

"Peggy O'Malley, I arrest you on th' charge of stealin' Mrs. Mortimer's diamond tiara. Come along quiet, now."

"Hell! but youse looks all in, kid——" Red Randolph peered thru the bars, uneasy sympathy in his shifty eyes. "Lookie here—did youse hear about Jim? The cops got 'im thru de heart raidin' Kelley's joint

las' night. Say"—he leaned nearer, with a cautious glance backward at the guard—"youse should worry. I'm goin' t' git youse outer here. Watch me!"

"Ach, no!" Peggy shook her head dully. "Yez cant do nothin', I'm thinkin'. Shure th' saints thimsilves wont listhen. Yarra! feyther, feyther, why did I iver lave yez, ochone, ochone!"

"Dont youse b'lieve dat dope, kid," said "Red," earnestly. "Leave it t' muh!"

His footsteps died in echoes down the stone corridor. As he disappeared, a tall figure, in outlandish clothes, who had been sitting in a recess, got to his feet and followed him. In her cell, Peggy lifted her tear-marked face suddenly, with a little, gasping cry. 'Twas as tho she had caught a strange whiff of Long Ago across the musty prison air—a breath of peat-smoke and the dew-drenched freshness of the gorse. A moment she sniffed in wonderment; then her poor, contrary heart burst the bonds of pride at last and spoke:



JERRY SECURES PEGGY'S RELEASE

"Ach, Jerry, alanna! coom to me—'tis wishful I am av yez, Jerry—Jerry mavrone!"

The shadows were deeper by a matter of four hours when the tall figure strode back along the narrow hall. With him were an officer and a warden carrying a bunch of keys. They paused before the door of Peggy's cell. The small figure huddled on the narrow bed did not move, even as the key spoke in the lock and the door swung wide.

"Peggy mavourneen!" said Jerry Donovan, and bent reverently above the dusky, humbled curls. A wild little cry—two quivering arms about his neck.

"Is it yesilf or am I dhramin'!" cried Peggy. "Ach! Jerry, I've wanted yez so!"

His big hands were on her gently,

drawing her face down to his breast. "'Tis I shure, colleen bawn," he answered gladly. "I'm coom t' take yez back home."

Later he told her, in a few sentences, how he had overheard "Red's" words to her, followed him and found him with the stolen jewel. Of the fierce fight that had ended in the gangster's arrest he did not tell her. There were more important things to say.

"An' now will yez marry me, Peggy alanna?" he begged her, as they stood together outside the prison, in the strange, unfriendly sights and sounds of the new land. Peggy lifted a mischievous face, in which the roses of Killarney bloomed.

"Shure, an' why didn't yez ask me that long ago, instid av askin' feyther?" she cried.

OUR STORY ENDS HAPPILY

THE GREAT DEBATE:

SHALL THE PLAYS BE CENSORED?

Does Censorship assure better plays, or is it beset with dangers?—Promise or Menace?

Affirmative

REV. WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE, D.D.

Rector of Christ Church, Bedford Ave., Brooklyn

Negative

FRANK L. DYER

President of General Film Company, (Inc.)

EDITORIAL NOTE: There is, perhaps, no question before the public so important and perplexing as the censorship question. In every country, in every State in the Union, and in almost every city and hamlet, the subject is pressing for solution. Debating societies everywhere have discussed it, churches and civic societies have demanded it, newspapers and magazines have expressed opinions for and against it, the police authorities have been urged to adopt it, while the film manufacturers, exhibitors and the amusement world are apparently divided on the subject. What is the solution? Is the present National Board of Censors inadequate? Shall there be official censorship? Shall the police, or the church, or the State or city authorities be given the right to censor all plays? Or shall all censorship be abolished, and shall the public themselves be the sole judges of what plays shall be exhibited and of what shall not? Is it right that a few persons shall determine what you and I shall have for our amusements, and if so, who are those persons and whence their right? And, on the other hand, shall the theaters be permitted to exhibit indecent plays, if they wish, to corrupt the morals of the public? And *will* they, in the absence of censorship? These are some of the many questions that must be answered, and we have secured the services of two of the ablest and most representative men in America to discuss the subject—Canon Chase and President Dyer. Canon Chase has long been before the public as an advocate of various civic improvements and moral uprightness, and has had wide experience. Mr. Dyer was for years the attorney for and president of the allied Thomas A. Edison interests. Perhaps nothing more need be said of his ability and experience, but when it is noted that he is an author of recognized merit and is now president of the General Film Company, it is apparent that he is well equipped to conduct his side of this debate. Thus we are able to introduce to our readers two experts and authorities on the subject of censorship, and we may confidently expect them to give us the "last word" pro and con. In this issue Canon Chase opens the debate with many convincing arguments in favor of a more complete and rigid censorship, and Mr. Dyer sets forth his side of the controversy in a manner that must cause even those who differ with him to pause and reconsider. In the March number of this magazine Canon Chase will reply to Mr. Dyer, adding still other arguments to fortify him in his position, and in the same number Mr. Dyer will reply to Canon Chase and fire another broadside from his battery of arguments. Then there will come rebuttals and sur-rebuttals, and, when the debaters have done, we are confident that the whole subject of censorship will have been covered in a masterly manner.

FIRST ARTICLE FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE

By CANON CHASE

THIS debate upon the stability of censorship of Motion Pictures is begun with confidence in the uprightness of my opponent's motives, with a wish to benefit the business interests involved, and with a very strong desire to secure freedom for the children of our land to grow to maturity in a normally uplifting, moral atmosphere.

"I shall never go there again; it was horrible," said the boy, who had come from a Motion Picture show all of a tremble.

"What was horrible?" said Canon

Rawnsley, of England, to the horrified lad.

"I saw a man cut his throat," was the reply of the boy, whose liberty had been infringed by an unscrupulous Motion Picture manufacturer, or by one who was ignorant or careless of the rights of childhood.

"There was no harm in it at all," said an exhibitor, in England, who had gone to Canon Rawnsley to get him to protect him from the unreasonable criticism of the proprietor of the building where he was giving his show. "It was the finest natural his-

tory study of lions that children could ever see," said the exhibitor. In reality it represented a terrible tragedy of a lion-tamer being torn to pieces in the den.

Was it ignorance or unscrupulous greed that made it impossible for this exhibitor or the manufacturer of these films to respect the rights of childhood?

It is a crime too hideous for consideration to seize the idle, playful moments of a child in his most impressionable age and show him scenes of safe-cracking, drunken debauches, marital infidelity, sensuous love-making, abduction and arson. Such pictures will give his nervous, mental or moral nature a shock, twist or bent which will brutalize or otherwise degrade his whole life.

The Bishop of Mexico recently said that there are many who think that one reason why Spain and Mexico have not progressed like other nations is because bull-fighting has been the national sport for centuries, due to the brutalizing of human nature which the cruel sport has entailed.

In July, 1912, Congress used its power over interstate commerce to protect the childhood of the nation, to a certain degree, from the brutalizing effects of evil Motion Pictures. It made it a crime for any one to carry a Motion Picture film of a prize-

fight from one State to another. But Congress should do more than this in order to establish the freedom of children, and should guarantee their right to effective protection from brutalizing and other immoral influences.

Think of the money and governmental machinery which Congress and the States are using to conserve forests, to enrich the land, to improve

rivers and channels, protect harbors and promote the welfare of cattle.

Congress has found it necessary to control freight rates and restrain trusts in order to protect the small businesses of the country.

Is not the mental and moral welfare of the children worth more than all the property, lands and animals of our republic? The children are the life-blood of the nation.

It is foolishness for New

York City to spend thirty-eight millions a year to educate her children, and then allow a false, inhuman and criminal code of morals to be taught to them in her Motion Picture shows. It is a hideous neglect to let moral blood-poisoning thus afflict our nation.

Congress should effectively censor or license Motion Pictures, either thru the Commissioner of Education, or the copyright office, or the Department of the Interior, or thru the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, or in some other way.



REV. WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE, D.D.

By the new tariff law, Congress has provided that all Motion Picture films that are imported from foreign countries shall first be censored under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury. Will Congress be less conscientious in the exercise of its interstate power than of its power over the importations from foreign lands?

The Federal law should forbid any unlicensed film to be carried between the States. The statutes of the United States forbid immoral pictures in the Territories and the sending of any obscene, lewd or lascivious pictures or other matter of an indecent character thru the U. S. mails. It is clearly improper for the copy-right office to grant a copyright to any immoral picture, for an illegal article can have no property value nor existence in law. Congress ought to act effectively to prevent interstate traffic in illegal articles.

Some States, such as Ohio, California and Kansas, have already inaugurated State Boards of Censorship. These and other States should coöperate with the Federal Censorship, when inaugurated, in such a way as properly to safeguard the development of the life of their children.

Pictures which make robbery attractive and show clever ways of eluding detectives, which ridicule teachers and policemen, which convey the impression that married people are seldom faithful to their marriage vows, that sexual sins are universal and harmless, which depict cruelty and make the details of crime attractive, should be declared by the law of the State to be unlawful to be shown in any licensed place of amusement—at least during hours when young children attend.

It is claimed, however, that many pictures which are harmless for adults are dangerous for children, and that

it is unreasonable to refuse to let pictures be shown merely because they are bad for children, and thus rob adults of their rightful amusement.

The truth is, that it is better that adults should be restrained in their amusements rather than that the children of the nation should be demoralized and corrupted. But this difficulty can be remedied in each State by arranging that films suitable for adults but not for children may only be shown after 8 o'clock in the evening, when children should be forbidden to attend, except with the parents or guardian.

But when I speak of censorship, I do not use the word censor in the Roman sense, as inaugurated in the Roman Republic in the fifth century

before Christ and restored in the most degenerate days of the Empire in a vain attempt to stop a flood of vice. In the Roman sense, the two censors, acting together,

had an arbitrary power from which there was no appeal.

I use the word "censoring" in the English sense of "licensing." The *Censor* is the *Licensor*.

The licensing power of the Government is exercised where ordinary persons are liable to be deceived and misled in the purchase or use of articles of merchandise, especially where there is danger to life and morals in the use of the illegal articles. After an official inspection, those articles, places or persons which are found to conform to a legally fixed standard, are granted a license. But the refusal to grant a license cannot be arbitrary, for there is always a right to appeal from the decision of the inspector or licensor.

The growth of the license system has been a very noticeable feature of recent years to meet the new social conditions, and to take the place of special legislation. As society be-

"Better that adults should be restrained in their amusements, than that the children should be demoralized and corrupted."

comes more complex, and expert knowledge upon a vast number of intricate subjects becomes more difficult, there is an increasing need that the public shall be protected from counterfeits, quacks, charlatans and impostors, and this cannot be effectively accomplished in any other way than by the wise exercise of honest governmental power.

Physicians, dentists, engineers, lawyers, teachers and chauffeurs need to be examined and licensed by the proper authority. The selling of drugs, of intoxicating liquor and explosives, the selling or carrying of arms, can only be done by persons duly licensed.

Along with such new legislation as the forbidding of spitting in public places and the use of public drinking-cups, it has been necessary to enact pure food laws and those requiring the inspection of the slaughtering of animals and their preparation for sale as canned goods for food.

New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth.

The coming of the telephone, the automobile and wireless telegraphy has made new laws necessary for the protection of property rights. Yet there are those who object to any new legislation to deal with the largest factor concerning child welfare which has arisen for centuries.

It is claimed that we do not license newspapers or books, but allow a bad publication to be circulated, and then punish the author after it has been proved in the courts to be immoral.

The answer is that I am advocating that the very same procedure shall hold concerning Motion Pictures as books, except in the case of those films which want the privilege of being carried from State to State or of being shown for pay in licensed places of amusement.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the Post Office is not compelled to wait until a court has declared a book to be immoral before it can exclude a doubtful book from the mails. If the office condemns the morality of a paper, which the publisher wants to send thru the mails, the public welfare requires that he shall prove its good character in the courts by an appeal from the decision of the Post Office authorities.

The censorship of the stage, which has existed in England since 1727, does not forbid the printing of plays nor their performance, except for pay in licensed places of amusement.

Four times in the last sixty years, in 1853, 1866, 1892 and in 1909, the English Parliament has investigated the

**"There is much more reason
for censoring Motion Pictures
than plays or vaudeville per-
formances."**

censorship of stage plays. Each time the report has advocated its retention. The report of 1909 showed that the theatrical managers and actors are in favor of

retaining the censorship of plays, tho the investigation was made at the request of forty leading persons, many of whom were writers of plays, who wished it abolished or modified.

The agitation did not weaken the censorship, but strengthened it. It extended it to sketches in vaudeville performances, which had previously been allowed without censoring. Then certain Motion Picture interests, being ignorant of how much real official censorship would benefit their business, announced that they had united in engaging Mr. G. A. Redford, who had been the official censor of stage plays for fourteen years, to censor all their films. But because he is not an official censor, no satisfactory result has come from a pretended censorship. Liverpool, Middleboro and Carlisle have instituted local forms of censorship of Motion Pictures, because the British Board of Film Censors can no more control the character of the pictures than can our own so-

called National Board of Censorship, which has no official power and is, therefore, neither national nor has any opportunity to censor.

There is much more reason for censoring Motion Pictures than there is for censoring either plays or vaudeville performances.

A play or dramatic sketch varies with each actor or performance, but a Motion Picture which is right morally at the beginning continues always the same.

The daily newspapers print criticisms concerning the character of plays which consume a whole evening and run for a week or more in the

larger cities. But four or five picture plays are given in one evening. No parent, however wise or careful, can decide which Motion Picture shows are safe for his children.

He cannot judge by the character of the exhibitor, for no exhibitor can select the pictures he is to show. He has to take from the exchange what comes to him in the circuit, or deprive his patrons of seeing as many pictures as his rivals show.

I must reserve for my next article a statement of the reasons for official censorship, and my reply to the objections urged against it by my opponent.

FIRST ARTICLE FOR THE NEGATIVE

By PRESIDENT DYER

IN discussing the question of censorship, I wish to say, in the first place, that no one has a higher or more sincere regard for the ability and sense of fairness of Canon Chase than I have. Altho I am opposed unalterably to censorship, as repugnant to American ideals, yet I believe that many of its opponents would be willing to forego their objections if it were certain that the censorship would be permanently in the hands of Canon Chase, or men of his type. It must be remembered that we have to determine our course of action in all matters by the experiences of the past, and those experiences have taught us that in dealing with any rule or regulation, it never must be accepted under the belief that it is always to be administered fairly and that its evil possibilities will not be disclosed.

The only safe course to adopt is to assume the worst. If any rule or regulation is capable of degenerating into an instrument of oppression, or of some other evil consequence, it may be said safely that in time that degeneration almost surely will take place. I start with the proposition, therefore, that any censorship of Motion Pictures, if adopted as a prin-

ciple, might pass into the hands of unscrupulous politicians and come, in consequence, to be administered unfairly, dishonestly, and oppressively.

For the past five years most of the Motion Pictures in the United States have been censored by the so-called National Board of Censorship. That censorship has done much good.

It has resulted in the raising of the tone of the American pictures; its criticisms have been helpful; its sense of fairness and honesty have been beyond question, yet such a censorship is not objected to, because it is a purely voluntary censorship. So long as its judgments and decrees commend themselves as fair, sensible, honest and reasonably intelligent, they will be adopted cheerfully. But if any attempt were made to convert such a board into a purely political organization, with all the evils liable to flow therefrom, its decisions would command the support neither of the public nor of the film producers.

The proposition of the advocates of censorship is to constitute a single censoring body, with power to enforce its decrees and judgments, and extending in its operation over the entire country. In other words, such a body would have the power: first, to

require that no picture should be shown anywhere in the United States until first submitted to the censors; second, then to review each picture, approving it when it meets the personal views of the censors, and rejecting it when it does not; third, to call upon the authorities to enforce these judgments and prevent the showing of a condemned or unlicensed picture; and fourth, to require the payment of a tax for the censoring of each picture and every copy thereof.

Is it not inevitable that the moment the American people accept the principle of censorship and admit that it is proper and right, such a single, central censorship board will be followed by other bodies of censors in the various States and municipalities? While we might start out with the one board of censors, we probably should find ourselves, in the course of a few years, confronted by two or three hundred little boards of censors all over the country, each with its own opinions, each enforcing its own decrees, and each imposing a tax on the business, which the public must pay eventually.

Do the advocates of censorship realize the tremendous significance, in a reactionary sense, of their suggestion? They forget that the great fundamental rights, for which man-

kind contended for many centuries were:

First: the right to follow the dictates of conscience or religious freedom;

Second: the right of free speech; and

Third: the right of a free press.

We should remember that it was only a few centuries ago that men were not allowed to worship God in

their own way, but only in the way laid down to them by certain autocratic authority. If they worshiped God according to their own conscience, they generally were burned at the stake, buried alive, tortured, or banished. After religious freedom was won, the right of free speech still was denied. No one dared, for a moment, to express his opinions on any matters that did not meet with the approval of the same autocratic author-



FRANK L. DYER.

ity. If a government was known to be corrupt, the citizen or subject was afraid to say so, under fear of imprisonment or of having his ears cut off or his nose slit or of actual death. After the great moral victories of the people against the governing class in securing freedom of religion and of speech, the freedom of the press was the last great concession that was won. The people at last won the right to print freely, in books and newspapers, their opinions and views

on any subject, being held, of course, accountable to the law for libel, gross immorality, etc.

Now these struggles were all against censorship. Censors were known from the days of ancient Rome—men who set themselves up to guide their fellows in what they should or should not do. In mediæval times the Church, and sovereigns who acted in coöperation with the Church, were censors who laid down rules for the guidance of the multitude on the subject of religion and morals. With the invention of printing, first the Church and then the State became the censor and required the licensing of every book and paper before it could be issued. Then, with the development of the stage, that, too, became the object of censorship, so that plays, before they could be performed, had first to receive the license of the censor.

When our government was formed, the struggle against these inquisitions, in this country at least, had been won. Censorship was to have no foothold on American soil, and, therefore, the first amendment to the Constitution provides that:

"The suggestion of censorship is a denial of personal liberty, of free speech and of a free press."

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

Probably every State in the Union has some similar provision in its State Constitution. In New York and in Ohio, for example, we find it embodied in substantially the following language:

Every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right; and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press.

Now, I ask my readers to ponder that provision of our Constitutions. It represents, or is supposed to represent, the American ideal. It is the concrete statement of what man had fought for during many centuries. It is an epitome of human rights. It is the principal article of the treaty of peace between the common man and the tyrants who sought to think, speak, and write for him. It recalls as banished the sorrow of ages, the death of martyrs and the Spanish Inquisition. Is the idea repugnant to us that the State decree a National religion, with forms and ceremonies that we must adopt? Is the idea repugnant to us that the State insist that no criticism of its constitution or officers should be uttered? Is the

idea repugnant to us that the State see to it that no newspaper or book is issued without first receiving the approval of a licensing authority?

Merely to suggest such things in this age of freedom is like a proposition to arm our soldiers with bows and arrows. We would resist, as a most serious impairment of our personal liberty, any attempt to take away these great fundamental rights. Why cannot it be seen that the suggestion of censorship is a denial of personal liberty, a denial of free speech and a free press—because the Motion Picture tells its story just as effectively as the spoken or written word?

The advocates of censorship say, in effect, to the American people: "These Motion Pictures are a source of danger to you and your children; they depict crime, scandal, immorality; some of them are in shocking bad taste. If you should look at these pictures, or if your children should see them, you and they would become contaminated. We believe that the effect of these pictures would be to suggest to you and your children that you and they should become mur-

derers, burglars and immoralists. We believe that the tendency of these pictures would be to make you and your children defy the laws and become law-breakers. We believe that they will make you and them cruel and bloodthirsty. We believe that they will have a tendency to make you and your children commit suicide. Now, entertaining these beliefs, and with the earnest desire to protect you and your children so that we may elevate the moral tone of the entire community and reduce crime and vice, we reserve the right to look over these pictures before you see them, and if there are any pictures that in our opinion you and your children ought not to be allowed to see, then we shall condemn them and not permit them to be shown anywhere."

What do American citizens, inheriting the great constitutional rights of religious freedom, and freedom of speech and of the press, think of such a proposition as this? Here is a body of persons claiming the superior right to do the thinking for the multitude on the subject of what they shall or shall not see. They object to a picture! Out it goes, never to be seen by the common man. Should not the common man have the right of deciding for himself whether he approves? Censors are only men, with all the frailties and weaknesses and prejudices of their fellow men. Will they never make mistakes? Remember that recent English censorship condemned the "Mikado," and that one liberal-minded censor refused to license any drama in which the word "heaven" or "angel" appeared.

The fact must not be lost sight of that these opinions of the all-powerful censor are not to be confined to a single body, but, if the principle is adopted, in time will be extended to every State, city, and township of the

country. Furthermore, we must not forget that no censor or body of censors can take away from the State its police power, so that even if a picture is approved by all the censors of the country, the owner of a theater still might be arrested and prosecuted for exhibiting it, because of its alleged violation of some law. The advocates of censorship must not delude themselves into the belief that their approval of a picture is going to grant to it the slightest immunity from attack by the police authorities.

Now, as opposed to the above views, the opponents of censorship maintain the following position: "We believe that it is not within the power of any man or body of men to tell us or our children what we shall or shall

not see. We reserve that right to ourselves. We refuse to allow any one to lay down to us what shall be our code of morals or taste. We insist that we shall decide those

"It is not properly within the power of any man or body of men to tell us or our children what we shall or shall not see."

questions ourselves. If our children go to the theaters where improper pictures are shown, that is our lookout, and not the lookout of the State. If an improper or grossly immoral or licentious film be exhibited by any chance, the proprietor of the theater and the producers of the film should be punished with the greatest severity. We say the situation is precisely the same as when a newspaper prints a libel. We cannot prevent the paper from printing the libel, but we can hold the paper strictly accountable for doing so. We cannot prevent a man from uttering scandal, but he can be arrested and prosecuted for doing so. We believe the American people are the proper censors of pictures. We do not believe that a theater can exist at all, unless it represent a respectable public sentiment. A theater showing improper films will not be patronized except by those persons who always are seeking evil, and in that event the theater

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owner will be punished and his theater closed by the police power."

Our opponents probably will say that our position will not be effective in practice, because it will be difficult by legislation to determine what is or is not an improper, immoral, or objectionable picture. Is not this objection an admission that the censorship is essentially an un-American institution? Ours is a country of law, but the advocates of censorship place the opinion of censors above the law. In other words, first they imagine an evil, then they conclude that the law will not reach that evil to correct it, and insist that the only way the evil can be dealt with is to place the power of control in their own hands. Truly, a dangerous doctrine!

We believe that if the law is ineffective in reaching the pictures that really are objectionable (not to a small body of perhaps super-sensitive censors, but to the American people), the proper course to follow is to change the law and make it effective. That is the American way to handle this question. It is distinctly an un-American way for any man or body of men to insist that their opinions on the subject of morals or taste shall be accepted as the opinion of the entire people.

As a matter of fact, it is doubtful whether any immoral or indecent pictures, in violation of the law, are being shown today. The late Mayor Gaynor, of New York City, who had the matter investigated, wrote as follows:

When I became Mayor, the denunciation of these Moving Picture shows by a few people was at its highest. They declared them schools of immorality. They said indecent and immoral pictures were being shown there. I personally knew that was not so. But I had an official examination made of all the Moving Picture shows in this city. The result was actual proof and an official report that

"I say without hesitation that if the advocates of censorship were seeking to destroy the Motion Picture, they could not adopt a more effective course."

there were no obscene or immoral pictures shown in these places. And that is the truth now. Wherefore, then, is all this zeal for censorship over these places? * * * I have asked the people who are crying out against the Moving Picture shows to give me an instance of an obscene or immoral picture being shown in them, so that the exhibitor may be prosecuted, but they have been unable to do so. What they insist on is to have the pictures examined in advance, and allowed or prohibited.—(Letter to Board of Aldermen, December 27, 1912.)

I say without hesitation that if the advocates of censorship were seeking to destroy the Motion Picture, they could not adopt a more effective course. Not that any honest producer is desirous of putting out pictures that should be condemned. They all recognize that permanent success

comes only by an appeal to the great body of honest and moral common people, the bone and sinew of our country. They do not oppose censorship because they fear honest

censorship, but because they fear it will develop into dishonest censorship and graft. If you subject the industry to such burdens in every State, city, and town, each one seeking its "fees," each enforcing its opinions, each providing its special license, it is difficult to foretell what the results will be. Assuredly, the Motion Picture business will be badly handicapped—whether fatally time alone would show.

It does seem most unfortunate that the Motion Picture, with its great possibilities for good, should be the object of attack by those who, in their zeal, are willing to turn back the hands of time three hundred years. Whatever evil may exist can be overcome by perfectly lawful methods, in keeping with American ideals—not by the establishment of a weapon having such possibilities of inquisition, oppression, and dishonesty as compulsory censorship.

(This debate to be continued in our next issue)



INTO THE LION'S PIT

BY GLADYS HALL
(POWERS)

THE broken wine-cups lay at their feet—the low, stone benches were devoid of all but the trophied skins of strange, wild beasts—and Dacia and Marius were alone at last. Home from a series of hard-won victories in Gaul, the wounds of Marius had been healed and well anointed by the homage of all his well-loved Rome, and chiefest among those who bowed to his heroism was his pagan concubine, Dacia.

In the heart of Marius, cultured, a patrician, an Epicurean, and something of a philosopher, there dwelt two persons, separate and distinct. Only the one had been aroused—the one of blood, of fierce lusts, of sensual cravings and licentious appetites. This nature he glutted with the gore of his many battlefields; with the revelries of the banquet and the baths—primarily with Dacia. To this side only did the voluptuous beauty appeal—only to the lock of the Scarlet Door did she hold the key. The other side lay sleeping—a side dedicated, all unconsciously, to victories not of the battle-field of blood; to dim twilight and forest aisle; to achieve-

ments made of sterner stuff than flesh; to a love that would know the beauty of sacrifice and the purging of renunciation; to fires long burned to ash. And it would take a finer charm than possessed by Dacia to probe that inner shrine.

In the heart of Dacia, daughter of a freedman, reared in a certain, untutored luxury, there dwelt but one person—herself. And this self was ministered to by the handmaids of Materialism, robed in their vestures of scarlet and gold. More potently still was the wanton nature ruled by her mighty passion for Marius—a passion that knew no scope beyond immediate possession. All the wild animalism of a creature strong in her desires was concentrated upon the young patrician, and the animal thwarted of its mate is a powerful foe for any steel.

"Dacia," spoke Marius, as he toyed with the unbound tresses of her long, dark hair, "hast ever given thought to this—er—Christianity, of which there is much talk?"

"It is a petty thing, Marius," petulantly returned the beauty, for,

with the swift instinct of the animal, she scented danger to herself should Marius embrace this sect, with its teachings of an asceticism dangerously at variance with the warm throb of her pagan creed.

Marius mused a moment. "It seems a thing men die for," he returned, "and men do not die, my Dacia, for petty things."

"They do not know of the joys of life, these Christians," exclaimed the girl; "they have not known the wine of the grape and the revelry of the banquet-hall—and such loves as ours, Marius. It is for this that life was made. Have not the gods of Olympus taught us so, and surely you do not forsake them, too?"

But Marius was silent. Red lips, dark eyes, throbbing flesh—these things had been his world, and he had found them good. But his heart had been touched by the sweet, Galilean Kingdom of God, and calling to that sleeping self were hints of the forest aisle and vestal fires, with strange, blue flames, and years that were lean of the wine-cup and debauch. And so, for the first time since she had touched her lips to his, Dacia found Marius unresponsive. Well she knew, fully had she been trained to a knowledge of the wealth of her white body, to the value of the fire of her caress, and the light in her eyes that maddened as it lured. Full of these things, the proud beauty rose in scorn and shame.

"Let the unrepentant Magdalene go, my Marius," she sneered; "mayhap some virtuous Mary will fulfill my place."

With the departure of Dacia from the banquet-hall and from his house, the vaulted chamber seemed, to Marius, to take on a new aspect. The dawn of a new day struggling faintly in from the colonnaded apertures touched, with a wan distaste, the wine-cups and other tokens of the night's high revelry, and Marius rose from his couch with a sudden knowledge that his battlefields had brought him only the indelible scars, and his amours an aftermath turned wormwood overnight.

Christ had said to His disciples on the mount, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you; seek, and ye shall find." Yet, to many, the seeking leads down the path of weary years and constant struggles, and the finding is a Holy Grail bleedingly acquired. Christ could not return to His Father save thru the Crucifixion. Thus, with Marius, the new dawn did not discover a converted Christian. The old allegiances were many and powerful, and the Gospel teaching had reached him only thru the medium of more or less ardent exponents. Thru the crust of long years of profligate adherence to the gods of the senses, must come a closer call than that. Moreover, the city was under the influence of the earlier reign of Nero, when, if license and barbarousness had not reached their zenith and the Christians had not incurred any penalty worse than contempt and ridicule, still the atmosphere was charged with the trend things were taking. And Marius, unthinking, went with the populace.

Just outside the city walls stretched, in a dark and silent loftiness, the rank and file of a great forest. Here, it seemed as if the stench and tumult of a pleasuring city could not reach; as if the cool air, made fragrant with cedar and wild, growing things, breathed down a benediction of peace. And it was here that Marius sought to allay the fever in his veins, the longing for the din and fray of combat, the thirst for strife, red blood, fierce struggle and gory victory. All things had staled in his grasp, and he was sick at soul with the deadly sickness of inertia. It was twilight as he walked in the woods this day, and he was thinking on Christianity and the precepts that it taught, wondering whether, in the words of the crucified Christ, was to be found a healing peace for such a one as he.

And, like an answer to his bitter doubt, she came, straight and clean and true, vested in simple, spotless white, with the martyr-spirit in her wide, gray eyes. It was as if the

dove from Heaven had lighted a moment on his breast; then, in the attempt to touch its plumage, an ugly stain appeared, for the sleeping thing in Marius's heart stirred from its long, long sleep, sank down again, and the animal in him rose and showed its fangs with cruel lust. The Christian girl, Lygia, was white with the pallor of the Resurrection lilies, her eyes were deep and slumbrous, her lips were red and virginally sweet, and the soft lines of her were proudly unyielding. These things Marius noted, with the hungry eyes of the famished, and the keenly appreciative ones of the connoisseur. And he was blinded—blinded by the whiteness of her flesh to the more sublime whiteness of her soul—blinded by the redness of her lips to the pure flame of her glowing faith—blinded by the sea-depths of her eyes to the truth and faith they pooled. And so he held out insatiate arms for her soft flesh and let her spirit go, bruised and sobbing, beyond his uttermost reach.

Lygia was a poor Christian, defenseless but by the power of her innocence, and that availed her nothing against the clamor of Marius's unholy desire. Never had the abundant lures of the displaced Dacia touched him with this frenzy of longing; never, in his sated life, had he craved as he craved the white aloofness of this girl, and he told her so, with prayer in his passion, as he bore her, numbed with terror, to his home.

In the city of Rome were two persons with but one desire—to deal Marius, the patrician, a deadly blow. One of the two was Cassius, who was generally supposed to be confidant and close friend to Marius. They had fought side by side in the wars with Gaul; had competed, with evident amicability, in affairs of the senate; had been constantly seen together in the amphitheater, and always frequented the same baths at the same time. To Marius, least of all, came any suspicion of perfidy on the part of his friend. Yet, because of the

very existence of these apparent bonds, did Cassius harbor hate and burn for revenge. True, they had fought on the same battlefields, but to Marius had come the laurel wreaths—to him the homage and the fruits of victory. True, they had frequented the amphitheater and the baths in all congeniality together, but to Marius had come the general acclaim, the universal attention, the glances from the fairest maids and proudest matrons. On himself there fell the crumbs from Marius's banquet-table. Even to the beautiful wanton, Dacia, was this true, for she had turned to him from Marius, in the unflattering need of consolation.

And Dacia's was the other heart filled to the fiery brim with stinging hate. And her hate was the deadly hate of a woman who has loved and been abandoned, who has loved with her fiercest passion, her most insensate entirety, and been usurped. Like electric elements in a storm, as flame meets flame and leaps into a consuming pillage, so Dacia and Cassius turned, the one to the other, for the destruction of Marius. And the weapon they chose to inflict the keenest pain was the Christian maid, Lygia.

Dacia had seen them together—had glimpsed the white flesh of the martyred maid, the blue of her eyes, the glorious curves of her body, and had realized, with an anguished pain, that here was a beauty such as she could never hope to attain. She did not know that it was Purity that set this girl apart and made her of angel stuff. And she had seen Marius as he looked on Lygia, and had realized, too, that his eyes had never held that look for her. She saw the passion in them, but she did not see the prayer—the worship that was of the spirit even as it was of the flesh. For her had been the weed; for Lygia was blossoming the flower. And the weed had been dearer to her than life, while Lygia held the opening flower with cold, reluctant fingers.

In an anteroom of Dacia's tiny palace, hitherto maintained for her



BLINDED BY THE SUBLIME WHITENESS OF HER SOUL

by Marius, and adorned thruout with tokens of his dead love, the two conspirators plotted the doom of Marius, thru his love for the Christian maid.

"Look you, my Cassius," said Dacia, "I have thought out the surest revenge—it is the despoiling of the Christian's accursed beauty. Our Marius, the Epicurean, could not find pleasure in a maimed thing—he dotes too dearly on the rounded cheek, the supple form, the sparkling eye——" Cassius interposed.

"So we have had evidence, fairest of Romans," he made tribute.

"And so we shall have evidence again!" Dacia, the courtesan, leaned nearer Cassius, and the sparkle in her eyes was fire; "so we shall have evidence again, my friend," she repeated, "for, when Lygia, the Christian, returns to her lover a crippled, distorted thing, shall he not cast her forth in loathing and turn again to Dacia? And then——" The fire gleamed in her eyes again, with a leaping, hungry light.

"And then?" prompted Cassius, eagerly.

"And then Marius, the patrician,



MARIUS BEGINS TO SEE THE LIGHT

shall beg for his favors," the beauty made reply, "and I shall keep the distorted Lygia as a slave, to let Marius compare us."

And before they parted for the baths that morning it had been planned—the throwing of Lygia into the lion's den till the beast should have torn from the girl all semblance of earthly loveliness, while still leaving to her the breath of life. The next morning, while Marius should be at the baths, was the time appointed, for Cassius had knowledge of the fact that Lygia spent that time in a tiny temple of Marius's palace, praying to the Christ Who had trod the martyr's path before her.

And so, yet a second time, the Christian maid was flung before a beast. Yet a second time her body was to be ravaged and vandalized, while, high above, her tortured soul kept clean and unafraid. At least this second beast would free that struggling soul, while the first kept it a bond slave in the confines of the body.

When Cassius, closely followed by Dacia, entered the tiny chapel of Marius's house that fateful morning, the false friend hesitated an instant

on the threshold of this deed. Perhaps it was the girl's white loveliness that awed him—perhaps the sorrowing Christ breathed in his heart.

"Dacia, lady," he whispered, "this is a foul thing we do. Nero himself is worthy its conception."

Dacia laughed harshly. "You, too, my Cassius," she sneered; "even here wouldst have Marius, the patriotic, win!"

And the sorrowing Christ stretched forth His pitying hands as the Christian maid was seized, for the lust of a concubine and the perfidy of a friend.

Two slaves in the employ of Marius saw the thing that was done, and, because they had come to love the gentle maid, they flew to their lord at the baths and told him that Lygia, the Christian, had been abducted. And they told him whence she was gone.

Then, thru the sloth of a libertine youth and the cynicism of a gluttoned manhood, the sleeping thing awoke in Marius's breast—awoke till every sanctuary of his heart was flooded with a white light, and his proud head bowed in shame for the things that he had done. In the white light



THE JEALOUS DACIA SEEKS REVENGE

Two visions came to him, and he shuddered as he saw—one was a man, with thorn-encircled brow and body redly pierced; the other was an untouched maid, with the whiteness of Resurrection lilies, and in his ear they seemed to whisper: "Ye know not what ye do."

When he reached the lion's lair, the maid had been tossed in, and the great beast was snarling and showing his hungry teeth; yet Marius saw, with a great throb, that Lygia was smiling, and he knew why. As he leaped into the den, between the maddened beast and the motionless girl, he knew that it was not the body of Lygia he was facing death to save, but the flame-bright soul of her. He heard Dacia's gasping scream, sensed Cassius's raucous shout; then saw them turn and flee, and, as they turned, he raised the maid, with one strong arm, above the lion's den. For an instant only he swerved with the impact of his own force; then recoiled to safety just as the great beast sprang.

They walked in a deep silence to the palace of Marius, and well Lygia knew that she was his forever; that now she owed to him her unvalued

life, and that, as recompense, she must stay thru all the years in his luxuriant palace, sated with his jewels and tainted with his love.

When they reached the marble structure, Marius led her to a tiny grove overlooking the city and bade her sit on the low bench, while he stood beside her. His eyes were dark and sad, and his face was very grave.

"Lygia," he said, "dost see this great city lying below us?"

"Yes, Marius," returned the girl, wondering at the stillness of his voice.

"It is mine to pillage as I will," the young patrician said; "all my life I have filched from it lordly honors, have amassed its rarest gold, have plundered it of its fairest women. It has sated me with its wines, feasted me at its banquets, and then, one day, I knew that it had given me—nothing. It was the day I saw you, my Lygia, and I knew then that, should all the satiety of those other years lie on one side and you on the other, it is to you that I must turn. That much I saw—no more. Now, oh! Lygia, hear me, my beloved—hear this wretched Marius, who has wronged you in the folly of a blinded love. My eyes have been opened, my



INTO THE LION'S PAW

Lygia, and it is your Christ Who has healed their sight. It is not the light of your eyes I crave now, nor the bloom of your mouth; not the flower of your body. It is your soul I want, my beloved; it is your love. I want you to lead me to the heights whereon you tread, to teach me of your faith and cleanse my soul with your strength and trust. And if this cannot be, oh, Roman maid—" Here Marius paused, for he saw rising before him the dark cross of Renunciation, and his soul felt the bloody sweat. "If this cannot be," he continued slowly, "then am I ready to mount Gethsemane—alone. And you may—go."

Lygia turned, and her eyes on him with a passion of sympathy.

"Oh, Marius," she said, "why have you said this? That the time has passed? You took my body, you drove my soul. It can forgive, but I cannot forget, and never can it rest. I shall pray for you, Marius, my hearted, and the cruel, and the unforgotten will bring you peace."

He watched her as she went, straight and clean and true, in spotless white, with the martyr's spirit in her wide, gray eyes. Before him lay the city of Rome under the reign of the Antichrist; over him stretched the limitless heavens, and from them seemed to sound a gentle voice: "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you—seek, and ye shall find."

Marius dropped to his knees, and a strange peace filled his heart and seemed to suffuse his entire being with a benedictory calm.

"Christ Crucified!" he whispered. "Christ Crucified!" Then, very low, "I have lost—yet have I found!"

Moving Picture War

By OTTIE E. COLBURN

A big gang of picture players
Came to Hickville yesterday,
To get out some good old farm scenes
For a thrilling war-time play.
'Twas the Blue against the Gray—
The farmers looked on and saw
Two Moving Picture armies fight
Some bloody-stirring scenes of war.

They borrowed Old Jed Prouty's farm.
And then stirred things up a bit.
While the farmers watched the players
Make another picture hit.
In a rain of bullets soldiers fell—
The cannons roared, in a war-like way;
But, after the battle, 'twas funny—
All the "dead soldiers" walked away.



This story was written from the Photoplay of GEORGE CAMERON

THE slow-drawn moan of a 'cello and the robin-notes of a flute marked the tempo of a dance in the Belgradin mansion. Above their somnolent measure, like wraiths of blown fog, the lilting strokes of a violin, in the hands of a maestro, scrolled out a message to pulsating hearts and feet.

Agnes stood with her mother in a fern-bowered alcove of the reception-room. It was not past midnight, but her pallor and tired eyes were in sharp contrast to the flushed faces that beamed into hers—beautiful faces that, as the early morning came, dropped their rosy masks and paled to the color of milk in the rumbling wagons outside.

The affair was another triumph—so each guest whispered, with unvarying monotony, to the youthful hostess, and in her heart she felt that Agnes was safely launched on the seas of social success. It had cost a cool two thousand—the lights, the flowers, the prodigality of dainty dishes; the services of Harko, the gypsy violinist—and the returns were already evident. The late-coming, gilded youths from cabaret and opera flitted about Agnes, or folded her in the

arms of the tango or matiche. To the enchanting measures the pale girl fled down the rooms like the Spirit of the Storm. There was a lack of abandon, a graceful aloofness about her dancing that provoked and charmed. And with the dawn of a new day, a shell-pink color crept to her cheeks.

In Mr. Belgradin's library the blinds were drawn. A single desk-light burned its worn filament, that trembled in the touch of gliding slippers below. The safe lay open, and the contents of the document-drawers were heaped on the desk before the solitary tenant.

Once during the night Agnes, pale, clear-eyed, had appeared before him, and he had hastily shoved back the interminable papers, to light a fresh cigar. After that, the man with the haunted eyes and fleeting smile took to the ceaseless juggling of his records again. And with the break of day, an elfin light worked under the drawn shade to straighten out the head bowed over its desk.

With a heart-tearing sigh, Mr. Belgradin summoned back his fleeting senses and again bent to his task. The pile of unpaid bills, the heap of dunning letters, the dwindling assets

of his banking business, each spelt ruin to the fear-haunted eyes. The mocking music wafted up to him, and his fingers worked faster over their task. Agnes and her mother should never know the cost.

But the hour came when the music ceased and the house below quieted to the stillness of night in a churchyard. The last motor-car had purred up to the doors and had whirled away with its ghostly freight. Slipped feet stole toward the library, and Agnes and Mrs. Belgradin entered softly, to surprise the man who had taken no comfort in their reception.

As they drew near, the gray nimbus of his hair lay scattered in silly abandon over the arm of his chair.

"Francis! you cannot guess how we have missed you."

No answer, and the fixed eyes stared in a line with the ruin on the desk.

The girl was the first to know it, and she stood too dazed to speak or to cry out.

Mrs. Belgradin flung herself wildly upon the thin breast of the dead man, and the high catch of her sobs brought the startled servants trooping into the room.

"Francis! Francis! Cruel, cruel! Ah! why did you not call for me at the end?"

But to the blue-white girl the words meant nothing—her lips and eyes gave out no sign of life. Her heart, like his, seemed locked in the vast unknown.

Mrs. Belgradin waited in the privacy of her boudoir. It was on a dismal afternoon, a week after the sudden death of her husband, and the tense, alert look had not left her face.

Doctor Loring Brent, the young family physician, was closeted in the library, alone with her husband's papers. At last she heard his quick step and half-rose to meet him.

"Well?"

The young doctor's face was a study in diplomacy. He advanced with precision and sat down.

"I can only confirm your casual

inspection," he said quietly; "Mr. Belgradin's own figures, written while death tapped on his shoulder, are the truth of his assets."

"Then we are ruined?"

"Hardly that"—his face twisted into a promissory smile—"with clever management, you and Agnes have enough to live on for a year."

Mrs. Belgradin's eyes snapped, and she restrained herself from speaking, only with an effort.

"You have been a son to me," she said, after a pause.

The doctor, too, struggled with an unspoken thought; then rose to go. He had slipped into his heavy coat and stood with his hand on the front-door knob, when something brushed his shoulder.

"Agnes!"

That pallid, delicate face of the tragic night looked up into his. The shock of a sudden resolve set him to trembling. In an instant he shook himself free of his overcoat and drew her hands into his.

"It has come, dear—the bursting of the barrier that kept us apart."

Her wide eyes filled with happiness.

"Loring! We may tell my mother now?"

"Yes, she is alone with her thoughts. I'm crazy to close this great mockery of a house and to take you both with me."

As he spoke, Doctor Brent faced the girl about, and together they mounted the stairs. Mrs. Belgradin sat as he had left her, the statue of inscrutable despair.

"I am bringing Agnes with me," began the pleading voice, "as my promised wife. Surely, with your changed circumstances and your knowledge of me, you will welcome the news?"

Mrs. Belgradin half-recoiled from the words. The lightning thoughts of a drowning man seemed to flash thru her brain.

"You are still young, Loring—Agnes is a child. Go away for a year. If you still love each other, then I will consent."

The young man raised Agnes's

hand and pressed it reverently to his lips: the repressed love-token of a truce and a promise made.

"There will be no compromise," he said. "I agree to your terms. I suppose you will trust us as far as the door."

Mrs. Belgradin smiled assent—an agreeable smile that covered the marks of her victory. And in a scant minute, the lovers stood in the hallway again.

"It is not long—a year, dear; and I will write you as doggedly as——"

"My long letters to you, Loring, will come as regular as——"

She hesitated for a word, in the satiety of her young happiness.

He was tempted beyond reason to seize her and to kiss the pallor from her smooth cheeks, but the knightliness of his truce held him back stiffly.

The door opened and closed suddenly, and, without even the touch of her hands, the beginning of his vigil had commenced.

Two months sped by—days of hopes and fears for Agnes; for each blast of the postman's whistle brought a pounding to her heart that, with no letter from Loring, caused it almost to stop beating. Each day she locked herself in her room and drew him close beside her on the nibs of her pen. Her heart quite wearied itself out in the writing of unanswered letters, and the high flame of her hope burned lower and lower, until its glow was not enough to warm even her fragile shape.

And with the eyes of a connoisseur, Mrs. Belgradin measured the girl, until the time came when fear had crept into the icy bed of trustfulness.

"It is humiliating to me," she said, "to think that you should continue to think of a man who has forgotten you, and I have planned a surprising antidote for you. I am going to close up shop and run over to England."

Agnes scarcely heard the words and set about her packing in a half-hearted manner. Not so with Mrs. Belgradin, however. Squires, the

plump and faithful housekeeper, was fairly worn thin from three days of constant living on the stairs and the taking of endless instructions from her incisive mistress.

"Now remember," she instructed, as the taxi drew up to the door, "give no one my address—we are simply abroad on a visit."

Mrs. Belgradin had wirelessed for reservations at the Cecil, that hotel being the gathering-place of rich, expatriated colonials, and for a woman with little or no money the suite she picked out was an elaborate one.

The first day of her stepping ashore, and the ensuant call of the Honorable Harry Furniss, proved the method of her madness. The Honorable Harry had been one of the guests at Mrs. Belgradin's reception. He had confided in her his quest of the Golden Fleece in the shape of an American girl with a rich papa. Mrs. Belgradin had consented to look out for him; hence their bond of sympathy. Now the shoe was on the other foot, and Mrs. Belgradin confided in the Honorable Harry.

It was after he had stared at her quite unintelligently for the measure of three full minutes that the younger son appeared even to hear her.

"I get you!" he exclaimed. "It's quite fortunate that the cards are in my hands. Geoffrey Marshe, the Australian millionaire, is stopping at the Cecil, and I have a speaking acquaintance with him. Watch it ripen."

"Not a word to Agnes. I am practically at the end of my resources—say a fortnight's board money."

The Honorable Harry appraised the costly living-room. Two bright red spots appeared in his cheeks.

"You're a born gambler," he cried. "I like it. Where I've been punting along, you stake your last coin. I'll produce your gentleman this very night."

A week of jumbled events crowded by, with no sense of order, except to the marshalling eyes of Mrs. Belgradin. Geoffrey Marshe had been

introduced, and immediately fell under the quiet spell of Agnes.

She treated him almost rudely, and he seemed to take it as an added appeal in her nature.

One night, after the opera, and the sixth constant day of his attendance, they were seated alone in the stateliness of the private living-room. Mrs. Belgradin and the Honorable Harry had adjourned to the supper-room below, and one, if not both, felt that the play of hearts above was swiftly drawing to a climax.

In an hour they reappeared, and Marshe, somewhat stiffly, rose to go.

"I have greatly enjoyed myself in your home," he said, bowing over Mrs. Belgradin's hand, "and my regret is only that my happiness is not complete." The eyes beaming into his suddenly hardened. "Perhaps it would be better if Miss Belgradin explained things more fully. Good-night to you all."

The Honorable Harry lost no time

in following his friend from the room. A scene was evidently due, in which Mrs. Belgradin was about to enact the part of both judge and jury, and he hated family jars.

"Well?"

Agnes sat gazing into the coals, the light playing on her slight face.

"He's a good man," she said, without looking up—"an honest, outspoken man, with the lure of a big, open country in his way. And yet, I couldn't love him—I just couldn't."

Mrs. Belgradin's voice softened to meet the wistful note in the girl's.

"If you can't forget Loring," she said—"and I know it's, oh, so hard—you should think of me." Her hand went out to Agnes's shoulder protectingly. "Our last penny is spent in an effort to forget him, and my sacrifice is complete."

The girl turned, her great eyes shining strangely thru their tears. "I'll marry Mr. Marshe," she said simply; "there's no other way."

It was the quietest of weddings by special license; yet it found its way into the newspapers, and eventually traveled across the Atlantic, to lie in wait in bold copy at the breakfast table of a certain rising young brain specialist.

Geoffrey Marshe, Australian millionaire, weds Agnes Belgradin, American beauty. Now enjoying their honeymoon on Marshe's yacht, *Rhoda*.

Loring Brent let the paper slip from his fingers, and his staring eyes seemed to search the worldwide seas.

And, at the selfsame moment, the swan-white *Rhoda* was steaming saucily into the folds of a low-hanging curtain of fog.

A slight girl, wrapped



"PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER IF
MISS BELGRADIN EXPLAINED"



"SHE'S STRUCK!" HE SAID QUIETLY

in a shepherd's plaid, stood leaning over the rail. She inhaled, with apparent relief, the steam-like fog shutting down around her and veiling her face like a nun's.

"Agnes!"

A heavy voice, with a note of solicitude, called thru the vapor. She shuddered and drew her plaid close over her eyes.

"Ah! so you are here alone?"

The awkward bulk of Geoffrey Marshe loomed thru the fog, and he felt his way quickly to her side.

"My dear little girl," he said, trying to catch her eyes, "I feel that you are dreadfully alone. Perhaps our marriage is a mistake. God knows!" Her mute look confirmed his fears. "You have a woman's heart, that I alone have not touched—even our silly guests below share something of your friendship."

"You do not understand," she moaned; "I cannot tell you."

"My understanding is big, Agnes—confide in me."

But she held herself silent before him, and, with a sigh, he turned and went down the companionway.

Thru the gray, sightless day that followed, the *Rhoda* steamed under half-headway, her siren screaming a warning at nerve-racking intervals. Agnes appeared, in full evening-gown, in the dining-saloon at the dinner hour, and Geoffrey Marshe's eyes never left her face. With the conclusion of the meal, he excused himself and, flinging on his oilers, went up to the mist-covered deck.

Agnes flung open the piano and started a gay song, the Honorable Harry and the other young people trolling out the choruses. The feverishly-struck notes and thin voices sounded dreadfully tin-panny and dismal to Marshe, and he started to climb the *Rhoda's* swaying bridge.

Suddenly a tremor, preceded by a slight jar, crept over the frame of the *Rhoda*, and her engines pounded violently. Soft-soled feet and heavy sea-boots pounded on her decks, and Marshe, dripping with moisture, appeared before his guests.

"She's struck," he said quietly, "and making water fast. We had better get our things together at once."



HIS BODY TAKEN TO A FISHERMAN VILLAGE

As he spoke, the *Rhoda* gave a sickening lurch and careened badly to one side. There followed the blows of sliding furniture, the crash of broken glass, and blank darkness filled the saloon.

"Agnes!"

Again* Marshe's voice, faint and pain-ridden, broke the silence. A heavy electrolier had crashed down on him, cutting a deep gash in his forehead.

The girl crept in the direction of his call. Above, the crew were lowering the boats, and the tackle shrilled warningly in the blocks.

"It's too late—Agnes——"

As the girl reached his side and pressed her hands into his, the words stumbled into nothingness. Agnes's brain sang crazily, but it was pitiable to let him die so, and she dragged at his armpits in a frantic effort to free him from the fallen furniture.

The captain felt his way down the tilted stairway and flashed his lantern thru the room. Its circle of light caught Agnes and her fallen husband.

"Quick!" she panted; "help me to get him on deck."

"He's dead and gone, Mrs. Marshe

—you'd better keep away from this."

Agnes's eyes flashed in the murky light, and she turned again to the prostrate man. She never knew just how they managed to pull or slide him up the stairs and out upon the deck.

A heavy sea was breaking sullenly on the *Rhoda's* decks, which were now awash, and only one small boat remained to put off. As Agnes and the captain pulled Marshe's body toward it, a mountainous wave rose up out of the sea, glided toward the prostrate vessel, and combed waist-high over her.

Agnes and the captain were swept into the water, and Marshe's body flung itself across the decks and tangled into a mass of fallen rigging. In the space of a laboring minute that seemed a drawn-out lifetime, the captain's shout was answered by Harry Furniss, and the strugglers were pulled into his small boat.

The following morning, with the fog lifting, they were seen by a Dover packet and landed safely on English shores. By various ways the other boats reached land, but none of them contained Agnes's mother. She



WON A FABULOUS SUM IN A GAMBLING RESORT

had last been seen in her stateroom, with her jewels scattered about her, and pulling at a jammed drawer, evidently in search of her money. Poor martyr to gold, the sea had long since taken toll of her futile ambition.

It might have been, too, his trial by sea that brought the manliness in the Honorable Harry Furniss to the surface, for he did his best to comfort Agnes, and when her grief developed into strange, brooding spells, he accompanied her across the Atlantic and installed her in her old home.

It had become a gloomy, tenantless place, filled with constant memories of her parents, and the Honorable Harry decided to consult Doctor Brent as to what further should be done for her.

And thus came about the meeting of these two—as physician and patient, with the incurable past welling beneath their surfaces.

She told him all: of her marriage for money, her mother's entreaties

and threats, her saddened life with the man she was unable to love, and his tragic ending, with his love-call for her on his dying lips.

Loring Brent's silent diagnosis was that she needed the companionship of a loved one far greater than treatment, and he resolved to be that man. She was changed, with a grieved, haunted look in her great eyes; but he meant to drive it away and to warm her heart back to life and its happy throbs.

The finding of their intercepted letters in Mrs. Belgradin's desk, and the reading of them to each other in the ghostly library, was a strange sort of proposal, but it brought a play of soft lights into her eyes again and a hectic color to her cheeks.

After the interval of a year, Agnes Marshe quietly married Loring Brent, and five years of perfect companionship, with the giving and taking of little sacrifices, passed smoothly away. A worshipful baby girl was born to them, and at three



"AGNES!"

years became Doctor Brent's tyrant and overlord.

Agnes had learnt to look back on the past as a frightful dream—the Belgradin house had been sold, and no links, save memory, held her to its tragic history.

One day Doctor Brent drove up to the house with a guest in his auto, accompanied by a foreign-looking physician. The party were led into the doctor's study and were closeted there during a long consultation, at the conclusion of which the foreign physician left and the guest remained.

It was in the shaded light of the library that Agnes was introduced to M. De La Mer, and when her eyes met his and the familiar bulk loomed over her again, she could have screamed out in an agony of apprehension. If this French acting and French appearing gentleman were not Geoffrey Marsh, it was a most striking likeness.

And then, as her eyes clung to his and he did not appear to recognize her, her fears quieted, and she sat down to listen to the remarkable record of his case.

"I know nothing of my past life," he began, "previous to my rescue by fishermen off the coast of France. My body was picked up on the deck of a sinking yacht, and, in a few hours, she dove under the waters, burying all means of identification.

"For years I lived among these simple people, until an artist visited our coast one summer and took an interest in my case. We became friends, and I accompanied him to Paris. While there, he showed me the sights, and, with a madman's luck back of me, I won a fabulous sum of money in a gambling-resort.

"My friend and I decided that I should consult a specialist—Doctor Loiseaux, who has just left us—and he, in turn, taking a deep interest in my singular case, decided to consult

the famous Doctor Brent. So here I am, your guest, with only a scar on my head and five years in a fishing-village to show for my forty-odd years."

The strange recital came to an end, and Agnes sat, drawn, tense, locked in the burning prison of her emotions.

"God pity me! My husband! I am lost—mercy—mercy——"

The broken, unheard words forced themselves from her torn heart.

The conviction had slowly dawned upon Agnes that this man before her was no other than her husband, Geoffrey Marshe. His hair had grizzled somewhat; the sea had leathered his cheeks; his accent and gestures were somewhat changed—but the man, his story, his sprawling bulk, the flecks of ochre in his eyeballs, curiously like a great cat's—all this was Geoffrey Marshe.

Her eyes could never leave him now, this man who was to be operated upon in the morning, and when she measured the ruin it would spell for Loring Brent and the blasting of her own sweet life, she was tempted to beg "Monsieur of the Sea" to live on without tampering with fate and to forego an operation to restore his memory.

All thru the dull night she sat huddled, thinking this thing out. Should she leave Loring at once, or wait until Geoffrey Marshe recognized her? The result was inevitable, when once his memory should be restored, and she felt herself as shocking as a leper the way she had tangled these two strong men's lives.

And with the coming of dawn and a clinic nurse arriving from the hospital, she still sat helplessly in the coils of her indecision.

When the hour for the operation



AWAITING THE RESULT OF THE OPERATION

arrived, she could restrain herself no longer, but went below. It was deathly quiet behind the closed door of the operating-chamber, and she judged that an anæsthetic had been administered to M. De La Mer.

Ten minutes passed, a half-hour, and no sound came from within; then she heard the sound of a quick, low command from Doctor Brent, and the swift rustle of starched skirts.

There came a sharp creaking from the operating-table, as tho some strong man labored in agony, and then:

"Agnes!"

Her name came trumpeting in clear, piteous appeal from the sufferer. Then all was silent again. The tears sprang into her eyes as she knew he had passed away. His big heart had failed to survive the shock of taking up his past life where it had suddenly been cut off. And she knew that the call of "Agnes!" was stronger than life, as lasting as death—an everlasting sweet memory to treasure in her secret mind.



DON QUIXOTE AND THE WINDMILLS

Thinking it an enemy, the zealous knight-errant attacks a windmill, which disposes of him quite as decisively as would a warrior bold.



What Improvement in Motion Pictures Is Needed Most?



IN the December number we offered a prize of \$10 in gold for the best answer to this question, in 200 words or less. The contest is still open, and will remain open for another month. Many and diverse have been the answers received thus far, and some will, doubtless, prove exceedingly helpful to the persons engaged in various branches of the industry, while others contain nothing new and nothing that everybody does not know.

Mr. Harold Cram, of Burlington, Vt., says that the improvement most needed is "flickerless films and stereoscopic pictures," and a great many will agree with him, but where is the man who can tell how this is to be done?

Many readers declare that "attention to details" in the pictures is most important, and they cite numerous instances where slight mistakes have detracted from the interest taken in the picture. Quite a number object to "multiple-reel" subjects, among others Miss Rhoda Myers, of Charleroi, Pa., who says: "The people get tired of watching three-reel features, and they like a change." Mrs. W. C. Baynes, of South Boston, Va., is strong for the "elimination of so much hugging and kissing in the films," and not a few others agree with her. M. T. Gibson, of Brooklyn, holds a lance for "appropriate music for each photoplay," and he gives ludicrous instances of inappropriate music he has heard. Mr. George F. Gauding, a prominent exhibitor of Pittsburgh, speaks from a wide experience, and he maintains that the so-called "split-reel comedies" should be improved, either by having the second subject on the reel played by a different cast, or by making it a "scenic, educational or historic." Mr. Edward J. Browning objects most to "the way pictures are cut toward the end—the way they are shortened," and adds that just as we are getting interested, the picture ends. He will, doubtless, agree with that large number of critics who think that it is a mistake to assume that every reel must be precisely 1,000 feet in length, and who think that the film should end where the story ends, whether it make a 650-foot reel or a 1,050-foot reel—quality, not quantity. Frederick Piano, of Fishkill, N. Y., makes the following interesting comments:

In my opinion, the most needed and desirable improvement in the Motion Picture industry would be in the scope of the camera—a camera capable of throwing upon the screen a picture of twice the present proportions. I see no reason why the present width of film could not be increased to two inches, a type of camera constructed that would accommodate such a film, and a lens powerful enough properly to reflect the picture. With such a machine the beautiful productions that are now simply "attempted" would become possible; the characters, instead of being grouped within a nine-foot limit, could be spread out naturally and with some degree of artistic or dramatic arrangement. Characters moving about minus their legs or tops of heads, the necessity of constantly panoraming after them in order to keep them "in the picture," would be a thing of the past, and the artistic as well as a perfect development of the Motion Picture will have been reached.

Guy Haythorn, of Wichita, Kan., has something quite new to suggest:

I suggest that there is needed a "National Board of Educators," something on the order of the National Board of Censorship. This board should pass on all films dealing in any way with historical or scientific subjects, and guarantee that such films are accurate as to the presentation of the subjects dealt with. If the scene is laid in Queen Elizabeth's time, for instance, the board should certify that the costumes, all buildings and architecture, etc., are historically accurate, and that they give a correct idea of the manners and customs of that age. I have lately seen picture plays purporting to show scenes in the life of the cavemen, which certainly give a false idea of the

appearance of prehistoric man. I believe teachers and educators would welcome such a move as this.

Another improvement would be an increase in the size of the screen now used, so that very large scenes—a baseball game, or a three-ring circus, for instance—could be more accurately represented than is now possible.

Jean Sibley, of Birmingham, Ala., is evidently opposed to all forms of censorship, and argues as follows:

Answers to this question are numberless in the eyes of many people, but to all educated and broad-minded people the question of censorship comes first and foremost.

The industry of making Motion Pictures is just past infancy, and, like all other really great achievements, has had to stand ridicule and contempt from its rival, the legitimate stage, and from the general public. These obstacles have been overcome, for the photoplay has become one of the most popular amusements thruout the world, and, today, the stage and the Moving Pictures are engaged in a struggle for supremacy.

Immoral and risqué plays are produced, and every adverse criticism is only a boost to their popularity. With the Motion Pictures, such a thing is impossible, on account of the National Board of Censorship, whose duty it is to pass upon every film before it is released for exhibition. This brings up the question: "Is it fair for any kind of stage play to be produced unmolested, while the photoplay must be restricted to a tiny sphere of themes?"

The Moving Pictures are hampered because of censorship. The photoplaywright must keep his plot within certain narrow bounds, and the players of the silent drama are held so tightly by the chains of censorship that unless they are soon released the pictures will become too hackneyed and monotonous to sit thru.

The only solution to this problem is: Let the public be judge of whether the Moving Pictures should be so severely censored.

Curtis L. Anders, of Commerce, Tex., writes mostly of minor faults:

Too much importance is attached to keeping the actor's face toward the camera. The naturalness of the situation is often sacrificed on this account. For instance, the heroine is seated in a parlor; the hero enters; she poses contentedly, without turning her head, until he gets around where she can see him without turning her face away from the camera. The natural way would be to arise and greet the newcomer in the way that the situation demanded. The audience don't object to seeing the back of the head occasionally.

Another thing that looks ridiculous is where a couple is getting married, and the minister stands behind the contracting parties. Whoever saw a ceremony performed in this manner?

In "Westerns" I often see the cowboys carrying a pistol on the left hip in front. Who ever heard of a right-handed man carrying a pistol anywhere but on the right hip? In getting on a horse they catch the saddle-horn with the right hand. The proper way is to catch the saddle-horn with the left hand and the back of the saddle with the right.

I can make no suggestions in other departments, as I have had no chance to observe them.

A large number of readers contend that there are too many drinking-scenes in the plays, and too much display of liquor and firearms. There seems also to be a demand for the name of the scenario writer, on the screen, and also for casts of characters. Julia Brainard, of Oneonta, N. Y., says: "There is a psychological reason for the latter, because, when the public begin to know an actor as an individual and not as a part of a picture, they learn to look for that actor, and then going to the movies becomes a habit." Grover C. Johnson, of Syracuse, N. Y., suggests several improvements, among them "careless operation," which, he says, spoils many good plays, because the films are run too swiftly or too slowly. Hugo Tiefenbrum, of New York, objects most to "the wind blowing too much in indoor scenes," and Miss Lillian Donovan, of South Norwalk, Conn., suggests placing the casts on slides, which appears to be an excellent idea.

Space forbids quoting further from the many excellent letters received, but next month this department will be continued at length.



Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

THOSE players who are contemplating playing the part of Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" would do well to study the character more than some of the celebrated actors have done.

The word "Shylock" does not generally appear in the dictionaries, yet it is a word in common use. It is a useful word, and there is none other that has just the same meaning. "Shylock" means more than "usurer," more than "miser," more than "loan shark." But when one stops to consider, the word should have quite another meaning than the one ascribed, for Shakespeare's famous character in "The Merchant of Venice" is not altogether the soulless, sordid wretch that is commonly believed. Portia, the fair lawyer, and her clients have received all our sympathy and admiration, while the rich Jew has received all our hatred and contempt; but when we come to analyze the evidence, we find that it should be almost the reverse.

The Portia party had borrowed money of Shylock, and they were seeking an excuse for not paying back the loan. They had rifled his strong-box, abducted his daughter, Jessica, stolen his beloved Leah's wedding ring, insulted him upon the public streets, spat upon his beard and upon his Jewish garments, ridiculed his race and religion, called him "cut-throat," "dog" and "cur," and had otherwise driven the rich old miser into a frenzy of hatred and despair. No wonder that he refused to accept the original loan, or twice the amount, after the borrowers were in default, and that he was cruel and relentless enough to insist upon the pound of flesh!

But in point of heartlessness, the fair lawyer was almost a match for the Jew. The original loan was for the use of Bassanio in winning Portia's hand in marriage. One would think that a woman's heart might have been touched by this fact, but Portia was acting as a lawyer, and lawyers sometimes forget sentiment and honor.

The result of the lawsuit was this: Not only did Shylock not get back the money that he had loaned, but he lost all the remainder of his riches. Driven to desperation, tormented beyond endurance, he was then ready to give up everything for revenge, in which respect he was quite human. No wonder that this ducat-loving creature should insist upon the penalty of the bond—the pound of flesh.

But the lawyers, of course, found a way to save their client. An old Blue Law was resurrected for the occasion, and not only was Shylock defeated in court, on a trivial technicality—which he ought to have been, since he demanded a life for a loan—but his whole estate was declared forfeited, one-half going to his debtor, and the other half to the state, which was a pretty big penalty, considering that he was demanding only what the bond called for.

While there is nothing lovable about this greedy gold-worshiper, there is much that is pitiful and much that is human. From the very

first, when he was cajoled and goaded into making the loan, to the end, when his disappointment and rage turned into a desire for the limit of lawful revenge, the poor Shylock is deserving of pity and sympathy, is he not? It is perhaps unfortunate for the Jewish race that Shakespeare made this notorious character a Jew. Had he created Shylock a Hottentot or a Yankee perhaps it would now seem just as appropriate, and perhaps we could realize that the Shylock characteristics are just as common in a Gentile as in a Jew.

And so, perhaps, it is just as well that the word "Shylock" has not yet found its way into the dictionaries, for the definition given would probably not be in conformity with the truth.

For nearly three thousand years the drama has been to the world one of its chiefest sources of entertainment, culture and education, and the Motion Picture is but an extension of the drama, endowed with new wings that are destined to soar to heights yet unknown to its older sister. We must not expect too much of the Motion Picture at this time. It is only a child—scarcely eighteen years old, but it will some day grow to be a man. It has, doubtless, possibilities not yet dreamed of, and it is significant to note that it was born at just about the time when the stage drama began to decay. The world is ever changing, and, as Amiel observes, it advances by the successive decay of gradually improved ideas.

"Circumstances? Why, I make circumstances," said Napoleon. He also made opportunities. How many of us can do that? We wait for opportunity when we might be making it. Weeds grow of their own accord, but crops must be planted. They say that Opportunity knocks once at every man's door. And it usually finds him Not at Home. It knocks and finds that that is just what he is doing. So it departs. If we can't make opportunity, we can at least be ready for her when she comes.

Enthusiasm without knowledge is like a ship without a rudder; knowledge without enthusiasm is like a ship in a calm. The course of the first is to the port of Unsafety; the course of the second is to the port of Nowhere.

One of the greatest improvements in Motion Pictures that will probably come in the near future is some system that will regulate and unify the interests of the four great forces in the business, namely: the manufacturer, the exchange, the exhibitor and the public. The public should be and will be the "court of last resort" some day, but under present arrangements they do not have much to say. At present the manufacturer produces whatever he wishes; the exchanges are compelled to accept it; the exhibitor to exhibit it, and the public to view it, be it good or bad. It is true that the long-dissatisfied exhibitor may, in time, become disgusted and secure service from some other exchange, and that the public may, at times, transfer their attendance to another theater in search of better pictures, but both the exhibitor and the public often jump from the frying-pan into the fire thereby, and then have to jump back again. The public are the proper censors of films, and a system should be devised whereby they may easily and freely make their wants known to the exhibitor, and whereby the exhibitor may secure from the



MUSINGS OF THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER.

exchanges just what their patrons want, and whereby the exchanges can secure the same from the manufacturers. Abroad, the exhibitor has the absolute right of selection. The different films are shown to him, and he orders what he pleases. Here, he is often compelled to accept what the exchange man gives him. And when the public enter a theater, they rarely know what pictures are to be exhibited, nor have they had any opportunity to make selection. It is clear that this is an important defect in the present system, and it is also clear that it cannot and will not last long.



Rev. Dr. James Donohue, of St. Thomas Aquinas Church, Brooklyn, had long wanted to build a parochial school on the large vacant lot adjoining his church, but he knew not how to raise the necessary money until last summer, when a bright thought came to him. He arranged his field into an airdrome, with 1,000 seats and a Motion Picture equipment, engaged five choice films for each day, got members of his church to act as ticket-sellers and ushers; put up a sign that the public could there see the best show in Brooklyn for only five cents, installed a baby carriage garage in one corner, and then the nickels began to come in. Dr. Donohue says that a fine, new, large parochial school is now assured, and that it will not cost his church a penny. All of which shows that the church and Motion Pictures need not be enemies, and that they can actually be partners.



When the Motion Picture was seen to have taken permanent hold of the public, and that it was destined to rival, if not outshine the stage and many other forms of amusement, the preachers, reformers, public officials and various busybodies began to take notice. It was found that children would stay away from school and Sunday-school in order to attend the picture shows, and this fact was largely instrumental, and still is, in creating considerable antagonism to the new amusement. And let me say right here that every great thought or idea introduced into the world always raises storm, stress, dissent and protest, and that the man who fathers it becomes the victim. It was so from the beginning of history. Socrates was made to drink the fatal hemlock; Jesus was crucified; Galileo was made to recant under penalty of death; Cæsar was assassinated; Joan of Arc was burned at the stake; a price was set on the head of Cromwell; Copernicus was condemned; Columbus was put in chains and died in poverty and disgrace; Napoleon was sent to St. Helena; Lincoln was assassinated, and we have just buried here a man who devoted his life to the public good, but who has been abused and misrepresented all his life, and perhaps sent to a premature grave by the ingratitude of those whom he had opposed. And so Motion Pictures have not been without their enemies, and I doubt not that if any one man was thought to be wholly responsible for them, he would have suffered the consequences of his genius. It is not healthy to advocate anything radical or revolutionary, and Motion Pictures are certainly revolutionary.

The clergy was and is largely opposed to Motion Pictures because they took people away from divine worship, but this seems to me to be shallow argument. What were the Dark Ages but a thousand-year panic, from 300 to 1300 A. D., which was caused by the effort to make people good by force?





Cupid, Cupid, listen boy
To the words my heart has penned,
Warm with lover's hope and joy,
Thinking thus my doubts to end:
Just a tender love-spur line
To my chosen Valentine.

Cupid, Cupid, bend your ear,
I would speak in whispers low,
Lest some rival lurking near
Should my secret come to know:
None I'd trust but you, my friend,
With the message I would send.

Cupid, Cupid, hark to that!
In affairs that touch the heart
Long you've undisputed sat
Master of your subtle art—
What say you, sir, will my plea
Win my Valentine for me?

Cupid, Cupid, draw your bow,
Haste with winged feet unseen
To the nearest picture show,
Find my hero of the screen—
Shoot, with fell, unerring dart
Love's sweet message through his heart!

CHATS WITH THE PLAYERS

MARY FULLER, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

It didn't have a very promising beginning, for Miss Fuller's first remark, after greetings were over and she came into the living-room, was: "I just *hate* interviews," so my confidence departed immediately, and the clever list of questions I had in mind also vanished. However, Miss Fuller followed her words with a brilliant smile, which restored my courage, and as she seated herself she said, "Now, I suppose you want to know my opinion of woman suffrage—all re-thing. Well, I haven't studied the subject enough to give a good opinion; I am interested in it and think it is a big problem of the day, but haven't had time to go into it, except as it touches the finances. I think if women are com- petent to vote, and want to, they should be allowed to do it. I, too, would vote if I were given the privilege."

"No, I will not tell you where I was born, nor when. They always ask me that, too, but (in reply to my interruption to bother her, for she looks very young) while it wouldn't mat- ter now, in ten years or more people will begin to reckon up and say, 'Let's see—she was so and my dear, I might mind then, tell.'"

"Well, then, here is another question that re- porters always ask, 'What are your se- crets of beauty?' Surely you will not mind answering that?"

"Oh, but I haven't any," said Miss Fuller, looking at the time- prettier than wonder why I must be be- cause beautiful women are very self- contained, and I give out lose energy. and me, I ask every night to is a great asset, I but I am afraid I will never be-

come so." Speaking of her work, like to produce tures, do the the costumes the prints my- ever I have simply clamor I like to my costumes make some of myself, altho my sewing

is done somewhat as a scene-painter goes at his work. I made the gown I have on, every bit of it, and it is really very pretty (naïvely), were it not wrinkled from packing."

She writes many of her own scenarios, for some of which special scenery has been painted. She is perhaps best known to people all over the world, however, by the "What Happened to Mary" pictures, and the last series, "Who Will Marry Mary?" have also been finished. While in Maine last summer Miss Fuller wrote a pretty little forest romance, "Eve's Father," made her costumes for the part, and selected the scenes.

This winter she is located in the Bronx studio in New York. She lives alone, her mother having a home in Washington, D. C. She said, with a regretful look in her beautiful dark eyes: "I am beginning to feel lonely—I don't know what it is—I am



unsatisfied. When I am working very hard I am satisfied, but I have never really had a home, and at times I feel, oh, so lonely. Lately it has been worse than usual, and I don't know why."

Just as I was about to suggest, unsympathetically, that she must surely be in love, she said, with an impish look: "Oh, have I told you about Wilfred? He is the dearest thing, and I am so much in love, really." As she saw the triumphant expression in my eyes she laughed roguishly, and said: "Wilfred is a *pig*—the dearest, cleanest, little white pig. He was given to me in Searsport, and I have had a little harness made for him. I know you would love Wilfred."

I thought to myself "Pigs is pigs," I fear, and are not just the thing for parlor pets, but I refrained from suggesting it.

Miss Fuller was sent abroad last year, and is always being called upon to do hazardous things, but while at first rather nerve-racking, she now takes them as a matter of course, and is ready for whatever comes up in the day's work. She has played in more than five hundred rôles, and is now one of the best-known and loved of the Motion Picture actresses.

She has boundless ambition, and wants to do big things. "I want to do character studies," she said; "people who have been formed by circumstances, either good or bad, I don't care, but some definite personalities. I want to play queens and other great people. I even aspire to Richard the Third and Hamlet, and characters of that kind."

Aside from her work, Miss Fuller enjoys riding, swimming and motoring. She is very attractive, with big brown eyes, soft brown hair, perfect teeth and a delightfully straight nose. It is a pity that her voice cannot be heard on the screen, for it is beautiful, with the clearest enunciation. She has a magnetic and charming personality, and a fun-loving disposition, altho a bit melancholy at times.

"The interview hasn't been at all bad," she said, on leaving. "You know, I hate facts, and would much rather have fancy, so say anything nice that you can think of, and oh, please do say that I thank every one for the interest they have shown in my pictures, and that I want to do things to please all and make them happy."

HELEN BATCHELDER SHUTE.



EARLE METCALFE (LUBIN)

"**E**ARLE METCALFE? 'Met' was here a moment ago. There he is—that tallish fellow over there with the brown hair and blue eyes in the Mexican rig."

I crossed the studio with some trepidation, wondering whether the huge sombrero, the ornamental dagger, and fierce black mustache of my subject were outward and visible indications of inward characteristics, or merely all in the day's work. A warm British handclasp reassured me at once.

"You've come to interview me? Why, I'm just an ordinary sort of chap, you know," he protested, as I stated my errand. "Now, Henry Walthall, or Arthur Johnson, or Courtenay Foote—those fellows are photostars, and great ones at that—but I'm not even a meteor."

"That will look very nice and modest in print, Mr. Metcalfe," said I, "but, you see, the public has sent me, and there's no help for you, so you may as well throw down your secrets, hand over your theories, surrender your views and ambitions. To begin ingeniously, you are English, aren't you? and how old—approximately?"

"Abergavenny, Wales, 1888,"



he replied; "figure it up for yourself. But I must be getting on in years. I've been on the 'legit' for twelve years, with Stella Hammerstein, Zelda Sears, and various stocks; with Lubin more than a year, and before that, back in the pre-glacial period somewhere, I went to the University of Cincinnati & Ohio Law College. Yes, I'm strong for the photoplay—gives so much scope for my character work specialty. When the lurid 'melos' and slap-stick comedies are cut out, the Motion Picture screen is going to be a rival of the stage, I tell you. No, it wont interfere with it, but it will be a worthy parallel branch of art."

"It will be a relief to Belasco," said I, busily scribbling, "to hear you say this. What are some of your favorite characters on the screen, please?"

He considered. "Well," said he, apologetically, "having played in a thousand stage dramas and seventy-five photoplays, it's a bit hard to choose, you know. However, I should say on a chance my work in 'Her Husband's Picture,' 'His Conscience' and 'The Wine of Madness' pleased me best. I'm—well, I'm *keen* on photoplays, anyhow. Like to spend my free time watching them. 'The Manger to the Cross' was a splendid film—did you see it?—and 'The Mothering Heart.' Sometimes I think I'd like to take a shot at writing one if necessary. Oh, yes, I *do* write a bit—stories and articles mostly."

He was getting visibly uneasy at the personal equation. With masterly tact I turned the subject.

"What are your fads and amusements, Mr. Metcalfe? Politics, eh?"

"No," he laughed, "I'm no fan. Lloyd-George is my political ideal, and, of course, being an Englishman, you can guess my views on woman suffrage. Boss rule seems to control the elections, and I'm afraid I dont appreciate the honor and opportunity of my own vote sufficiently." "Well, then, sports?" I interrupted.

"Oh, *there!*" he beamed. "First off—motoring. What make is my car? Hist! At present I fare forth on a motorcycle mostly, or help my friends burn gasoline. Then next comes farming, and lastly, reading."

"Reading is surely a strenuous sport," agreed I, "in these days of heart confessions and problem tales."

"Oh, I dont read any of that rot, you know," scorned Mr. Metcalfe. "Kipling, Poe, Gilbert Parker, Emerson—the Rubaiyat, 'Quo Vadis?'—these are my jewels! I cut the pages that have articles on astrology, literature and the drama, but I skip the sentimental, sob stuff. I'm interested in spiritualism and telepathy, for, by Jove! old Hamlet was right when he said there were more things in heaven and earth than one dreams of, but dont ask me for theories. I've too many to print, and, besides, no one wants to hear another chap's theories—he's too much interested in telling his own!"

"Just one, then," said I: "Is life worth while?"

"Heavens, yes!" smiled Mr. Metcalfe. "If it weren't, I wouldn't hang around the earth a minute. But that's not theory. That's just common sense!"

"Then," I hinted, "you either are married, or you aren't!"

"Right you are," agreed "Met." "Guess!"

D. D. C.



WHEN EARLE METCALFE APPEARED IN THAT THRILLING MOTORCYCLE SCENE

WALLACE REID, OF THE UNIVERSAL COMPANY

I PRESENTED myself at the Universal studios, in fear and trembling, not frightened nor perturbed, but just plain "scart." But I needn't have been, for he was very nice indeed. He told me the sad, sad story of his life, and here it is, just as it was told to me.

"I was born in St. Louis" (must be a great town, judging by the many distinguished photoplayers who claim it as their home) "and attended the Peabody School there until I was about seven. My family then moved to New York, and my prep school was the New Jersey Military Academy, at Freehold, but I finished at one of the smaller Eastern schools in Pennsylvania.

"In 1909 I left home

did several kinds of him as a hotel fortune of the winter, either?), winter of 1909 I for a while on the *Morning Star*. I the stage with my 'The Girl and the with him on sev- from his own pen," with pride as he famous father, for affection between is as rare as it is speaks of the to Wallace Reid the world, and that tinue with our story—

"In May of 1910 with the Selig Company the camera and begi- rios. In November I and took an assistant *Motor Magazine*, but the (1911) the call of the picture strong, and I left *Motor*, engagement with the Company, which lasted After that I joined with whom I played Then, as director, assistant, and came to California versal Company. I wrote and the 'Flying A' pany produe- left them in turn to the Company. I

recting and playing leads in my own stories for the Nestor brand of Universal." He seems to have been a bit of a rolling stone since May, 1910, but then, I suppose it's a wise stone that knows when to roll, and this particular stone seems to have gathered quite a bit of moss.

"What are your favorite parts, Mr. Reid?" was my next question, as I poised an expectant pencil.

His reply came promptly. Evidently he makes up his mind rapidly.

"The Tribal Law," "Before the White Man Came," "The Animal" and "The Cracksman." My hobby? "Motoring," enthusiastically; "and it keeps me broke," he added, with a sigh that seemed reminiscent of the high cost of gasoline and of past expensive mishaps that seem made only to break the spirit—and pocketbook—of the average motorist.

He says he doesn't remember having ever done anything remarkable enough to get him into public print, and being a supposedly well-raised young person, I had to take his word.

As to his appearance, he has light-brown hair, and he says himself that his eyes are a brown and blue mixture. I also have his word for it that he is six feet two in height and that he weighs one hundred and ninety-two pounds.



and went to Cody, Wyo., where I work—hotel (cant you imagine clerk? Wouldn't he make the average summer hotel, or ranch and survey. In the came back East, and was city staff of the Newark left the *Star* to go on father, Hal Reid, in Ranger,' and I worked eral other productions and his fine eyes glowed spoke of his gifted and there is a close bond of this father and son that beautiful. When the son father, it is easy to see that there is only one father in is Hal Reid. But to con-

I started into pictures in Chicago, learning ning to write scenar- returned East editorship with following May game grew too accepting an Vitagraph eleven months. the Reliance, four months. Otis Turner's leading man. I with the Uni- Last winter directed all of second com- tions, but I April to re- Universal am now di-

Finally, just as I was leaving, I managed to screw my courage to the sticking point and present a bold question.

"Married?" he returned, and as we were standing, his six feet two looked down upon my five feet four and a half (I insist upon the half), and grinned quizzically. "Now, honest, Miss Gaddis, do I look like a dignified married man?"

"You do not," I returned promptly. And he doesn't. But you'll have to decide that momentous question yourself. Personally, I believe he is heart-whole and fancy-free, but you fall in love with him at your own peril, for, mind you, girls, I vouch for nothing.

PEARL GADDIS.

EVELYN SELBIE, OF THE WESTERN ESSANAY COMPANY



THERE glided across the spacious vasts of the stage a slim figure. From out the shadowy depths of the interior, it crossed into the sunlit portion of the boards and seemed to be making a bee-line for your interviewer. The figure was that of an Indian squaw, and, fearing vengeance of some kind, I at first was strongly inclined to run. But no; a second look convinced me that there was more to admire than to fear. This was no frenzied red woman seeking to claw furrows in a paleface. For all her feathers and paint, I recognized the kindly eyes and reposeful grace of none other than Evelyn Selbie, known to all the countless admirers of the Essanay Western films and destined to add to her screen devotees for a long time to come. As she came up, I marveled at the care and faithfulness displayed in her make-up. It was typical of her, for no more conscientious woman than Miss Selbie can be found in any studio. The squaw carried a box of candy and munched the contents with zest and appreciation.

"I didn't know the Indian ladies were fond of candy," I ventured.

"That they are," she retorted, "and fire-water, too." I was shocked. She laughed. No squaw could do it as she did, and with an effort to forget the remarkable effect of her make-up, I told her my designs, and with a readiness and volubility not at all characteristic of the red people, she readily recited the inevitable history of her past. Not that Miss Selbie has an awful lot of past. Her future is the

thing. Nevertheless, she is an interesting talker—so much so she shall do it for herself:

"I want to tell you that I love California," she began. "I don't mean that in any Pickwickian or daily newspaper sense, either. I really and actually mean it. There are lots of people who say the same thing and then go and live somewhere else and say it again of the new place. With them, it's parrot talk. With me, it's the sober, solemn truth. I love California so well that I have built me a home here—a cozy, snug retreat that sits at rest between the mountains and the sea, and where my heart and all my possessions are."

"Do you love California because you have a home of your own here, or have you built a home because you love California?" I ventured to ask.

"You've got it. I've looked all my working life for a spot that's ideal. I found it here, and nothing on earth can induce me to live anywhere else. No native daughter can sing the praises of this State more sincerely or eloquently than I do."

"Yes," she mused, "I was born in Kentucky. It was there I learnt to love horses. We rode side-saddle there, of course. We should have shocked folk any other way. But I soon got on to the Western stride, and now I'm as much at home up in these wild canyon dashes as I am before the great, open, cobblestone fireplace that I built in my house with my own hands. Oh, yes, I had good training at all these athletic

(Continued on page 150)

THE NEWSIE'S REPLY

BY OSCAR H. ROESNER

No, mister, I cant keep dis dime
An' take me brudder to de show;
I likes fer him to have a time,
But when it comes to pictures—no!
Oh, sure, I tinks de Movies grand,
An' I describes dem all to him;
He's awful quick to understand—
No other kid's as smart as Jim.

He knows de views from far an' wide,
'Cause I has told him all I've seen.
Yet he aint ever been inside
To see de pictures on de screen.
Now I aint fakin', dont cher know—
I t'anks yer, mister, you're so kind,
But 'taint no use fer him to go—
Me little brudder Jim is blind.





A word to the wise! If the many, ardent friends of the popular players will make *BREVITY* their slogan, they will be far more apt to find their contributions in print. One long verse means the exclusion of many short ones, and that is not justice—thus our plea! Outside of that, write us—often, and more often.

The following ambiguity is sent by "Phyllis." Does any one recognize the poetical portrait? Can any one help her out?

The man I love is tender, fond, and true,
 So noble 'tis no wonder I adore;
 I watch to see his coming every day—
 Each day he seems more perfect than before.
 His name? His name you urge? Now do not laugh—
 I cant find out—he plays for Biograph!

Sunshine after rain, and all that sort of thing, is the message William Russell conveys to R. L. H.:

When the world is clothed in shadows
 By the twilight's afterglow,
 'Tis the star's bright gleam that makes us dream
 Of the vanished long ago.
 When the day is made dark and dreary
 By the grayness of falling rain,
 'Tis the sun so bright with its welcome light
 That brings us cheer again.
 When our lives are o'ershadowed with sorrow,
 When our days are made long and sad,
 'Tis the great God above, with His lasting love,
 Who seeks us and makes us glad.
 And so, when I see William Russell,
 And crown him my Picture King,
 "I will make you glad when you're blue and sad,"
 Is the message he seems to bring.

POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Possimn Rachels, of Wellsburg, W. Va., sends us some clever verse, with an added merit of sound advice, entitled:

A GOOD BRACER.

When you're feeling sort o' lonely,
Dont know what on earth to do,
Tho your heart is lying proneley,
I know what will pull you thru;
Take a walk around the corner
To a Motion Picture play.
Then your looks as of a mourner
Will like magic pass away.

See those cowboys riding swiftly—
Miss Ruth Roland, on her steed,
Rides like boats on water gliding,
While her pony runs full speed.
Broncho Billy, always handy,
With his strength and manly grace;
You will say he's a "Jim dandy"—
No one else could take his place.

Then, again, we get a sermon
From the shadows on the sheet;
Shows the grafter, while he's squirmin'
From the man he tries to beat.
After that, comes something funny—
Makes us wade right in the game;
One good look at Johnnie Bunny
Puts the mind in happy frame.

Where could you be as contented
For the paltry sum you pay?
Purse would scarcely be indented
Should you go 'most every day.
Talk about a timely chaser
Of the feeling called the "blues,"
Photoplay means "blues" eraser—
Hurry up—put on your shoes!

Evident sincerity of feeling for Crane Wilbur:

The fans complain
That to our Crane
We ne'er compose a rhyme;
But let me say
We'd tune a lay
If we but had the time.

For he, of them all,
Dark-eyed and tall,
Is the one whom we all adore;
For he is the best,
He'll stand every test,
We love him each day more and more.

From one who certainly does.

New York City.

MISS CHARLOTTE STERNBERG.

"Please print this verse to the sweetest girl in the whole world—Miss Anita Stuart." That speaks for itself, doesn't it? And the verse itself:

There's no girl in the country—there's no girl in the town—
Quite as chic as Anita in a fetching evening-gown.
Anita is a beauty—there's no denying that—
E'en tho she wear a ragged gown and old straw hat.
And I feel that I could love her with devotion past compare—
Gee! I'd like to hug her like a great big bear.
Richmond, Va.

LILLA.

Miss Luella Howe loves Mary Pickford for a dozen different charms. She specifies as follows:

TO THE DEAREST ONE.



We love her for her charming ways,
We love her in the parts she plays,
We love the beauty of her face,
We love her smile—we love her grace,
We love her pretty curly hair,
We love her for her talent rare—
Ah, no one ever will compare
With darling "Little Mary."

Ruth M. Shelles, of Buffalo, N. Y., does homage to Alice Joyce, both poetically and artistically. Both verse and drawing do credit to their originator as well as to their inspiration:

TO ALICE JOYCE.



Alice Joyce, why are you so beautiful?
Who gave you that wonderful smile?
Who gave you the lovely charm and grace
That fascinates me the while?

Where did you get your glorious hair,
With color and wave so soft?
And where did you get that poise to your head
That seems to hold you aloft?

But what is the use of asking,
When I know from whence they came?
God gave you your talent and beauty,
That only you can claim.

Contrary to custom, this pun from the pen of D. L. Pearl, Conneaut, Ohio, is laudatory rather than satirical. We leave its solution to you:



I've seen Maude Adams play
"Lady Babbie" in a way
That I fondly thought was quite beyond compare;
But I'll change this first decision,
For I've lately found a reason
To believe Miss Adams' playing only fair.

On a Moving Picture screen
"Lady Babbie" sweet was seen,
Played by one whose praises I have often sung,
And her name I'll not disclose,
Tho' most everybody knows
Unless she marries she will always be quite "Young."



And this one to Warren Kerrigan:

Were I a little postal card,
I know what I would do—
I'd place a stamp upon my back,
And mail myself to you.

"What's in a name?" queries the authoress of the lines to "Our Mary"—"it's the sentiment that counts," she adds, in her request to withhold her name.

"OUR MARY."

I know a lass named Mary.	Of course you know my lady.
She is so sweet and true;	My Motion Picture Queen.
Because her name is Mary,	Is Mary Fuller—"Our Mary"—
I love that name—don't you?	The dearest on the screen.

F. Stowell, New London, Conn., raises the rousing cheer for Harry Myers, of the Lubin Company:

Here's to one whose acting
Fills many hearts with glee;
He's a shining star, and there's not his par
In the Lubin Company.

We love to watch his smiling face,
And catch his merry glances;
He's better than Bunny, with grimaces funny,
And one's very soul entrances.

His acting, clever and unsurpassed,
Is all that one's heart desires,
So smother all sneers, and give three cheers
For this champion—Harry Myers!

Louise Vaughn has succumbed to the charms of Carlyle Blackwell, and thus publicly declares it:

I've always been a bachelor maid,	But I have seen a face and form—
Quite heart-whole and quite free,	They've made of me a slave;
For never have I met a man	Sometimes he is a lover bold.
Who really pleased me.	Sometimes a hero brave.

I could not love a man who's fat,	I think that I am destined
(Apologies, Mr. Bunny),	To fall in love, it seems.
And yet—alas! the old men	With handsome Carlyle Blackwell,
Are the only men with money.	The ideal of my dreams.

Ethel Clayton has inspired a moral exaltation in Ray C. Warth, of Salinas, Cal.:

Here's to the best little girl in the game—
Miss Ethel Clayton, that's her name;
Sometimes her wistful eyes give sadness,
Then, with her laugh, she gives you gladness.

Here's to the one with the winning hand,
The one who reigns o'er the breadth of the land;
She plays all parts, and plays them well—
She's the dream-lady of the Silver Bell.

She makes you want to be a man,
Face your troubles like "Fightin' Dan."
Fear your God, and fight old Satan—
So, once more, here's to Ethel Clayton!



Motion Pictures in England

By CHARLES R. DORAN

IN no country in Europe was the Moving Picture so slow in getting a footing in public favor, so to speak, as in England. Why? Because, first, the Britisher, unlike his Continental brothers, the German and the French, does not readily take to new things. He is neither curious nor usually easily interested in novelties; and second, he is more of a home-lover than they, and, his daily toil once over, he hastens to his room and passes the evening either reading or playing some game. On this account, for some time after the Cinematograph became popular as a form of entertainment, the manufacturers of films, then mainly in France and Germany, hesitated about establishing branches in England. They even looked with apprehension upon opening agencies, and, for some months after the movies finally won a place in the English amusement world, the Britisher, on this account, saw very few films the scenes of which were laid upon British soil. But conditions have changed, and today England has caught the fever, and the Moving Picture palace, as it is styled on the other side of the water, figures amazingly in the way of an entertainment for the Englishman. England today counts her Moving Picture theaters by the thousand—one authority estimates the number thruout the British Isles at three thousand—and this number is said to be increasing at the rate of many hundreds a year. The number of persons deriving a livelihood from the Moving Picture industry in England is upward of one hundred thousand.

London boasts of nearly a thousand Moving Picture theaters, of seventy-five thousand persons earning a living in the business and an attendance weekly of five hundred thousand. The great British capital claims, too, to have one hundred and fifty firms engaged in the manufacture of films, projectors and accessories to the Moving Picture. In addition to this large number of establishments, whose sole revenue is derived from its trade in films, the making of photoplays, there are a dozen or more printing and lithographing houses solely engaged in the work of getting out tickets, lithographs, et cetera, for the picture theater trade, and several large chair manufacturers, whose business is the sale and rental of chairs to the Cinematograph concerns. The seating capacity of London's picture theaters is two hundred thousand.

The prices in the theaters presenting only photoplays, or the Moving Picture, range from six cents to twelve cents—American money. They have no uniform price of five or ten cents, as we have in the United States. The theaters are not, as a rule, very large, altho London has several theaters catering to this class of trade that seat two thousand five hundred persons. The average size is five hundred seating capacity. There are also what are known as the "Midget" theaters, where one finds seldom over three hundred seats. London Moving Picture theaters have usually two changes of film weekly. There is no Board of Censors, but the police are empowered to stop the presentation upon the screen of anything deemed by them of

a hurtful nature—meaning, by this, anything suggestive, questionable or of a too blood-curdling nature to be seen by the youth. England seeks to guard her youth, and a photoplay that would tend to give the young mind a fiery, overdrawn view of any phase of life, especially the criminal, is not looked upon with favor.

The films are, for the most part, such as one sees in the American Moving Picture theater: quite a lot of the Wild West, the fast and daring riding of cowboys, the Indian war-dance and the redskins' attack upon the white argonauts, and scenes of life on the plains. The French trick film, wonderful bits of picture legerdemain, are, too, much in favor in the English movies. Travel and historical films being praised by pulpit and religious press, the British picture theater often presents much of this matter, the better class theaters as often as two films to an entertainment. England, as a country, spends more money upon her movies than France, yet the London Cinematograph theaters do not reap the great harvest that they do in Paris. London spends, it is authentically estimated, about four million dollars annually on her Moving Picture palaces, while her gay sister, Paris, spends nearly a quarter of a million dollars more every year, and yet London exceeds the French capital in population by nearly two and a half million people. The London Moving Picture shows estimate two visits a week from what they style "the film fiend"; in other words, the devotee of this class of entertainment in London goes twice a week to such a show.

Most of the Moving Picture theaters are open Sundays in London, but as the greater number give free entertainments upon this day or receive a small remuneration from the city for entertaining its poor—very few but those unable to pay patronizing the movies on Sunday—the Sunday opening proposition is not a very profitable affair. Many of the better class theaters of the kind do not open their doors on the Sabbath, and not a few

on this account get thruout the week the patronage of the better class theatergoer, who cheerfully pays his sixpence (twelve cents) for an hour's show. The London Moving Picture theater seeks to give an hour's entertainment, usually presenting four reels. The movies, however, in England are not, and never will be, in favor with such a great army of amusement-seekers as in the United States, and the reasons—and there are several reasons for it—are the failure of the Britisher to have a uniform price, and that price a very small one, for all his picture theaters—such as the ten-cent rate so universal thruout the United States; the fact that the Englishman is not so much on the street after his daily toil is over as his American brother—he goes home after work and seldom ventures out again unless obliged to do so; the lack of interest in the English mind for other than the real or, as we call it on this side, the legitimate play.

A Londoner, even of the lower class, would rather climb up into the gallery of a playhouse, sit on a hard bench thruout a two-hour production of a Dickens or Thackeray play—even a Shakespearian drama by an inferior company—for which he must pay three times as much as the price of admission to a Moving Picture show, than go a half-dozen times to a really good Cinematograph theater. He would, too, prefer, if he is inclined at all toward the Moving Picture play, to see one performance a week at a shilling playhouse than four times as many at a fourpenny house. And despite all these facts, the Moving Picture show is making marvelous strides onward in England. The staid, stoical old Britisher, slow to take to the thing new and always reluctant to depart from the thing old, is becoming a Moving Picture theatergoer, and everywhere thruout the British Isles today, even in towns of a few thousand, the "Picture Palace" is claiming the people's attention, and their pennies as well. A new nightly diversion has settled down over the Isles.



Getting the Right Stride

By RAYMOND L. SCHROCK



EVER since the Motion Picture has come into its own as one of the most popular forms of entertainment, there has been a steady development along each phase of its growth and the great slogan has been "Improve."

Inventors and men of note have given their thoughts to the vast improvement along every line, that is noticeable today, until now we can say that it is no longer in its infancy, but a half-grown child, anxiously awaiting the work of the world to guide it in its future destiny.

At first, when the film stock was imperfect and did not show the pictures plainly under conditions of all sorts, men went about to remedy this, and as a result we have film *par excellence*.

When the plays presented no longer pleased, the men sought to find the reason, and it was discovered that the people were not illiterate and entertained by rough stuff, but that they were very intelligent and appreciated real dramatic works. Again the fault was remedied, and a demand for good stories started.

Thus it has been in each phase. Whenever a defect was discovered, it was studied and remedied.

Today, the class of pictures shown is of a very high standard, and for this reason fully three-fourths of our citizens attend the Moving Picture theaters nightly for entertainment. But with the literary improvement has come a call for even better plays, plays that will cause people to think and that will not be forgotten immediately upon leaving the theater.

The single-reel play is giving way before the much better production of two and three and four and five reel plays, where complete stories can be enjoyed to their depths as easily, and be better appreciated than a novel.

This means everything in filmdom

—finer and more sustained acting, stronger plots, intimate detail, and the characterization of part that a good actor loves to enthuse into his rôle, be he a blind beggar, in mimicry, or a king.

It is true that lots of good plays can be told in one reel and produced so as to be wondrously successful and entertaining, but this class corresponds with our short story of today, and, while very good and of literary value, yet they do not appeal to the average reader like a well-developed novel, that could be adapted for three or four reels of exciting action.

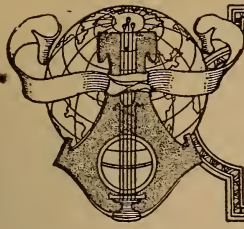
It is satisfying to see how quickly the various film companies get the right stride as soon as it is measured for them; and the fact that most of them have harkened to the call for two-reel plays regularly, gives promise that the Motion Picture will advance to a very high reputation in the next six months.

How good it sounded when the Motion Picture publications announced that the Kalem Company would regularly release a two-reel play on each Monday, that the Vitagraph Company of America would, also, on every Saturday, the Edison Company on Friday, the Lubin Manufacturing Company on Thursday, the Selig Polyscope Company on Monday, the Essanay Manufacturing Company on Friday, and the Pathé Company on Friday. It sounded almost too good to be true, yet such was the case, and too much credit cannot be given them for the great deed they have done.

It is left for the future to tell what developments will be made along the lines of these splendid releases; but right now let it be said that these companies, always first in getting the best there is, have fallen into the right stride toward perfection.

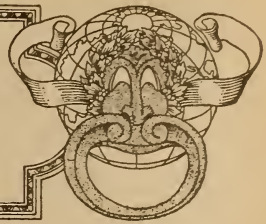


"ABSENCE MAKETH THE HEART GROW FONDER"



What They Were Doing a Few Years Ago

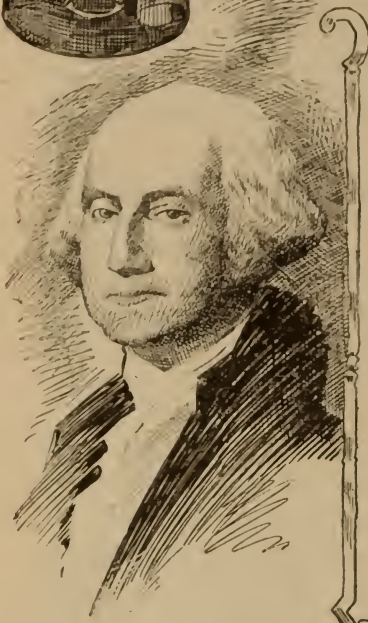
By LESTER SWEYD



Francis Carlyle was Forsythe Denleigh with William Gillette in "Clarice," in 1906.
Eleanor Caines was Nan Meadows in "A Girl of the Street," in 1904.
Peter Lang was with James K. Hackett in 1904, playing as Col. William Carlos in "The Fortunes of a King."
Irving White was, in 1904, playing in "The Road to Ruin" as Frank Kennedy.
Romaine Fielding was the villain in "The Mysterious Burglar," in 1908.
Arthur V. Johnson played, in 1907, with James J. Corbett in "The Burglar and the Lady," appearing as Sherlock Holmes.
Robert Drouet was leading man with Clara Bloodgood's "The Girl with Green Eyes," in 1903.
Lottie Briscoe was the ingénue with Albee Stock in Pawtucket, in 1907.
Edna Payne was playing small parts with Payton Stock in Brooklyn, in 1907.
Edwin Carewe was playing, in 1907, with Chauncey Olcott's "O'Neil of Derry," playing the part of Laurence Desmond.
Howard Mitchell was Robert Darney in "Hearts Adrift," in 1905.
King Baggot was acting as the villain, Vincent Gaunt, in "More to Be Pitied Than Scorned," in 1904, and later was Bob Sherwood in "Queen of the Highway," in 1905.
Marion Leonard was Marion De Montford with Howard Hall in "The Man Who Dared," in 1903, and in 1907 the heroine with Joseph Santley in "Billy the Kid."
Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber both appeared in "Why Girls Leave Home," in 1904, appearing as police captain and Sadie Dillick.
Darwin Karr was the hero in "In the Nick of Time," in 1908, and later played the hero in "The Girl and the Gambler."
Wilfred Lucas was Dan Mallory with Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady," in 1908.
Harry Benham (Thanhouser) was Lem Harvey in "Peggy from Paris," in 1904.
Marguerite Snow (Thanhouser) was Elsa Berg in "The Devil," in 1908, playing at the Garden Theater, New York City.
Edwin August (Powers), in 1907, was Sam Warren in "Shore Acres."
Ford Sterling (Keystone) was Dr. Tether with Frank Keenan in "The System of Mr. Tarr," in 1904.
Charles Arling (Pathé) was, in 1906, Norrian in "The Tourist."
In 1907, Crane Wilbur (Pathé) was the hero in "Across the Pacific."
In 1904, Albert McGovern was Wm. Drayton in "At Old Point Comfort."
Hobart Bosworth, in 1903, was playing Loveberg with Mrs. Fiske in "Hedda Gabler."
Adele Lane was the heroine in "The Mysterious Burglar," in 1908, and, in 1905, was Jonquil in "Sky Farm."
Hardee Kirkland was Ivan Cassini in "A Prisoner of War," in 1905.
Eugenie Besserer, in 1905, was Kate Loffer in "A Desperate Chance."
Robert Vignola was playing in "Oliver Twist," at American Theater Stock, in 1903, playing the part of "The Man."
Guy Coombs supported Jacob Adler in the English version of "The Merchant of Venice" as Lorenzo, in 1903.
Helen Lundroth played, in 1903, as Julia Bond in "The Wrong Mr. Wright."
Carlyle Blackwell appeared as a chorus man in "The Gay White Way," in 1908.
Irving Cummings in "In the Long Run," at the Comedy Theater, in 1909.
Virginia Westbrooke played, in 1905, as Alice Aiston in "Her Midnight Marriage."
Augustus Carney was playing with Andrew Mack in "Arrah-na-Pogue" as Oury Farrell, in 1907.
Brinsley Shaw was playing in "Military Mad" as General Van Ginzburg, in 1904; also, in 1906, he was the hero in Hal Reid's "A Millionaire's Revenge."
Martha Russell was leading lady of South Bend, Ind., Stock Company, in 1909.
Eleanor Blanchard was in vaudeville with Rose Stahl as Mrs. Westervelt, in 1905, and, in 1903, was Marquise De Quesnoy in "Du Barry," with Leslie Carter.
Frank Dayton, in 1905, played with Nellie McHenry in "M'Liss" as John Grey, and, in 1907, was Frank Layson in "In Old Kentucky."
H. S. Northrup was Harry Marshall in "The Love Route," in 1906.
George Cooper was the boy actor, playing as Runt with Lottie Williams in "Only a Shopgirl," in 1904.

ON THE SCREEN

BY LILLA B. N. WESTON



Across the screen inanimate,
Who walks with stately mien?
Who speaks of all the wise and great
The world has heard or seen?
Keep faith with me: they come apace,
Each with his gift, his grief or grace.

Comes one with powdered locks, and coat
Of regimental blue;
Aye, from his hand a country sprang,
Far mightier than he knew:
George Washington—bare thou thine head
For one who liveth, being dead!

Comes yet another, grim and stern,
His arms crossed on his breast;
A gallant warrior stripped of war,
And all that life holds best:
Napoleon, who dreams no more
On St. Helena's ragged shore!

And then comes One—thy breath be hushed—
Who walks with upraised Hand,
To bless the simple folk and poor,
Who at the gateway stand:
Thou Christ, Who dost from Heaven lean
To bless us from an earthly screen!





GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

FREDERICK CHURCH has left the Western Essanay Company, and will probably head a new company in California.

Cecilia Loftus appears as a Famous Player in "A Lady of Quality," by Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Marshal Neilan has returned to his old love, the company of the revolving sun, and Irene Boyle will be his leading woman.

A two-reel comedy every Tuesday is the latest addition to the Vitagraph program.

Dolores Cassinelli has left Essanay, but not Chicago—she has simply moved over to the Selig studio. Eleanor Blevins has done likewise.

Yes, it was this magazine that put Brooklyn on the map, and the "OK" in Brooklyn.

Alec B. Francis (Eclair) is noted for his charming English accent and lavender shirts, as well as for his character work.

Recognize our old friend Edwin August, the noblest Roman of them all, on page 76?

Robert Grey, formerly of the American, Essanay and Lubin companies, and now of the Balboa, is a candidate for honors in a Los Angeles contest to determine the best-looking man in the pictures.

Jane Gale, leading Imp woman, has sailed to join the London Film Company.

Marguerite Clayton and Josephine Rector are room-mates at the Belvoir Hotel at Niles, Cal.

The pretty Bowles sisters, of the Balboa Company, are becoming social favorites at Long Beach, Cal.

Grace Cunard seems to have made a record hard to beat when she appears five times simultaneously, in one scene, in "The Return of the Twin Sister's Double." Our old friend Francis Ford directed the piece.

It now develops that Hobart Bosworth's leading woman, Viola Barry, is the daughter of Mayor Wilson, of Berkeley, Cal.

Among the beautiful Christmas presents sent to Flora Finch at the Vitagraph studio was a verdant poll-parrot, cage and all. After two sleepless nights—on Flora's part, and the parrot's—the donor may have the bird back for the asking.

After a six months' vacation, Marguerite Snow has returned to the Thanhouser studio.

Among the most skillful pinochle exponents in the Vitagraph yard club-house can be mentioned Tefft Johnson, Leo Delaney and Bob Gaillard. Delaney also smokes the rankest pipe tobacco.

We are able to announce definitely and exclusively that the proposed subway connecting the Photoplayers' Club in California with the Screen

Club in New York will not be put thru, because Fred Mace says he will not have occasion to use it very often.

Marc MacDermott and Miriam Nesbitt have returned from Europe.

The snakes in Bronx Park Zoo, N. Y., were recently requisitioned for an Oriental picture. They were a bit slow in being warmed out of their winter torpor, but under the influence of steam heat their twists and wiggles put the modern dances to shame.

John Bunny recently started a panic in a crowded B. R. T. trolley car in Brooklyn. The car was stopped and two blue-chinned huskies tried to eject him. After that, the police patrol came clanging up, and Bunny was bundled in. It was all in the day's work, of course.

Paul Panzer is one of the best amateur bowlers in Hoboken, N. J. Every Saturday afternoon the Pathé pin knights gather around him and help him roll up the scores. It was only recently a Pathé player confided to the Chatter that Paul was known as "The pin-boys' delight"—the wood just wouldn't fall for him. Things are different now.

Hughey Mack is now a full-fledged politician. He has been appointed captain of a political district in Brooklyn. On election night as he toured about thru the crowds in his car he was loudly cheered, many mistaking him for mayoralty candidate Judge McCall.

Priscilla Dean, formerly of the Biograph, has joined the Gorman Company, out West.

Annette Kellerman, Leah Baird, William Shay and William Welch (Imp) are now in Florida.

Robert Thornby and Helen Case have crossed the continent to join the Vitagraph Company in Brooklyn. So it isn't always "Westward ho!"

William Bailey (Essanay) offers to teach the "Castle-walk" step by mail to any reader who assures him that he or she has seen him in three or more plays.

Frank Bennett, who was superseded by Matt Moore as Florence Lawrence's leading man, has joined the Mutual Company.

"Smiling Billy" Mason thinks he is a hypnotist, and certain people have reason to believe that he is.

Ray Gallagher and Victoria Ford are now with the Balboa Company.

Those Biograph Babies are Eldean, Loel and Maury Stewart, aged 2 years, 3½ years and 5 years, respectively.

Ed. A. Cushing (Western Vitagraph) wears a No. 18 shoe, which measures fifteen inches. Fortunately he is not a kicker.

Augustus Carney, now in Europe, has agreed to become the Alkali Ike of the Universal people.

Hobart Bosworth is still busy in Oakland and Los Angeles doing the Jack London stories into photoplays.

Betty Grey, Alan Hale, Irene Howley and Lottie Pickford have joined the Biograph.

Rena Volveran is Mr. Anderson's latest, and she will play leading parts for both of the Western Essanay companies.

'Twas a merry Christmas they had down at the Vitagraph studio—they gave away two and a half tons of turkeys, and every employee indulged in a turkey-trot homeward.

Harry Beaumont has become a villain, for the first time in his otherwise immaculate career, in "The Witness to the Will."

Louise Glamm seems to have been chosen as Carlyle Blackwell's permanent leading woman.

If you are looking for any of the following, you wont find them with the Essanay Company: Otto Breslin, Gertrude Forbes, Juanita Dalmorez, Gertrude Scott, Margaret McClellan, Wm. R. Walters, Dorothy Phillips, Allen Holmber, Eleanor Blevins, Minor S. Watson, Jules Farrar, Louis Theurer, Daisy Adamy, Anna Rose, Doris Mitchell, Joseph Allen, Brinsley Shaw and Bessie Sankey.

Lucille Young and Jessalyn Van Trump are now the leading women of the Western Majestic Company.

William West (Edison) is a shrewd man. Somebody gave him a turkey for Thanksgiving, but, finding it too small, he put it in his back yard and fed it on the fat of the land. Resultum: a splendid bird for Christmas dinner.

Tom Mills will be the "opposite" of Norma Phillips in the "Mutual Girl" series.

Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall have left the Biograph Company to join the Mutual Company.

Carlyle Blackwell has invented a new coat and vest, and it will first see the light in "The Impromptu Masquerader."

At this writing Jean Darnell (Thanouser) lies ill at the German Hospital, New York.

No telling what a photoplayer may be called on to do. Cora Williams (Edison) recently had to make love to an eleven-foot boa constrictor.

Muriel Ostriche is with the Princess Company.

Detectives are getting very popular these days. Alice Joyce, King Baggot, Ben Wilson, Laura Sawyer and Maurice Costello are on the latest list of screen sleuths, and still later comes Barry O'Moore as Octavius, amateur detective, who will do wonderful things on every other Monday, beginning January 12th.

From Majestic, Kinemacolor and the stage, comes Gaston Bell to do leading parts in those Lubin-Charles Kleine plays.

Marguerite Clayton has not left the Essanay Company, as reported in the press, and evidently does not intend to.

This is an era of big photodramas and big photoplay houses, the latest being the Vitagraph Theater, formerly the Criterion, at Broadway and Forty-fifth Street, New York.

Multiple-reel photoplays have their mission, but dont forget that the good old "one-reeler" will never die.

If you want to learn to distinguish art from craftsmanship, just see "Love's Sunset" and compare it with any of the "thrillers." You will then realize that it is not necessary to burn a building or to sink a ship in every successful play.

"Little Mary" Pickford, wonderful miss, writes us that she is now located in her new California bungalow, and that she will soon be able to take care of her correspondence.

Now cometh "Buster Brown" on the screen, ushered in by his creator, R. F. Outcault.

When Canon Chase and President Dyer have had their say on "Censorship," everybody will admit that this magazine has done a public service never to be forgotten. Let us settle this question once for all!

Watch out for pretty Ormi Hawley as the "Winter Girl" on our March cover.

Richard Travers, of the Essanay Company, is an accomplished chap. He tangoes artistically, dream-waltzes gracefully, and sets bones scientifically, being an M.D. as well as a photoplayer.

You cant tell whether it is a dime museum, a shooting gallery or a circus, when the exhibitor covers the front of his theater with lurid posters of terrifying sensations.

NOTICE OF RECHRISTENING: Hereafter we shall drop three syllables from our cumbersome name and call ourselves yours truly, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

The gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "Into the Lion's Pit," and the second prize to the author of "Thru the Storm."

We are able to state that that newspaper report concerning Mr. Costello was greatly exaggerated—but this is nothing new for newspapers.

Lottie Briscoe and Marguerite Rissier were recently stamped as beauties by the *New York Times* in a beauty show.

ERRATUM: The photoplay, "The Battle of Shiloh," was written by Emmet Campbell Hall.

THE GREAT ARTIST CONTEST

A SUCCESS FROM THE START—GREAT ENTHUSIASM PREVAILS
WHO SHALL BE SELECTED AS THE GREATEST TEAM
OF MOTION PICTURE PLAYERS?

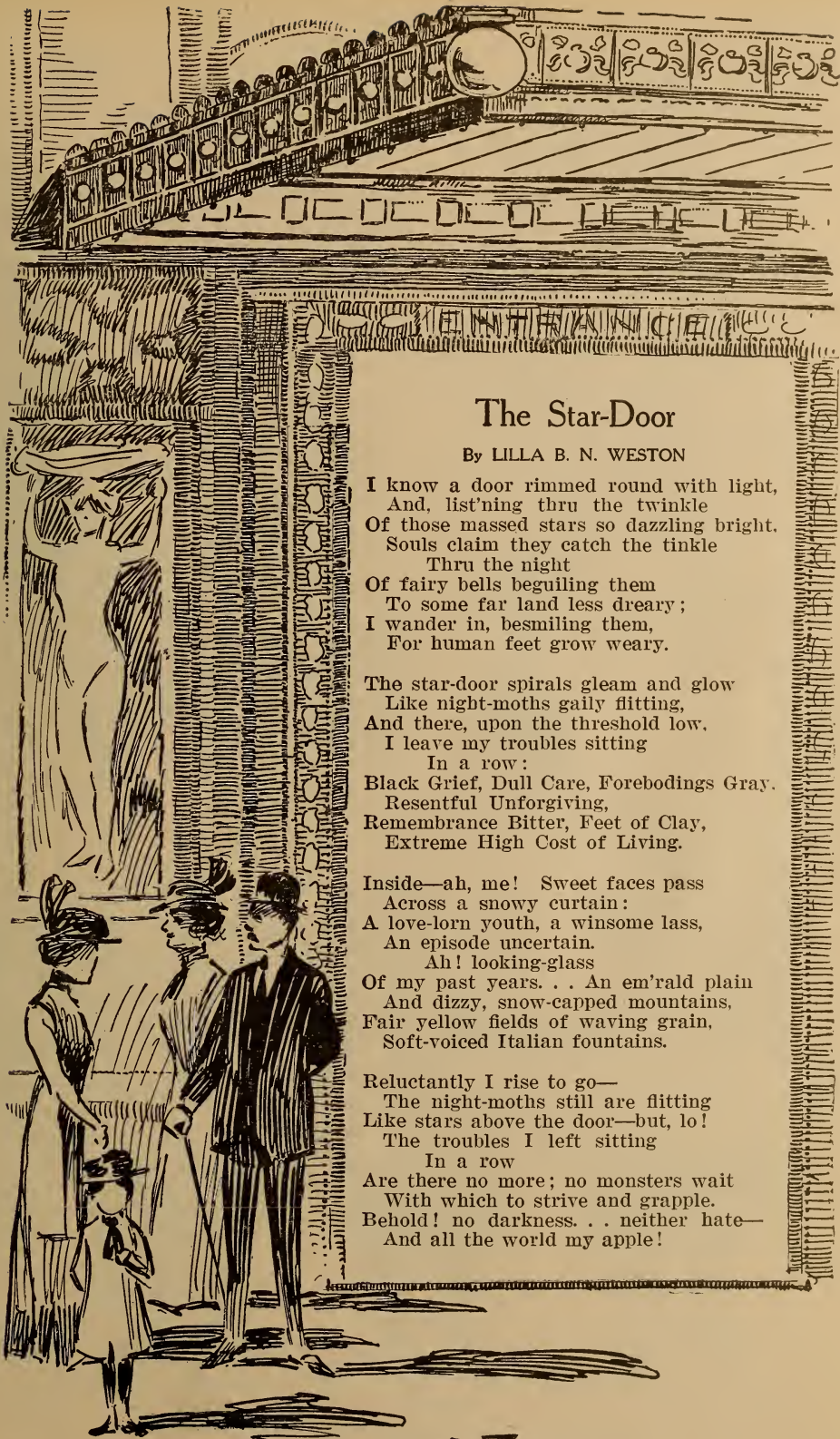
IN our January number we announced the beginning of what promises to be the greatest contest for Motion Picture players that was ever conducted in this country or in any other country. There have been all kinds of contests, but most of them were for the most popular player, or for the most beautiful player, and so on. Of course, a player may be very popular, or very pretty, or very graceful, or very picturesque, and all that, without being a great artist; this contest is only for the *artists—who are they?* A player may have winning ways and may never fail to please you, but which ones must you take off your hat to in recognition of their genius or merit? We believe that we are the only publication in the world that has the right to conduct such an important contest as this. Scarcely ten days have passed since the January number was placed on sale, and, owing to the busy holiday season, many ardent admirers have not yet had time to send in their votes; nevertheless, our contest department has had quite all it could do to sort out the ballots, and on this day, as we go to press, we are able to announce the result of about ten days' balloting, with hundreds of counties yet to be heard from.

Full particulars of the contest will be found on another page. Remember that only coupons will be counted. While we prefer that these coupons be mailed direct to the editor of this department, they may also be enclosed with communications intended for other departments. Watch out for the March number, which will contain the total vote from December 13th to about January 22d. In the meantime, you can be guessing how the different players will stand. Who among the many talented women of the screen will head the list next month? And who will have the honor of being designated as her leading man? Nobody now knows, but you shall see!

THE STANDING OF THE PLAYERS TO DATE

Earle Williams and Mary Pickford lead, with Warren Kerrigan and Mary Fuller second.

Earle Williams.....	6,355	Anita Stewart.....	658	Pearl Sindelar.....	304
Mary Pickford.....	5,310	Ormi Hawley.....	657	Bessie Eyton.....	303
Warren Kerrigan.....	5,310	Julia S. Gordon.....	656	Sidney Drew.....	302
Mary Fuller.....	4,614	Jessalyn Van Trump..	601	Guy Coombs.....	301
Arthur Johnson.....	4,256	Mabel Normand.....	554	Florence Turner....	300
Alice Joyce.....	3,704	Henry Walthall.....	550	Benjamin Wilson....	259
Edith Storey.....	3,250	Marguerite Snow....	501	Claire McDowell....	256
Carlyle Blackwell....	3,158	Leo Delaney.....	500	Frederick Church....	255
Crane Wilbur.....	3,051	E. K. Lincoln.....	456	Billie Rhodes.....	250
Francis Bushman....	2,459	Dorothy Kelley.....	455	Earle Metcalfe.....	250
Blauche Sweet.....	2,158	Harry Myers.....	454	William Russell.....	209
Lottie Briscoe.....	1,903	Ethel Clayton.....	454	Rosemary Theby....	208
Clara Kimball Young	1,854	William Shay.....	450	Harry Benham.....	207
Florence Lawrence...	1,756	Irving Cummings....	409	John Bunuy.....	206
Tom Moore.....	1,503	Edwin August.....	409	W. Chrystie Miller..	205
Maurice Costello....	1,250	Anna Nilsson.....	408	Mae Marsh.....	204
Romaine Fielding....	1,159	Jack Richardson....	407	James Morrison.....	203
Vivian Rich.....	1,106	King Baggot.....	400	Albert Carey.....	203
Pauline Bush.....	956	Ruth Roland.....	359	Marguerite Courtot..	200
James Cruze.....	903	Mrs. Mary Maurice..	358	Ned Finley.....	159
Norma Talmadge....	802	Pearl White.....	356	Marguerite Clayton..	157
Owen Moore.....	802	Beverly Bayne.....	355	Betty Grey.....	155
Augustus Phillips....	759	Gertrude McCoy.....	309	Lois Weber.....	154
Florence LaBadie....	758	Flora Finch.....	307	Claire Whitney.....	153
Lillian Walker.....	659	Leah Baird.....	306	Walter Miller.....	153
G. M. Anderson.....	659	Marc MacDermott....	305	Yale Boss.....	152



The Star-Door

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

I know a door rimmed round with light,
And, list'ning thru the twinkle
Of those massed stars so dazzling bright.
Souls claim they catch the tinkle
Thru the night
Of fairy bells beguiling them
To some far land less dreary;
I wander in, besmiling them,
For human feet grow weary.

The star-door spirals gleam and glow
Like night-moths gaily flitting,
And there, upon the threshold low,
I leave my troubles sitting
In a row:
Black Grief, Dull Care, Forebodings Gray,
Resentful Unforgiving,
Remembrance Bitter, Feet of Clay,
Extreme High Cost of Living.

Inside—ah, me! Sweet faces pass
Across a snowy curtain:
A love-lorn youth, a winsome lass,
An episode uncertain.
Ah! looking-glass
Of my past years. . . An em'rald plain
And dizzy, snow-capped mountains,
Fair yellow fields of waving grain,
Soft-voiced Italian fountains.

Reluctantly I rise to go—
The night-moths still are flitting
Like stars above the door—but, lo!
The troubles I left sitting
In a row
Are there no more; no monsters wait
With which to strive and grapple.
Behold! no darkness. . . neither hate—
And all the world my apple!



WILBUR



TOM MOORE



RUSSELL



JESSALYN
VAN TRUMP



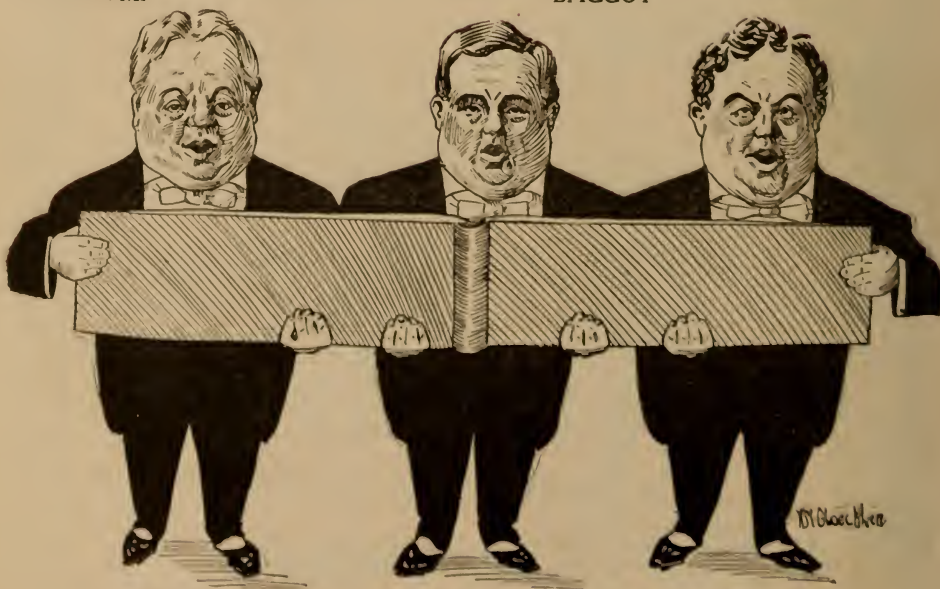
MYERS



BAGGOT



WALLIE VAN



BUNNY

MACK

LACKAYE

THE VITAGRAPH HEAVYWEIGHT CHORUS



MARY PICKFORD



THE "SNOW" GIRL



FIELDING



MITCHELL



LILLIAN
WALKER



LEO
DEANE



KERRIGAN



PAULINE
BUSH



FRITZI
BRUNETTE

BURDOCK BONES *the* BAFFLER OR THE MYSTERY OF THE PIE-HOUSE

A CIGARETLESS SCENARIO BY O.U.KIDD.

PIEOGRAPH.

First Spasm.



The shades of night had fallen with a dull, booming thud upon the scenery. The electric signs were flashing out their evanescent invitations to the evening crowds on State Street as Burdock Bones, the Great Chicago Detective, sat in his nickel-plated office, calmly and deliberately smoking six Pittsburg stogies.

Second Spasm.

Burdock Bones was thinking. That very day some dastardly villian had entered a local pie-house and single handed had stolen sixteen fresh blue-berry pies. It was the first robbery that had been committed in Chicago for over fifty-six years. No wonder Burdock was thinking.

Third Spasm.

Recklessly juggling two dynamite bombs, he had nearly solved the conundrum, when — BARG! Some son-of-a-sea-cook smashed the door with a meat-ax and stepped into the office.

Fourth Spasm.

Burdock tossed the dynamite bombs into the waste-basket, slowly turned around in his swivel-chair and there amid the ruins of the oaken door stood Pug-nosed Pete, the pie fiend.



That is Pete. Note the evidence around his mouth.

A faint blue line encircling his cavernous mouth told the sad, sad tale of the vanished pies. The great mystery was solved.

Fifth Spasm.

Before our hero could clap the come-alongs on his wrists, Pug-nosed Pete covered him with a sixteen pound derringer he had concealed in his vest pocket. — HORRORS!

Sixth Spasm.

"Alas! you gunshoe giak! You false alarm! I've got you now! Prepare to bite the dust!" cried the piefaced villian. Did Burdock Bones quail? Nix! No quail about him, not even a mallard duck. Our Hero was no coward. Did he get down and sink his false incisors in the dust at his feet? Not on your tin-type! Two weeks previous, didn't he leap into the roaring torrent and rescue Rosalie Ransom's pet poodle from a watery grave? Didn't he catch Carolee Caruthers when she fell from

PIEOGRAFT - - - - - REEL TWO.

the top of a two-thousand foot precipice? You bet your boots he did! And once a hero, always a hero, was his motto.

Seventh Spasm.

So baring his magnificent bosom he raised himself to his full height and cried: "Shoot if you must this old bald head but spare my negligee skirt." (he said) "But whats the use? you cannot kill me!"



Eighth Spasm.

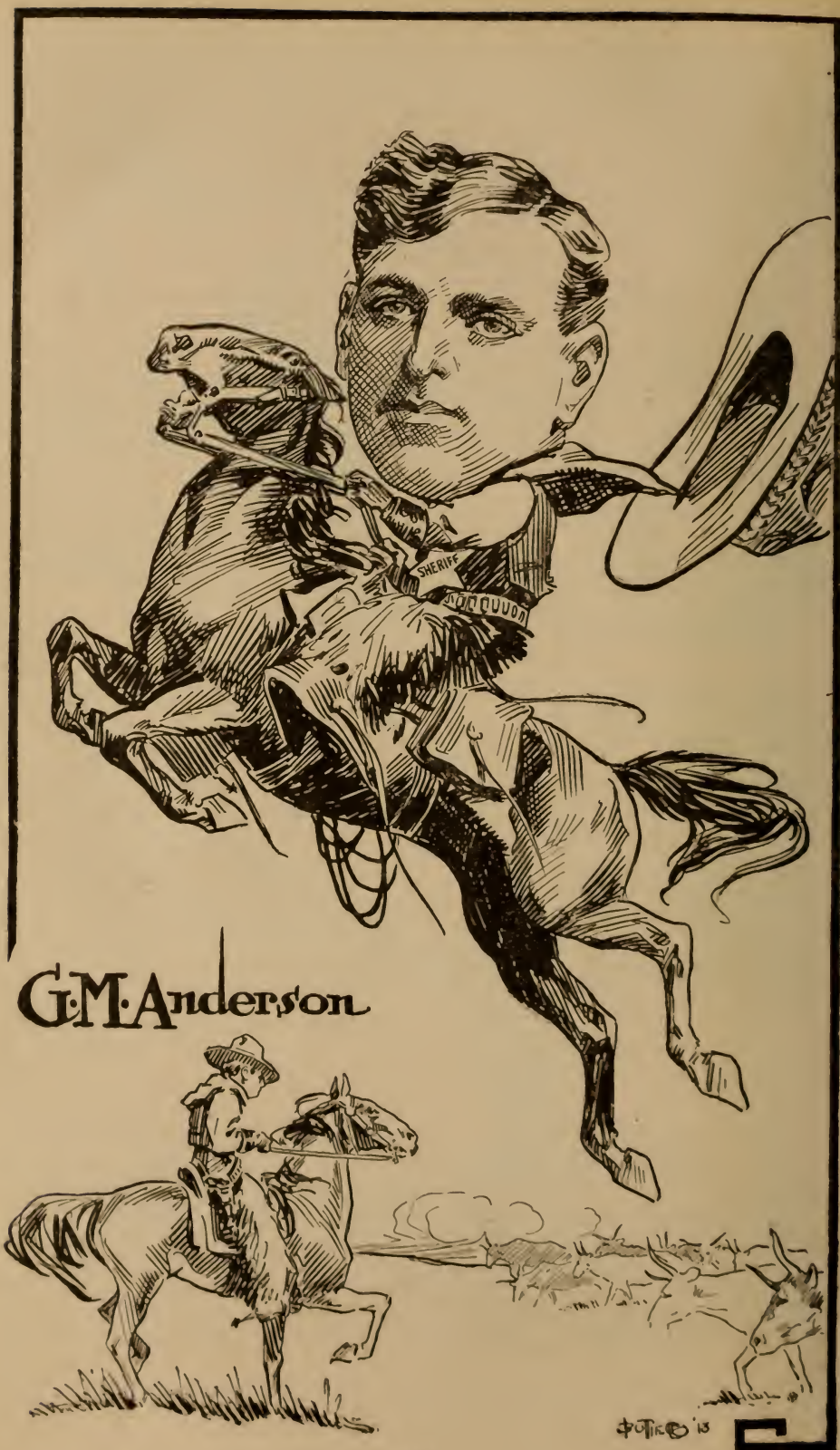
"Cannot kill you, eh?" kissed Pugrosed Pete the Pie Fierd: "And why not?" Growling out his chest, skirt-bosom and all, in a voice like the thunder Burdock replied: "Because I am the hero of this scenario and Motion Picture heroes never die!"

Ninth Spasm

Realizing that this was true, with a cry of baffled rage and despair the pie-fierd turned and fled into the dark, dismal, dreary night.



The end.





ANSWER DEPARTMENT

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.—No, your letter is not tiresome. Quite to the contrary. I enjoyed it. Wish I could print it all. Chats with those players will be forthcoming.

GLADYS M. B.—Ethel Clayton was the girl in "A Deal in Oil" (Lubin). I believe that was the first picture that Harry Myers ever directed. He is a regular director now. She also played in "The Price Demanded."

CLOVER, WIS.—Anna Drew was the heiress in "Told in the Future" (Majestic). Charles Ray was Red Mask in that play. Lillian Christy in "Lonesome Joe."

THE PORTLAND TWINS.—Edwin August was the cousin in "When Kings Were Law" (Biograph). The film was fictionalized in our June 1912 issue. Yes, tho lost to sight to mem'ry dear, is Augustus Carney. Let us hope that he will come back.

H. E. D.—Martha Russell was with the Satex Company last, in Arizona.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Mildred Bracken was with Kay-Bee last. I did not notice the wedding-ring on Gertrude McCoy's finger in that picture. Grace Cunard was the girl in "The She-Wolf" (Bison).

MARGUERITE N.—Flora Nasson was Nora in "The Winner" (Victor). Yes, some company will undoubtedly get Huerta to pose in a film—provided he lives long enough. These Mexicans have a habit of killing one another on the slightest provocation.

ETTA C. P.—Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley had the leads in "The Light Woman." Robert Leonard and Margarita Fischer had the leads in "The Fight Against Evil."

JANE.—Harrish Ingraham was Howard in "The Mad Sculptor" (Pathé). Charles Perley was the son in "The Call of the Blood" (Kinemacolor). Lionel Adams and Edna Luby in "The Gangster" (Lubin). William Duncan in "The Good Indian" (Selig).

BETTY.—Looky here, you mustn't ask if "William Bechtel is the son of Mrs. William Bechtel." Marguerite Clayton was the girl in that Essanay.

S. E. T., SHELTON.—Marian Cooper was Ethel, Irene Boyle was the maid, and Harry Millarde was the detective in "The Smugglers" (Kalem). Bessie Sankey and Evelyn Selbie were the girls in "At the Lariat's End" (Essanay). Edwin Carewe and Ernestine Morley had the leads in "In the Southland" (Lubin).

MARY P.—Jane Fearnley has been with Vitagraph about five months. Clara Williams was with Universal last. I am not a philosopher. A philosopher is one who says simple things finely, and fine things simply; *e.g.*, my twin on another page.

K. K., 20.—Lee Moran was Ellis Lee, and Ramona Langley was Ramona in "Won by a Skirt" (Nestor).

OPHIA S.—Edgena De Lespine was Lola in "The Thorns of Success" (Majestic). Beverly Bayne was Jean in "The Hermit of Lonely Gulch" (Essanay). Mrs. Taylor was the wife in "In the Days of War" (Patheplay).

ALMA B., CONN.—Herbert Rawlinson and Marguerite Loveridge in "The Woodman's Daughter" (Selig). Eleanor Blevins was the sweetheart. Kathlyn Williams and H. A. Livingston in "The Flight of the Crow" (Selig). Lillian Gish and Dorothy Gish were the girls in "The Lady and the Mouse" (Biograph).

MARGUERITE R.—Alice Hollister was the flirt, Marguerite Courtot was the country girl, Harry Millarde the boy, and Alice Eis the dancing girl in "The Vampire" (Kalem).



V. E. L., NEW YORK.—Albert Macklin was Bob, and Vivian Pates was Mary in "Mother-Love" (Lubin). Mary Fuller is Edison's principal leading woman. She plays all kinds of parts. Augustus Phillips or Big Ben Wilson usually plays opposite her.

PEEVISH PATRICIA.—Edwin August opposite Blanche Sweet in "The Lesser Evil" (Biograph). Helen Holmes was the girl in "Baffled, Not Beaten" (Kalem). Bessie Larn was the daughter in "Barry's Breaking In" (Edison).

ALICE B.—Robert Grey in "Jim Takes a Chance" (American). Paul C. Hurst was the killer in "The Invaders" (Kalem). What, you think Arthur Johnson's feet look like hams? Well, he does not have to play Cinderella parts.

SWEET PEAS.—Isabelle Lamont was Violet Dare in "Violet Dare, Detective" (Lubin). Dolly Larkin in "Jim's Reward." James Fitzroy was José in "Love and War in Mexico."

HERMAN H., BUFFALO.—You evidently think that you know it all and that you are a model after which all should pattern; but, be sure of this, you are dreadfully like other people. There isn't much difference between the best and the worst of us. Try Kalem.

SALLIE SUK.—Mr. C. Hull was Jean in "Sapho." Mae Marsh in that Biograph. TANGO KID.—The description is very meager, but I believe you refer to "Power of Love" (Patheplay), the story of which appeared in our November 1911 issue.

FLOSSIE, MISSISSIPPI.—Mabel Van Buren was Blanche, and Harold Lockwood was Edward in "Bridge of Shadows" (Selig). Francis Ford and Grace Cunard on page 39, November. Frances Ne Moyer and Walter Stull in "Coming Home to Mother."

T. A. R.—Francelia Billington was the girl in "A Dangerous Wager" (Kalem). This is no health department, but I would like to answer your questions at length. I wish I could make Health contagious instead of Disease.

MILDRED O., CAMDEN.—Marin Sais was the wife in "Intemperance" (Kalem). Joe King was Joe in "The Lost Dispatch" (Kay-Bee). Marian Cooper and Bob Walker in "The Moonshiner's Mistake" (Kalem).

VIOLET C.—Cyril Golliieb was the boy in "An Orphan of War" (Kay-Bee). Dorothy Davenport was Molly in "A Romance of Erin" (Domino). I would not call Tom Moore's face strong, but it is a pleasant one.

DUTCH.—Edwin Carewe and Ormi Hawley had the leads in "Winning His Wife" (Lubin). Ray McKee was the young man in "Silence for Silence" (Lubin). Paul C. Hurst as the husband and Carlyle Blackwell the minister in "Intemperance" (Kalem). Leo Delaney in "The Next Generation" (Vitagraph). You're welcome.

KATHERINE S.—Hobart Bosworth was the father, Francis Newburg was the son, and Ethel Davis was Nan in "Nan of the Woods" (Selig). You allege that I said that Ormi Hawley was not graceful. I deny the allegation and defy the alligator.

F. B. W.—Ormi Hawley was Nan in "From Out the Flood" (Lubin). I believe that the Nash girls are sisters—at least I know that one of them is. (Whenever you see two periods, you will know that it is time to laugh)..

MARIE A. H., was the big girl Stephen Purdee woman. Fiancée was the girl. those names in correct.

CEIL, NEW tions were not

HALIFAX.—Ethel Phillips in "The Dumb Messenger." was the son of the old is correct. Frankie Mann Most people used both of the contest, and Gale is

YORK.—Sorry your ques- answered. Be patient.



A FAMOUS MOVING PICTURE

SOPHOMORE, 14.—H. A. Livingston was the naval officer in "The Mansion of Misery" (Selig). Kathlyn Williams was the girl. William Duncan was Dan, Lester Cuneo was Pete, and Myrtle Stedman was Grace in "How It Happened Thus" (Selig). You say "the magazine is swell, you are sweller, and your head is swellest." So you have noticed it, have you?

FLOSSIE V.—Carlyle Blackwell was Edward in "Perils of the Sea" (Kalem). Maidel Turner has left Lubin. It is impossible for us to print all the casts at the beginning of stories, for reasons heretofore stated.

BESS, OF CHICAGO.—J. W. Johnston played the lover in "From the Beyond" (Eclair). You, too, vote for William Bailey. Wallace Reid is with Universal. Ask me not which company. He plays first with one, then with another.

SEVENTEEN.—Marguerite Clayton in that Essanay. John Halliday was the young man in "Mother-Love" (Lubin). Francis Bushman's eyes are blue. I had a *tête-à-tête* with him here one day. He is even handsomer off the screen than on.

HELEN I. W.—Your letter sparkles like a basket of jewels. H. A. Livingston was John in "John Bonsall of the U. S. Secret Service" (Selig).

FRISKIE TRIXIE.—Sorry you were disappointed with "Joyce of the North Woods"; you say you liked the book better? Irene Warfield and Richard Travers in "Grist to the Mill" (Essanay). Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "The Tenderfoot Hero" (Lubin).

PAULINE A.—Augustus Phillips was the outlaw in "The Girl and the Outlaw" (Edison). Robert Gaillard was Captain Jim in "The Pirates" (Vitagraph). Harry Northrup and Clara Kimball Young in "The Test."

JOHN G. F.—Julia Swayne Gordon was the lead in "Her Last Shot" and not Anne Schaeffer. What? Too much kissing in the films? Yes, but kissing is simply shaking hands with the lips. Germs or no germs, how are you going to stop it?

ESTHER, ST. LOUIS.—Albert Macklin was Bob, Vivian Pates was Mary. Tom Mix was Dakota in "The Law and the Outlaw" (Selig). Harry Millarde was Harold. Harold Lockwood is with Nestor. William Garwood was with Majestic last.

UNSIGNED, MIDDLETOWN.—Gladys Hulette was the girl in "The Younger Generation" (Edison). Alice's hair is between a reddish brown and golden. Do you get me?

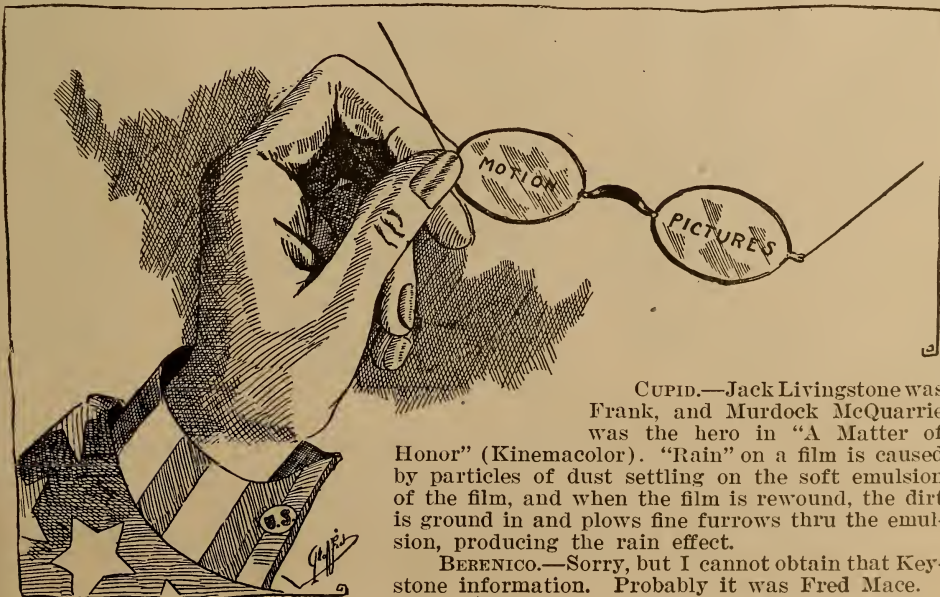
EDITH, 17.—Let me say a few words before I begin. You must not write to James Morrison and tell him how much you love him. Keep that to yourself. Dont tell anybody. Harry Lambert was the secretary in "Keeping Husbands at Home."

R. S. W., SYRACUSE.—Mary Ryan was leading woman in "The Evil Eye" (Lubin). She is no longer with Romaine Fielding.

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—That was a mistake. You did not mean Louise Beudet, but Lillian Walker. My fault. A fault confessed is half redressed; so?

M. C. M., CAL.—Robert Leonard was the hero in "Paying the Price" (Rex). Margarita Fischer was the girl. J. W. Johnston was chatted in the December issue.

ROSE E., 15.—Charles Kent was the doctor in "The Doctor's Secret" (Vitagraph). Helen Costello was the little girl in the same. Clara Young played opposite Maurice Costello in "On Their Wedding Eve" (Vitagraph).



CUPID.—Jack Livingstone was Frank, and Murdock McQuarrie was the hero in "A Matter of Honor" (Kinemacolor). "Rain" on a film is caused by particles of dust settling on the soft emulsion of the film, and when the film is rewound, the dirt is ground in and plows fine furrows thru the emulsion, producing the rain effect.

BERENICO.—Sorry, but I cannot obtain that Keystone information. Probably it was Fred Mace.

PASQUINET.—Grace Cumard was Billie in "Captain Billie's Mate" (Bison). Phillips Smalley was the poet, Jean Palette was his ward, and Douglas Gerrard was Tenor in "The Light Woman" (Rex). Dont know the size of Clara Kimball Young's eyes; probably about three and a half's.

E. B. CHICAGO.—Harry Gripp was Alex in "Twice Rescued" (Edison). You are right. The players laugh too much. They should laugh less and smile more. The smile is the whisper of the laugh. Ever notice that smile of Louise Baudet's? Is it not just too utterly too too?

SYLVIA L.—Lottie Briscoe was the wealthy girl in "A Leader of Men." Yes, that was Romaine Fielding in that picture. He happened to be in Philadelphia when the picture was taken, so he took part in it with Johnson just for fun.

LE MOINE S.—Evelyn Hope was Lady Rowena in "Ivanhoe" (Imp). Robert Harron and Lillian Gish in "The Lady and the Mouse" (Biograph). Phyllis Gordon was the Spanish girl and Harold Lockwood the American lover in "The Grand Old Flag."

M. L. S. A.—Adelaide Lawrence was the child in "The Influence of a Child" (Kalem). Beverly Bayne was Alice in "The Death Weight" (Essanay). So you dreamed that John Bunny married Mary Pickford? That wasn't a dream—that was a nightmare. You mustn't eat lobster and ice-cream before retiring.

KITTY C.—Pearl Sindelar was the woman, Margaret Risser the girl, and Eleanor Woodruff and Jack Standing the lovers in "The Depth of Hate" (Patheplay). You say you are afraid you will never meet me in heaven. What have you been doing now?

MRS. J. F. D.—Edwin Carewe in "The Judgment of the Deep" (Lubin). Edwin Carewe was Walter in "Tamandra, the Gypsy" (Lubin).

LEONARD D. R.—Tom Moore was the new minister, Thomas McGrath was Lem Ransom, and Alice Joyce was Nance in "Our New Minister." That motorman who escaped from the electric trolley must have been a non-conductor.

WALTER C.—Peter Lang was Pete, the artist; Marie Weirman was the girl in "Pete, the Artist" (Lubin). Edwin Carewe in "The Regeneration of Nancy" (Lubin).

CECILIA P.—Charles Clary was the young earl, Henry Lansdale was his villainous brother, Elsa Lorimer was the wife, William Stowell and Miss Sage were the children in "The Pendulum of Fate" (Selig).

GOLDBLOCKS.—Yes, she married a very aristocratic man. Actresses will happen in the best regulated families. Henry King was the lead in "The Mysterious Hand."

FLORA A. B.—Vivian Pates was Mary, and Albert Macklin was Bob in "Mother-Love." The latter is no longer with Lubin. Edgena De Lespine is now with Biograph.

WALTER C.—Leah Giunchi was Helen in "The Mysterious Man" (Cines). You refer to Fernanda Negri Pouget in "The Last Days of Pompeii." Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hammon in the Arizona Bill series of Eclipse plays. House Peters in Famous Players.



T. N. Gage.—They do say as how Movin' Pictures hurt a feller's eyes. Do you reckon they do?

R. E. Peater.—Aw! that's all poppycock, Si! I bin goin' to th' movies in th' town-hall every Saturday night fer nigh on three years, an' I picked this rabbit off at two hundred yards, first pop. Why, ol' Lem Jones was purty nigh blind till he got started goin' to th' movies. Now he kin see jest as good as anybody.

JOHNNIE, THE FIRST.—Thanks for the card. Fred Mace is with the Apollo Company. I haven't the name of the author of that pen-and-ink paper. Pauline Bush in "The Wall of Money." Peter Lang is now with Famous Players.

FLOWER E. G.—You should not take disappointment as a discouragement, but as a stimulant. And her name was Charlotte! Yes; Zena Keefe is playing in vaudeville.

ROSE E.—I am afraid you are no judge of good literature. Herbert Rawlinson is now with the Universal Pacific Company.

Lou S., NOR.—Mr. Sargent is with the *World*. Thomas Santschi is still playing for Selig. Vivian Prescott is with Biograph.

PANSY.—Peter Wade wishes to thank you for a nip of your fudge. It agreed with him. He writes: "Just wait until I get a comedy; I'll make it prayerfully good."

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—Adele Lane was the girl in "The Trail of Cards" (Selig). Marie Walcamp and William Clifford in "The Girl and the Tiger" (Bison).

HAPPY JACK.—Edwin Clark was the lover in "Why Girls Leave Home" (Edison). Robert Harron in "The Girl Across the Way" L. Orth was Dottie Dewdrop in "An Evening with Wilder Spender" (Biograph). Thanks for the verse. I agree.

SNOOKIE OOKUMS.—William Scott was the husband in "Destiny of the Sea" (Selig). Harriet Notter and Eugenie Besserer were the girls. I enjoyed every line of your letter.

PINKY, 16.—Harrish Ingraham was the officer in "The Smuggler" (Patheplay). Haven't heard Lily Branscombe's location.

BILLY J.—Victor Potel was the minister in "Broncho Billy's Sister" (Essanay). Louise Huff is from Edison and Famous Players; now with Lubin.

JANET A. M.—Pathé will not tell us the girl in "Missionary's Triumph." No, his name is not Mr. S. Polyscope! It is the Selig Polyscope Co. Mr. Selig is its owner.

CECIL.—Yes; Helen Holmes. William Brunton was the husband in "The Hermit's Ruse" (Kalem). Thomas Santschi was Railroad Jack in "The Redemption of Railroad Jack" (Selig). Adele Lane was the girl. Dolly Larkin in "Black Beauty" (Lubin).

W. H. T.—Hahn' noticed that Alice Joyce's smile is wearing off; it is just as charming as ever. You are wrong in assuming that because I said "I eat anything that is given me, free," I am a billy-goat. I get lots of presents, such as crushed roses and suspenders, but I dont eat them all. Kalem is pronounced K-lem, not K-I-m. William Worthington was the stranger in "The Restless Spirit" (Victor). You speak of my "genius as a writer," which proves conclusively that your literary education has been neglected. The eternal question, "Is G. M. Anderson dead?" has not come in this month yet, therefore something must be wrong with the mails (and females).

FRITZL.—Carlyle Blackwell is still with Kalem. Dont care to advise you about joining Moving Pictures; I doubt if you can get in.



Manufacturer.—Where's the camera man this morning?

Leading Man.—He's over in the grocery, taking a Moving Picture of the Roquefort cheese.

EDITH 17.—Al Green was Jerry in "The Reformation of Father" (Selig).

GIRL o' MINE.—James Lackaye was the husband of Kate Price in "When Women Go on the Warpath" (Vitagraph). Palmer Bowman was the doctor in "Our Neighbors" (Selig). Henry King in "Black Beauty" (Lubin).

LILLIAN E. C.—Romaine Fielding did not play in "The Sleepy Rival" (Lubin). Chester Barnett was William in "His Last Gamble" (Crystal). Earle Foxe was the artist in "The Girl o' the Woods" (Victor), opposite Florence Lawrence.

IRENE P., NEW ORLEANS.—Tom Carrigan and Adrienne Kroell had the leads in "Around Battle Tree" (Selig). Florence LaBadie and William Russell had the leads in "The Twentieth Centurian Farmer" (Thanhouser).

Joy, 450.—Harry Keenan was Texas, and Brinsley Shaw had the lead in "The Shadowgraph Message" (Essanay). Al Filson was the father, Jennie Filson was the wife, Al Green and Stella Razetto son and daughter in "The Reformation of Father" (Selig). Words fail me, so I can simply say thanks.

M. I. C., CANADA.—Thomas Santschi in that Selig. Broncho are hard to get information from. No, I have no small vices, but several large ones.

ROSE E., 15.—Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "His Code of Honor" (Lubin). Pearl White in "The Rich Uncle" (Crystal). Francis Ford and Grace Cunard in "The Black Masks" (Bison). Florence Weil was Mary Jane in "Mary Jane."

SUKKIE SAL.—Your verses will live when Shakespeare and Dante are dead. When they are dead, I believe they are immortals. Marie Weirman with Vitagraph.

Mrs. R. R. E.—If you want twelve consecutive numbers, you can get them at the regular subscription price of \$1.50. My name is not Lincoln Carter. Never heard of him.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Mae Marsh was Anne, and D. Crisp was Lee Calvert in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Richard Travers and Irene Warfield had the leads in "The Pay-As-You-Enter Man" (Essanay). Julia Swayne Gordon in "Daniel" (Vitagraph). John Breman and Ruth Roland in "The Fickle Freak" (Kalem). No. NO!

KATHRYN M., MONTROSE.—Mary Fuller is still with Edison. Charles Clary is tall and light. Yes, those Vitagraph society dramas give one a glimpse of the *beau monde*.

HERMAN.—You must be standing on your head, for you appear to see everything upside down. Vitagraph, not Biograph.

ORIENT.—Bessie Learn was the nurse in "The Doctor's Duty" (Edison).

EZRA.—You want Vitagraph to get a leading man for Clara K. Young, "and then we can see some good plays." What's the matter with Earle Williams, Costello, James Young and Leo Delaney?

V. R., MIXX.—Wallace Reid was Will in "Her Innocent Marriage" (American). Thomas Carrigan and Adrienne Kroell in that Selig. Richard Tucker was Frank, and Mary Fuller was Lali in "The Translation of a Savage" (Edison). Harry Millarde and Guy Coombs in "The Fatal Legacy" (Kalem).

GIRLIE U.—Charles Perley was the minister in "The Scarlet Letter" (Kinemacolor). Harold Lockwood was leading man in "Bridge of Shadows" (Selig). Kathlyn Williams in that Selig. Universal do not always answer our questions. A thousand thanks are due you, and here they are.

BLANCHE P.—Lillian Orth was the wife and Charles Murray the husband in "With the Aid of Phrenology" (Biograph). Lionel Adams was Jim in "Two Cowards" (Lubin). Charles Hitchcock was the policeman in that Essanay. Harry Myers was Harry in "A Hero Among Men" (Lubin). Edward Dillon had the lead in "The Noisy Suitors" (Biograph). James O'Neill had the lead in "The Count of Monte Cristo." The letters, telegrams, etc., flashed on the screen are not written by the player.

ALICE T. M.—Please give correct address next time. Your letter was sent to you, and it was returned. Mabel Trunnelle is with Edison now. That Majestic is too old.

BLANCHE L., IND.—You will have to give the correct title. Adelaide Lawrence was the girl in "The High-Born Child and the Beggar" (Kalem). Yes.

EDITH McD.—That is a trick picture, called double exposure. Harry Carey was the crook, Claire McDowell the girl and Charles West her lover in "A Tender-Hearted Crook" (Biograph). Henry King in "The Camera's Testimony" (Lubin). Thank you.

MIRIAM N., PHILA.—Yes; Owen Moore belongs to Mary Pickford. He is a brother to Tom. Marguerite Snow is playing for Thanhouser. So you think Edwin August a *bon vivant*. Most of the leading men are.



GLADYS E. S.—Sorry, but we cannot obtain the name of the player who played the part of Satan in the play by that name.

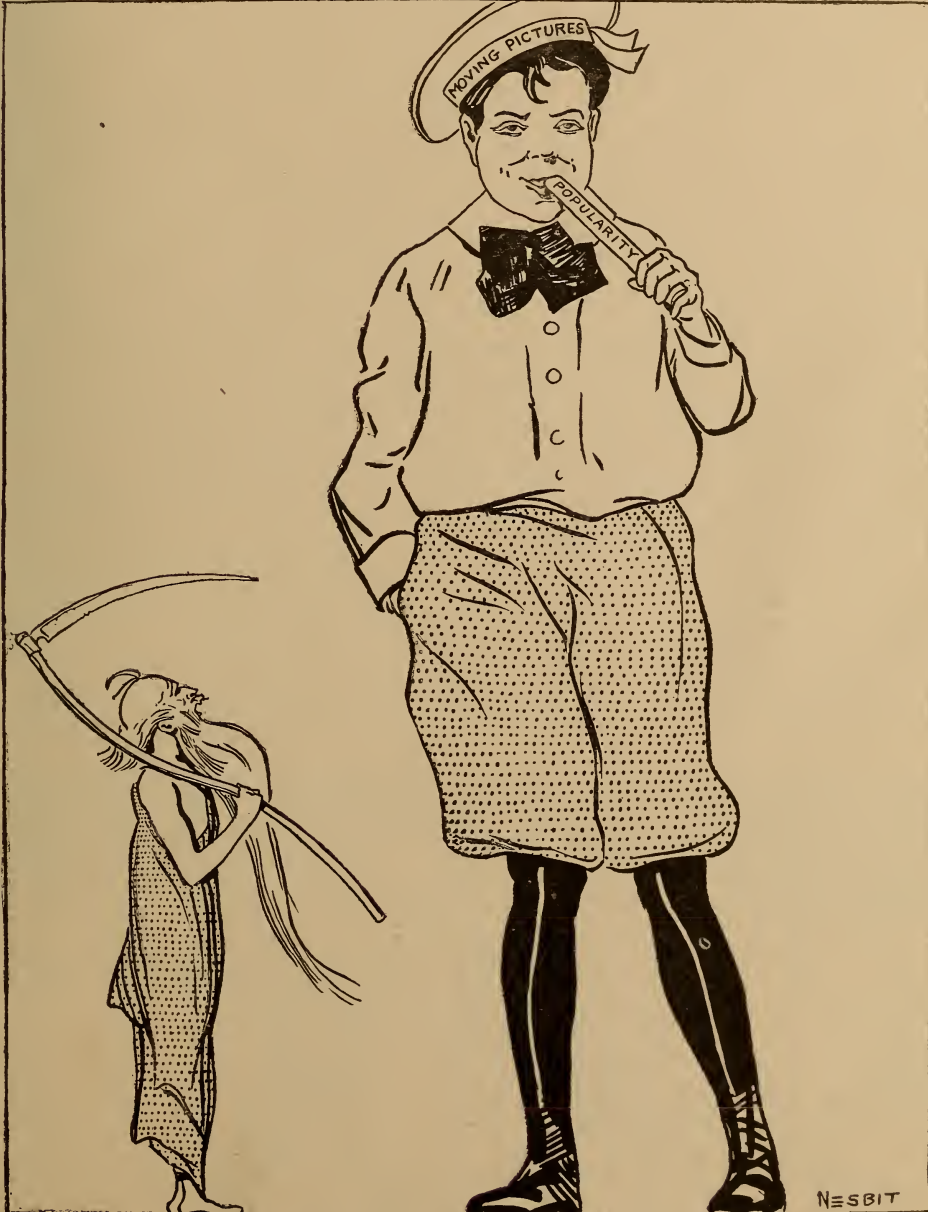
ZIP.—Henry King and Dolly Larkin had the leads in "The Message of a Rose."

W. G. R., NEW ZEALAND.—Alice Joyce is leading lady for Kalem. The names in our magazine are correct. Many of those in foreign papers are not.

WINNIE, 16.—It is reported that Mary Pickford will remain with Famous Players. The Popular Player books may be had from our circulation department.

BERTHA A.—Most of Alice Joyce's gowns belong to her. Ethel Clayton did not leave Lubin. Ormi Hawley has no permanent leading man as yet.

GIRLIE.—Edna Payne with the Eclair. Fred Church was the wounded man in "The Doctor's Duty" (Essanay). Peter the Great was large and powerful, and had bold, regular features and dark-brown curly hair; a rather ferocious countenance.



"MY! BUT HOW THAT BOY DOES GROW!"

LUCILE P., ST. LOUIS.—Blanche Sweet was the girl in "The Painted Lady" (Biograph). No, thanks; I don't intend to "cash in my cheeks" just yet. Expect to live to be 100. You don't think I am 72? Did I say years?

JOCK NO. 1.—You seem to be well informed. I value your opinions highly. Always glad to hear from you at length.

SNOOKIE OOKUMS.—Mr. Kimball and Laura Lyman in "Night Riders" (Majestic). Marshall Neilan and Pauline Bush in "Wall of Money" (Rex). The best way to "reduce" is to exercise, whether you want to reduce weight, expenses, or doctor's bills.

TOSCA, KIA-ORA.—Just send us a money-order for \$2.00, made out in United States money, and we will send you the book. Thanks for your kind remarks.

SOCRATES.—The wreck was made just for the picture. We expect to publish Edith Storey's picture soon. Your letter was written correctly.

WINNIE S.—Warren Kerrigan was chatted in May, 1913. We have that issue for sale. Clara K. Young was the girl, and Robert Gaillard was Jim in "The Pirates" (Vitagraph). Carlyle Blackwell and Billie Rhodes in "Perils of the Sea" (Kalem). Because the men wore knee-breeches in that period. Later on, only the boys wore half-masters, while their masters wore long ones.

ENTHUSIASTIC.—Maidel Turner was the woman in "Angel of the Slums" (Lubin). Henry King was the hero in "Medal of Honor" (Lubin). Yes, "Snow-White" was written by one of our Clearing House staff. Thanks.

E. G. F., HOLLYWOOD.—Edward Coxen was the bandit in "The Flirt and the Bandit" (American). I believe Warren Kerrigan must have a private secretary.

LINCOLN C. P.—That Selig was taken at Tucson, Ariz. The "Merrill Murder Mystery" was taken at Lake Placid, N. Y. Why is this thus? Whence the whiciness of the what? In other words, elucidate, and get a new lead-pencil.

DEAN LEX.—Jane Wolfe was the mother in "Perils of the Sea" (Kalem). Eleanor Woodruff and Pearl Sindelar were the mothers. Florence Lawrence in "The Spender."

PAUL V. C.—Marin Sais was the girl in "Trooper Billy" (Kalem). Anna Nilsson in "The Counterfeiter's Confederate" (Kalem). You say you will trust to luck. Don't! Luck is the idol of the idle, but not when you put a P before it.

BILLY, 15.—Very sorry to hear of your accident. Billie West was the girl and Robert Grey the brother in "His Sister Lucia" (American). Paul Scardon was Mr. Barton in "The Clown's Daughter" (Reliance). Mae Marsh was Grace in "The Girl Across the Way" (Biograph). Marion Leonard's picture in March, 1912.

PASQUINET.—Robert Leonard was Robert, and Margarita Fischer was the girl in "Paying the Price" (Rex). The verse is very good. George Washington is probably responsible for New York being called the Empire State. He referred to it as the seat of empire, and that is probably the origin.

LAURA S., CHICAGO.—Lew Myers was the Jew in "The Man They Scorned." I can't help you out from descriptions you give. You have Keystone players correctly.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Edna and Leona Flugrath are sisters, but not the other. Richard Tucker was Richard in "Jane of the Dunes" (Edison). Ah, put your foot on the soft pedal, my dear; not so loud. Calm yourself. Boil within; don't boil over. You mustn't expect all the plays and players to suit you.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Crane Wilbur was chatted in November, 1912, and Ruth Roland in August, 1913. Lillian Wade was the girl in "The False Friend" (Selig). Lord Roberts and Josie Sadler in "The Midget's Revenge" (Vitagraph).



F. M. B.—You're right. Frederick Church in "Broncho Billy and the Express Rider" (Essanay). He is doing good work these days.

FLORENCE W.—"My Lady of Idleness" was released July, 1913. Leah Baird was with Vitagraph at that time. S. Rankin Drew was the baron in the above.

EDITH, 17.—Lillian Gish was the girl in "An Indian's Loyalty" (Biograph). Jackie Saunders had the lead in "Gold and Dross" (Nestor).

ORIEL, 16.—Guy Coombs in that Kalem. Anna Nilsson was May. Frances Ne Moyer was the girl, and Robert Burns was Abner in "The Drummer's Narrow Escape" (Lubin). Marguerite Clayton was the girl in "The Redeemed Claim" (Essanay). Harish Ingraham was the son in "The Miner's Destiny" (Pathé).

WALT. C.—Edgar Jones was Ralph in "The Engraver" (Lubin). Edna Payne was the girl. Dorothy Davenport in "Pierre of the North" (Selig). Yes; some think "The Eternal Sea" one of the best things Lubin ever did.

G. Y. P. E.—Leo Delaney was the shipbuilder in "The Next Generation."

A. J. G., TURTLE CREEK.—Louise Huff was Mary in "Her Supreme Sacrifice." Marguerite Fisher is not playing. She is the wife of the Western Vitagraph director.

EVA L., BELLEVILLE.—Vitagraph produced "Tale of Two Cities." Thanhouser produced "David Copperfield." Imp produced "Ivanhoe." Send your scenarios direct to Vitagraph Company.

CARLOS.—I fear you are riding the wrong kind of hobby-horse. Photoplay writing is a serious business. Judging from the script you sent me, your hobby needs a veterinary. You say you have other irons in the fire; well, I advise that you put this script where the other irons are. Stick to school a few years longer.

VIOLET E. L.—Romaine Fielding and Gladys Blackwell had the leads in "The Counterfeiter's Fate." M. O. Penn and Pearl Sindelar had the leads in "When a Woman Masters" (Pathé). Yes; have met Mrs. Maurice, and I am hers.

JEAN, 17.—Jess Robinson was John in "The Rattlesnake" (Lubin). Tom Moore was the minister in "Our New Minister" (Kalem). I don't care to express an opinion on Votes for Women. But I have observed that some women say they want a vote, when what they really want is a voter. Most men think voting a bother.

G. A. P., LOS ANGELES.—James Ross was Mosly, and James Vincent was Frank in "The Virginia Feud" (Kalem). W. J. Butler and Mr. Hartsell were the fathers in "The Law and His Son" (Biograph).

SOCRATES.—Edith Storey has returned from North Carolina. Thanks for clippings.

HILLYBILL.—Don't believe all you hear about those articles. We do not get the casts for the new companies that release only one or two features.

BUNNY D.—Please do not ask about relations nor stage questions. Alice Joyce and Tom Moore play opposite.

ROBERT L. M.—William Clifford was Clifford, and Marie Walcamp was the girl in "The Girl and the Tiger" (Bison).

DOROTHY D., NEW ZEALAND.—Anderson is at the Screen Club very seldom. Send your letter to Niles, Cal. They are about 3,600 miles apart. Thanks for nice letter.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Alice Joyce chatted August, 1912, and Octavia Handworth in August, 1912. Yes; Talbot's book tells all about double exposures and trick pictures.

FLOWER E. G.—Stephen Purdee was the city idler in "The Christian" (Kalem). You are too pessimistic. Why not be a booster instead of a knocker? Don't tear down our houses unless you build us new ones. What did you think of the ending of that Selig?



DAN CUPID.—The Editor says that he regrets he did not give a list of "Honorable Mentions" in the last puzzle contest. If he had, your excellent solution would have been well up in the list. We are exhibiting many of them.

SUKKIE SAL.—Your rhyming letter is quite brilliant, but too long to print. I appreciate it, however, and enjoyed your humor. That Vitagraph is too old. Florence Turner had the lead. Alice Joyce was Peggy.

Mrs. J. H. G.—No offense intended, my dear. That was not intended for you. Always glad to hear from you. Sidney Drew appears to be a permanent fixture at Vitagraphville. He was a huge success on the vaudeville stage.

PEGGY.—Your verse is very fine about the players, and I shall give it to the proper department. Thanks. I have no control over the verse department.

EUGENIE V.—Francis Ford is still with Bison. Why don't you write him at Bison Co., Universal City, Hollywood, Cal.? We'll try to interview him soon.

GLADYS O.—H. A. Livingston was the naval officer, and Al Garcia was the prince in "Manson's Misery" (Selig). Mace Greenleaf died some time ago.

D. M. T., Colo.—Francella Billington was the girl and Larmar Johnstone the foreman in "A Perilous Ride" (Majestic). Harry Benham and Mignon Anderson had the leads in "A Proposal by Proxy" (Thanhouser).

M. E., RUTHERFORD.—Never mind; cheer up. Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater one. It never rains but it gets wet. And the rain fell upon the dust and said: "I am onto you: your name is mud." By the time you read this you will laugh at the incident. James Cooley was the husband in that Biograph. Lillian Gish was the wife and Frances Nelson the sister in "So Runs the Way" (Biograph).

FLORENCE R., ATLANTIC CITY.—Mildred Hutchinson was the little girl in "The President's Pardon" (Patheplay). Haven't the other Pathé.

SNOOKIE OOKUMS.—Francella Billington and Billie West were the girls in "Wedding Write-up." You certainly have a great opinion of yourself. Nothing like it.

TWINS & Co.—Dell Henderson was papa and Miss Ashton the wife in "Papa's Baby" (Biograph). Herbert Delmore was the husband and Mary Appar the child in "The Hands of Destiny" (Kalem). Edgar Jones had the lead in "The Invader" (Lubin). Gwendoline Pates in that Pathé. In "The Autocrat of Flapjack Junction" (Vitagraph), Carlotta de Felice was Edith, and Zena Keefe was Roma. Adrienne Kroell in "The Fate of Elizabeth."

GENEVA.—Apparently you have taken Quiney's advice. When you have a number of unpleasant duties to perform, always do the most disagreeable first. Florence LaBadie and Harry Benham had the leads in "The Beauty in the Shell" (Thanhouser).

ENNIE, TEXAS.—Lila Chester, Eugene Moore and David Thompson in "The Flood-Tide" (Thanhouser). Warren Kerrigan chatted in May, 1913.

VIOLET VAN D.—Harry Benham was Louie in "Louie, the Life-Saver" (Thanhouser). Winnifred Greenwood in "Step-Brothers" (American). Warren Kerrigan is with Victor.

FERN, 15.—Mae Hotely was the mother, Blanche West the daughter, John Ince was Jed and Arthur Mathews the poet in "The Mountain Mother" (Lubin). Why didn't you ask for the cast? William Stowell was the Water-Rat, Adrienne Kroell was Gladys, and Thomas Carrigan was Allan in "The Water-Rat" (Selig). "A Man's Affairs" is not an American. Fred Mace and Marguerite Loveridge in "The Doctor's Ruse."

ELSIE B. N.—James Cooley and Lillian Gish in "The Folly of It All" (Biograph). Frances Nelson was the sister in "So Runs the Way." Harold Lockwood the young man in "The Bridge of Shadows" (Selig). You're welcome. I guess there will be a revival of old photoplays, from the looks of things, for a large majority seem to want it.



MARGRET F.—You think Lillian Walker best in comedy parts and that her frown is painful. Oh, fie! fie! She is always charming and beautiful. You refer to Edward Coxen, of the American. He formerly played with Ruth Roland.

F. D., BROOKLYN.—William Russell was Robin Hood, Gerda Holmes was Marian, and Harry Benham was Alan in "Robin Hood" (Thanhouser).

L. C., CHICAGO.—So they have women police in your village. I favor women's clubs, but not for policemen. J. J. Lanoe was the clubman in "The Madonna of the Storm" (Biograph). Harry Kendall was Jimmy in "Violet Dare, Detective" (Lubin).

HITCHY KOO.—James Durkin was the young lover in "The Junior Partner" (Thanhouser). We expect to print Mrs. Costello's picture some time.

L'ALONETTE.—Blanche West and John Ince in "A Mountain Mother" (Lubin). We shall print Julia Swayne Gordon's picture very soon.

SALLIE JANE.—Looky here, talk is cheap, but food is as high as ever. To answer your questions would require a couple of hours in the public library. You omitted to enclose even a postage stamp, but I will try to get what you want some day soon.

A DIXIE JEWEL.—Just send in 10c. and the Clearing House will supply you with a sample photoplay. Haven't heard of that player being with Lubin. He isn't playing leads. Fred Mace usually plays the comedy leads for Majestic.

SEVENTEEN.—Grace Cunard in that Bison. Guillerme Gallea was Miguel in "A Mexican Tragedy" (Lubin). Yes, I accept anything. I think I shall have to start a museum in which to exhibit all my curiosities. Many thanks for the jack-knife.

HELEN L. R.—Richard Morris was the father in "A Deal in Oil" (Lubin). Julia Dalmorez was the gypsy girl in "Love Lute of Romany" (Essanay). Thomas Flynn was the son in "Life for Life" (Selig). Gertrude Bambrick was the girl in "The Winning Punch" (Biograph). Thanks for the clippings.

S. AND A. YETTA.—Ruth Hennessy was the girl in "Good-Night, Nurse" (Essanay). Robert Walker was the colored man in "Dear Old Girl" (Essanay). E. H. Calvert and William Bailey in "King Robert of Sicily" (Essanay).

ESKIMO.—Riley Chamberlin was the turnkey in "Little Dorrit." Thanks.

MINNIE.—Dear me! Can't you admire without letting your heart run away with your head? As my friend W. Shakespeare says, "Cupid is a knavish lad, thus to make poor maidens mad." That was Stepping in the Biograph.

WALTER C.—Valentine Paul was Paul in "The Wilds of Africa" (Bison). Phyllis Gordon and Viola Henshall were the girls in the above. Lillian Gish was the wife in "So Runs the Way" (Biograph). Yes, but Marguerite Clayton is no longer with Western Essanay. Alas, alack, she has gone on the stage with Henry Miller.

DEAN L., ST. LOUIS.—Francelia Billington was the princess in "The Heart of a Fool" (Majestic). Tsuru Aoki was the Jap girl in "A Japanese Courtship" (Majestic).

MARGUERITE K. T.—Adelaide Lawrence was the child in that Kalem. I am sorry you are hurt. Let's make the best of life.

HAZEL K. B.—The picture on the December cover was Anna Nilsson. That was a foreign Pathé. How about Carlyle Blackwell? Louise Glaum is with Kalem.

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—Clara Kimball Young was the girl in "Lonely Princess" (Vitagraph). Ask all the questions you like, but don't call me Grandpa.

MARGERY K.—Tom Mix was Jim in "The Escape of Jim Dolan" (Selig). Courtenay Foote has joined the Mutual. Yes, a good "Life of Napoleon" would make a fine feature. Lots of Napoleon films have been made, but none to show his whole career. Here is a good opportunity for somebody. It would do for a run.



BILLIKEN.—Perhaps you refer to Fred Mace. See his chat in April 1913 issue.
PIE, 1913.—Frances Nelson was the wife in "Diversion" (Biograph). Walter Miller and Blanche Sweet are both with Biograph still. Dorothy Kelly has been ill for some time. You're right about that company.

TOM W.—Jack Nelson was the lieutenant in "Geronimo's Last Raid" (American). Pathé wont answer on that other question. You want better pictures and less trash? Yea, my friend, 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

ORIOLE, 16.—That was Betty Gray in "Across the Chasm" (Patheplay). Claire McDowell was Olga in "The Stolen Treaty" (Biograph). James Cooley opposite her. He was with Reliance formerly. Mrs. Harris was the mother in "Daddy's Soldier Boy" (Vitagraph). Lillian Wiggins was Mrs. Wiggins in "Her Brave Rescuer" (Patheplay).

MARNIE.—Ray McKee was the boy in "Highest Bidder" (Lubin). Marguerite Ne Moyer in "A Sleepy Romance" (Lubin). Harry Carey in "The Van Tiara" (Biograph). James Cooley was the confederate.

SYLVA L.—Kempston Green was Jamison in "The Cry of the Blood" (Lubin). So you think that Mae Marsh never makes up. Well, why should she? Henry Stanley, Lillie Clifton and Velma Whitman in "The Magic Melody" (Lubin).

MAURICE S. M.—I certainly shall have to buy a fool-killer. I spent half an hour on your rignarole of a letter, and then I couldn't remember what it was all about. Your terminal facilities are inadequate, and your headquarters need renovating. Near as I can tell, nothing pleases you, and you are out of joint with everything.

BETTY BELL.—So you like Florence Hackett. Also glad you liked the last chat with Arthur Johnson. How about Florence Hackett's?

H. B. S. BLANCHARD.—Elsie Greeson was the girl in "The Missing Bonds" (Kalem). Irene Boyle was the girl in "The Pursuit of the Smuggler" (Kalem).

MARY M.—Florence LaBadie was the girl in "The Haunted House" (Thanhouser). Ethel Cook had the lead in "The Deep-Sea Liar" (Thanhouser). Yes, those managers who permit their patrons to talk so loudly that nobody can hear the piano should furnish a bale of cotton to place in our ears.

SHERLOCK HOLMES.—William Duncan was Buck in "The Capture of Bad Brown" (Selig). Thomas Santschi was the revenue officer in "Euchred." Helen Holmes was Ellen in "The Battle at Fort Laramie" (Kalem).

RAE, 18.—Marguerite Clayton was the girl in "The Struggler" (Essanay). Fred Church was the brother. Lillian Wiggins was Lillie in that Patheplay. Yours comes near being a *billet doux*. Mae Marsh is now with Mutual.

HELEN L. R.—That was Cornell University at Ithaca in "Dear Old Girl" (Essanay). Bushman's hair is light, his eyes are blue, and he is well constructed.

H. MACI.—The only way you can obtain an autographed photo is to get it from the player direct. Carlyle Blackwell is still with Kalem. "Les Miserables," which was not easy to understand, was produced by the foreign Pathé.

HELEN C. K.—Harold Lockwood was the bookkeeper, and Mabel Van Buren was Blanche in "The Bridge of Shadows" (Selig). Carl Von Schiller was Tom, Henry King was Jack, Joseph Holland was Sancho, Irene Hunt was Escita, Dorothy Davenport was Elsie, and Louis Reyes was the child in "The False Friend" (Lubin).

I. S., NEW YORK.—Brinsley Shaw not with Vitagraph now; cant locate him.

HAROLD D.—Winnifred Greenwood was Marie in "The Trail of the Lost Chord" (American). Marguerite Snow was Kitty, and William Garwood was Tim in "Her Fireman" (Thanhouser). Edward Coxen was Ed, Mabel Brown was Betty, George Field was José, and Lillian Christie was Conchita in "The Greater Love" (American).

MARY W., TENN.—Dolly Larkin, Joseph Holland and Henry King in "The Message of a Rose" (Lubin). Better remain at school and take full advantage of present opportunities. Then you will not be crying out, some day, "Oh! the years I have lost!"

MIRIEL L. G.—Zounds, donner und blitzen, and all that sort of thing! If you persist in asking fool questions, I'll bid Job good-bye and seek Jove, by Jove! Patience? Bah! How do you expect me to tell you how much a yard Ormi Hawley pays for her silks, and all that nonsense? Be reasonable.

EDITH S., PIQUA.—Carl Von Schiller was Bob in "The Actor's Strategy" (Lubin). Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood in "Their Step-Mother" (Selig).



NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—Fred Church is still with the Essanay. Francis Bushman is expected to remain in Chicago. Anna Nilsson's eyes are sky-blue, large and clear. Irene Boyle's are brown, as I remember them, large and beautiful.

✓ F. C. W.—Anna Little had the lead in "A Venetian Romance" (Kay-Bee). Earle Foxe was Bob in "The Spender" (Victor). John Ince was Rattlesnake Bill.

KITTY C.—Warren Kerrigan and Jessalyn Van Trump in "The Passer-by" (Victor). Please don't send me any silk socks. Thanks just the same.

SWEET SYLVIA.—Henry Hallam was the father, and Marguerite Courtot was the girl in "The Riddle of the Tin Soldier" (Kalem). Gladys Hulette was the stenographer and Edwin Clark her lover in "Why Girls Leave Home" (Edison).

MURIEL A.—Dorothy Phillips was Dora in "The Power of Conscience" (Essanay). Perhaps it is Arthur Johnson's *sang froid* that makes him so interesting, and perhaps it is his naturalness. He never seems to be acting.

BILLY, OF SUPERIOR.—Beverly Bayne was the girl in "Dear Old Girl" (Essanay). House Peters in "In the Bishop's Carriage" (Famous Players).

W. G. R.—I use a Monarch. Yes, we made the index before we went to press, naturally, and then discovered that "Letters to the Editor" were crowded out.

R. E. Mc.—Charles Arling and Lillian Wiggins had the leads in "Race Memories" (Pathé). It was produced in California. Don't think that play has been released yet.

W. H. T., CHICAGO.—So you think that the firm of Moore Bros., Consolidated, is clever, in that they enlisted the two best. Sweet Alice and Little Mary. You are going to taboo all companies who refuse to give the desired information thru this department, but your dimes will not count for much. If other readers did likewise it might make those recalcitrant delinquents sit up and take notice.

KITTY C.—Muriel Ostriche was Mary, and Francis Carlyle was John in "The Profit of Business" (Lubin).

MARY HOOTCHAMACOOTCH.—Maurice Costello was interviewed in April, 1912. Your letter is all right; write again.

M. A. D.—Look it up in the dictionary. Then you won't forget it. It is hard to tell whether you are simple or a simple maid. I give it up.



WARREN KERRIGAN

AUGUSTUS CARNEY

CLAYTON C. MAC.—Max Asher and Harry McCoy had the leads in "Mike and Jake Among the Cannibals" (Joker). Lillian Wiggins in "The Accidental Shot" (Pathé). Pauline Bush was the organist in "The Echo of a Song" (Rex). Robert Harron and Mildred Manning as the boy and cousin in "The Girl Across the Way." As I have said before, never argue with a man who talks loudly, for you couldn't convince him.

GLENWAY K.—Mary Ryan was the Indian girl in "Hiawanda's Cross" (Lubin). Henry King and Velma Whitman in "When Brothers Go to War" (Lubin). Denton Vane and Irene Boyle had the leads in "President's Special" (Kalem).

WILLIAM G.—Edgar Jones and Clara Williams in "The Invader" (Lubin). William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman in "The Capture of Bad Brown." Frankie Mann in "Double Chase" (Lubin). The Nash twins in July, 1913.

GEORGE L. M.—Ethel Clayton and Harry Myers had the leads in that Lubin. I have a number of very bright correspondents, and you are one of them.

ALOYSIUS.—I can tell that Alpha Bond now. Cant fool me on that water-mark. Marguerite Snow was the wife in "When Dreams Come True" (Thanhouser). Some companies have as high as fifteen and twenty directors.

ROXIE, MARLOW.—Write to Clearing House, mentioning the title of play, and they will advise you as to its present status. Courtney Ryley Cooper is not at the home office, but in Colorado. He sells all his scripts thru the Clearing House. It usually takes from one week to six months to sell a play. Irving Cummings is with Universal.

SOCRATES.—It is often necessary for a theater to raise the admission when showing a big feature, such as "The Manger to the Cross." That was surely worth 15c.

MADELINE S.—Kathleen Coughlin was Jackie-Boy in "The Doctor's Duty" (Edison). Kempton Green was Robert in "The Cry of the Blood." Anne Schaefer was the mother in "A Doll for Baby" (Vitagraph).

VERONICA, PATCHOGUE.—Edgar Jones was Mr. Holden in "Love's Test" (Lubin). Tom Carrigan in that Selig. Dont call me "O. Oracle, of Delphi," but by my right name, Answer Man. Are my answers oracular?

HORTENSE D.—Peggy O'Neil and Robert Drouet in "Getting the Best of Dad" (Lubin). Lillian Christy is G. M. Anderson's leading lady. Evelyn Sellie still with him.

WASHINGTON.—Mary Pickford is still playing for Famous Players. Harvard is the oldest college in the United States; established in 1638.

LILLIAN E.—Warren Kerrigan is with the Victor, at Hollywood, Cal. William Duncan had the lead in "Made a Coward" (Selig). Henry King was Walt in "His Last Crooked Deal" (Lubin). Lillian Gish was the wife in "The Madonna of the Storm" (Biograph). Earle Metcalfe was Sam in "Making Good" (Lubin).

CLARA E. B.—Eleanor Kahn was Dottie in "Thy Will Be Done" (Essanay). Mr. McFallon was the husband in "The Madonna of the Storm" (Biograph). Most players receive a regular weekly salary, but some are paid by the day.

PETTER.—Billie Rhodes in "The Man Who Vanished" (Kalem). Your letter is full of nonsense. Why not get a vacuum cleaner?

IONE D.—"Flying A" is the name given to the American Company. Your kindness is exceeded only by your fine penmanship.

VIOLET VAN D.—Victor Co. No. Anna Nilsson on the cover. Yours is *multum in parvo*. Tom Mix in "The Law and the Outlaw." Jack Standing was John in "A Father's Love" (Lubin).

TEXAS BLUEBONNET.—Henry King and Irene Hunt in "Love and War in Mexico" (Lubin). Harry Millarde and Marguerite Courtot in that Kalem. Yes.

TILLIE, THE FIRST.—Henry King, Carl Von Schiller and Dolly Larkin in "A Romance of the Ozarks" (Lubin). Isabelle Lamon was the wife and Edna Payne the niece in "The Other Woman" (Lubin). Kempton Green in that Lubin. Lionel Adams in "Love of Beauty" (Lubin).

JOHNNY C.—That was just a feature company. William Stowell was the convict in "The Ex-Convict's Plunge" (Selig). Sorry you did not like my verses. Are you so dignified that you cant appreciate a joke?



WHY THE OPERATOR LOST HIS JOB



JOHN was the finest operator that ever turned a crank or adjusted a carbon.

John was a husky, manly fellow. He liked his friends to call him "Jack."

But to call him "Johnnie" was like throwing a lighted match into a reel of film. There would be doings. He wouldn't stand for being called Johnnie

by anyone—except Mabel. Somehow or other "Johnnie" sounded like

music to him when Mabel said it. Mabel was the belle of her town. She had her choice of its wealthy bachelors, but being sensible as well as beautiful, she preferred a real man, so she took "Johnnie."

A short time after they were married Jack's luck changed. He lost his job. But a good operator seldom has trouble in "landing," and Jack soon had a new job. At the end of the first week he was let out again, and inside of several weeks he had been "fired" from six houses. Jack was proud of his wife—he didn't want the rich guys who had been turned down to have the laugh on her, so he began to worry. Worrying made him think. And in a little while he had doped the whole thing out like this:

"Proprietors kicked because my projection was bad—I let the house go dark too often; the pictures jumped all over the screen. I remember now that every one of these houses used a second-class service. Second-class films are always faulty—sometimes one reel has from fifteen to twenty patches out of frame and the sprocket-holes are badly torn. They have every fault a film can have, and even when they run smoothly only one in five is worth looking at. No operator could do any better than I did with them. After this I'll make sure that a house is using the best service on earth before I ask for a job in it."

Then Jack went out and landed a house using General Film service. That was three years ago, and he is still in the same job, well paid, well liked, and well satisfied. Mabel is happy and proud, and she and her two little Johnnies come regularly to see the perfect pictures that Papa projects.

The fans enjoy the good pictures which do not hurt the eyes, and operators appreciate the excellent condition of the films on the program of the

GENERAL FILM COMPANY (INC.)
200 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



GLADYS H.—Harry Northrup was the lover in "Sue Simpkins' Ambition" (Vitagraph). J. W. Johnston was the sheriff in "Cynthy" (Eclair).

M. M. C.—Loyola O'Conner was Miss Grace, and Hazel Anderson was Alice in "The Tangled Web." That was Warren Kerrigan and his little brother.

MISS R. L., OAKLAND.—Jack Standing was the husband in "The Other Woman" (Biograph). Paul Pauzer had the lead in "The Governor's Double" (Pathé). Jack Nelson was Dan in "The Finger Prints" (Selig). Rosa Evans was the mother. Carlyle Blackwell was young Shelby in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Vitagraph). Charles Eldridge was the butler in "Butler's Secrets" (Vitagraph). Lillian Wade and Roy Clark were the children in "When the Circus Came Around."

MISCHIEF A. M.—Albert Macklin was Bob in "Mother-Love" (Lubin). Maidel Turner was Mrs. Wisner in the above. No, honey, I am not married. Never came across anybody foolish enough.

TOODLES, GLENS FALLS.—Tom Carrigan and Adrienne Kroell in "Around the Battle-tree" (Selig). Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen in "The Ghost of the Hacienda" (American). John Ince in that Lubin.

MADLINE W.—Marguerite Courtot in that Kalem. Thomas McGrath was the father in "Our New Minister" (Kalem). No, not John Bunny, but the cartoonist who drew the Foxy Grandpa pictures with the bunny for the newspapers some time ago.

F. E., ROBBINSVILLE.—Richard Travers was the lead in "The Pay-As-You-Enter Man" (Essanay). Arthur Mackley had the lead in "Two Ranchmen" (Essanay). Kathlyn Williams was Mrs. Hilton in "Mrs. Hilton's Jewels" (Essanay). Bessie Eyton was Wamba, and Frank Clark was the doctor.

NETTIE E.—Alice Hollister was Sibyl. The Ridgelys have arrived in California. We shall print a picture of Gertrude Robinson soon. Marie Weirman in "Home, Sweet Home" (Lubin). That was a mistake, for the art of printing was known to the Chinese as early as the sixth century, but they printed from blocks. Gutenberg invented the printing press about 1450.

ELEANOR F. K.—Violet Fox was Violet in "Her First Offense" (Lubin). Tom Carrigan was the tramp and Adrienne Kroell the girl in "The Price of the Free" (Selig). Mildred Manning was the cousin in "The Girl Across the Way" (Biograph). Miriam Nesbitt was Queen Elizabeth in "Mary Stuart" (Edison).

MARIE E., BOSTON.—You want to know too much about me. I shall have to get a Boswell to write me up after I am gone. You say that there is no publication or person in the world who answers so many questions as I do. How about your parents when you were little? Sorry that Kinemacolor hurts your eyes.

PEARL H., OHIO.—Robert Gaillard was Bill, Edith Storey was Jennie, and Harry Morey was Dandy Dick in "The Barrier That Was Burned" (Vitagraph). Florence La Vina, Richard Stanton and Ray Gallagher in "The Will of Destiny" (Méliès). Marguerite Clayton in "Broncho Billy Gets Square."

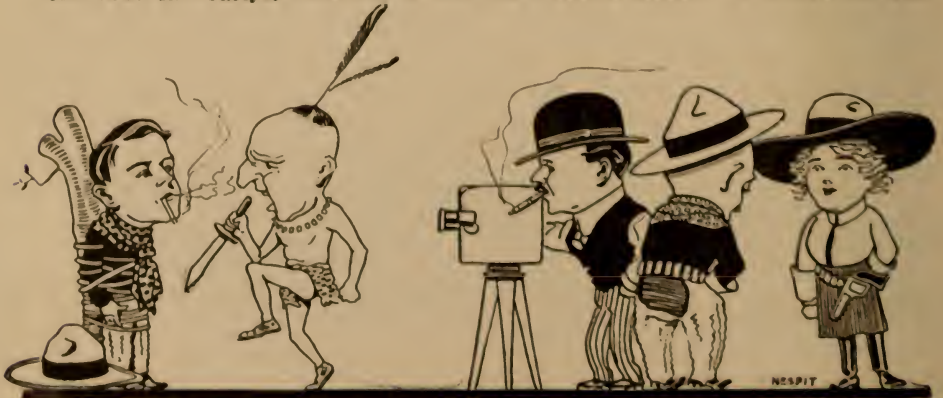
GERTIE W.—Ethel Phillips was the girl in "A Dumb Messenger" (Kalem). Mae Marsh in that Biograph. She is now with Mutual. Probably Harold Lockwood.

VESSA H.—Beverly Bayne is Essanay's leading lady. Grace Cunard in that Bison. Eleanor Woodruff was the mother and Pearl Sindelar the foster-mother in "The Two Mothers." Robert Gaillard and Clara K. Young in "The Pirates."

MARY B., CHILLICOTHE.—Palmer Bowman and Maxwell Sargent were the artists in "Two Artists and One Suit of Clothes" (Selig). Hans Robert was the sculptor in "The Grecian Vase" (Edison).

ALMA W. B.—Anna Nilsson played both parts in that Kalem. The child in that Patheplay is unknown. Certainly I admire the player you mention—those rosy lips, those snow-white hands, those feet—they're all immense, and she is a capital player.

STELLA E. E.—Carlyle Blackwell is with the Glendale section. Will chat him soon.





A FOB FOR KALEM "FANS"

This handsome fob is heavily silver-plated and oxidized finished. Center is of finest blue French enamel. Strap is best quality black, grained leather. A fob you will be proud to wear. Sent postpaid for 50c in stamps or coin.



JUST THE THING FOR YOUR DEN

Can't you imagine how well this superb, hand-colored photogravure would look on the walls of your den or room?

Carlyle Blackwell says this is his best likeness. You will think so, too, when *your* copy reaches you. It is 22 x 28 inches in size and costs only 50c., postage prepaid. Get yours to-day.

SEND FOR YOUR COPY NOW

**KALEM COMPANY, 235-239 West 23rd Street
NEW YORK**



RAE K.—Marguerite Courtot was the daughter in "The Mystery of the Tin Soldier" (Kalem). Eleanor Woodruff in "Her Honor" (Patheplay).

HELEN B. HOBOKEN.—Velma Whitman and Guillerme Gallea in "A Mexican Tragedy" (Lubin). Mrs. Taylor was Marion in "The Days of War" (Patheplay). Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner had the leads in "Over a Crib" (Lubin). Ethel Clayton in "Self-Convicted" (Lubin). Clara Williams in "Lonedog, the Faithful" (Lubin). Carl Stepping; and Marguerite Spooner was Miss Busybody in "On the Job" (Essanay).

AGNES M. A.—Jessalyn Van Trump in "The Passer-By" (Victor). Phyllis Gordon was Ametza in "The Grand Old Flag" (Bison). Phillips Smalley had the lead in "The Trifler" (Rex). You say that we have to go back four years to find a play as good as that Biograph, and then we dont find it.

DANIEL C.—Henry King was Bennett in "When the Clock Stopped" (Lubin). Crane Wilbur in "Gypsy Love."

L. McN. S.—Henry Stanley was Ramon in "Turning the Tables" (Lubin). Velma Whitman was the daughter. I cant tell you who was the "lady who appeared beautifully embroidered in a lovely white silk dress," nor can I find out who was the villain who embroidered her.

D. F.—Years ago I knew the Gregg system. Mae Marsh in that Biograph. Yes; Vitagraph is to have an elegant theater of its own at Forty-fifth St. and Broadway. and I suppose the other companies will follow suit. Mr. Kleine is also building one.

Mrs. G. S.—We dont hear much about that concern. Broncho and Keystone are both under the New York Motion Picture Co. management.

BARBARA C.—Thank you very much for the beautiful foreign postals. Beautiful!

MATILDA K.—James Lackaye was Hans in "The Coming of Gretchen" (Vitagraph). So you just want to know the size of my shoe. I'll divulge this important information —about half-past six, quarter to seven.

LOUIE, IND.—Edgar Jones was Zeke, and Louise Huff was Chispa in that Lubin. Robert Whittier was James. Henry King and Velma Whitman in "The Magic Melody."

M. M. C.—L. Guinchi and A. Novelli had the leads in "Quo Vadis?" Write to George Kleine, Chicago; perhaps he can get you photos.

SYLVIA L.—Grace Cunard in the Bison. William West and Billie Rhodes in the Kalem. Florence Lawrence at New York studio and Warren Kerrigan at California.

F. H. S., 14.—You say Gwendoline Pates is playing in stock in Massachusetts. Her picture appeared in February, 1912 and 1913, and October, 1913.

YRGYNIA.—How many hours' sleep do I require? Oh, about ten. "Nature requires five, custom gives seven, laziness takes nine, and wickedness eleven." So you see I am midway between laziness and wickedness. I *require* ten, but average only seven.

LOTTIE D. T.—Henry Walthall and Mae Marsh had the leads in "The Influence of the Unknown" (Biograph). Florence LaBadie and Walter Dillon had the leads in "The Lie That Failed" (Thanhouser). Edith Storey in "The Scoop" (Vitagraph).

BETTY B.—I never heard that Arthur Johnson could not swim. He did very well in "The Sea Eternal." Your letter is very interesting.

LESLIE J.—Louise Huff was the girl in "Her Supreme Sacrifice" (Lubin). Edward Coxen had the lead in "Red Sweeney's Defeat" (American). Jack Richardson and Warren Kerrigan in "The Scapegoat" (American).

IDA M. S. S.—Violet Fox was Violet in "The Reformation" (Broncho. Billie Rhodes in "The Man Who Vanished" (Kalem). No, I fear I shall never have a Boswell, hence I shall never be great, as I of course deserve.

OLGA, 17.—You here again? Yes; Crane Wilbur is. Mae Marsh in that Biograph. I ate no breakfast this morning; I feasted on the good things in your letter.

FLIP.—Fred Church was Ted in "Love and the Law" (Essanay). Romaine Fielding was the insane man in "The Harmless One" (Lubin).

Mrs. W. T. H.—Marguerite Courtot and Harry Millarde in "The Vampire" (Kalem). Thomas Santschi and Bessie Eyton had the leads in "Three Wise Men" (Selig). William Stowell was the Water-Rat in "The Water-Rat" (Selig).

MITT, JR.—Florence Hackett had the lead in "A Leader of Men" (Lubin). Lottie Briscoe was the little stenographer.

W. H.—Yes, a spade's a spade, whether you hold an ace-high or are digging for worms or a grave. But I must use parliamentary language here. Many fools rush in, but a few angels do not fear to tread, and that keeps up my spirits. You know that grass-widowers are called such because they usually let no grass grow under their feet. Courtenay Foote is with Mutual. Had I space I would tell you how to live, but I may say this: it all depends on the liver.

WALTER C.—Mr. Franz opposite Miss Farley. They can get any film they want, provided the exhibitor is getting pictures of that class. If he is getting first-run, he can select any first-run. Why dont you complain about the ads on the screen?

BRUCE, MEMPHIS.—Frankie Mann was the girl and Aubrey the foster-brother in "A Double Chase" (Lubin). Helen Holmes was the millionaire's daughter and William Branton the lover in "The Stolen Tapestries" (Kalem). Evelyn Selbie was Juanita and Eleanor Blevins Elleen in "The End of the Circle" (Essanay).

ANDY AND WOOD B. WEDD SERIES



ANDY CLARK



WILLIAM WADSWORTH

YOUR enthusiasm over the great "Mary" series proves your interest in this form of photoplay. The idea of making one character the central figure in a series of incidents, though each incident may be absolutely separate from the others, has proven immensely popular.

¶ We have begun two comic series written by Marc Swan, author of "Why Girls Leave Home" and other Edison comedies—watch for them. The "Wood B. Wedd" stories, featuring William Wadsworth, tell the near-matrimonial adventures of a fervent young swain, whose only desire is to obtain a wife, no matter what age, size or color.

*The First
Story*

"Her Face Was Her Fortune"

*Already
Released*

¶ The "Andy" stories relate the doings of Andy, a real boy, through and through. Like all small boys he does a lot of mischief, but his heart is right. Andy Clark, cleverest of the screen children, is irresistible as the doughty hero.

*First
Story*

"Andy Gets a Job"

*Already
Released*

TRADE MARK
Thomas A Edison

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., 144 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

LOTTIE D. T.—Velma Whitman was Nell, and Henry King was Sam in "Playing with Fire" (Lubin). Tina Kelly was the maid in "Mrs. Upton's Device" (Vitagraph). Beverly Bayne was the girl in "The Right of Way" (Essanay). Billie West was the girl in "A Fall into Luck" (American). No; F. E. G. does not belong to the club.

HERMAN.—Wrong, my lord; George Washington was six feet two, and weighed 220 pounds. Jefferson weighed the same, but was half an inch taller. They were the tallest Presidents we have had except Lincoln, who was six feet four.

OFFICER GGG.—Evelyn Selbie was the girl in "Rustler's Step-daughter" (Essanay). Tom Moore was the minister in "Our New Minister" (Kalem). Mae Marsh was Anne and D. Crisp the brother.

MARY ELLEN.—Eleanor Woodruff and Pearl Sindelar in that Pathé. John Ince was Rattlesnake Bill. Beverly Bayne in "The Death Weight" (Essanay). Louise Glauin had the lead in "The Quakeress" (Broncho). Leo Malouey was Jason in "The Demand for Justice" (Kalem). Helen Holmes was the girl. Lillian Gish and Mr. Fallon were man and wife in "The Madonna of the Storm" (Biograph). Thanks.

ELIENIDA.—A. Moreno was the son in "No Place for Father" (Biograph). Clara Kimball Young was the girl in "The Pirates" (Vitagraph). Lee Moran and Ramona Langley had the leads in "Their Two Kids" (Nestor). Mr. C. Hull was Jean in "Sapho" (Thanhouser). Frances Ne Moyer was the girl in "The Female Detective."

SASSY LITTLE.—Tom Carrigan in that Selig with Adrienne Kroell. The player you mention went in where the water was over his head—the part was not in his line. I wonder why directors will not take more care in making up their casts, which reminds me of Coquelin's words: "I have never played other parts than those which I could play. Did anybody ever see me play the lover? Never."

PANSY.—So Warren Kerrigan won in the contest running in *The Pansy Motion Picture Correspondence News*, with Billy Mason as second and Edith Storey as third.

G. AND P., CRAWFORDSVILLE.—William Shay was the reporter in "His Hour of Triumph" (Imp). Marie Eline was the Thanhouser Kid, but from now on she is going to be Marie Eline.

R. S., DERMOTT.—Well, why dont you tell the manager that you want newer pictures than ten months old? Edgar Jones and Clara Williams in "On a Mountain Ranch."

DIXIE.—Sorry to hear of your sickness. Earle Foxe opposite Florence Lawrence in "Girl o' the Woods" (Victor). Ethel Davis was the actress in "The Missionary and the Actress" (Selig).

O. M. S.—We have never printed a picture of Carl Von Schiller. That was a tamed snake that Romaine Fielding had in "The Rattlesnake." Yes, gruesome. We'll have to call him the Poe of the pictures. Richard Travers in that Essanay.

DOROTHY P.—Yes; Alice Joyce and Tom Moore in "The New Minister." Flossie does not write any more.

MAE P.—The verse is very good. King Baggot is not dead. But he is married. Gladys Hulette was the stenographer in "Why Girls Leave Home" (Edison).

JESSE JIMMIE.—The writing is all right, but of course typewriting is much better to read. Chester Barnett has left Crystal. Broncho Billy runs a theater in California.

W. R. BROOKS.—Dolly Ohnet was Edward Dillon's girl in "A Compromising Complication" (Biograph). You might try Biograph, but I doubt if they will help you.

HERCULES.—Warren Kerrigan is with Victor, and Jessalyn Van Trump is leading lady. The editor wants to cut down this department to ten or fifteen pages. What say you?

JULIET.—Come right along. Avenue M and Elm Avenue are the same station. So you have dropped all your lovers for Mr. Bushman. And you think that Ruth Roland is not a success as a bearded lady. Well, wasn't she when she removed the beard? She is interesting and clever in everything.

GRANNY.—I'm so sorry. Romaine Fielding was second in another contest given by a newspaper. Cant tell you why so few theaters in your vicinity run Licensed pictures, unless the people dont want them. It is just the opposite in other neighborhoods.

MARJORIE S. W.—Gertrude Bambrick was the girl in "The Lady in Black" (Biograph). Yes, but whom are we to blame for that immoral play—the writer, the editor, the players, the director, the manufacturer, the exchange, the censors, or the exhibitors? Perhaps the manufacturer never saw it, but he should be held responsible.

ALICE H.—Do you mean Mrs. Mary Maurice? She called at our office a short time ago. She is a lovely woman.

E. D. N., PHILADELPHIA.—Muriel Ostriche was the girl in "The Flood Tide" (Thanhouser). Marguerite Snow has been ill for some time.

NED, N. Z.—To whom do you refer, Gladys Field, Miss Fisher, Vedah Bertram, Evelyn Selbie or Marguerite Clayton? Miss Selbie is still with Essanay.

DORIS W.—Yes, of *The Moving Picture World*. I forgive you, because I forgot all about it. It is easier to forget than to forgive. Rosetta Brice in "Price of Victory."

BILLY, DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.—Wallace Reid seems to have your heart as well as your admiration. He had the lead in "The Wall of Money."

MRS. L. B. A.—Your letter is very interesting. Yes, table manners are very often forgotten in the pictures. You refer to Thomas Carrigan in the Selig. Thanks.

PATHÉ'S WEEKLY

Wherever events of real interest are taking place, there will be found a Pathé camera man securing pictures for the Weekly. It may be the inauguration of a president, the crowning of a king, a Mexican battle, a Balkan war, the wreck of a great ship, the successful trial of a revolutionizing invention, a world tour of two famous American baseball teams—any one, in fact, of a thousand different things, but alike in one essential quality, interest. No films made equal the popularity of this justly celebrated PATHÉ production.

**SEE IT
TWICE A WEEK**

MRS. G. M., ROCHESTER.—Hobart Bosworth and Marguerite Loveridge had the leads in "Seeds of Silver" (Selig). Your letter is as profound as Plato, as witty as Swift, and as bright as Holmes. When I die I will will you my job.

TARURU-A.—Dont know the "Gladys" you refer to. Name some of the plays. Gaumont does not answer nor give us foreign casts. Kinemacolor are at 1600 Broadway, New York City. Thanks for your nice words.

R. T. B., MELBOURNE.—Charles H. Mailles and Blanche Sweet were man and wife, and Henry Walthall was the friend. Wilfred Lucas was leading man in "Enoch Arden."

RHODA EARLE.—So you pick Earle Williams for a husband. Perhaps he should be permitted to have something to say about that. Write to Edward Lifka, 1944 Withnell Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., about the club.

F. L. C.—Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton had the leads in "His Children" (Lubin). Charles Perley and Linda Griffith had the leads in "The Scarlet Letter" (Kinemacolor). Harry Northrup was the player in "Playing with Fire" (Vitagraph). So you dont think you could sit opposite me three times a day, after looking at my picture. Well, nobody asked you to. We may publish a book, "Who's Who in Filmdom."

OGLALLA, SIOUX.—We can get very little information from Keystone, Broncho and Kay-Bee. Fred Church was the sweetheart in "Broncho Billy Gets Square" (Essanay). Yes, a picture of George Field soon.

DALE W.—Billy Quirk is on the stage, Warren Kerrigan with Victor, Ethel Clayton with Lubin, and Harold Lockwood with Nestor. Vitagraph have about as many players as any one. Yes, I manage to keep cool—with so many fans!

MAMIE H.—Thanks kindly for the cards. We do not carry that company's material. Viz.—Carlyle Blackwell and Billie Rhodes in "The Man Who Vanished" (Kalem). Warren Kerrigan did not play in that Selig. That Kalem was taken in New Jersey.

CURIOUS CLARENCE.—Lionel Adams and Mabel Turner had the leads in "Mother-Love" (Lubin). William Brunton and Helen Holmes had the leads in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). That Pathé was a foreign play, and we haven't the cast. We know of no place where you can get miniature photos of the players.

MARY P.—Louise Huff in "A Waif of the Desert" (Lubin). Where have you been? You are certainly *au fait* in the use of the king's English.

C. B., JOLIET.—Tom Moore was Dan in "The Primitive Man" (Kalem). Usually they use their own players instead of regular workmen. Thanks. That's right, aim high; the arrow in its flight always falls. What we earnestly aspire to be, that, in some sense, we are. Not much hope of getting Biograph chats.

JOANE D. P.—Marie Eline was the little boy in "Little Brother" (Thanouser). Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Blanche Sweet are still with Biograph.

MURL S.—It is well to fix your eye on perfection, but you mustn't expect anybody to reach it. Thanks. The Regent M. P. Theater is at 116th St. and Seventh Ave., New York City, and it is worth going many miles to see.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Carlyle Blackwell was chatted in July, 1912. Kempton Greene and Vivian Pates had the leads in "Bob Buys an Auto" (Lubin). Yes, we will chat Crane Wilbur over again.

JOHN F. F.—The sergeant in "Fight at Fort Laramie" (Kalem) is unknown. Al Garcia was the prince in "The Mansion of Misery" (Selig). Robert Burns was the thief, and George Reehm was the newspaper representative in "The Actress and Her Jewels" (Lubin). Albert Macklin was Bob in "Mother-Love" (Lubin). Walter Stull was John in "Beating Mother to It" (Lubin). Robyn Adair was Bob in "The Weaker Mind" (Lubin). Mildred Manning was the wife in "A Chance Deception" (Biograph). Frank Lanning was with Biograph last, I believe. Laura Sawyer is with Famous Players. Zena Keefe and Miss Raymond were the girls in "Does Advertising Pay?" (Vitagraph). Thank you kindly.

OIGA, 17.—Richard Stanton used to be the villain in the Molière pictures; he was with Kay-Bee last. Certainly, why not simplified spelling on the screen in the subtitles? That's just the place for it. Right you be again—most plays have too many sub-titles. It is hard to understand and to remember sub-titles, and when they are numerous it spoils our interest.

WANDA.—William Brunton was Pasquale in "The Express-Car Mystery" (Kalem). Harold Livingston was the messenger and Helen Holmes his wife. Robert Harron was the boy, Miss L. Langdon his mother, and Mildred Manning his cousin in "The Girl Across the Way." Yes; Mae Marsh was the girl.

FAY, of "CISCO.—"Romeo and Juliet" (Pathé) was taken in Europe. Francesca Bertini had the lead. Three or four thousand queries a month.

COURTENAY, NEW ORLEANS.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leads in "The Silver Grindstone" (Selig). Alice Hollister was the girl in "The Vampire" (Kalem). Everybody seemed to like the December number. Thanks.

SEVENTEEN.—Earle Metcalfe was Frank in "Partners in Crime" (Lubin). Ethel Clayton was the girl. Your letter is written correctly. Wonderful idea of yours. Next you will be nominating Bunny as Cupid.

MAY DE B.—You must not ask for descriptions of our artists. William Duncan.

The Vitagraph Co. of America

ANNOUNCE

THE OPENING OF THE

VITAGRAPH THEATRE

Broadway, at 44th Street, New York City

On *FEBRUARY 8th, 1914*

Devoted Exclusively to

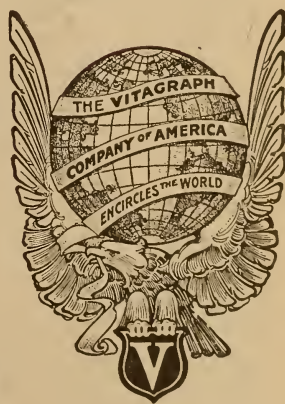
Premier Presentations

OF

Masterpieces

OF

Motion Photography



TO BE KNOWN AS

BROADWAY STAR FEATURES

MAXWELL.—Julia Swayne Gordon is with Vitagraph. Please don't ask ages. No! A copyright is not "a right to copy"—it's a cash-box for the other fellow's ideas.

JENNIE S. K.—Tom Carrigan in that Selig. Al Garcia was the legal adviser in "The Flight of the Crow" (Selig). You think that for dignity, repose and stateliness Earle Williams takes the blue ribbon.

R. M. G.—Wallace Reid had the lead in "The Spirit of the Flag" (Bison); Pauline Bush his sweetheart. So you think that counterfeiter play immoral. Anyway, a counterfeiter imitates a good example.

LEE B.—Sorry, but we have neither of your questions. Perhaps they will be in later.

FLOSSIE C. P.—Well, well, greetings! Glad to hear from you again. Your writing has improved wonderfully. William Russell is now with Biograph. Harry Benham plays opposite Florence LaBadie sometimes. Of course he has a wife. So you have gone back on Crane Wilbur. Oh, fickle Flossie!

I. B. INTERESTED.—The Universal have about ten different branches of different companies. The Victor is a branch of the Universal. Don't know 'Tom Powers' present whereabouts. Thanks for that list. So you don't like the idea of other magazines copying our contests. What about the "Great Artist Contest"?

MIRIAM G.—Never write what you dare not sign. Remember that some words hurt worse than swords.

OLGA, 17.—Say, by the way, when is that figure going to change? Have you reached that age when birthdays are forgotten? Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton had the leads in "The Scapegrace" (Lubin). It is impossible to obtain the names of the Japanese players in the Méliès plays. Mr. La Roche wishes to be remembered.

WALTER C.—The Vitagraph tell you what music to play for their releases, but they have just discontinued their music department. Don't know where you can obtain real Motion Picture music. Charles Bartlett was Jim in "The Struggle" (Bison). Why not try the Clearing House?

BILLIE C.—"Feature films" are more than the ordinary one-reel play. All multiple reels are called features. Only G. M. Anderson plays Broncho Billy parts. The actresses 'most always carry their own name after they are married. "Release" means to put on the market. Only the principal players are on the cast. Richard Stanton had the lead in "A Flame in the Ashes" (Kay-Bee). William Shay was the son in "Angel of Death" (Imp). Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley in "The Light Woman" (Rex). Douglas Gerrard was Tenor in the same. Mrs. W. O. O'Connell was the mother, Marguerite Fischer the girl and Robert Leonard the sweetheart in "Paying the Price" (Rex). Ella Hall was the youth and Lois Weber the woman in "Memories." Sorry, but Broncho does not answer.

ENGLISH, K. C., Mo.—Alice Hollister had the lead in that Kalem. Edwin Carewe was Robert in "His Chorus-Girl Wife." Billie West was the girl in "The King's Man."

ALICE D.—Henry King and Velma Whitman had the leads in "The Magic Melody" (Lubin). Adele Lane was the girl in "Good for Evil" (Lubin).

R. S. G., BROOKLYN.—Romaine Fielding is not at Philadelphia, but in New Mexico. Francis Bushman will get your letter if you send it to Chicago. The yell is good; I'll try it on the janitor and the cook.

WALTER C.—That Broncho we haven't. David Thompson was the doctor in "An Errand of Mercy" (Thanhouser). Virginia Chester was Ida in "The Price of Jealousy."

OLGA, 17.—The N. Y. M. P. Co. are on Broadway and Forty-second. Never heard of that person. Don't know where you can get passes to any of the studios. It is quite hard to get thru. D. Crisp and Alan Hale were the brothers in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Jack Richardson was the cowboy in "The Song of the Soup" (American). Vivian Rich was the girl.

MERELY MARIANNE.—Yes; Richard Tucker in "In the Garden" (Edison). Harry Lambert was Willie Jones in "The Line-up." William Brunton and Helen Holmes had the leads in "The Smuggler's Last Deal" (Kalem). Martin Faust was Tony in "When Tony Pawned Louisa" (Lubin). Harry Millarde in "Breaking Into the Big League" (Kalem). Helen Holmes was Claire, and Tom Foreman was Harold in "Battled, Not Beaten" (Kalem). Jennie Nelson was the cow-girl in "The Exile" (Lubin). Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner in "The Love of Beauty" (Lubin). You're welcome.

NEW ZEALAND SCHOOLGIRL.—Marguerite Snow was the girl in "Her Fireman" (Thanhouser). Bessie Eytan was the girl in "The Little Organist of San Juan" (Selig).

HOOSIER GRL.—John Ince in that Lubin. Lillian Gish had the lead in "The Madonna of the Storm" (Biograph). That was a mistake of the director. Reminds me of the Napoleonic legend in which the one-armed veteran drew his sword and cut off his other arm. The question is, how did he do it?

L. I. M., SAN FRAN.—Florence Turner is still in Europe. Tom Moore as the minister in "Our New Minister." Your suggestion is very fine, and it will be passed along.

C. W., BRONX.—No child for that Reliance. That Pathé was a foreign. So Ruth Roland told you she had an orange-and-black Chalmers. They all have the autolitis.

L. W., MELBOURNE.—Don't know if Stanley Walpole was ever with the Australian Photoplay Company. He was with Reliance.



Mothers of the Nation, Be Glad!

Our babies—who were dying one in six—are staying with us now. Their cheeks are dimpling with health because we are learning how to keep them well.

We are learning slowly this—the alphabet of baby health—that the Mother's milk is best; that cows' milk is for calves, not for babies; that germs lie in milk bottles—that the only substitute for mother's milk must be so like mother's milk that baby feels no change.

Nestlé's Food

answers the need. The purified milk of healthy cows from our own guarded dairies, scientifically modified, with baby's need of wheat and sugar added—that is NESTLÉ'S FOOD—cold water and two minutes' boiling prepares it.

12 full feedings await your baby here. Send for free can today. With it you will get also free the valuable book, "Infant Feeding and Hygiene." You owe it to your baby to read this book.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY

111 Chambers Street, New York

Please send me, FREE, your book and trial package.

Name

Address

.....



N. L. M.—We have always understood that Cleo Ridgely was Beauty in "Beauty and the Beast," produced by the Rex Company. Perhaps you have reference to another play by the same name.

EDITOR PRICE—So you liken me to the Statue of Liberty! Well, she is copper-headed. I thank you for your implied compliment in *The Publisher and Retailer*, and I am just conceited enough to reprint it here: "Those familiar with that most wonderful of magazine departments—the Answer Department of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE—will be more than surprised to know that it is edited by —, still of an age to be called —. The lady down on Bedloe's Island, if possessed with brains suited to her stature, would hardly be capable of handling the section of the magazine mentioned. How it is accomplished is a mystery no less great than what became of the circulations some of the magazines never had." If I had such a witty pen as you, sir, I would be happy quite.

(Continued from page 103)

stunts. I've been in the Movies only a year and a half—twelve months with Essanay. Just prior to that I was leading lady for two years at the old Central Theater in San Francisco, the home of lurid melodrama before the pictures put it out of business; and the place went up in smoke the other day. Those were strenuous days. I don't remember how many burning houses I have had to fall out of, or how many times I've dashed on horseback over that bridge mid-stage, and fallen, horse and all, lickety-splash and crash, into the great twelve-foot-deep tank that Mr. Howell built specially for these hair-raising feats. So it's nothing terrible to take the chances we do out here in Niles canyon. That's one thing I like about Mr. Anderson. He looks after our safety and welfare with never-failing care.

"I had lots of dramatic experience, of course, but, believe me, the picture business is my one love now. I've played stock in Harry Bishop's company of Ye Liberty, Oakland. That's what first brought me to California. Before that, I was in stock at Proctor's New York houses. Talking of experiences, I had plenty of them when I went thru Alaska with Tim Frawley two years ago. We put in a winter there and had to wait to be thawed back. Those people up there are fine, tho. They depend so much on each other that you get the real human nature at its best.

"What characters do I like to play best in the pictures? Oh, my favorites are Mexican and Spanish women and Indians."

"You are one of the best, if not the best, Indian women in the business," I declared. "Your appearance as such is perfect, so much so that no one would suspect, who did not know you, that you were not a real, full-blooded squaw." I am quite sure that if Miss Selbie had had a cigar she would have offered it to me.

Miss Selbie rose to throw herself into one of those picturesque poses before the camera in which she is so adept. "But," she called in parting, "I really do honestly and positively love California!" And I am sure that, so far as California is concerned, the feeling is reciprocated. I told her so. And her white teeth smiled from out the ruddy make-up as cheerily as ever smile adorned the face of Minnehaha. A. A. P.



PEN-AND-INK DRAWING FROM A FILM IN WHICH MISS SELBIE APPEARED

Most Actresses Have Beautiful Figures

—Do You Know Why?



This is "SPIRABONE" boning

BECAUSE they buy their corsets carefully. They know that their grace of figure, their success, depends on correct corseting.

2,000,000 Women Wear

La Resista
SPIRABONE
CORSETS

¶ Your favorite actress, whose grace and beauty you admire, is probably one of these 2,000,000.

¶ You will have a figure buoyant as youth itself if you wear **La Resista Corsets**. Cleverly designed and skilfully boned, they gently and comfortably persuade your figure into the new straight lines of fashion—and yet they are so soft and light that you never feel the least pressure.

¶ The secret is "SPIRABONE," the flexible boning found only in **La Resista Corsets**. "SPIRABONE" is as supple as your body itself. It yields to every motion and never loses its original shapeliness. Made of unbreakable, rustless wire.

¶ Send today for our beautifully illustrated booklet of French Corset Styles. It tells the secret of the Parisienne's fascination and shows you how to acquire a graceful figure by wearing the right corset. And it tells all about this wonderful boning, "SPIRABONE," which has taken the place of stiff whalebone.

La Resista Corset Company

11-A West 34th Street
New York

Paris

Chicago

HENRIETTA.—Earle Metcalfe was the rival in "The Sleepy Romance" (Lubin). Bob Graham was Tom in "The Special Officer" (Lubin). Billie Rhodes in that Kalem. Raymond McKee was the son in "The Highest Bidder" (Lubin). The story published about Maurice Costello was greatly exaggerated.

HARRY W.—Yes, I received a set of the prettily colored postal cards of players from the Film Portrait Co. They are very beautiful.

CURLY.—Thank you so much for your package, and since you say "do not open until Christmas," I am anxiously waiting. Again much thanks.

VENUS.—Gene Gauntier was Arrah, Sidney Olcott was Shaun, Jack Clark was McCoul, and Agnes Mapes was Fannie in "Arrah-na-Pogue." Your criticisms are good.

DICK, JACKSON.—William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman in "The Jealousy of Miguel and Isabella" (Selig). Fred Mace is with Apollo. Edgar Jones, Clara Williams and Franklyn Hall in "A Love Test" (Lubin). Send your letter to the Circulation Department on a separate sheet of paper.

KITTY C.—William Duncan in "The Silver Grindstone" (Selig). Thanks; I appreciate little gifts more than great ones, for the will, not the gift, makes the good giver.

MARNIE.—Dolly Larkin was the wife in "The Locked Room" (Lubin). So you think that fine acting depends on what's inside rather than on what they do outside. Well, it may be that it was "The heaven within her that made a heaven without," but you cant tell. Mansfield was often a tyrant, yet a master actor.

SHAMROCK, N. O.—Evelyn Selbie had the lead in "A Western Sister's Devotion" (Essanay). Warren Kerrigan was Master Kirby in "The Passer-by" (Victor).

MARGERY Y.—Florence Barker was the girl in "The Sealed Envelope" (Powers). Why dont you write to the manager, if you dont want to talk to him?

R. H. P.—Yes, there are lots of screens on the market, and others on the way. A new mirror screen has been invented by H. Pannill, of Petersburg, W. Va., and has created no little interest, as it seems to meet conditions which heretofore have been very troublesome. It is said to be unbreakable, highly reflective, and that light cannot penetrate thru its planed surface.

BROWN EYES.—Jack Standing and Margaret Risser had the leads in "Depths of Hate" (Pathé). Mr. Brenner and Miss Kraull had the leads in "The Sacrifice."

W. G. T.—William Stowell was the leader of the gang. Tom Carrigan the lead in that Selig. Marin Sais was Trooper Billy. Jane Wolfe was the half-breed's mother.

G. V., SAN FRAN.—Paul Panzer was the lead in "A Phony Alarm" (Patheplay). Frederick Church was the messenger in "The Doctor's Duty" (Essanay).

SWASTIKA.—Carlyle Blackwell is still with Kalem. Dont know Robyn Adair's present whereabouts. The same of Brinsley Shaw.

THE CANADIAN ADMIRER.—Well, write her and tell her. All players, like all women, like to be loved, and like to be told. But dont write love-letters to them. Edwin Carewe and Violet Foxe were brother and sister in "Her First Offense." Gertrude Bambrick the lady in black. So you think Jane Fearnley will fill Leah Baird's place.

DOROTHY F.—I know of no studio in Minneapolis. He is in California. We have never printed Florence Roberts' picture. So you like pictures showing the people who live in the "uninhabited" portions of the globe!

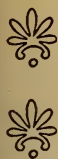
W. R. K., COLUMBUS.—Carlyle Blackwell was Hobart and Billie Rhodes the daughter in "The Man Who Vanished." Buster Emmons the small boy in "Jim's Reward."

STATISTICS REPORT

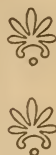
At the last count of the postal cards received, the result stood as follows:

	Yes	No
1. Do you prefer multiple reels?.....	5381	5062
2. Are there enough educationals?.....	4787	5724
3. Favor changing pictures every day?.....	4109	4143
4. Favor a revival?.....	7764	9042
5. Do you like comedies?.....	6542	3669
6. Do you like classics?.....	7906	364
7. Do you like dramas?.....	7581	3746
8. Do you like Westerns?.....	5106	3222
9. Do you like war pictures?.....	4603	3441
10. Do you think pictures should be censored?.....	4985	3068
11. Do you think public should censor?.....	3304	4863
12. Do you make your wants known to the manager of your theater?	3046	5107

5,908 people prefer dramas, 1,600 educationals, 684 war pictures, 1,018 Westerns, and 1,446 comedies.



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Address.....

WALTER C.—Gold Seal is Universal. Domino is New York Motion Picture. David Hartford was the governor of Jamaica in "The Black Flag" (Gold Seal).

PIANIST.—Harry Myers was Harry Phillips in "A Momentous Decision" (Lubin). You think Bunny's shape is his fortune? He says it's his face.

JEAN B.—Mae Marsh was the girl in that Biograph. Harry Carey was the detective and Claire McDowell the girl in "The Van Nostrand Tiara" (Biograph). Harold Lockwood was the Lieutenant in "The Fighting Lieutenant" (Selig).

EVERETT D.—Edison added new scenes to "Why Girls Leave Home." The first one was produced some years ago. Lillian Gish in "A Woman in the Ultimate" (Biograph). I shall try not to let that happen again.

YOLKE.—Barney Gilmore, George Parton, James O'Neil, James Johnston and Joseph Levering all played in "Fight for Millions." Dont know which was the burglar.

HELEN, FROM HELENA.—William Brunton and Helen Holmes in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). My experience has been that most people who are saying that there should be more educationals are those who want dramas and comedies for themselves and educationals for other people.

LILY MAY C.—Margaret Risser was the sweetheart in "Too Many Tenants" (Pathé), which was a very funny play. Viola Barry was the girl in "A Frightful Blunder" (Biograph). Thank you kindly for all the information.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Joseph Holland was Jim, and Carl Von Schiller was Tom in "Breed of the West" (Lubin). Robert Walker was the father in "The End of the Run" (Kalem). James Ross was Rufus. Herbert Rawlinson and Marguerite Loveridge had the leads in "Buck Richards' Bride" (Selig). Madame Claudia was Zuma in "Zuma the Gypsy" (Kleine). Octavia Handworth was chatted in August, 1912.

HOOSIER GIRL.—Harry Carey in that Biograph. Why not try the Photoplay Clearing House? Yes, they had that quotation wrong. It was Ella Wheeler Wilcox who said "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone."

MARGUERITE C.—Earle Metcalfe and Ethel Clayton opposite Harry Myers in "Partners in Crime" (Lubin).

VESTA, SPRINGFIELD.—Harrish Ingraham was the nephew in "The Merrill Murder Mystery" (Patheplay). Rupert Julian in "The Shadows of Life" (Rex).

G. T., LAMA.—Violet Mesereau was the girl in "Blue Ridge Mountains" (Imp). You are entirely right. As Balzac says, "The deeper the feeling, the less demonstrative will be the expression of it." The better players do not rant and saw the air.

ELFRIEDA.—Gertrude Robinson was with Biograph last. No: Mrs. Mary Maurice is not Mr. Costello's mother. That's right; keep busy. The secret of happiness is never to let your energies stagnate.

GINGER.—Marian Cooper in that Kalem. Have no cast for that Pathé. See elsewhere about the club. Thanks for your nice letter.

MABEL, MIDGE G.—The question has been answered several times—Mabel Normand formerly played for Biograph before going with Keystone.

DIXIE.—Orni Hawley has no permanent leading man as yet. Rogers Lytton and Julia S. Gordon in "Daniel" (Vitagraph). James Morrison is with Vitagraph. Yes, there is a George Bunny.

ROQUA.—Velma Whitman in "Magic Melody" (Lubin). Lillian Orth in that Biograph. Florence Foley was the little girl in "The Carpenter" (Vitagraph).

DOROTHY E. L.—So you think the diver in "The Diver" (Vitagraph) was a man. No, no; she is Madame Ideal. You say Earle Williams did not make love to her thru the whole play, and yet he was in love with her. I didn't notice anything wrong.

GUSY.—Mary Ryan was the girl in "The Rattlesnake" (Lubin), as I said before, and I dont know who was the rattlesnake. Gwendoline Pates in that Pathé. Grace Cusard in the Bison, and Mae Marsh in the Biograph. Yes, children are like the photo-film—they take any impression, good or bad. But remember that all plays cannot be written for children. Some day we shall have children's theaters.

CLAIRA, 18.—Lee Maloney and Helen Holmes in "The Battle at Fort Laramie" (Kalem). Gladys Brockwell in "The Counterfeiter's Fate" (Lubin). Cant give you the name of that baby, for the simple reason that it hasn't been named yet.

54-40 D.—Edgar Jones in "From Out of the Flood" (Lubin). Taken at Betzwood.

MARGARET A.—Bert French and Alice Eis did the dance in "The Vampire" (Kalem). Lionel Adams and Mabel Turner in "The Great Discovery" (Lubin). James Cooley in that Biograph. Edgar Jones and Robert Graham in "Waif of the Desert" (Lubin).

CARLISLE H. S.—"Who Will Marry Mary?" (Edison) was taken at Searsport, Me. Write Famous Players about Mary Pickford.

OLGA, 17.—Henry King was the governor in "Life, Love and Liberty" (Lubin). Velma Whitman was the girl. Yes; Ray Gallagher the brother. We do not always love those whom we admire, unless it is ourselves. When you say you simply love that player, you mean that you admire him—so?

KENNETH F., BUFFALO.—Yes; Mary Fuller's picture has appeared in the gallery about ten times. Her latest was November, 1913. Alice Joyce and Tom Moore in "Our New Minister" (Kalem). Kathleen Coughlin was the little boy in "The Doctor's Duty."

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F. X. E., CLEVELAND.—Blanche Sweet is playing regularly. Write Circulation Manager about magazines. Perhaps you refer to Robert Harron.

H. M. G.—Address of correspondence club elsewhere. Glad you liked the puzzle.

M. C., TORRINGTON.—Yes, Vitagraph sell pictures. We shall print a picture of Maurice Costello soon. You hit the nail right on the head, and hit it hard.

RAGGED PRINCESS.—Keystone is at 1712 Alessandro Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

LOTTIE D. T.—James Cooley and Lillian Gish in that Biograph. Lillian Wiggins in "Lillie's Nightmare" (Pathé). Ada Gifford was Mary in "Cutley's Waterloo" (Vitagraph). James Durkin was the lover in "The Junior Partner" (Thanhouser).

JOHNIE X.—The picture is of Mary Pickford. Will see about a chat with Helen Gardner. No, I do not carry life insurance. I find that honesty is the best policy.

HELEN L. R.—Pardon me if I omitted to thank you for the clippings. I get hundreds from all over the world, and read them with pleasure and profit. "The Snare" (Essanay) was released Oct. 17, 1912. Don't know the name of that picture. Now you want William Bailey chatted. Henry King and Velma Whitman had the leads in "Turning the Tables" (Lubin). Tom Mix in "The Escape of Jim Dolan" (Selig).

MARGORIE M. M.—James Cooley in that Biograph. Adele Lane was Mrs. Lean, and Charles Clary was Mr. Lean in "Dorothy's Adoption" (Selig). Peggy O'Neill and Robert Drouet in "Getting the Best of Dad" (Lubin).

CEILA K.—Earle Metcalfe was one of the partners in "Partners in Crime" (Lubin). Romaine Fielding in "When Mountains and Valley Meet."

MARY P.—Denton Vane was the son in that Kalem. Yes, callers are welcome here, but only by appointment, because we have work to do, sometimes.

JAMES C. R.—I never knew that Ormi Hawley appeared in any of the Dayton flood pictures. The flood was taken by Pathé's Weekly.

GRACIOUS.—Gene Pallette was the sheriff in "The Suspended Sentence" (American). George Field was the "no account" in "The Orphan's Mine" (American). Charles West was the city son in "The Work Habit," and Harry Carey the son-in-law.

M. E. R., CAMDEN.—"The Yellow Streak" was taken at Lake Placid, N. Y., by Pathé. So you think John Bunny a lemon? Why not call him a grape-fruit? And please name a greater comedian of his kind and win a prize.

OLGA, 17.—Yale Brenner was the chauffeur in "Tongues That Slander" (Edison). You love blond villains and dark heroes. Mabel Van Buren was the mother and Roy Clarke the child in "The Probationer" (Selig). Thanks.

LOTTIE D. T.—James Cruze and Jean Darnell had the leads in "The Message to Headquarters" (Thanhouser). Edgar Jones and Clara Williams in "Over the Divide" (Lubin). Charles Kent and Julia S. Gordon in "In The Days of Terror" (Vitagraph). Richard Tucker and Marie Tener in "No Cooking Allowed." Yes; Lillian Christy is with Essanay; also Robert Grey. Mr. Newburg and Miss Claire in "A Dixie Mother."

ADRIA S.—Sorry, but we can obtain no information from Broncho, Kay-Bee, etc. They are still asleep at the switch with their information.

LAUNCE, THE FOOL.—I take no tonic, my child, before doing the inquiries. Write direct to Essanay for Francis Bushman, Chicago, Ill. Thanks for your good words.

E. G. B.—Charles Murray is working hard for Biograph. Betty Gray was the daughter in "The Smuggler" (Patheplay). J. A. Berst was the head of the Pathé Company in America, but he has resigned. Thank you.

MARGORIE M. M.—Harry Morey was Vincent in "The Next Generation" (Vitagraph). Lillian V. Mulhearn was Margaret in "The Diver" (Vitagraph). Glad you liked our chat with Mr. Edison, but sorry that you learnt more about other great characters in history from it than you learnt of Mr. Edison. Well, that is a complimentary criticism. And since you say that you are now convinced that he is a great man, the chat evidently taught you something about him that you did not know.

WALTER C.—Lamar Johnstone had the lead in "The Greater Love" (Majestic). George in that Vitagraph is not on the cast. The husband in "Signs and Omens" (Vitagraph) is unknown. Sidney Bracey was the umbrella dealer in "The Hoodoo Umbrella" (Vitagraph). The fake doctor in that Thanhouser is not cast. William Branton was the villain in "The Monogrammed Cigaret" (Kalem).

J. S. M.—Phillips Smalley was the poet and Lois Weber the leading woman in "The Light Woman" (Rex). William C. Hull was Jean in "Sapho" (Majestic). William Stowell in "The Water-Rat" (Selig). Darwin Karr in "Retribution" (Solax). Robert Leonard and Margarita Fischer in "Paying the Price" (Rex). Caroline Cook was Octavia in "In the Days of Trajan" (American). William Scott and Harriet Notter in "Destiny of the Sea" (Selig).

FREDERICK D.—Irene Howley and Miss Hartigan in "His Inspiration" (Biograph). Marguerite Clayton was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Secret" (Essanay).

MAURICE.—You say that Clara Young is a peach and that you would like to make a date with her to meet you at the fountain. Well, to write stuff like that to me shows that you are what is commonly termed a lemon, all of which makes a fine assortment of fruit—peaches, dates and lemons. Again, *this is no matrimonial bureau*.

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Gentlemen:

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You have put the feathers on the arrow which sent it straight to the mark. Also, I thank you for the check (\$25.00) for the same. I am taking further advantage of the Photoplay Clearing House methods and efficiency by sending you another script. Acknowledging your service as a time and money saver,
Summit Hill, Pa.

RICHARD T. JONES.

Gentlemen:

Beg to acknowledge receipt of yours of the 21st enclosing check for \$25 from the Biograph Company for my scenario, "Silvano Assists," and am herewith returning the signed waivers.

I take pleasure in saying that your business methods have made a "hit" with me. While I have sold scenarios to a number of companies, I had always considered the Biograph market for dramas so limited that it was scarcely worth while, and your work in this case convinces me that even the most exclusive markets must consider the scenarios your judgment prompts you to offer as being worthy of the most careful consideration.
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"Buddy's First Call".....	20.00
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I find now that I can also use "Brandon's Last Ride," by C. E. McMorris, Tampa, Fla., and, as it is marked at "usual rates," I herewith enclose check for fifty (\$50.00) dollars for this two-reel subject.

I am going to send it to our Western company for production. Very truly yours,

THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA,
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It will be read by competent readers, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and, when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections, offering to return it at once, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. IF THE MANUSCRIPT IS HOPELESS, WE SHALL SO STATE, and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming various books, experts and schools to select from.

Fee for reading, criticism and filing, \$1.00 (multiple reels, \$1.00 per reel), but to readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE it will be only 50c., provided the annexed Coupon accompanies each script; for multiple reels, 50c. per reel. For typewriting, a charge of \$1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. Return postage should be included, and foreign contributors should allow for U. S. exchange. Enclose P. O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed you will find scenario No. 1047, which I would like you to re-list. I trust that you will be able to market it and that I have reconstructed it satisfactorily. I certainly like your method and hope to send you many scripts.
220 W. 107th St., New York.

STELLA R. CONE.

Gentlemen:

Your success with a scenario which had been lying in a pigeon-hole for months, and which I had very little hope of selling, is a delightful and gratifying surprise. Now beware of the deluge. I return contract signed.
4346 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

LEON GOLDING.

Photoplay Clearing House,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I thank you for the consideration which you have given to my photoplay, "Shanghaied," your number 2594. The criticism which you gave me has been very helpful and I believe has pointed out to me my fundamental weaknesses in this line of work. I believe that I should prefer to undertake the work of reconstructing this manuscript myself, as only by personal experience may I hope to gain success as a photoplay writer. I am therefore asking you to return my manuscript at your earliest convenience. Should I desire to resubmit this photoplay to you after reconstructing it, will there be another charge, and if so, what?
Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania.

RAYMOND T. BYE.

[There is no extra fee for re-listing revised plays.
(Signed) PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE.]

I am delighted at your success in disposing of "Dr. Polly," and thank you for your efforts. I am encouraged to develop some of the ideas that I have "in stock," and will be pleased to use your services if you can get as good prices for equal quality. Very truly,
82 W. 174th St., N. Y. City.

HELEN M. HODSDON.

Gentlemen:

I am just in receipt of your check (\$25.00 less commission and postage expended) in payment for my scenario number 1940, entitled "The Smuggler's Daughter," which you sold to the Eclair Company. I wish to express my gratefulness to your company for the disposal of this photoplay and also for your interest taken in my work.

Thanking you again, I remain,
608 E. Worth St., Stockton, Cal.

LELAND J. KEYS.

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175 Duffield St., B'klyn, N. Y.

WILLIAM F.—Thanks for the pretty calendar. J. M. Sullivan was the President, Denton Vane the son and Irene Boyle the wife in "The President's Special" (Kalem). Henry King was George, Henry Stanley was Mann, Velma Whitman the stenographer and Dolly Larkin the wife in "When the Clock Stopped" (Lubin). Richard Peer was Tommy in "Tommy's Stratagem" (Edison).

RED-HEADED NUT.—Irene Howley was the girl in "The Elemental World" (Biograph). Hers is the only name we have. You can see the point with both eyes shut.

F. A. A.—Thomas Jefferson was the father in "No Place for Father" (Biograph). Harold Lockwood was the lead in "Phantoms" (Selig). George Gebhardt had the lead in "The Mexican's Defeat" (Pathé). Dave Morris was father in "Father's Chicken Dinner" (Biograph). Gwendoline Pates did not return to Pathé; she is on the stage. Helen Holmes in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). Don't think she was ever with Lubin.

EVA A. C.—Mildred Hutchinson was the girl in "President's Pardon" (Pathé). Mr. Hoyt was Old Coupons in "Old Coupons" (Biograph). Jack Richardson was Raj Singh in "The Occult" (American). King Baggot was at the bat in "Ivanhoe."

BEBBIE B.—Eugenie Besserer was leading woman in "Phantoms" (Selig). Harold Lockwood was the actor, and Lillian Haywood was the sick mother. Allan Hale was the artist and Irene Howley the wife, Alfred Paget and Miss Hartigan the other couple in "His Inspiration" (Biograph).

LOTTIE D., CHICAGO.—Harry Von Meter opposite Vivian Rich in "The Mountains of Virginia" (American). Since your Chicago friend is marrying a girl from Boston, I suggest pork and beans for a steady diet.

F. M. G., CHIL.—Harold Lockwood was John, Eugenie Besserer the girl in that Selig. Jack Standing in the Pathé.

JESSIE H.—Lillian Walker still with Vitagraph. Elsie Albert was beauty in "The Sleeping Beauty" (Warner). Richard Travers in "Told by the Cards" (Essanay).

GERTIE.—I got your letter. I am not angry, honey, and I don't think you are presumptuous. Now, Olga Crane, and James Gordon in "Caprice" as the father. Boots Wall was the sister. The picture was taken at Red Bank, N. J.

ELINOR G.—Gilbert Anderson was the government assessor in "The Lost Deed."

WILLIAM L. B.—Margaret Gibson was Sunny in "Sunny the Cattle Thief" (Essanay). Harold Lockwood had the leads in "Young Mrs. Emas" (Selig). Edgena De Lespine is with Biograph. Yes, thank the Lord, eggs are getting cheaper, and I rejoice that Humpty Dumpty has had another fall. Eggs are a wholesome but fowl product, and I consume about four a day when times are good.

A LA MODE.—Betty Gray with Pathé, Mabel Trunnelle with Edison; also Bessie Learn. Thanks! It is more blessed to give than to receive, but more expensive.

SHORTY.—Lee Beggs was the cobbler, Marian Swayne the daughter and Blanche Cornwall the other girl in "A Question of Hair" (Solax). Paul Machette was the priest, Henry Schumann was Sahio, Louis Fitzroy was Wheeler in "The Girl and the Tiger" (Bison). Florence LaBadie was Portia, Mignon Anderson was Jessica, William Bowman was Shylock, William Russell was Antonio, and Henry Benham was Bassanio in "The Merchant of Venice" (Thanhouser). Lillian Logan and William Bauman had the leads in "The Soul of a Thief" (American). Marie Walcamp in "The Girl and the Tiger" as the favorite.

MAY C.—Vivian Rich and Wallace Reid in "Foreign Spy" (American). Robert Grey was Tom in "Tom Takes a Chance" (American). Billie West was the girl. Canadian money is always discounted in New York City.

HENRY H. B.—There is no way of finding out when Helen Costello's birthday is, unless she wants to inform you. Your letter is very interesting.

CUTIE, OF DALLAS.—Your epic in the original tongue is published here for the edification of the world: "Boyibus kissibus sweetis galorum; girlibus likibus—wanta someorum. Papabus hearibus kisses some moreum, kickibus boyibus out of the doorum. Darkibus nightibus, not a lightorum: climbabus gatepost, breeches toreum."

Mrs. W. C. B.—Your verse is very good. Haven't the cast for that Thanhouser. Certainly I am a "character," and I don't care who knows it. I would hate to be one of the common herd and simply nenter. I like a person who is something one way or the other. Yes, we have had to add pages to the magazine.

LOTTIE D. T.—Billie Rhodes and Carlyle Blackwell in "The Man Who Vanished" (Kalem). Leah Baird and Earle Williams in "The Great Diamond Mystery" (Vitagraph). Charles Bartlett and Mona Darkfeather in "The Song of the Telegraph" (Selig).

HELEN L. R.—William Duncan was the cowboy in "The Rustler's Reformation" (Selig). Frank Dayton was the judge in "For Old Times' Sake" (Essanay). Wheeler Oakman was the detective in "Hope" (Selig). Thanks very much for the beautiful present. Very nice. E. J. Brady was the father in "Fires of Fate" (Rex).

OLGA.—William Russell was Robin Hood, Mignon Anderson was Ellen and Harry Benham was Allan in "Robin Hood" (Thanhouser). It takes two to make a bargain, but usually only one gets it.

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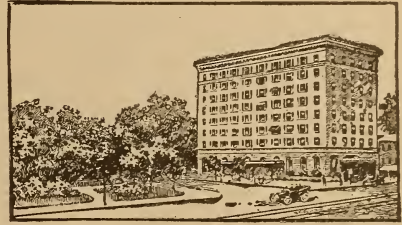
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SWEET WILLIAM.—Mr. Hoyt in that Biograph. Thomas Jefferson and Julia Burns in that Biograph. Guy Oliver in "Trying Out No. 707" (Selig). Augustus Carney has been captured by Universal.

CALIFORNIA POPPY.—No, that magazine is not published by us, and don't let your newsdealer tell you it is. Margarita Fischer is now with American. From a pure spring pure water flows. Your letter sprang from a good heart.

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—The sister was not cast in "The Swan-Girl" (Vitagraph). Billie Rhodes was the girl in "The Plot of India's Hillmen" (Kalem). Mildred Manning was the woman in "An Unjust Suspicion" (Biograph). Adrienne Kroell was the girl, Tom Carrigan the young man and Charles Clary the father in "The Stolen Face" (Selig). Thanks for calling me a good boy. Sounds fine to be called a boy.

HERMAN.—I saw that picture. It was properly costumed, for those were the days when gentlemen rode about the country in tin pantaloons and coal-scuttle bonnets, poking one another's ribs with bedposts, and shouting cock-a-doodle-do at the gates of their neighbors' castles. See our cartoon showing Don Quixote on a like errand.

SADIE W.—Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood had the leads in "The Trail of the Lost Chord" (American).

CURLY FRANCES.—Gus Pixley and Lillian Orth in "Fallen Hero" (Biograph).

RAE K.—Vera McCord was the wife in "Broncho Billy's Mistake" (Essanay). Miss Golden had the lead in "The Sorrowful Shore" (Biograph). Mae Hotely was the wife in "The Zulu King." Mabel Trummelle and Herbert Prior in "Janet of the Dunes."

OLIVE L. W.—Gertrude Bambrick had the lead in "Just Kids" (Biograph). Harold Lockwood in that Selig. Dorothy Gish in "The Adopted Son" (Biograph). Tom Moore has not been chatted yet.

ALICE H. B.—Arthur Johnson had the lead in "The Endless Night" (Lubin). Chester Barnett and Ernestine Morley had the leads in "Back to Life" (Warner).

MATILDA.—For the law's sake, honey, learn to be briefer. You could have said all in one page had you tried. Remember I have more than one correspondent.

RUTH W.—Jane Wolfe was the grandmother and William West the grandfather in "The Sacrifice" (Kalem). Judson Melford was the little boy in "The Mountain Witch" (Kalem). Yes; John Bunny. As Cicero says, any man may make a mistake, but none but a fool will stick to it.

M. C. D.—Jean went abroad with Florence Turner. You refer to the Nash sisters. You ask how Lottie Briscoe can play parts of sixteen-year-old girls, and also of thirty-year-old matrons, and look both. It depends much on how she dresses as well as on how she acts. Alice Washburn looks sixty in some plays and sixteen in others.

SOCRATES.—Much thanks for that book. I am enjoying it hugely. If people *must* make me presents, I prefer books to suspenders, and all that sort of thing.

GERTIE.—Harry Mainhall was young O'Connor in "The Man Outside" (Essanay). James Cruze and Mignon Anderson in "The Plot Against the Governor" (Thanhouser).

KERRIGAN CLUB.—Octavia Handworth was the girl, and William Cavanaugh was the brother in "The Climax" (Patheplay). Warren Kerrigan in "The Passer-by."

FLOWER E. G.—Robert Walker was the hobo, and Denton Vane was the operator in "A Railroad's Warning" (Kalem). Bangs went out of fashion when powder became popular; they make a dangerous combination.

G. E. H.—Haven't the player opposite Ethel Grandin in "The Trail of a Fish."

DORÉ EDNA.—George Gebhardt was the Indian in "Mexican Gambler" (Patheplay). Frank Newburg was the Tenderfoot in "The Tenderfoot's Luck" (Kalem). Bartley McCullum in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin).

SEVENTEEN.—Ray Gallagher in "For Her Brother's Sake" (Lubin). Henry King was the husband. Marguerite Clayton in "Belle of Siskiyou" (Essanay). True Boardman was the outlaw. Nick Callahan was the captain in "His Last Fight" (Vitagraph).

DIMPLES.—Frank McGlynn and Mary Fuller as Zeb Norton and Agnes in "The Girl and the Outlaw" (Edison). Augustus Phillips was Dawson. Robert Gallord was Jim and Clara Kimball Young the girl in "The Pirates" (Vitagraph). Carlyle Blackwell and Billie Rhodes in "Perils of the Sea" (Kalem). All of your sixteen questions have been answered before.

H. H. WAMPACA.—Vivian Rich and Wallace Reid in "The Kiss" (American). Violet Neltz was the girl in "Calamity Anne's Trust" (American). Jessalyn Van Trump in "Matches" (American). You seem to love to dictate; you should marry a stenographer. Justice D. Barnes was the father in "A Victim of Circumstances."

LINCOLN C. P.—"Soldier Brothers of Susanna" (Kalem) was produced in New Orleans. Ethel Clayton in that Lubin. Adele Lane was Alice in "John Bonsall of the U. S. Secret Service." Ethel Davis and Joe King had the leads in "The Missionary and the Actress" (Selig). Harold Lockwood leading man; and Camille Astor was Becky in "The Bridge of Shadows" (Selig).

PEST NUMBER ONE.—I know of no complete list of players' names. Some of the Famous Players are from licensed companies, some from independent companies and some from the stage.

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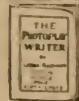
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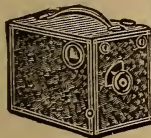
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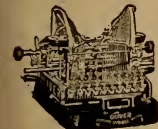
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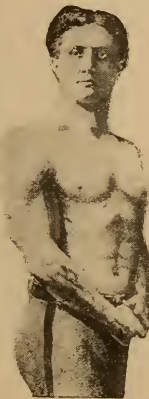
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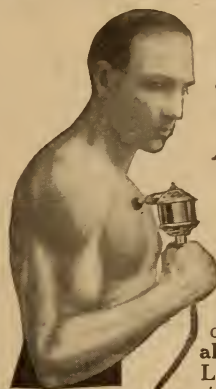
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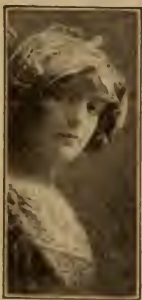
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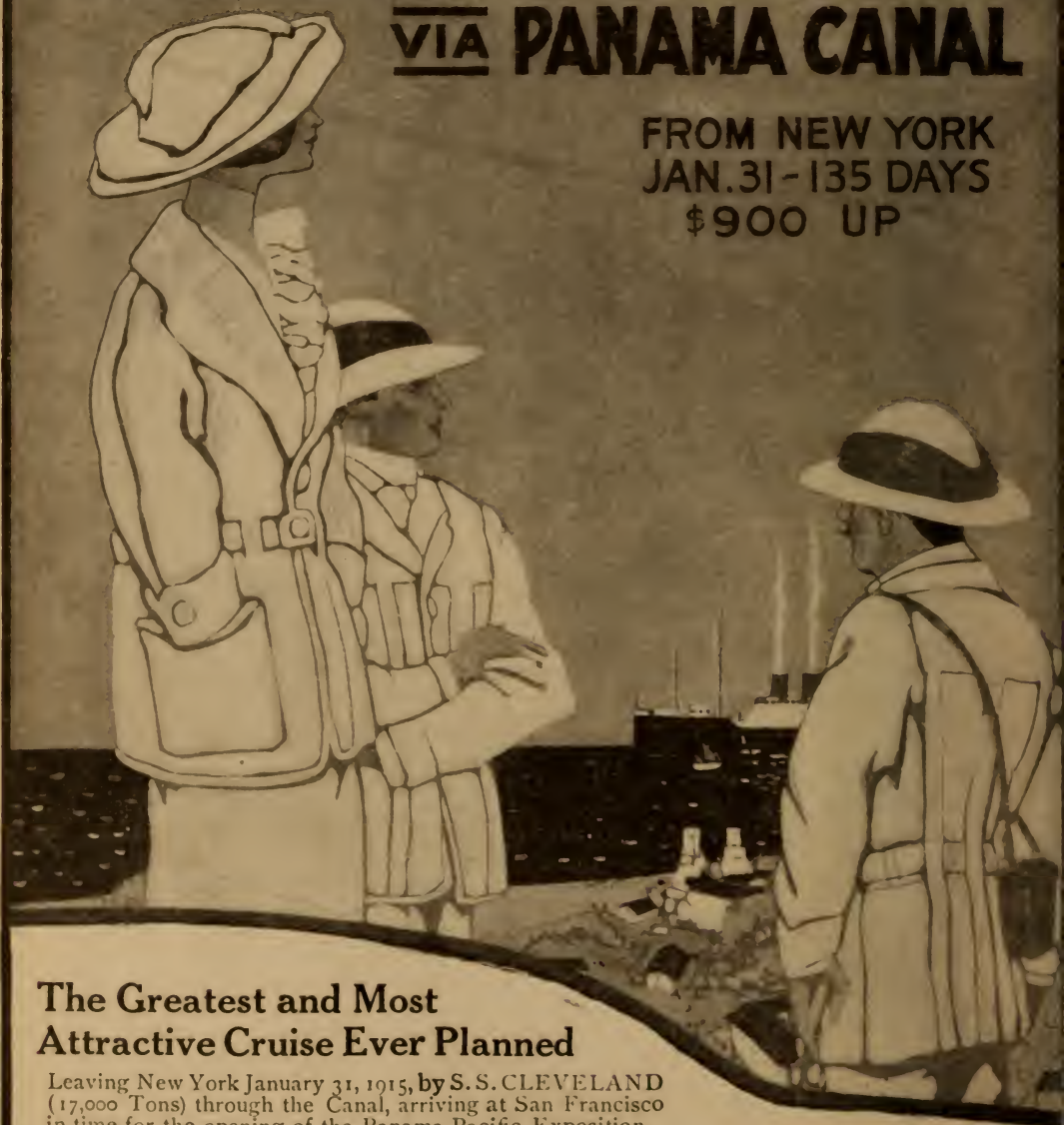
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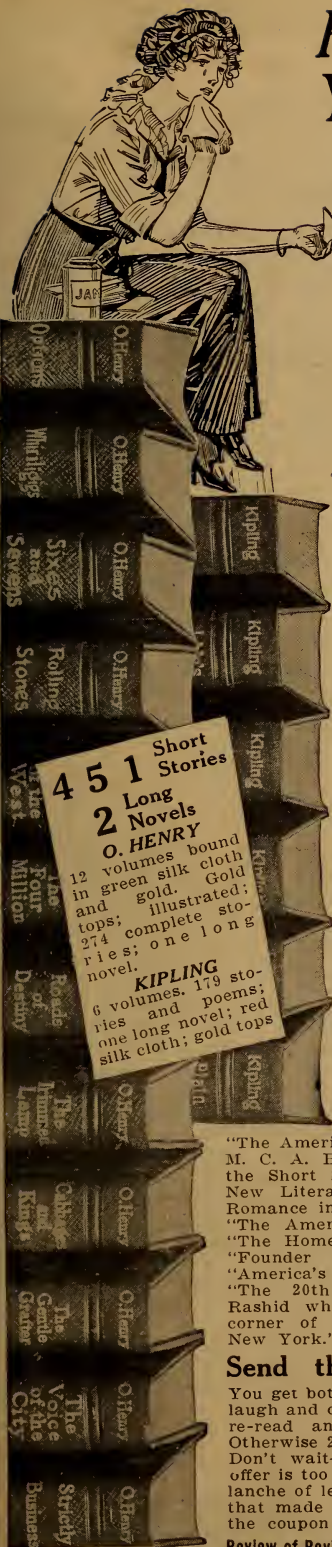
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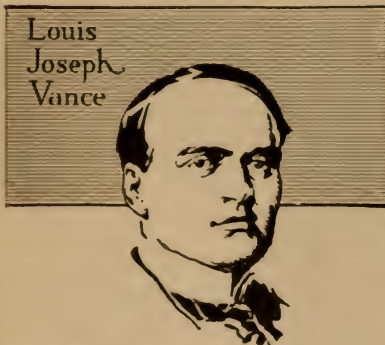
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EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

THE SPRING NUMBER

Will Be "THE BEST YET"

'Long about last November, we said something about "BEST YET." Lots of people wrote in, saying that the December issue was so fine that they did not believe us when we said that the January number would be the BEST YET. But they DID believe it when they saw that fine January number. "Always Better" seems to be the rule with us, and we just cant help it! For, was not the February number better even than that superb January number? And is not this March number a better book than the February issue? We have lots of good things coming, besides better stories, better pictures and better printing. Among them is a very interesting article entitled:

"Old New England Wall-Papers"

The Forerunners of Modern Motion Pictures

by Mary Harold Northend and Mary Taylor Falt. The article is handsomely illustrated, and it will be found extremely interesting as well as instructive. And dont forget the final clash of the distinguished belligerents in the

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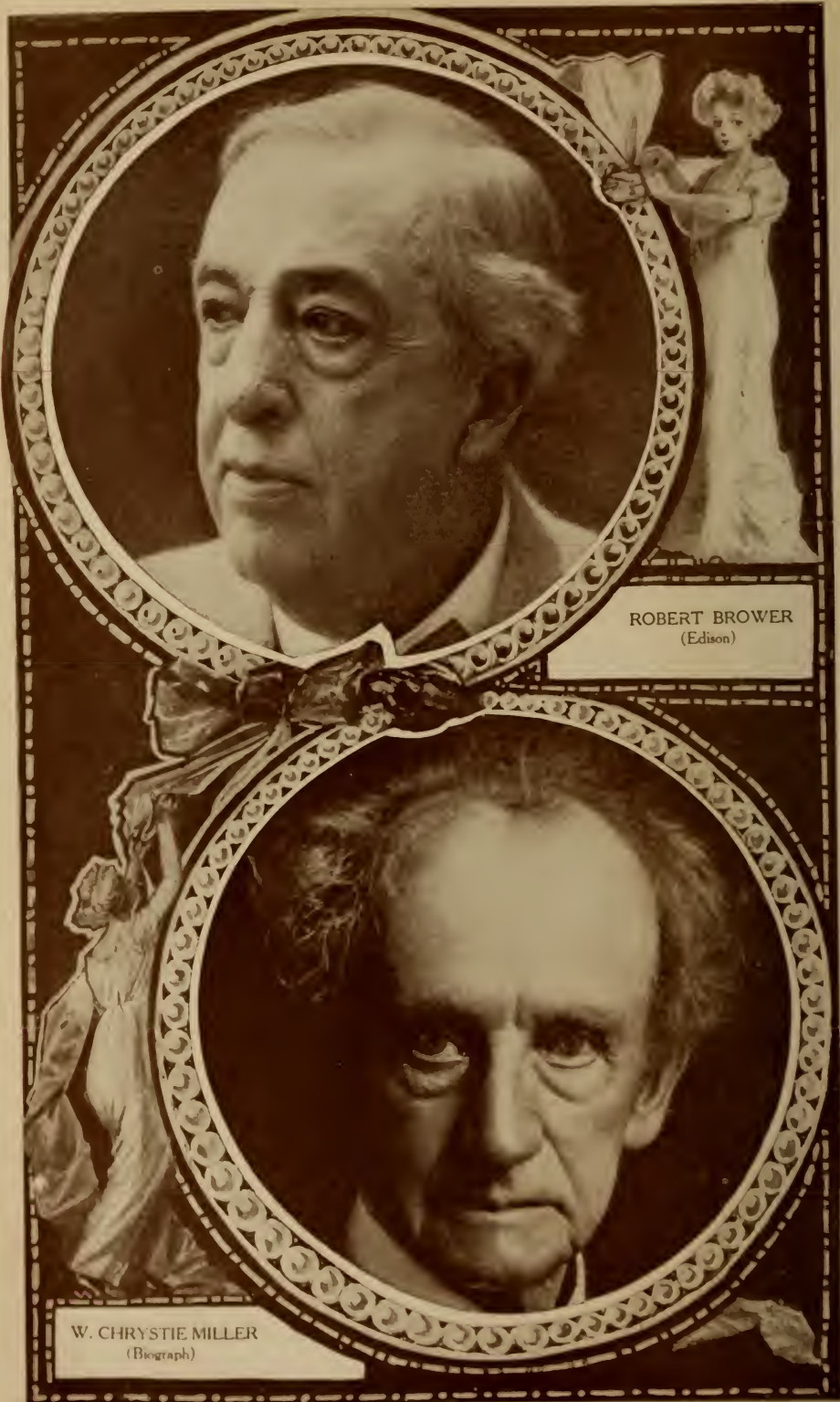
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., B'klyn, N. Y. Formerly "The Motion Picture Story Magazine"

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The Other Girl

(Essanay)

By KARL SCHILLER

This story was written from the Photoplay of JOE ROACH

IT is certainly strange that I never guessed it until it was right there, a moment so big and full of God that it filled the world; yet, deep down in my heart, I think I'd always loved him. But mother had taught me that nice girls don't think about such things till the time comes. And now the time had come, it seemed. Frank loved me—*me*, little, insignificant, plain me! It was so wonderful I couldn't have believed it if he hadn't said it over and over, with his lips, and his big hands trembling around my cheeks, and his eyes.

"I never knew you were *beautiful* before, Ruth," he said once; "but you are—you are the most beautiful woman God ever made."

It felt so strange to hear him say that, his deep voice all shaky and husky, that I could have laughed out loud, if I hadn't felt more like crying, and most of all like praying. For, of course, I'm *not* beautiful at all, just a pale, big-eyed, little, thin thing. The mirror over the pine bureau in my room had told me the truth about myself often enough, but somehow I was awfully glad Frank said that. It was the first time any one had ever thought

so, and I knew then that he really did love me.

"Ruth," he said presently, shy as a boy, tho he is twenty-seven, six feet tall and a real *man*, if there ever was one—"Ruth, I've waited for you all my life; now I've found you, I knew you at once—I'm not going to wait any longer. When will you marry me, dear?"

Now, if I'd answered with my heart, then and there, maybe everything would have been different. As I look back now, it seems as if the world must have stopped turning just a moment, and the angels have held their breath listening. But you see I was twenty-three, and this was my first proposal. I wanted, foolishly, to "make it spend," as little Elsie says, as long as I could. I wanted to think it over and dream about it, and pretend I wasn't sure for just a little while, like the girls in books or on the stage. It was terribly silly, with every inch of Real Me crying out, "Yes, yes, I love you; I'll marry you whenever you say;" but the first I knew I answered with my tongue instead of my heart. I was well punished for it too—but that came later.

"I'm—I'm not sure, Frank," I said; "you must give me time."

His face got white and strange as he looked down at me, and I could see the bone in his jaw thru the skin. I was almost frightened for a moment and just on the point of reaching up and patting his cheek and whispering the truth on his shoulder, when he said, very gently, "All right, dear; maybe I *was* a bit sudden with you, but I felt it so much it seemed as if you must too. Take your time, little girl, but don't make me wait any longer than you can help."

If we hadn't been so near home, I should have settled things then and there; but, you see, I didn't recognize that God was giving me another chance. So we just walked along without saying much more till we came to the gate. My heart was so full of happiness and thankfulness, mixed up, I'm afraid, with just a little bit of pride and triumph, for Frank Dixon was the handsomest and finest young man in town, and half of the girls were in love with him, that it didn't seem possible to say everyday, usual things; and there was Elsie swinging on the gate, so I couldn't say anything else.

Frank's car was waiting for him. It was so big and shiny and handsome that it made the house look dreadfully shabby and small in comparison. I always forgot how rich and important Frank was until I saw his automobile, or his mother, but they are both so haughty and splendid they made me feel smaller and plainer and more insignificant than ever.

"Hello, Frank!" said Elsie when she saw us, and got down from the gate. Mother has told her again and again to say "Mr. Dixon," but she always forgets. She had been eating bread and molasses, and showed it too, but Frank swung her up into the air and kissed her as if he didn't see the sticky places.

"Hullo, Miss Cinderella!" he said; "waiting for a ride in the pumpkin?"

I tried to catch Elsie's eye and shake my head, for I didn't want to go auto-riding, just as tho the most

wonderful thing in the world hadn't happened to me. I wanted to steal off quietly by myself to my room and tell God how happy I was; and then to look—just once—into the old mirror and see whether Frank *could have* been right after all, and then to hunt up mother and cry a little, and laugh a little on her dear shoulder. But Elsie wouldn't notice me.

"Oh, 'deedy, yes!" she cried, clapping her hands; "please, Frank, take me a hundred thousand miles!"

I sent her into the house to wash her face, and Frank started to help me into the car. We were both very firm and dignified, until he took hold of my arm, and then suddenly I felt myself begin to tremble. He must have felt it too, for his face lighted up in a flash and he leaned down over me. The chauffeur was fussing with the machinery on the other side of the car and couldn't see us. Frank's eyes just blazed into mine and suddenly I knew I shouldn't make him wait any longer. There wasn't any use, because if I looked up at him he could read it in my eyes, and I knew I should look up—but it came too late. It was as if I had a cup at my lips and was just going to drink when it was snatched away.

"*Frank!*" said a voice. I guess we both of us started and turned rather red, but I remember that Frank didn't let go of my hand. More than any other thing that happened that day, I know now *that* proved he loved me. For Frank's mother is—well, rather terrible, and Frank is the only son, and of course that means a good deal.

She was coming along the sidewalk now, swishing her silk skirts angrily against mother's frozen boxwood hedge, and beside her was the prettiest young lady I ever saw. I found out later her name was Alice, and she was Mrs. Dixon's ward and very rich and accomplished. But I knew, just by one look at her, that she was everything in the world I wasn't. Her clothes, her finger-nails, her hair just glistened, and all at once I felt dark inside, as tho some one had blown out



"AND NOW YOU CAN MOTOR US HOME"

a light. It came over me quick as lightning that Frank's mother meant for him to marry the Beautiful Being beside her, and I remembered all the unflattering things my mirror had ever said. I would have run away, I believe, if Frank hadn't been holding on to my hand so tightly.

His mother looked at me exactly as if I weren't there, tho that sounds queer. But when she turned to him there was a mixture of ice and velvet and steel and sugar in her voice, and she smiled with her lips, but not her eyes.

"How delightful we happened to come this way, Frank," she said; "Alice was getting tired—these walks are so wretched—and now you can motor us home."

"I'm sorry, mother, to seem rude," said Frank slowly; "but I have just invited two friends to ride. If you will get into the car, tho, with us I'll take you home first."

The young lady tossed her head and bit her lip. "Oh pray don't trouble," she said, in a voice that didn't match

her face; "I really would prefer to walk."

Mrs. Dixon looked as startled as tho a well-trained dog had suddenly growled at her. Her face just seemed to freeze, and she gave me a look from head to foot that added up every shabby spot in my suit and gloves and shoes.

"I am sure, Frank," she said at last, but I knew she was speaking to me, "that your *friends*—hem—will excuse you, and that you will do as I wish. And I suppose you haven't forgotten that Alice is relying on you to take her to luncheon at the golf-club today."

With every word she said I could feel Frank getting farther and farther away from me, tho really he didn't move at all. But the thought of what he had just said and what I had been just ready to say seemed unreal and ridiculous now, like the terribly solemn things that happen in dreams, after you wake up. And at that moment, when I was ready to sink thru the ground with mortification, Elsie came

running down the walk, and somehow I found myself in the tonneau beside her and Frank, and the big machine was puffing away. The last glimpse I had of Mrs. Dixon and the girl did not make me any more cheerful, and it was a pretty silent ride we had out along the lake-front. Thinking how beautiful it might have been, made it all the worse, and I was doing my best to fight back the tears that would come, when I caught Frank's look. It made me feel better, for I could see he was trying to tell me over Elsie's curls that nothing his mother had said had made any difference in his feeling for me. But I knew inside that there *was* a difference just the same—maybe not in him or me, but in my way of looking at things anyhow, and—oh, dear—perhaps in *his*, too.

You see Frank was all his mother had, and she could never remember that he had grown up. She said "yes" and "no" to him now just as she had said "yes" and "no" about candy and marbles and little boy-things, and Frank was awfully dear to her. That was one of the things I liked best about him, but I could see that it might make trouble for us in the end.

So when he whispered into my ear as he helped me down from the auto in front of our house, "Cant you give me my answer now, little Ruth? You see, I love you so much it's hard to wait, dear"—I just whispered back, "Tomorrow, Frank. I—I *cant* yet."

Mother knew right away without my telling her that something was the matter, and I believe she knew *what*, too, with that uncanny second-sight mothers have. But she never said a word, only made cream toast and chocolate for supper, as I like them, and opened a jar of strawberry preserves. Mother always says, "I'm so sorry, dear," with her preserves. So after Elsie was in bed and I had sat, with a blank sheet of paper in front of me, for an hour, trying to write to Frank, I told her about the whole thing.

"What shall I say, mother?" I asked at the end. She looked at me and smiled over her mending.

"What do you *want* to say, Ruthie?" she said. I guess my face told her, for she got up, came around the table and kist me. "My little girl grown up," she sighed—"but I wouldn't write it, dear. Tell him yourself. It's the sweetest moment in a woman's life. You see, *I know*, Ruthie, even if my hair is growing grey."

And so this is the note I finally sent my lover the next day by Elsie:

DEAR FRANK:

Meet me by the big elm on the corner tonight at seven if you still want my answer.

RUTH.

All that day it seemed to me as if the world were a different *color* somehow. I couldn't do anything, so, finally, I just gave up trying and waited. I planned lots of things, tho—things I suppose would have shocked mother, seeing I wasn't even engaged. I planned how I would have it made—white crêpe de chine with just a little train, and mother's own wedding-veil out of the cedar chest; and I planned what I'd make Frank for dinner, nights the cook was out, and what he'd say of my tea biscuits and cream cake. For, oh yes, I was going to tell him that I loved him and would marry him when he pleased.

Was going to tell him. I'll never forget if I live to be a hundred how I felt when I slipped out into the early moonlight that night, holding my happiness so warm in my heart, all *sacred* to be given to my big man; and I can never forget either how I felt when, an hour later, I crept back again, like a little, bruised shadow, and slipped upstairs to lock myself into my room. I thought I was going to die, and I was glad of it, except once when I remembered mother. It didn't seem as tho I *could* live, and life go on with ordinary breakfasts and dinners and bullying housework as before. A great big Pain came upstairs with me and into the room, filling it so it was hard to breathe. For I had gone, with my love, to give it to Frank, and he had not wanted it enough to come! I waited an hour



THE MATCH-MAKER AT WORK

by the Methodist steeple before I understood that he had listened to his mother and that my foolish little dreams and plannings were over. He had found it the easiest way to tell me by not answering my note. Oh, the shame of it! But at first I was only hurt and grieved, like a child who has held its lips up to be kist and been struck in the face instead.

And—it was queer—but somehow all thru it I was never once angry with Frank, only with myself for caring so much. About midnight I heard mother tap softly on my door, but I kept quiet and she went away again. After that I forget what I did—cried a little, I think, hot, painful tears that bled from my pride; tried to pray, but mostly just lay watching the dark square of the window and wondering whether anything could ever be quite the same again. Once I went to the bureau, lighted the gas and looked into the mirror—I hardly recognized the girl that gazed back at me, but I know no one would ever

have called *her* beautiful. At last, when the window square began to grow grey and I could hear the world outside stretching and yawning and waking up, I folded my romance smoothly, locked it away in the innermost part of my heart, and went to find my mother.

She cried out at the sight of me and put me to bed. You cant mend a broken heart with chicken-broth or beef-tea, but that is what mother tried to do all the next month. The doctor prescribed iron and tonics, the neighbors sent in jelly and blanc-mange, and all the time I lay there I ate and drank what they gave me, and grew thinner or fatter and more dont-care-what-becomes-of-me, every moment. There was just one thing I needed, and no one could get that for me. But I was always pretty strong, and so after a month of trying to die I began to get well again—well *outside*, I mean. My heart felt all paralyzed and numb, and not even the thought of Frank could make it

stir. I saw him pass the house one day, and it was just like looking at a stranger. Mother did not tell me then that at the first he had come every day and tried to ask about me, and she had sent him away sternly. But even if she had told me I don't believe I should have cared. *I couldn't care* about anything any more, and the

So, after I'd argued a bit with mother I combed my hair back from my face, put on the blue costume and joined the Army. It was like taking the veil. I entered a new world entirely, and the old one was as completely shut away as tho I had died out of it. There was too much to do to think at all; I became just a pair of hands and



THE WORK OF THE MATCH-MAKER

worst of it was I counted up the years I'd probably got to live and knew that I *had* to find something to fill them with.

The something was the Salvation Army. Mother and I had always been interested in the local branch; and one day, when two of the lassies came around for old clothes, it just flashed into my mind that here was my chance. I knew I should look hideous in the bonnet, too, which shows how bad a state of don't-careness I was in.

feet to wait on the poor wretches that came to the barracks for help. I suppose there had always been as much misery in the world, only I hadn't recognized it before. But now I had my own grief as a sample to match others by, and it was surprising how it shrunk by comparison. Not that my heart ever thawed in the midst of the worst of it. I could wash poor little bones of babies, nurse old, shriveled crones into eternity, and listen to the woes of drunkards, out-

casts and criminals, without a thud. I knew I ought to be sorry for them, but I couldn't *feel* anything.

One day one of the girls brought in an armful of old dresses and threw them on the table to be sorted over.

"They came from Mrs. Dixon," she said; "some of them are as good as new. Her niece was there—the pret-

but all silk or delicate material, and not much use for our poor people. One especially, a lavender crêpe morning dress, was so lovely that I held it up for the rest of the girls to admire. As I did so the corner of a paper sticking out of a pocket caught my eye. I drew it out, unfolded it curiously, and felt the world grow



IT WAS MY NOTE TO FRANK I HELD

tiest girl!—and she gave me a lot, too. They say she's going to marry Frank Dixon, the son, pretty soon."

"Is she?" I said coolly, reaching out and pulling the pile over toward me. I ought to have fainted or something. I remember I was rather ashamed of myself because I couldn't, but you see I honestly didn't care. The old Frank that I knew had died long ago, or perhaps he hadn't ever lived. I began to shake out the dresses, sorting them into piles according to their use. They were awfully pretty,

black and slip away before my eyes. It was my note to Frank I held. *His mother had never given it to him!* With a rush like black waters breaking thru ice, a surge of feeling swept across my heart, and I felt it, as I sank beneath the flood, begin to beat again at last.

Afterward they said he had come with another architect to look after a defect in the Army building, but I know better. It was God that brought him to me, so that his dear, brown



I COULDN'T STOP SPEAKING HIS NAME, BUT HE UNDERSTOOD

face was the first thing I saw when I came back from the strange, vague, empty spaces of unconsciousness. His mother was with him and she seemed to be satisfied with the way things had turned out. My note was in Frank's hand, and I saw that he understood. The other faces in the room were blurred and unreal. We might have been alone.

"Frank!" I cried, trying to hold

out my arms; "oh, Frank! Frank! Frank!" I couldn't stop speaking his name, but he understood and just leaned over and lifted me up in his arms as tho I had been a little wriggly tease like Elsie. His eyes seemed to drink in my face, and his big voice, when he spoke at last, was low and trembly and husky.

"Oh, Ruthie-girl," he said, "how beautiful you are!"





From the Photoplay of FLORENCE LAWRENCE

THE prisoner was on the stand. Curious women craned their necks to devour every detail. Men, oddly averse to the shrinking figure in the pitiful predicament, averted their eyes. Perhaps it was the old sex-appeal in a variant rôle. There was something strangely stirring in the droop of the young shoulders. The great, sad eyes mirrored clear visions of the wolf snarling at the door, with only a woman's fragile strength to battle him—they seemed to suggest a mirage of the hunted hare making its last, brave, futile dash. They hinted at all of the hunger-searing, pain-driven battles of a world to be bought only with gold. The girl was about to speak—to make her threadbare story naked to the heedless ears of the idle throngs, to whom such scenes, such tales of wretchedness, were bits of spicy interest, or all in the day's work.

"My client pleads guilty," announced the attorney for the defendant, and it was then the eyes of the

crowded courtroom turned, as one mechanism, to the palpably hopeless cynosure.

"I——" the girl halted, and her tired eyes swept the sea of faces in mute despair; "I have asked not to be made to tell this story. I have pleaded guilty—there seems so little need of anything more. But it was this way——" once more her gaze besought the staring eyes—they looked back at her, blatantly curious, stonily impersonal. "Oh, it is hard to tell," she said, with a little gasping breath; "I think none of you will understand. We, my mother and I, we were poor—terribly, terribly poor. She had not been used to the bitter hardness of things—she was not strong. We were not poor as most of you conceive it—little anxieties about bills, inability to buy things—it was not like that with us. We were poor in the way that means—well, death—or disgrace. The former does not seem to come when wanted. The latter——" she looked down, and big tears stood



THE THEFT

on the long lashes; "the latter was worse than death to me. I worked in a department store for seven dollars a week. That seven dollars was our all. It had to pay for rent, for food, for clothing, for medicine, for light, heat—life. It didn't. We were losing out, and we both knew it. We were going down—down, and in all the world there was no one to lend a helping hand. I feared for my mother. She was failing fast—and so—I—determined—to—steal." The girl's voice sank to a barely audible whisper, and her head fell on the thin, narrow, little chest. Then, suddenly, she raised it, and a valiant battle-light shone from her eyes.

"I determined to steal," she repeated, "and I did steal. I stole what the world would not give us thru any efforts—thru any toil. I stole food for our bodies—shelter for our heads—I stole purity for my honor—I stole salvation for my mother's life. I am a thief. But the world was stealing the heart out of us—the soul from our bodies—the life-breath from our lips. If I am a thief—all right; but I tell you this—

each and every one of you—the world is a greater thief than I!"

The sentence was Guilty, of course. What other verdict could a perfectly just, equitable law return? Had the prisoner not confessed to the crime—openly, brazenly? And thus was the sentence passed.

That night, in the narrow prison cell, the girl who had branded herself a thief stared Life in the face, and, because she had done the bidding of the Christ within her, forced back a frozen smile at the skull-face before her.

She went back over the past weary months—and somehow she knew that the game was played out. She had done her best, but the others had held the trumps. She had not made the odd. She recalled her father's death—many years ago. She remembered the ensuing years of gradual decline; the puny attempts to make ends meet decently; then the frantic struggles to make them meet at all. She lived over this past winter as one who recalls some frightful phantasmagoria of the unbalanced mind. The cold of it—the fear—the utter, hopeless, useless



THE ACCUSATION

misery of it. Then came the dreadful day. To the very foot of the Throne of Justice she would carry the memory of that day, and lay it before the Divine Arbitrator, questioningly—the day her mother had become a thief. Her mother! For it had been her mother who had stolen the bulging purse. It had been her mother's honor, her mother's fair name, she had lied so convincingly to save, there on the witness stand. She had long years ahead of her—years in which she might obliterate the prison taint; but her mother had come to the day's decline—and the prison would have meant the final night-shade—Death comes with pitiless grimness in a prison cell.

"I'm glad I did it," the girl whispered to the bars—to the grated window—to the clammy walls; "oh, little mother o' mine, I'm glad I did it!"

She knew the terror these barring walls would bring the timid woman—and her breast heaved as she realized how hard pressed her mother had been to dare to steal as she had. Such

a pitiful thief she had made! Flo recalled the dreadful day again. How she had seen the floor detective stop a small, shabby woman in the aisle—how she had immediately recognized her mother—sensed the whole predicament, and, in passing, swiftly snatched the purse from her mother's limp, nerveless fingers, and wittingly blundered into arrest. Well, it was all over now. Taps had been played. She didn't quite know how the final curtain was to be rung down, but her sixth sense told her that the game was up.

And then, into the midst of the prison dreariness, responsive to her wonder, came the one answer. Her mother was dead. Because she was not strong—because her mighty mother-love broke her tender heart under the strain of her girl's sad plight—because of these things she was called home—where even a thief may be with Him in Paradise. And Flo, in her utter loneliness did not know that the one best solution had been offered—that God was very good.



THE TRIAL

Certainly this seems to be a world of balance—of evenly tipped scales, even tho they are weighted with the years, and glistening with tears, before they measure true. Just before the expiration of her prison term, Flo learned that an uncle, practically unknown, had died and had left her the bulk of a very large fortune. Gold at last! Gold to build a barrier against the foam-fanged wolf—gold to warm the sneerer's mockery to adulation—gold to shutter the windows from the cold. And because Flo had learnt to turn to a higher source than human, she did not grieve for her mother, but knew that all was well with her—doubly well now that she could look upon her daughter's lot with peace.

It was the evening of a large reception, and Flo was the hostess. Softly sheened in clinging chiffons, youth and expectation in her eyes, a rose-wild tint effacing the prison pallor of her face, one would not have known her for the victim of the past year.

It was the lawyer to whom the trusteeship of the fortune had been given who was responsible for the re-

ception given in Flo's new home to-night. He had been touched to the depths of his kindly heart by the girl's sad story—by the plucky way she had held her head above the murk and filth—and the selfless bravery that had led her to immure her untried youth in prison walls.

"We must look a little on the sunny side of things, my dear," he had said to her, in his kindly way; "and you must let a very lonely man make that possible."

And he had made it possible by helping her with her new home; by arranging, and explaining, all her money matters; and finally, by planning this reception that she might meet congenial people, and know a little of the music of living—the perfume—and the flowers.

And Flo moved among her guests, softly gracious, gently enthusiastic. As the evening was drawing to a triumphant close, and the rooms were gradually clearing, Flo became aware of two women standing behind her, partially concealed by the heavy draperies. "Yes," one was saying, "isn't it really too ridiculous? Her mother was the shabbiest, commonest



little scrub-woman type conceivable, and she was the general run of tawdry shop-girl. But that, my dear, might be excusable, in view of her large fortune, if she were not also—a *thief!*” The venomous voice sank to a sharp hiss, and the other woman answered excitedly, greedily, “A Thief—my *dear*, are you quite sure? Can it be possible? Do tell me! How *exciting!*”

“Can I be sure?” the elated informant cackled disdainfully. “Well, rather, my dear Maria, since it was my very own purse she stole—and, incidentally, went to *jail* for.”

“Jail!” Maria’s voice was faint with amazement and tinged with a certain misapprehension—“jail! But, my *dear*, think of being entertained by a *jail-bird*—our social position—our—”

“Oh, have no fear, Maria. Our social position is quite secure. I shall give it out immediately—the whole story—and shall let all the others know that I came merely as one would attend anything a bit *outré*, or eccentric—merely curiosity.”

All the prison pallor had returned as Flo bid her guests good-night; that is, as many of them as had not heard the story, and deigned to touch her hand. Then, every one gone, she ordered the lights turned out, and crept up to her room. Not even as a condemned prisoner had she slunk from the courtroom as she entered her own room this night. Her bright, unafraid spirit was quelled—her nerve was broken.

“What is the use?” she muttered

to herself, “what is the use? I’m branded—crippled—hunted. Even gold cannot buy a past free of slur or stain. I’ll go to mother—she will not turn me down. And, anyway, who ever heard of a jail-bird succeeding? And a woman jail-bird—where is the chance?”

The little revolver looked very innocuous as it lay in her hand. It was only the work of a moment—and then it would all be over.

Something snatched the revolver from her—something strong, and swift, and humanly warm—a voice whispered in her ear: “Don’t cry out! Be quiet! I won’t harm you. I’m a burglar—and they’re after me. Hide me, for God’s sake—you would, if you knew the law.”

“If I knew the Law!” Flo smiled grimly. She knew the Law, and she knew the world that pressed one into its arms, and the humanity that received one from its embrace.

“There has been no one here,” she told the police when they entered. “Yes, I am positive. The house is thoroughly alarmed, and I’ve been wide awake.”

“Some day,” said the man she had hidden, stripping his mask from a face

oddly likable, lean and hungry-eyed, and young; "some day I shall remember this, and try to do some little service for you."

"You——" Flo eyed him a bit timorously, but could find no cause for fear in the tired eyes looking down at her; "you have not always done this—this sort of thing." She did not query—she knew. She had seen that wolf-desperate, what's-the-use look before.

"No," said the man, simply; "it was a case of immediate need. My little sister—tuberculosis—necessary money. I was out of work. I—I—stole. They sent me up, and when I got out—well, the world does not fall on the neck of a jail-bird."

"No," said Flo, slowly, grimly; "the world does not." Then, softly, "And your sister—what of her?"

"She died," the man's tones were flat now, and bereft of any life; "what's the use?"

Flo rose from her chair, suddenly aglow. "Lots of use," she exclaimed vibrantly; "while there are *us*—our kind—in the world—there's always use. We've got to pal together. We've got to link hands—and fight—and rise—and lift—lift until the load is gone. While there's sympathy, and

understanding, and God—there's always use." And Flo held out her hand to a man whose eyes were aglimmer with aching tears.

"Do you dare to say there's no use now?" Flo quoted playfully, for she knew that the months between had soothed the bitterness away, and restored a sense of values, sound and sane.

Tom Merritt looked down at her, and his face was woman-tender, soft with love and faith. "Dear," he said slowly, "when a woman takes a thief who has planned to plunder her home, and, out of her great sympathy and understanding, gives him her hand in friendship and help—when she takes him where he can work, and hope again, and stands by him loyally, valiantly, inspiringly until the battle is won—when, in the end, she gives him herself, her wonderful, wonderful self—why, my beloved, while there are women like you—there's more than *use*—there's the Kingdom of Heaven within us."

Flo drew his head to her breast, and her lips trembled near his ear. "To think," she breathed, "that, out of the loneliness, and want, and despair, this—this—*marriage* moment comes."



The Cure

By HARVEY PEAKE



When you're feeling blue and dismal,
And the future seems abysmal.
And the darkness seems to fill the world with woe;
There is one place I would steer you,
For there's nothing that will cheer you
Like a visit to the Moving Picture show.

When your thoughts are suicidal,
Just because you're jobless, idle,
And you feel that death has beckoned you to go;
You may find new hope arising,
In a manner that's surprising,
By a tale of struggle at the picture show.

Ah! there's many a down-and-outer
Who has had his heart made stouter
And has felt the embers of ambition glow,
Till they've burned with old-time vigor,
When he's seen a tale of rigor
And its victory at a Moving Picture show.



THE van creaked drowsily along the highway, streaking the thorn hedges and the poppy borders of the wheatfields with a thick, golden dust. On the high seat, beside Peter, two fat and curling pink legs waved in the sunlight, and a warm, cooing sound purred happily across the air, a primitive slumber song. The rosy woman, tramping sturdily beside the van, laughed out pridefully.

"Ma foi, Peter, but the little one can sing!"

"Aye," answered the father; "aye, Jean, 'tis the nature of young things. But we old ones—*chut!*"—a flavor of sadness embittered the words. As he spoke he glanced down toward one foot that hung, withered and twisted, over the side of the van. "*Je n'ai chanté depuis longtemps, moi,*" he sighed, heavily.

"Fie, fie," she smiled, and gestured with an ample sweep toward the countryside about them—burnt-umber ryefields, slopes of crimson-dotted meadow, a chateau lording it on a distant hilltop, cottage roofs of red tile clustered below, a tranquil, colourful landscape under a Normandy sky. "Is not this a pretty life, Peter, mon homme?" she cried; "to travel on like this, stopping as we will, al-

ways safe in the good little house on wheels, always a loaf and a sausage, always together, the three of us." Warm color dyed her young peasant face, and her voice fell shyly on the latter words. There had been *three* of them so short a while. She stopped the van with a gesture and ran gaily up the tiny ladder behind. "It is that thou art hungry, my man!" she called, mischievously. "*Tiens*, but I know the signs, me! Always a man is sad, and the good sun does not shine when he is empty. Let us halt here, and I will heat *la bonne soupe* for thee!"

The crippled basket-vender leaned upon his whip and listened—pleasant rattle of pots, the whiff of savory food, a gay voice lilting an old-time *chanson*; beside him his baby stirred, moist and rosy with creasy sleep; beyond, around, a friendly world; and above, *le bon Dieu*. Truly, he should be a happy man, useless leg or no.

The afternoon winged by as the elders bent above their willow withes, and the baby—*Joie*, they called her—with a rude reaching-out for the poetry in life, gurgled and grabbed for fat fistfuls of sunbeams. They were very happy, these simple hearts; lacking the gnawing imagination that looks ahead, questions the years, and

shudders to find them full of unknown fears. Yet that night the end of their world came.

The woman woke first, and at the instant of her waking, before consciousness told her of the danger, reached out with the instinct of new motherhood for the helpless life at her side. The interior of the van was thick with a sullen, awful cloud. It clutched her throat, clogged her nostrils, scorched her eyes. Frantically she groped in it for the baby,

She shuddered into life again slowly, as one reluctant to draw back from the pleasanter and nearly attained fields of death. When her scorched eyelids parted, it was to let in a peaceful panorama of the stars, remote, un pitying, inscrutable. Then she felt tiny fingers moving on her breast, lifted her head painfully, and remembered. Where the van had stood was now a charring heap of cinders, and she and her child, Joy, were alone in the world.



THE BURNING OF THE BASKET-MAKER'S HOUSE ON WHEELS

clutching the limp little body to her breast, then tried to scream out to her husband, but her tongue uttered only hoarse, animal-like sounds. Thru the thickening cloud she stumbled forward on her knees. *Dien!* Where was he? Sense of direction was swallowed up in the suffocating grey. Tongues of red now licked at the walls, like ravenous things with implacable life in them. With her body she sheltered the child, feeling the horrible kiss of the hot crimson lips upon her flesh as she writhed across the floor.

An hour later, Madame Frison, the miller's wife, hearing the sound of wild rapping on her cottage door, grumblingly arose from bed, wrapped a wadded gown around her shoulders, lighted a candle, and answered the summons. Her good man dozed for half an hour before her return.

"*Diable!*" he greeted her testily then; "pray, what happens that you prowl about at this witch hour? Is it you are crazy, my wife?"

"*Mais non,*" replied the good wife, calmly, as she set down the candle and bent above a cradle beside the

bed; "a beggar-woman, all in tatters, came, crying and moaning a wild tale of a burnt van and dead husband, and brandishing her brat. *Vraiment*, but it was very strange. She asked that I take her in; but me, I am too old a lark to be tricked by salt. I shake my head. I refuse most certain, and she go away. *C'est bien étrange, c'a, no?*"

"A madwoman!" said the miller, comfortably; "with perhaps some disease. You did well, Henriette, to send her away. With the infant of Monsieur and Madame Demorin to care for, one must be cautious."

"*Oui*, twenty francs a week are not picked from the gutter," replied his spouse, sagely. She bent and kist the sleeping child resoundingly. "Already I think she is better. We were the fool not to require twenty-five."

She clambered back to her pillow and composed herself to merited repose, never dreaming, good soul, that tonight was to be a milestone along her own tranquil pathway, or that Clotho, the spinstress, was twisting the thread of her destiny with the raveled lines of the peasant woman and her child.

The two stared into each other's eyes, tongueless with horror. In their fright, each appeared to hate the other. They grimaced and gestured in Gallic extravagance, and at last the woman burst into shrill, defensive speech.

"I tell you I do not know how it happen! Mon Dieu! *C'est horrible—affreux!* What shall we do? Think you—pig of a peasant!"

"Diable!" roared the miller, pulling desperately at his shaggy thatch of hair, as tho to drag an idea from his head by main force; "name of a dog, my wife, but you have ruin us! The child was as their very heart's blood—*aie—aie!*"

"My foot, it slipped," she moaned, wringing her fat, empty hand. "*Ah malheureux!* and it is soon that they return. Said the letter not so? To find their child drown in the millpond—not even the body to show—Dieu!"

The miller rolled his eyes, shrugged his blue-bloused shoulders and spread his broad palms. After all, it was no child of his. Let Madame, his wife, get out of her own difficulties. Again he shrugged the blame from his shoulders, scattering a mist of flour-dust with the gesture, and turned away. Children might drown—bad! very bad! But the mill must turn and flour be made. It was the way of the world.

"A thousand pities you sent the beggar-woman and her brat away," he lamented. "You might have passed it off for the Demorin infant. *Hélas!* Me, I think we are ruin, but the mill must run—what would you?"

Madame Frison looked after her lord, the leaven of a sudden hope lightening the pasty gloom of her face. She thought some moments, then nodded her coiffured head. "*Tiens, c'est bien possible,*" she reflected. "But I think me it is one grand sin. At the next Pardon I shall burn a five-franc candle to the Virgin. That will help." She sighed heavily and turned, shuddering, from the moil of the mill-race, snarling and foaming below. Across the sunset fields, the Angelus was tolling good-night to the world. The miller's wife crossed her ample bosom as she hurried thru the heather-purpled meadow. "Tonight," she muttered—"I dare not wait. Tomorrow she may be gone, and those others come for their child."

The stealthy moon, skulking furtively behind a clouded sky, scattered the forest path with dreadful shapes and shadows. A holly bush became a gnome with knotted arms; a hoot-owl, the voice of a lost soul. Madame Frison shook with terror as she crept thru the night toward the wood-cutter's shed, where the villagers said the wretched basket-woman and her child had taken refuge. A thousand Normandy tales of witchcraft and spirits chilled her blood and set her scalp pricking, but she would not turn back. Indeed, she dared not. The thought of a ghost itself was no more frightful than the idea of facing the expectant parents with empty arms.

" 'Twas about the same size and complexion," she muttered; "but more of a fatness. I will say it is the bon air, the fine food. *Aie—aie—* may the bon Dieu pardon me—*aie—* *aie.*"

The hut, bristling with moldy moss and rotting in a horror of livid, leprous white fungus, hugged the skirts of the forest, abandoned the year around, save for the furtive wild things—bats, owls and toads. On a

eyes. But for the warm bundle on her breast, she would have been content to sit down in some hidden forest place, never to go on again. But there was Joie. So the mother lived on drearily, anchored to life by the tiny needs and warm, round limbs of her child. She stirred now uneasily—smoke, thick and stifling! The lap of hot lips on her arm—Peter! Peter! Awake! Her fingers, groping at her side, met only emptiness. Madly she



THE THEFT OF THE BASKET-MAKER'S CHILD

heap of dead skeleton leaves in one corner lay Jean, the peasant woman of the basket-maker's van, or the devastated shade that once was she. She slept heavily in a cheerless stupor of suffering, and always in her dreams there were the black smoke, choking, the red flecks of pain, the strange, pitiless immensity of remote stars. An animal knows nothing of the philosophy of sorrow, and Jean was only an animal. She knew that she walked now thru a vague, terrifying world, in which there was no Peter to comfort her—a world of cold sunshine, scanty food and harsh faces all

sat up, clawing among the dusty leaves. A hollow tear of moonlight splashed thru a chink in the logs—gone! *Joie!* She would not believe it. But a moment ago she had been sleeping soundly there.

"*Dieu! Dieu! Non, non—it cannot be—she must be near—I dream—vraiment—I dream—ah-h-h-h!*"—a terrible cry, cringing thru the night. She was on her feet, incarnate Fear tossing her arms above her wild, unbound hair. "She was all I had left—all! Ah, kind monsieur le Diable, give me back my child!" Out into the dank dawn sped a wild

figure, one of earth's broken and out-cast minds.

The wealthy Madame Demorin, sitting in her landau, the target of village obeisances and bows, felt that she had indeed reason to be complacent. How fortunate that she had taken her physician's advice when the baby was born, and sent it out into the country to be nursed! She would never have believed that the

What was this? A ragged peasant woman, with matted hair and sunken eyes, clambering over the side of the landau, reaching out clawing hands for the child! Madame Demorin shrieked for aid, and two gendarmes, slumbering on red-striped legs before a pastry shop, sprang forward. A crowd gathered out of the very ground, frocked butchers' apprentices, tradespeople, smocked peasants leading donkeys loaded with legumes.



THE DEMORINS COME TO VISIT THEIR BABY

sickly little thing could have become so fat and brown and kissable in three short months. But it was well. Monsieur Demorin, a wealthy butcher of Paris, could afford a stout wife, robed elegantly after the fashion of the Rue de la Paix, and a sturdy child like this, swathed in the finest lace and cashmere money could purchase. She sat back against the cushions elegantly, and the baby, left to its own devices, reared its small spine and clutched at the edge of the carriage for a sunbeam.

"Joie! Le bon Dieu be praised! I have found thee at last!"

"*Que fait elle?*" roared the gendarmes.

"*Une distraite,*" murmured the crowd pityingly, as the wild figure was dragged down from the carriage steps.

"*Non, non—my child—behold, my child—my Joie!*" shrieked the peasant woman, struggling. "I lose her—I hunt long—Dieu! at last I have found her—*donnez-la-moi!*"

"The woman is mad!"—Madame Demorin drew the baby closely to her foulard bosom—"it is of a surety plain. She must be lock up immediate. This is my *petite Marie*,

my turtledove, *mon ange*. One must see it could not be the child of such"—she pointed a fat, suede finger at the disheveled beggar-woman, and the crowd burst into murmurs of assent. The gendarmes bowed.

"*Oui*, Madame speaks the truth. This woman is mad, *sans doute*. She shall not trouble Madame again." They dragged the frantic peasant thru the gaping crowd, prodding her with their swords. Her futile shrieks distressed the air, tore the heart-strings. Long after she had disappeared, came back the despairing echo:

"My baby—my Joie—give her to me—have pity! I have search so long—give her to me!"

"Is Monsieur le Docteur within?"

The *bonne* surveyed the visitor through an inhospitable crack, noted the neat black dress and bonnet, the pale, lined face, and nodded reluctantly.

"*Oui*, Madame—enter."

A fire snapped cosily on the hearth in the study. The tall, grave man, reading before it, rose as the door opened, and bowed.

"*Bon jour*, Madame, and how may I serve you?"

The woman drew aside her veil, looking at him steadily. "You do not remember, Monsieur?"

He was politely regretful. "I see so many——"

With the same steady watchfulness, she drew up the loose sleeve of her dress, disclosing long, white seams of scars—"Nor now?"

Memory flashed into the physician's face. "Ah, yes"—he was groping in his mind. "I have it! Three—four months ago, late at night, a woman and her child, both badly burnt—*Oui*. I treat the burns and they go—*ouf*! Am I right?"

"*Oui*, Monsieur," she nodded; "I am Jean Bourin, *la mème*. I have been for three months in—an asylum." One hand, a shadowy thing of transparent flesh, crept to her head painfully. "But now they say I am cured. Me, I do not know *peut-être*. It is

no matter. But they let me go, and I have return to find my child."

"Your child?"

"Stolen," drearily. "Tell me, Monsieur, lives there a woman in this village, fat, *oui*, and rich, with horses, fine robes, a little child——"

"Do you mean Madame Demorin?"—the doctor's tone was indulgent—"elle est comme c'a——"

The woman drew a long breath of relief. "Then—I think—I have found my child! *Non, non*, I am not crazy—listen, I will tell you."

Ten minutes later the physician and the woman left the house together.

Jacques Frison, miller, sat uneasily on the edge of the gilt chair, tapping his felt hat against his knee, every movement powdering the air; Madame Demorin, upholstered in lavender morning-robe, was angry, but mindful of her social status. She rang the bell disdainfully, and to the trim maid who responded:

"Bring Mademoiselle Marie to me."

Jean sat stoically on the pink velvet sofa. Once or twice she swayed, and steadied herself with an effort. Her thin face was refined and unpeasanted with suffering. The doctor watched her professionally, noting the blue shadows about the lips. As the portières parted and a small figure stood shyly in them, the pale woman leaned forward, with an inarticulate sound. Her body trembled from head to foot; but she did not speak, waiting her cue. The physician lifted small Marie to his knee, and turned to the disdainful Madame Demorin.

"With whom did you leave your child, Madame, four months ago?"

She waved a pudgy, flashing hand toward the agitated miller.

"This man and his wife——"

"*Hélas!* she is dead now, my excellent Henriette," mumbled Frison, crossing himself. "She meant no harm to any one."

The physician interrupted sternly.

"What happened to the Demorin baby—is this the one?"

"*Non, non!*" the silent, black-robed

figure broke into a desolate cry. "She is mine, the little one—she was stolen away—look, Monsieur le Docteur, for the scars. You remember?"

Frison was cowering in the chair, his face ghastly, jaw gaping. Madame Demorin laughed scornfully.

"My Marie has no scars," she said coldly.

"The shoulder—the right knee—look, Monsieur."

Dr. Lemosin unfastened the tiny

ashen lips. "Diable!" he gasped; "I told her she would be the ruin of us! Listen, then—I'll tell all——"

"*Bête!*" shrieked Madame Demorin hysterically; "you shall be guillotined. My Marie! Ah—ha! ha!"

"Hush," said the doctor solemnly, pointing.

The peasant woman had slipped to her knees beside the child. Ecstatic content lighted her worn face, as tho a sudden inner lamp had been lit



THE DISCOVERY OF THE FRAUD

frock deliberately. "Four months ago," he said slowly, "I dressed such burns as this woman speaks of, on her child. I never forget a case. Pardon, Madame, it is my duty to see——"

A breathless hush settled over the garish room. Frison held his arm before his face, as tho to ward off a blow. The two women stared with agonized eyes as the physician drew down the delicate dress from the shoulder and disclosed, faint in the pink flesh, but apparent, a long-healed scar.

A moan burst from the miller's

within. One thin hand went out, adoringly, touching the sweet pink flesh of the little knee. For an instant Motherhood incarnate, holy, wonderful, possessed the weak frame, then the light faded and the blue shadows deepened.

"Is she—not—pretty—Peter, mon homme?"—the white lips whispered pridefully—"always together—the three—of us——"

She slipped down and lay, faintly smiling, at the feet of her child.

Le bon Dieu, looking down, had been merciful.





The DILEMMA

BY
ALEXANDER LOWELL

(Biograph)

SOMETHING cold surged round her heart—something with the chill of black waters, unspeakably grim. Like a thing maimed and rudderless, her mind leaped back to the cause parenting so miserable an effect. A midsummer madness, the cause had been, the untutored impulse of a soul that had never known a mother's tender counsel, gracious wisdom. And the effect had been a year of weary disillusion, broken hopes, baffled efforts to pierce him with the white light of things; and now, the end of it all, this note. This note saying that he was tired of her—of her, who had bartered her youth's flower for the mud of the road—saying, further, that her father was able to provide for her—that he was going away. All over! Yet was it all over in very truth? Was a thing like this *ever* over? Would there not cling to her, sinister, smirching, inevitable, the stagnant aroma of that unsavory year?

"Dear God," she prayed, her head bowed on the little table where she had found the note along with her empty purse and the eternally empty whiskey bottle; "dear God, let me forget this year has been. Tho he was my husband, Thou knowest he was not worthy. Grant me this boon—forgetfulness."

And it seemed to her, in the months that followed, that God had indeed heard her prayer—that He had forgiven the earthly passion of her heart—that He had made it whole. Back

in her father's home she lived again those long, sweet days of study, and pleasure, and tranquillity of mind; hers before Noel Travers had disrupted her scheme of things with his wild ardor. She thought, oftentimes, in the quiet of the long day, that she could ask no more of life than this—this peaceful backwater of existence. Here, at least, she was free from the strange, disturbing things—from the bitterness of awakenings—and the unmasking of realities. As for love—that dream of Youth—and Age—hers was a cynic's scorn for that. If love were the loathly thing she had held in the palm of her hand, then, truly, was the world mad. A moment's blinding fire—an hour, mayhap, of tender hope—then utter sickness of body and soul. This was Love! To trysts she witnessed sometimes on her solitary walks, when Youth met Youth with unveiled eagerness—to the primitive truth of these meetings she turned a weary head. To Age, walking, hand in hand, in the mellow sunlight, the peace of long, mutual years on their tranquil faces, she turned blind, tearless eyes.

And then, one bright May morning, came news of her ultimate release. Noel Travers was dead. He had died, as he had lived, in a saloon brawl; and he had been identified by the tailor's label in his coat. It stared at her, in black and white, this news of his death. He had gone now beyond the touch of her forevermore. And as the half-gods go, the gods appear

—so John Holden came to the woman of memories.

Gently, reverently, very, very tenderly, he led her back, adown the pathway of her early dreams. He was Galahad—he was Arthur—he was Launfal! He was all of the bright, crusading spirits of the dream-figures of old. He was Love as she had visioned it in her most youthful, most innocent dreams. He was Strength—he was Force—he was



"YES—MY LOVE—MY LOVE"

Man. She knew now the meaning of the meetings she had witnessed between the youth-bright lovers of the world—she sensed the eager tremulousness of their touch of each other—the half-audible tones of their hushed voices. So her voice fell when she spoke to John Holden. She thrilled with the mystic sweetness of the love of Age—the purity of the bond cemented by the same-trod path of years—the tie that would be eternal, of the same pleasures, the same sorrows, the same hopes, the equal burden. Thus would she look at John

Holden when the light of their lives together should begin to wane and the downward slope be reached. Thus should they clasp hands that had kept, thru life, one faith, one loyalty, one love.

"Yes," she breathed, when he told her of his love and asked her to share his life with him; "yes—my Love—my Love."

There was no Holy Grail for this modern Galahad to achieve—no bright, celestial vision for him to make material, lest it be the Kingdom of God come to earth, in the final success of clean politics—clean morals—clean ideals. These things were the things Holden was fighting for, and because the God in man is acknowledged sometimes—and by some people—he was nominated for Governor.

"I am so proud of you," his young wife whispered, as he said good-by to her the night following the nomination, on his way to one of the political halls to speak; "I love you so for it all—for your fineness—your trueness—your success!"

"And I love you," he answered, softly, "because you are you—all woman—and all—all mine!"

Somehow, as she watched his tall, clean-cut figure vanish down the street, those last words haunted her: "And I love you because you are you—all woman—and all—all mine!" That is what he had said. "Because you are mine!" It was as if the shadow of the past laid its unclean fingers on her and mocked her for her acceptance of those words. She was not naturally nervous, yet tonight seemed one of strange forebodings, of unfounded fear and shadowy premonitions. As she sat in her room, reading, passing the time until he should return, she was beset by the idea that he and she would never face each other again as they had done in the hall just now. Always between them something would lurk, crouch, lessening all their love's radiance. . . . She started to her feet, teeth chattering, lips blanched. Some one was

climbing up the balcony outside of her room. The French windows were not locked. Like a hunted thing, she sped into the dressing-room beyond. The doors yielded to a crafty touch, and the thief was in the room, prowling toward her dressing-table, using a spotlight. Fearfully, she peered from the heavy curtains separating the rooms. The man heard her, turned, the light fell on her face, and a laugh broke out. She knew that laugh—the same that had made mirth hideous in her sight—that sardonic, witless, phantom of laughter.

"Gar bless my soul!" he chuckled, when, the electric on, they faced each other in her husband's room; "Gar bless my soul—if here isn't lil' Madge—how y're, Madgie?"

But the wife of John Holden was facing him, face stricken of all that is life.

"Wassa matter, Madgie?" he queried; "aren't y' glad to see me?"

"Where"—she gasped, her tongue volumes too large for her mouth—"where—did—you—come from?"

"Now what a question!" Travers was immensely amused. "Why, 'out of the everywhere, into the Here'—aint that what the kids say, Madgie? An' now that I am here, with you, so sociable like, suppose I cull one of the candidate's cigars and change coats with him. He's for democracy, aint that so? Well, that bein' the case, he'll be tickled that I should thus carry out his views."

"Noel," Madge's voice was strained with an anguish of pain; "Noel, why are you here? I thought—every one thought you were—dead."

The derelict, complacently puffing away at the fragrant weed, chuckled appreciatively. "Dead, eh?" he inquired; "ever know a bad penny to be that obliging? Pray tell us, Madgie, what put that sweet thought into your young head?"

"This." Out of her secretary she drew the clipping that had brought her the news of her freedom.

Noel Travers laughed long and loud. "Guess some other chap snitched my coat when the booze was too much for me," he chuckled; "be that as it may, Madgie, I'm alive—very much so. I came here tonight for a little spare cash, or some jeweled folderols to carry me along for a few days; but now things have turned out this way, I might as well stick around and see what the Governor has to say



"WASSA MATTER, MADGIE?"

to husband number one. Pretty rich, eh?"

So this was to be it—the shadow she had foreseen between herself and the man she loved better than life—this sordid thing in the guise of a man. He was the obstacle that should bar them apart, until their straining eyes should darken in death. Perhaps, worse than all else, John would not believe—would not understand. Yet she knew that he must—so perfect had been their union, so complete their faith and love, he would not fail her now, in her dark hour. And he did not. His was the love "that passeth understanding"—that goes



HE READ THE BRUISED INNOCENCE IN MADGE'S SOUL

on, beyond the visual, into the hidden heart of things, and the light of his knowledge made the hidden place light.

They both saw him at the same time. He had come up the steps quickly, quietly, hearing Travers' laugh. For an instant he faced them both—took the measure of Travers' unmistakable worthlessness—read the despair, the appeal, the bruised innocence in Madge's soul. Then he spoke, tho he did not need to ask, so swiftly do we humans accept the grotesquely impossible things Life sends us on our way.

"Who are you?" he demanded, tersely, sharply; "what do you here?"

Travers laughed again—that empty, hollow laughter. "I'm this lady's unfortunate husband, y'r Honor," he mocked; "and I'm here on a social call. Madgie and I have lots of things to talk over—we——"

Holden crossed the room, and gripped him, vise-like, around the flabby flesh of his arm. "Be quiet, you poor dog," he commanded, "or you'll leave this room in a different way than you entered it. If it's money you want—here——"

The amount he thrust into the greedily extended hand was a goodly one. "Now begone!" he said; and then, turning to Madge, who crouched against the window, deathly white: "How has this thing happened, dear? How did you happen to tell me he was dead?"

For answer she extended the little clipping—treasured as one would treasure a pardon from a life sentence. And, reading, John Holden was glad, immeasurably glad, that he had understood—that he had not gauged this woman wrong. He saw the cruelty of it—the sundering of their paths—yet he saw the greater joy of an understanding that could not fail; and, somehow, he was at peace.

Travers, having donned his right-ful coat, stood regarding them, sneeringly. "I c'n remember," he said, coarsely, "when me an' Madgie was as fond as——"

The young candidate wheeled on him, menace in his eye.

"An' I could say," resumed the wretch, "that their candidate was livin' with a woman who——"

The life-blood was almost stilled before Madge could interpose her

futile strength. John Holden was not all lover and idealist—he was brawn, and muscle, and splendid strength, and all his blind fury backed him up as he clinched and shook the liquor-sodden wretch.

"John," she pleaded with him, battling his deathly clutch; "John, if you kill him we are lost—we are lost! Oh, my beloved, think of me—think of me!"

"You have Mrs. Holden to thank for your worthless life," the future Governor said grimly, as the limp form picked itself from the floor and crawled for the windows. "Now, get out—and do it now!"

Dawn streaked the sky with amethyst and rose before they stopped talking—Madge and the man she loved. And when they finally separated—he for a day's pain-driven work, and she for her father's home—she had won her battle.

All the night she had pleaded with him to go on with his work—not to throw down the tools he had shaped so splendidly—not to let this grimy thing block his path.

"We cannot live together, anyway, my dearest," she told him; "and if I go quietly to my father's, many plausible excuses can be invented. He, Noel Travers, will keep silent. He wants the hush-money and he is an arrant coward. We must not let our little, single desire debar you from the working out of your destiny—and perhaps, dear, the working out of the destinies of many others. You may be the means of saving other lives from the shipwreck of ours. You have the power to found a newer, better order of things—an order that will be the basis for a better race—where men like—like him—will have no part. Dont you see,

my Love, my own, the greater rather than the smaller, the many rather than the few?"

They had forgotten to count on one thing, these two, when they made their splendid resolution and went their separate ways—the power of drink on the man—the fact that it will make devils of angels, brutes of the meek and mild, daring and defiant the weak and cowardly. This latter thing it did to Noel Travers. Some whim, born of the liquor, had urged him into the meeting where John Holden was speaking—some latent fiend woke in him and impelled the crazy accusations he endeavored to hurl at the shaken, young candidate. Some avenging angel made of the mob, wildly cheering for Holden, the arbiters of his fate, the redeemers of his heart's happiness. For they fell on the drunken, dissenting voice and stilled it forever. In their maddened frenzy, they hurled themselves at him in a body, and he fell over the



JUST A DERELICT

gallery to the floor beneath with a shuddering cry, ending in a final silence.

And no one ever knew, no one ever guessed, that the distinguished orator's lady had been the wife of the poor wretch killed that night—no one ever knew that the coming Governor had been speaking from a heart too sore for healing, or that, in giving his life to the people, he was tearing his

own asunder. No one, but the two who had given their heart's blood for the sake of the greater cause and the call of honor, knew the almost unbearable sweetness of the reunion.

"My wife!" John Holden whispered, as they looked out, with far-seeing, unafraid eyes, over the city the night she came home; and he tore in tiny pieces the clipping, true at last. "Mine in very truth now—and *no man may put asunder!*"

The Mirror of Fate

By FRANK G. WHITNEY



ilent and still as Fate, see it move.

Swiftly working its wondrous will;

Not like an automaton in a groove,

But surely as the gods of the mill,

Leading the minds and thoughts aright,

Twisting the trend of brains alight,

Teaching and guiding and pointing the way—

Fate, as the photoplay!

Resting the bodies of women and men,

Aye, and their tired brains, too;

Diverting their thoughts from troubles, then

Bringing them thoughts more true.

Making them travel against their will,

Tho they are cheaply sitting still;

Their higher selves move, tho their bodies stay

Fast at the photoplay!

Molding the pliable minds of men.

Bringing them peace and joy and hope;

Kindling alms beyond their ken,

Cleansing their thoughts for broader scope.

Arousing a laugh, arresting a sigh,

Producing a tear in an eye long dry.

Unknown mayhap and unthanked each day—

Thus fares the photoplay!



Motion Picture Magazine Contrast

A meditation at the door of a Motion Picture theater

By HARVEY PEAKE

Outside, the present century
With all its stirring life we see;
Inside, the past upon the screen
With all its ancient pomp is seen—
There's only just a wall between!

Outside, the whirl of motor-things;
Inside, the Swan of Avon sings.

Outside, the newsboy's raucous cry;
Inside, King Arthur's knights ride by.

Outside, the traffic whistle shrills;
Inside, a tale of Egypt thrills.

Outside, the clang of trolley-gongs;
Inside, the Bible's Song of Songs.

Outside, the blare of modern life,
Its struggle, worry, toil and strife;
Inside, the past and what has been,
The restfulness of quiet scene—
There's only just a wall between!

DOWN THRU LOVERS' LANE

BY JOHN E. SYKES



Where is the way of happiness
Down thru this vale of care?
Is it in wealth, with rubies fine
And diamonds ever rare?
With mansions great and social lead
And servants at my side —
Is this the way of happiness,
Where time will quickly glide?

Is it in fame, with wordous name
That all the world applauds;
That when I'm gone they'll give it place
Beside the ancient gods?
That while I live they'll bow to me,
As on my way I go;
Is this the way to fairyland —
Ah! will I find it so?

Or is it pow'r that only kings
Can wield o'er subjects poor —
Is this the way to sylvan fields
And all my cares to cure?
Then spake my heart that's ever true,
"It is not everywhere;
'Tis down the lane that lovers go —
You'll always find it there."

So fare I forth thru Lovers' Lane,
To find some winsome miss,
And where I'm sure she is the one,
I'll sweetly tell her this:
"I'd rather take your hand in mine,
And keep you by my side,
Than have the wealth that Croesus had
And all the world be hid."



This story was written from the Photoplay of EDWIN AUGUST

FROM the Carew toolhouse the agonized shrieks of a persistent file leaped thru the quiet country air and worked their demoniacal way into the sitting-room of the farmhouse. To the old lady with lace cap, horn spectacles and clinking knitting-needles, the rending sound was sweet music. The pennyweight of a girl by her side plowed her forehead full of pink-white furrows, shook protecting ringlets over her ears, and unraveled an hour's spoilt handiwork—the neck of a gray woolen sock.

"Mercy!" she burst out spitefully; "if Will dont stop that dreadful noise, I'll——"

"Hack-hash, hack-hash," screamed the furious file.

The old lady smiled slowly, as if awakening from a dear symphony.

"He's makin' somethin' wonderful, I guess"—"hack-hash, hack-hash," from without—"you just wait 'til supper-time."

The knitting proceeded, and the yarn unrolled evenly from the pair of balls that played on the floor like kittens. Presently the inferno in the toolhouse smothered with an abrupt

final squeal, and hurried footfalls came toward the house. A flushed-faced, perspiring giant of a man burst into the sitting-room, holding a squirming band of steel.

"Hurrah! I've done it," he fairly shouted; "cut teeth in th' buck-saw blade; it's as keen and true as a razor."

"Judging from the sound, I thought you were pulling them," flashed the girl; but the others never smiled, just bent their heads, breathless, over the man's invention.

"See the shape"—his finger traced the design before the horn spectacles—"it's faster-cutting than the 'V' tooth, an' simpler than the 'Lightning.'"

The girl slid her cool hand thru his arm. "It was a painful tooth to cut, anyway; wasn't it, baby?"

The man turned, frowned, smiled broadly down at her.

"Painful or no," he half rebuked. "it'll make our fortune."

Suddenly he bent over and kist the old lady solemnly, then took the girl prisoner in muscle-taut arms.

"I'm goin' to th' city," he an-



"I'LL BE BACK!" HE BURST OUT DETERMINEDLY

nounced defiantly; "the invention has got to be sold."

A half-grown, awkward boy entered the room, in the staring silence that followed Will's announcement.

"Here's Ben," the big man went on, relieved; "he'll take care of you."

"Willum"—the old lady's voice was almost sharp—"is this city trip goin' to take long?"

"'Most a week, I guess; mebber it'll——"

He came to a dead stop, avoiding three frightened pairs of eyes.

"I'll be back!" he burst out determinedly. "Cilly, girl, look after ma, and spare her old hands all you can."

A film shot across the girl's eyes, and the lump in her throat nearly choked her; but she said nothing, just took Will's hands and nodded brightly that she understood.

In another minute the women were busy over his carpet bag, and Will coiled the fortune-bringing saw-blade carefully within it, twining it tight and small.

On his way across the yard he turned now and then to wave them a good-by, then set his face resolutely down the road to the railroad station. The steel thing in his bag thumped exultingly, like the beat of his heart, and he felt his resolve coiled up tight.

ready to leap and bite, like his saw, against the unknown in the city.

Two years passed—wonder-working years for Will—that found him rich and installed in fashionable apartments in the city. He had written his mother and Cilly at first every night from his hall bedroom in a shoddy furnished-room house; then once a week, as the money began to come; and now, not at all. It was simply a case of not having time, he told himself.

The exploitation of his saw had been absurdly simple—a meeting with a pair of diamond-scarf-pinned brokers, the forming of a corporation—"William Carew, vice-president and general manager"—and the leasing of a luxurious suite of offices.

William's duties and their reward were also astonishingly free from complication—the signing of several green and gold certificates each day and the "president's" check for three figures at the end of each week. Outside of William's signature and his cheerful countenance, his presence in the office was not required, and he soon took the hint and proceeded to learn the ways of the city.

The call of the big fellow's ready money, and his rugged, open-air, good fellowship, made him friends, of

a sort, faster than a life-time of association in the country—his financiers, the slick brokers, saw to that, and with the renting of a handsome apartment and the installation of a valet and housekeeper the country boy burnt his last bridge behind him.

In one thing only was Will reminding of lusty days gone by. From out the numerous applicants he insisted on engaging as housekeeper a stolid old woman from the country.

"If I surprise my stomach with *pâté de foie gras*, blue-moon cocktails, and such stuff o' nights," he warned his companions, "I just got to gentle it again in the morning with buckwheat cakes and country sausage."

"The kind that mother used to make," laughed a new-found friend.

Will's face grew serious, and his eyes filled with memories. Then he turned to a handsome girl with deep-fringed eyes by his side.

"You could never take to knitting socks, could you?" he asked, half-seriously.

"Nit," she jocosely; "not for me."

"They're the kind that never wear out," he threatened.

"But the hands that make them wither—come, let's be serious."

"I'm thirsty," he said, brightening.

"Now you *are* serious," the woman whispered, letting her soft hand slip into his; "please call a waiter."

"Mary, I'm going to a bang-up shindig tonight," instructed William; "you needn't sit up; I'll be home toward sun-up."

The old housekeeper set her lips motherwise. "It's not that I mind the lack of sleep," she said; "I'm thinkin' of you."

"Bless you, Mary, I'll behave—I do believe you're trying to mother me."

"I'll set up 'til twelve," she said; "settin' out your clothes for th' mornin'."

William's valet hurried him into his evening clothes. He was jealous of Mary, and did not understand her ungratifying ways.

When William stood before him in

snug-fitted coat and shot-silk waistcoat, the valet stood back in respectful admiration.

The erstwhile country boy caught his glance and read it.

"You've made a first-rate job out of a mud-crusted jay," he said, handing the man a ten-dollar bill; "here, hold this while I'm gone."

The valet bowed and stood at attention while the young man who enjoyed life was leaving the room. With the closing of the door a sneering, deprecatory smile flitted across the man's pale face.

William wended his way to the studio of an artist friend, from whose glass-roofed rooms the life-giving music of a sextette of troubadours was thrumming and sobbing its way to the street below.

The woman smiled as he entered; and he went, straight as a darting fish, to the side of her low-cut bosom and conquering, shadowy eyes.

"Ah!" she said, but her eyes were telltale with her story, and she had learnt not to say too much.

Back in his rooms old Mary set herself about the task of preparing his clothes for the morrow. There were sparkling studs to transfer to clean linen, pearl buttons to sew on friendless shoes, and a heap of clothespressing to be gone about.

It was somewhere along toward midnight, with her eyes growing heavy with sleep, that she discovered a dust-covered carpet bag in the deep cavern of his closet and dragged it forth to sort out its rubbish. Under a wrinkled suit of "store clothes" she came upon a pile of letters, and shamelessly, after the nature of women, she fell to reading them. They were dated some two years back, and were addressed, in a girl's round hand, to a street in the down-and-out section of the city.

Mary read on grimly, taking the letters in turn like the parts of a serial story. And what a story they pieced together to even the old woman with a commonplace heart!

First came the joyous call of a



"IT'S YOU, WILL, YOU!" PLEADED MARY

girl's child-heart to the news of his success, and endless prattle about what they should do on his return to fix up the farm and make his mother comfortable. Then, later, came letters in answer to his, into which she wrote her young, trustful heart, that stood out naked and unashamed with her avowal of love. And, still later, came her call as from afar off, putting herself in the background and telling about the drooping of his old mother. She never put the question, but thru every word writhed the appeal: Would he not come back?

Mary gathered the plaintive letters together in a whirl. The odor of scorching clothes bit her nostrils. And in the kitchenette she found the valet standing over a pair of sadly ruined trousers.

His eyes pierced hers with unutterable scorn.

"I know you now, old she-cat," he hissed fiercely; "I have watched you reading the master's letters, while his clothes go up like that!"

His arms went heavenward, and tears sprang into his eyes. Mary could never have guessed that this righteous man had read these same

letters—and kept out one or two for use, if need be.

"Keep on watching," said Mary, unfeelingly; "I'm going out to find him."

And she did. It was along toward sunrise, in a cigarette-scented studio, that the old woman brazenly crossed between the dancers and faced her master, with his arms about the woman.

"Will," said old Mary, plucking at his sleeve—"I'm going to call you Will, just like your mother—I read all the letters in your bag from Cilly, and I want you to pack it and go straight home." The shadowy eyes by the big man's side flared up like a tiger's. "As for this woman here, she's a catfish, Will—the kind that nibble at dead men's bones and never fill up."

William rose up in a half-dazed frame of mind—shame, fear, incredulity, belief of kind, chased thru him in a riot of mad unreason.

"Mary, woman!" he cried, pulling her to her knees, "am I drunk as a fiddler, or is it you?"

"It's you, Will, you!" pleaded Mary; "you haven't drawn a sober-



"I'M GOING DOWN . . . TO SAW WOOD"

mind ed breath since you quit writing to Cilly."

William blushed rosy red, and drew her to her feet. The dancers hung back, expecting a scene worth while.

Suddenly the big man turned around and flung a shower of bills into the young woman's lap.

"Here," he said, "that's all I get 'til next week—I'm wrung dry. Tomorrow I'm going down to the office of the International Saw Company and *saw wood*! But you dont understand, so goodby."

"Will!" the woman called after him—a clear voice, the clearest he had ever heard; but his big shoulders, with Mary tucked under one of them, were already thru the doorway.

The following morning the office force of the International Saw Company witnessed a busy and forceful scene. William arrived, and, in a businesslike manner, grasped the president by his collar.

"Give me back my saw!" he shouted; "and you take all my beautiful certificates. I'm tired of a company that dont manufacture—jest sells promises."

The coiled, toothed, shiny thing lay in his hands.

"Your vice-president's goin' home," he announced to the spellbound ones, "*to saw wood*—jest saw wood. And I'm goin' to saw fast to make up for back time."

Again came the tree-arched lane from the station, and a man trudging homeward in the pink-and-purple alpenglow of sunrise. Cilly and his mother were already at work, and he heard their splash of morning's milk in the lean-to.

The prodigal uncoiled his adventurous saw and stole to the woodshed. Asthmatic, rasping sounds rent the air. As if by art-magic—the call of a pied-piper—two spellbound women fled thither from their chore and for-gathered back of him.

Four hands, a withered pair and dimpled ones, tore at his pumping elbows. Will turned and gathered his audience into two huge, hugging arms.

"I'm home," he said, in his matter-of-fact way; "there's a heap of stove-wood to cut."

THE GREAT DEBATE:

SHALL THE PLAYS BE CENSORED?

Does Censorship assure better plays, or is it beset with dangers?—Promise or Menace?

Affirmative

REV. WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE, D.D.

Rector of Christ Church, Bedford Ave., Brooklyn

Negative

FRANK L. DYER

President of General Film Company, (Inc.)

EDITORIAL NOTE: This debate was begun in the February issue, and is attracting wide attention, not only because of the importance of the subject, but because of the eminent fitness of the debaters to handle it in a masterly and authoritative manner. Those who have not read the preceding articles by Canon Chase and President Dyer should do so at once. Copies of the magazine containing them will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents per copy. Every preacher, reformer, civic worker and film exhibitor should be supplied with a complete set of the magazines containing this memorable debate. And every mother and every father should read all the articles carefully. In the April number, the debaters will continue their respective arguments and probably conclude; and, when they have done, you may be sure that they have said the "last word" for and against the idea of film censorship.

SECOND ARTICLE FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE

By CANON CHASE

BEFORE this debate is closed I hope to win President Dyer to support the kind of official censorship which I am advocating, for, in his first article, he opposed something very different from what I have ever advocated.

Let me state various reasons why he ought to support my plan:

1. Such a censorship as I advocated in my first article will not, as President Dyer fears, injure the business which he represents, but will enormously increase its receipts. It would change the attitude of a vast number of people, who look with suspicion and distrust upon the influence of Motion Picture shows upon their children, into one of confidence and admiration for an institution which not only would protect their children from evil in their amusements, but would really give them valuable information for life, and help them to develop their moral and spiritual natures.

Mr. George Edwardes, a prominent theatrical manager in England, told the Parliamentary Committee in 1909 that the practical abolishment of censorship in France had killed the big

audiences. He said that he had lived in Germany, France and Austria. He claimed that in those countries the great bulk of the middle class will not go to the theater because they regard it as wrong to do so. The managers, because the theater-going public is so limited in number by its bad reputation, are driven, therefore, to get audiences by giving sensational and indecent plays, which appeal to the worst elements in the community.

Mr. Edwardes claimed that England has the cleanest stage in the world, and that it is due to the fact that every play before it is produced in any licensed place of amusement must have the approval of the censor. He claimed that the fact that the theatrical business in England was better than that in France, Germany and Austria, was because the efficient censorship in England kept the stage clean and gave the public a confidence in its morality.

Such a censorship as I advocate would elevate the whole Motion Picture business by protecting it from the degrading influence of those unscrupulous men who bring a bad name to the trade, thru the atrocious

pictures which they are causing to be displayed in many parts of our country.

It would raise the standard of pictures very quickly. All manufacturers would doubtless send the scenarios of any doubtful plots to the board of censors before manufacturing the films.

Before a year had elapsed very few pictures would be condemned by the censors, because everybody would soon learn the standard of morals demanded, and gladly conform to it.

Censorship works indirectly by preventing the making of bad pictures. In the last sixty years only ninety-seven plays have been rejected in England by the censor of stage plays. These figures do not indicate the number of bad plays which would have appeared if there had been no censor.

2. I hope I can diminish President Dyer's credulity in accepting, without modification, Mayor Gaynor's

statement that no obscene or immoral pictures were being shown in New York City. When Mayor Gaynor vetoed the censorship by the Board of Education of New York City, enacted by the Board of Aldermen by a vote of 70 to 1, he did so in spite of the desire of Cardinal Farley, and the practically united body of the ministers of all religions, and of the public-school teachers, who best understand the dangers to the youth from an unrestrained Motion Picture trade.

The States of California, Ohio, Kansas and Pennsylvania have enacted state censorships. They would not have done so unless they had found

that many pictures were having a bad influence, and had they not despaired of remedying the situation by the local police and courts.

Chicago, since 1907, has by ordinance constituted its police department a board of censorship, and no Motion Picture can be shown in places of amusement for pay unless it has a certificate of approval by the police department. The police have rejected about three per cent. of the films submitted to them.

San Francisco, Boston, Cincinnati, Memphis, Portland (Oregon) St. Paul, Milwaukee, Pittsburg and many other cities have shown their conviction that some form of censorship is necessary.

Robert O. Bartholomew, the Motion Picture Censor of Cleveland, reported in April, 1913, that out of nine hundred and fourteen reels examined, eighty-six were in part or wholly eliminated by him, and that a great many of them bore the



REV. WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE, D.D.

stamp "Passed by the National Board of Censorship." Since then fifteen per cent. of those examined have been forbidden by the censor.

The condition of films in the states and cities where there is no censorship is much worse than the percentage of bad films censored in Cleveland or Chicago would indicate; for the worst films were not sent to those cities, for fear of the censorship, but to places where there was no effective elimination of bad pictures.

3. A system of licensing those Motion Pictures which ask for the special privilege of being shown in licensed places of amusement, such

as I advocated in my first article, is no foe to freedom of conscience of the press, of speech or of personal liberty.

In his first article President Dyer says that an official body of censors would have the power "to require that no picture should be shown anywhere in the United States until first submitted to the censors." President Dyer seems to think that I am advocating something as impracticable as Plato did when he advised, in the laws of his Republic, that no poet should so much as read to any private man what he had written until the judges and lawkeepers had seen it and allowed it.

It would clearly be absurd to advocate giving any such power to a federal board of censorship, even if our form of government allowed the national officials to exercise such a power in the sovereign states. It would also be unwise to grant such a power to a state board of censorship, altho the State of Ohio has done so. Nothing that I have said would favor forbidding any citizen the privilege of taking a Motion Picture film of his family of children playing tag or romping with the house-dog, and exhibiting that or any other in his house or upon the public common, without ever going to the board of censors at all.

If he wants the privilege of interstate commerce, he should secure a license for his Motion Picture from a federal board of censors. But if he wants to show it only in his own state in licensed places of amusement, he should obtain a license from a state board of censors, unless the state has authorized that any Motion Picture can be shown in such places which bears a seal of the approval by the federal board of censors.

4. Upon reflection, I hope that President Dyer will realize that a federal law, such as I advocate, will not increase, but rather greatly diminish the number of censor boards. For I am persuaded that as soon as there is an effective state and federal censorship all village and city censorships will disappear. It is likely that many of the state censor boards will

accept the licensing of the federal board.

5. I hope also he will come to realize, in spite of what he has said to the contrary, that while a picture, which has been licensed by the censor board, will be still subject to the police power of the state, yet it will be practically impossible to get any court or jury to convict a maker or exhibitor for showing a licensed film. This is true of censored plays in England.

6. Is President Dyer speaking from theory or actual knowledge when he says that experience teaches us that we must assume the worst, and expect that official censorship would be administered unfairly? Is he convinced that graft has to be paid in Chicago, in San Francisco and other places, in order to get good pictures approved? Is there not an effective remedy, which is in the hands of the Motion Picture makers, if they want real justice done? My conviction is that the local police are more likely to be influenced by graft than are censor boards. Furthermore, federal and state censorship will largely eliminate village and city censorships, and thus vastly reduce the number of persons who can demand graft. My plan would reduce graft to a minimum.

7. When President Dyer speaks of censorship as being contrary to American ideals he argues as if we were living in the days when power resided in kings, emperors, bishops and popes, who acted arbitrarily, and as if I were proposing that we return to what the people have won from them by hard struggle. But it is not so. Power in America now resides in the whole people. I am asking merely that the will of the whole people shall be effectively executed, and that criminals, who are breaking the laws and making money by corrupting children, shall be effectively prevented from so doing.

Such criminal Motion Picture manufacturers are like the arbitrary kings or bishops of old, who claimed a divine right to make money by robbing the people of their rights. The people who exert tyrannical power today are no longer kings, police or clergy,

but unscrupulous business men who use their vast financial resources to corrupt officials and demoralize the people. These are the autocratic powers which claim that they ought to be free from all law to defeat the will of the people, in order that they may be free to make money without restraint.

President Dyer is representing the reactionary tendency when he says: "It is not properly within the power of any man to tell us or our children what we shall or shall not see." For he is denying the citizens the right to pass laws which will be for the people's welfare in order that his own business may make money without proper restraint. If the people decide it is unwise for the children to see bullfights, cockfights, naked men or women, the electrocution or hanging of criminals, or the picturing any crime in such detail as to suggest or teach crime, no body of men has any divine right to exhibit them.

If we see a man is about to commit murder or theft, we do not let him do it and then punish him. We stop him. If a picture will excite children to theft and lust, we ought to take the most effective way to prevent the picture doing harm.

President Dyer ought not to object to official censorship on the ground that a few persons thereby determine what the people may see. For a few film manufacturers are deciding that today. The censors represent the welfare of the people. The film-makers represent the business interests involved. The will of the people should prevail. If the state can more effectively prevent such sights from the public gaze by preliminary inspection of Motion Pictures than by punishment after the crime has been committed, the state has an absolute right to do the most effective thing—nay, it is its duty to do so. The people have the

right to enact laws of prevention as well as of cure. The individual has no divine right to see what he pleases, and thus compel the state to punish crime after it occurs, instead of taking effective methods to prevent it.

The effect of the censor law which I am advocating, does not apply to nor restrain the ordinary citizen from showing any picture he desires in any place without previous inspection. It applies only to the business man who makes a living from Motion Pictures. Because of the great temptation, which assails the Motion Picture man, to make money by demoralizing children, I maintain that it is the duty of the nation to prevent this demoralization by demanding a preliminary inspection of his pictures.

8. When President Dyer says that

"The censor represents the welfare of the people; the film-makers, the business interests involved. The will of the people should prevail."

"the suggestion of censorship is a denial of personal liberty, of free speech and of a free press," he clearly indicates that he, lawyer-like, is referring to censorship, government and

liberty as defined in the laws of ancient Rome, and not as used in free America of today.

Censorship today means licensing of what comes up to the moral standard, by persons from whose decision there is a legal appeal. It does not mean, as in Rome, the exercise of any absolutely arbitrary power.

When the government emanates from one man, like an emperor or czar, from whom there is no appeal, the exercise of any governmental power is a denial of personal liberty. But when the sovereign power resides in the people, then any law enacted for the welfare of the whole people is to establish personal liberty. It cannot be considered a denial of personal liberty, no matter how effectively it may restrain men from carrying out their wicked purposes.

The personal liberty of the whole community makes it necessary to re-

strain in some respects the personal liberty of certain individuals. This is why a minister is not free to hold a religious service in the streets of New York City without a permit from the Mayor or an Alderman.

The Supreme Court of the United States decided that such an ordinance in Boston was not a denial of the constitutional right of free speech.

Daniel Webster said:

It is a legal and refined idea, the offspring of high civilization, which the savage never understood and never can understand. Liberty exists in proportion to wholesome restraint: the more restraint on others to keep them off from us, the more liberty we have. It is a mistake to think that liberty consists in paucity of laws. If one wants that kind of liberty let him go to Turkey. The Turk enjoys that blessing. That man is free who is protected from injury.

True freedom will be more effectively established in our land if the children are effectively protected from moral injury rather than if the Motion Picture manufacturers are free from censorship.

Many crimes are justified under the mistaken conception that liberty is a selfish right to do what one pleases, no matter how it injures the community. Liberty is not selfishness. No one has any right to be selfish. Liberty is the power to do what is for the best welfare of the whole community, and to work out God's will in the world.

A bad Motion Picture does ten times as much harm among children as a bad book. An evil book injures only those that can read and have some power of imagination. But the evil Motion Picture carries its influence to the youngest and the most ignorant.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, who said he favored censorship of plays before they were acted in licensed places of amusement, made a clear distinction between books and

stage plays in the presence of the parliamentary committee:—

I think a play of an immoral tendency can do very much harm, much more harm, I think, than the press. These things are said in public, and laughed at by a great number of people, night after night, and I think it is calculated to do more harm than an article which is read privately.

One of the reasons why Motion Pictures need to be censored is because of their unusual attractiveness for children and for those who never attend the more expensive theaters or other forms of entertainment. Fully twenty-five per cent., and perhaps fifty per cent., of the audience at Motion Pictures are children. This form of amusement makes no demand of punctuality, of patience, or of intelligence. Those who cannot understand the English language and those who cannot read at all are attracted. It affords a cheap and comfortable lounging-place.

"True freedom will be more effectively established if the children are protected from moral injury."

This is one of the reasons why it has injured the saloon business.

"How did you like the show to-night?" asked an exhibitor of one of the boys. "Fine; I would rather see how to build a bridge and a railroad than to see how to rob a bank."

Fifteen hundred children in Cleveland wrote essays telling about Motion Pictures, and what kind of pictures they liked best. Only twenty-six said they preferred pictures of crime; four hundred and twenty-one preferred scenes of Western life; two hundred and ninety-two, scientific and educational; two hundred and eighty-three, the drama; two hundred and forty-one, comedy, and two hundred and twenty-four, war.

The Supreme Court of Illinois, the highest court in that state, twice unanimously decided that Municipal Official Censorship of Motion Pictures in Chicago, similar to the one proposed for New York City, violates no

constitutional provision. It was done in April, 1909, in the case of *Block et al. versus City of Chicago* (239 Ill., 251).

The claim that the Chicago censorship of Motion Pictures violated the freedom of the press was so absurd that the lawyers of the Motion Picture manufacturers did not think it worth while to present to the attention of the Court.

In none of the many cases of appeal, which have been made in the various states against censorship on

account of unconstitutionality, has the contention been sustained by the courts, so far as I have been able to learn. If the case now pending concerning the Ohio censorship law should result in declaring the Ohio law to be unconstitutional, it will not affect my contention, for the Ohio law is more sweeping in its provisions than any moderate and reasonable restriction, such as I have ever advocated, and is much more open to the charge of improperly restraining the freedom of the press.

SECOND ARTICLE FOR THE NEGATIVE

By PRESIDENT DYER

THE argument of Canon Chase, supporting censorship, is based largely on the assumption that unless pictures are made to conform to the moral views of the censors, their exhibition will demoralize children. In several places he refers to the "rights of childhood," by which apparently he means the right of a child to be protected from seeing an uncensored Motion Picture. Of course, neither in law, nor ethics, nor morals, does any such right exist. It is not the duty of the state to protect the children in the way proposed by Canon Chase. It is the

"It is not the duty of the state to protect the children, but of parents and guardians."

duty of parents, the natural guardians of children, to protect them from contamination. This is the gravest responsibility of parenthood, and it must not be shirked, nor must its burdens be tossed upon the insecure shoulders of the state. If the state is to assume this burden, then I ask what will the state do in enforcing the "rights of childhood" in connection with other forms of entertainment and amusement? What about the regular theater? Are children to be allowed to attend dramatic performances, or are they to be entirely excluded, or is the drama to be cen-

sored, as in England? What about the newspapers? A child on the lookout for evil, or a supersensitive one, can find much that is suggestive in probably every paper published in the United States. Are books to be censored? Canon Chase must realize that to a supersensitive child literature contains much that is suggestive, and, from his viewpoint, probably immoral. If there be such a thing as the "rights of childhood" that can

be infringed by the exhibition of uncensored Motion Pictures, then I submit in all seriousness that those rights are just as effective-

tively infringed by the ordinary drama, by newspapers, and by literature, and I insist that the same arguments in support of a censorship of Motion Pictures apply with equal force to the censorship of the stage, of newspapers, and of books. When I speak of censorship I do not mean the elimination of perfectly plain instances of indécency and immorality, because no one questions for a moment the effectiveness of our laws to protect the public mind from such sewage in whatever form it may be offered. My point is that censorship is unnecessary with respect to *all* subjects regarding

which there may be honest differences of opinion. As to pictures, concerning which there can be no honest difference of opinion, the law will prevent their exhibition. Canon Chase may believe with absolute sincerity that a picture illustrating, for instance, Hogarth's "Rake's Progress" should not be exhibited because of its sordid immorality, while other men, fully as sincere and earnest as Canon Chase, may believe with equal conviction that such a subject depicts a high moral lesson. It all depends upon the point of view.

My opponent, in his second article, attempts to distinguish between censorship and licensing. I fail to see any difference between the two terms. If I am a censor and refuse to pass a picture, then I practically refuse to license it; if I pass the picture, then I do license it. On the other hand, to use Canon Chase's terms, if I am the official licensor, then if I refuse to license a picture I certainly am censoring it. He appears to make a distinction between the two terms by assuming that in the case of censorship there can be no review by the courts, while in the case of licensing such a review will be allowed. I fail to see any distinction here, as I cannot imagine any censorship to be so utterly unlawful and arbitrary as not to be the subject of judicial correction in case of gross abuse. No matter how adroitly my worthy friend may argue, the fact remains that he is advocating the proposition that a small number of men and women shall be given the right to decide for the American people what films they shall

or shall not see—the right to exclude not only grossly immoral films, but also subjects to which the censors may object merely because of personal idiosyncrasy. Any film that the censors believe merely is undesirable, or objectionable, or contrary to their notions of morality, would be excluded. That is where the injustice comes in, not merely eliminating subjects that are unlawful, but withholding from the American people pictures that may be perfectly lawful—

pictures that might be approved by an overwhelming majority if submitted to a vote. Of course there are undoubtedly supersensitive children, as well as supersensitive adults, both of whom are strongly influenced by suggestion, but such individuals should keep away from the picture shows; and they also should not be allowed to read books, or magazines, or newspapers, which are all suggestive factors.



FRANK L. DYER

Leaving out of consideration those pictures which are of such a character that if shown the law should and will suppress them with a ruthless hand, what are the pictures that are now being exhibited in the thousands of theaters in this country? *They are precisely what the people demand to see*, just exactly as literature and the stage will be found to reflect public taste and morals. The Motion Picture producers are making the subjects that they believe will appeal to the largest audiences, subjects that will be entertaining and instructive to the greatest number of moral, honorable American people. The Motion Pic-

ture producer is not bent on shocking the moral taste nor the sensibilities of the millions of spectators to whom he appeals; he is trying to make pictures that measure up to the tastes and desires of his audiences. American people are not demanding pictures that are morally unclean, nor will they be satisfied, on the other hand, with wishy-washy, goody-goody stories. The situation is precisely the same as when an author writes a book, or a playwright constructs a drama—each is making an appeal to the greatest possible number of readers or auditors. And while there are always in every business human jackals, who seek to profit by pandering to the lower passions and weaknesses of men and women, yet I am certain that the American producers to a man are joined in the condemnation of these creatures. But merely because such vultures are flying around the outskirts, shall the entire industry be subjected to the unjust and unnecessary suspicion that every picture must first prove its innocence? Let them go out—let the producers make what they see fit—let them gauge the public taste as well as they can—let them uplift the people if they can do so—let them instruct, amuse, edify, or moralize—*BUT* (and I hope that the printer will see that this word is made as big as possible), if they overstep the bounds, if they put out a picture that transgresses the law, that offends public decency, if they shock the reasonable and proper morals of the community, if they deprave or lower public conscience, then let the punishment be swift and certain, both to the producer and to the theater attempting to show the picture. Punish the guilty, make the penalty a heavy one, enforce the law rigidly, but do not subject the entire industry to the burden and ex-

"I am certain that the American producers to a man are joined in the condemnation of those creatures who pander to the lower passions and weaknesses of men and women."

pense and the injustice of censorship.

In his second article Canon Chase divides his argument under eight heads, to which I shall briefly reply:

1. He argues that by having censorship the public confidence in Motion Pictures will be increased. More people would therefore go to Moving Picture shows, and in consequence the business will develop and expand. My objection to censorship is based on principle, as being reactionary and un-American, not on mere temporary commercial success. Even if censorship did indirectly result in a benefit in a purely material sense, as a lawyer I would still oppose it as wrong in principle. However, I do not agree with Canon Chase as to his conclusions. I don't think American people

are afraid to go to Motion Picture shows. Certainly I have yet to find any one refusing to patronize a picture theater because of any real or supposed objection to the morals of the pictures. On the other hand,

should censorship be carried to its greatest possible extent, should all portrayal of life and human experience as actually exist be suppressed and the Motion Picture reduced to a mere mental pap, I am convinced that the interest in pictures, and their many benefits to the poor man and his family, would be enormously lessened. My opponent refers a number of times to the English stage censorship. Does he approve of it? In England, the Lord Chamberlain has the unqualified right to refuse to license a play. Almost to a man, the theatrical managers approve of the censorship; with the same unanimity the authors and playwrights oppose it. Why is this? Simply because the licensing of a play in England confers immunity on the theater, forestalling any possible action. In a sense it is an insurance against prosecution. They care not

to what extent the poor author or playwright may be harassed by the censor; they refuse to put on a play that has not withstood the fire of the censorial criticism. Such a thing is impossible in this country, since we are dealing with more than forty separate, sovereign commonwealths, and not with practically a single homogeneous country with one set of laws. Should censorship be accepted as a desirable thing, it is safe to say that each state will have its own censorship board. Undoubtedly these censorship boards, when once started, will not be satisfied merely with a supervision of Motion Pictures, but will extend their activities in other and equally fertile fields.

2. If, by his argument, Canon Chase means that obscene or immoral pictures are now being shown in New York City or elsewhere, then I state without qualification that if such is the case, the law is not being enforced. There is not a single community in the United States in which an obscene or immoral picture can be shown without violating the law, and if such pictures are shown it simply means that the law is not being enforced. I do not think that Canon Chase can fairly charge any community with the failure to enforce its laws. The mere fact, as stated by him, that certain local censorships have partly or wholly eliminated films that have been passed by the National Board of Censorship, is not important. One of my arguments is that small local boards will be inclined to be over-zealous, merely to convince the people that there is a justification for their existence and for the continuance of their salaries. The mere fact that a film may have been rejected by a local board is not by any means conclusive that it should have been rejected at all, or that it contains any features that can be fairly objected to.

3. The next argument is quite unintelligible to me. Does my opponent mean to censor only pictures that are to be shown in theaters where an admission is charged? Is the uncensored picture to be shown on the

"public common," and, if so, what becomes of the argument that the purpose of censorship is to preserve the "rights of childhood"? Parenthetically I will inquire if Canon Chase, in referring to the picture showing "the children playing tag, or romping with the house-dog," has in mind the character of films that will safely pass the censorship?

4. So far as the next argument of Canon Chase is concerned, he and I simply do not agree. I say that if the idea of censorship is accepted by the American people, the number of censor boards will be legion. He says that if there is a single federal censor board the states and municipalities will not bother with censorship. We are both speculating as to the future, but when the fact is borne in mind that Americans are natural-born office-seekers, I submit that the temptation to create a lot of political offices would be too great to be resisted.

5. He is plainly wrong in his fifth argument. As a matter of fact, at the present time films are being censored by the National Board of Censorship, and yet the police authorities of Chicago and other cities insist upon having their own censorship.

6. In laying down the proposition that, in considering the administration of any rule or regulation, its evil possibilities must be always assumed, I did so as a matter of ordinary experience. I did not necessarily mean that the censorship boards would be venal or dishonest, yet I believe that in time such would be the tendency. I had particularly in mind the danger of the development of petty, narrow-minded, hair-splitting definitions, that would at first handicap and later strangle the business.

7. Canon Chase states that he is "merely asking that the will of the whole people shall be effectively executed." With due respect to my reverend friend, this is not so. He is asking that the will of a very small body of censors be executed. The will of the majority is reflected in our laws, and in advocating control of any evil by lawful, legitimate methods I

assert that I, and not Canon Chase, am asking that the will of the whole people shall be executed. It seems to me that the worthy Canon is a little extreme in his denunciation of "criminal Motion Picture manufacturers" and "unscrupulous business men who use their vast financial resources to corrupt officials and demoralize the people." No one can be convinced, no matter with what heat the charge may be made, that the American people as a whole are being contaminated by Motion Pictures, or that the manufacturers are deliberately putting out objectionable and immoral pictures. Pictures are not exhibited secretly; they are shown always in such a public way that any violation of law can be immediately reached. The laws of our country prevent the showing of indecent, immoral, suggestive and obscene pictures. Merely because the laws do not prevent the showing of pictures that Canon Chase may object to, but which other equally good men may not object to, is surely not a valid argument for censorship.

8. Canon Chase denies that censorship is an invasion of personal liberty, because the law creating the censors would be the will of the people. He knows very well that any question of voting does not represent the will of the majority at all. For instance, roughly speaking, we have a population of one hundred million people, and the electoral vote is not far from fifteen million, or about one in seven. If a bare majority, therefore, should advocate censorship, it means that one person in every fourteen, having weakly forfeited his liberty, insists that thirteen others shall be considered to have done likewise.

The good Canon says: "Censorship today means licensing of what comes up to the moral standard of persons from whose decision there is a legal appeal." If he is prepared to admit that any decision of the censors that might be contrary to law would in fact be remedied by appeal, or, in other words, if the censors in their decisions *before* the exhibition of a picture would go no further than the

courts might go in their decisions *after* the exhibition of a picture, then I submit that this is an admission that censorship is not necessary. If the laws are rigidly and properly enforced, as of course they should be, then all that my opponent contends for would be accomplished, and the accomplishment would be brought about in an orderly, lawful and proper way. Theater owners are intelligent enough to know whether a picture is or is not wrong, and if they have any doubts they can either refuse to run the picture or bring it to the attention of the police authorities. Is it not one of the fundamental ideas of American liberty that every man shall be presumed to be innocent until the contrary is established? Surely no one will dispute this contention. Now, a Motion Picture does not create itself. It does not form itself out of thin air. It is the creature of a human mind. If, therefore, a picture is adjudged immoral, indecent, or obscene, it follows that the producers of such a picture are guilty of a violation at least of the moral law, and such violations always carry the penalty of failure and disgrace. Are not the producers of Motion Pictures entitled to a presumption of innocence? Must they first establish the fact that they are not guilty of immorality and of obscenity before they are allowed to put their pictures on the market? It seems almost ridiculous to ask this question, yet Canon Chase asserts with painstaking confidence that the Motion Picture producer is not entitled to the presumption of innocence that should be accorded to the humblest citizen. Thus he says: "I am not advocating the suppression or destruction of unlicensed Motion Pictures, but only that they shall not be shown in places of public amusement *until it has been proved that they meet the moral standard of the public statutes*. I am asking that no doubtful Motion Picture shall be granted any special privileges by the government *until it has proved its right in the courts to enjoy the confidence of the fathers and mothers of our land*."

A Turn OF THE Cards



(Majestic)
by Dorothy Donnell

This story was written from the Photoplay of PHILIP LONERGAN

IN the deep canyons of money-making the dusk falls early and the tinsel stars of electricity dot the gloom, while beyond the roofs the sober sun still plods down toward the west. In the dingy recesses of the Battery Bank only the dusty clock above the coat-rack marked the passing of time. The air of the office was chill and tomb-like, as tho it were a place of buried hours, and hopes and ambitions. A film of dust lay smoothly over the oil-cloth of the floors and the stoop-shouldered desks; even the clerks themselves had a pasty, unsummed look to them as they bent patiently above their ledgers, computing other men's gains. From nine o'clock to half-past five they were mere adding machines, impersonal and mechanical. But on the wheezy stroke of the half-hour, as now, they wiped their inky fingers, donned their overcoats and became personalities.

"Lord! I'm tired," muttered one to the other; "me f'r home—'night, ol' man."

Jack Richards gave a worried glance at the clock and bent closer to his ledger, late as usual. He was one of the men who are born to be a step or two behind others; his birthright was apparent in the meek, downward lines of his face, the unfashionable cut of his collar and suit. His companion at the paying-teller's window grunted contemptuously, watching him, but,

his own entries apparently finished, still lounged on his stool and played irresolutely with his pen. Occasionally he glanced obliquely at the other's kindly profile, his lips moving as tho he were adding up its points of weakness and strength into a total for his own purposes. At length he appeared to have reached a trial balance. The front legs of his stool met the floor with a jarring crash that sent Richards' slow-moving pen slithering nervously over the page.

"Man alive!" exclaimed the toiler; "you here still?—'s matter? Wont they come out O. K.?" He jerked an alpacaed elbow toward the other's ledger. His assistant nodded sullenly, and brought a sudden furious fist down on the desk.

"I'm sick an' tired of this dog's life," he snarled. "Sick an' tired! Grind, grind, grind, day in an' day out, for a measly twenty per, and no hopes of anything ahead. I'm about ready to quit!"—above the words his eyes watched Richards' face.

The senior teller sighed, the patient sigh of unsuccessful, uncomplaining forty. "You're young, Taylor," he smiled. "That's just a growing pain. I've had 'em—we all do, sooner or later, before we give up being the president or a millionaire and settle down to rustling for our daily bread. Grind? That's just life, boy; just life."

"It's not what I call living, anyhow," sniffed Taylor. He reached out for one of the packets of bank-bills before him, and fingered the thin, green leaves thoughtfully.

"You're not married, that's the trouble with you," laughed Richards. He wiped his pen carefully on a bit of felt, closed his books and clambered stiffly down from his stool, laying a friendly hand on the natty serge shoulder beside him. "Wait 'til you've got a kiddie like mine to plan for, Bill," he said, his voice suddenly turning very tender; "then you'll be so taken up with trying to make a name for yourself and a home for her that you'll forget that your own hair is growing grey."

"Marriage! Youngsters! No, thank you," Taylor sneered lightly. "Time enough to settle down by thirty-five. I'm twenty-nine and I want my whack at the world. And what sort of a whack can a feller get on twenty a week?" He touched the wad of bills in his hand slyly. "Now, if I had this I'd be rich—I could wear real clothes, eat real food. If you had it you could buy your wife the gewgaws every woman wants, and educate your kid. And, by heck, Richards, it's ours as much as it's any one's. The fat old geezers in the sealskin coats and buzz wagons, who leave it here dont need it, wont ever spend it, wouldn't miss it."

"Taylor!" the paying-teller of the Battery Bank looked palely at his assistant, his jaw agape with horror. The younger man laughed harshly, and tossed the bills into their tray with nonchalant fingers. The furtive eyes, hidden under puffy, white lids, were baffled.

"Huh! I was just kiddin'!" he said. "Got your goat, eh? A feller's got a constitutional right to his little joke; hasn't he? Just th' same, I wish I was outer this and in on a real man-size job."

Jack Richards relaxed. He lifted the trays of coin and bills and plodded across to the safe, where he stowed them carefully. Then he fumbled into his old overcoat and

derby, pausing at the door with a swan song of advice.

"It's dangerous business, son, looking at money *as* money," he smiled, whimsically; "call it potatoes, now, or turnips and you wont get to 'coveting.' Turn off the lights when you come, will you? S'long!"

Six o'clock met him in sonorous Trinity chimes, as he hurried out into the thinning streets. He turned down Dey and plunged into the clamor of the Hudson tunnels, his eager anticipation outrunning the train to the little scrap of New Jersey which was his own. But tonight the thought of Nan-girl and May did not, as usual, come deliciously between him and the small print of his newspaper. The remembrance of Taylor's reckless speech and action worried his thin brows into a frown. "Tut, tut," he said to himself—and later, again, "tut, *tut*; upon my word I hope the youngster isn't living beyond his pay envelope."

An hour later, watching his child rolling on the floor in friendly tussle with a bull pup, the father looked suddenly across the home-litter of the table at his wife, serene and sweet above her mending. The pitiless gaslight pointed out a greying hair or two, the prophecy of a line across the smooth forehead, a worn place on the shoulder of her dress. Looking at her as his once-sweetheart instead of as his wife, he noticed many things, and a big lump rose in his lean throat.

"May!" he cried; "May o' mine!"

It was a sweetheart name. She flushed in strange embarrassment, looking at him curiously. There was appeal, almost terror in the face he turned to her.

"May, are you?"—he paused diffidently—"are you sorry you married me?"

"Jack!"

"I mean, maybe you could have done better!" She was on his knee, laying her fingers across his lips. "I cant give you the gewgaws that women like. I wish I'd made as good as I meant to, honey-girl."

"Hush, Jack," she was laughing

tremulously. "Silly! As if—— Why, I've had *everything*, Jack, *everything* worth while."

"But Nan——"

She bent and kist him solemnly. "Every night, dear"—she whispered shyly—"every night I pray and pray that she will grow up to be as good and noble as you are."

And so, for the time, his ghost of a doubt was laid.

But with the slow-passing days Bill Taylor, lounging disconsolately on his long-shanked stool, beside his superior, scowled greedily at the fat, round towers of coin and sheaves of greenbacks before him and bided his time. Sometimes the rankle of a sore memory sent a shiver down his spine, and for an instant his wrists grew unpleasantly cold, as if encircled with bands of steel. At such times Bill glowered resentfully at the stooping figure next him, and chewed his heavy under lip. But there was nothing to do but to wait. And then his chance came.

The telephone bell tinkled in shrill, silly treble above the scratching of the office-pens. A strange thing, a telephone! Impersonal as the voice of Fate itself, speaking of birth, business, love, gossip and death in the same unimpassioned tone, announcing a pleasant surprise and a heart-breaking grief with equal complacency.

"F'r you, Mr. Richards."

Jack wiped his pen clean and clambered down from his perch. Six hundred dollars exchanged hands thru the grated window. The clock yawned the half-hour of release, and the clerks filed out, jovial at their brief respite. Taylor alone waited—whistling a "rag" under his breath. Then Jack came back. The change in him was so marked that Taylor stared.

"What's up?" he gasped. Then, leaning forward in sudden stark terror, "What you lookin' at me like that? What've you heard—spit it out, man, cant you——" His voice rose quavering, needle-sharp, piercing the other's daze.

"It's Nan," breathed Richards,

hoarsely. He put one fumbling hand to his head. "Nan, my doll, she's—she's *hurt*—my God! there's no train home for an hour yet——"

The craven figure beside him slumped suddenly with a gasp of relief. The assistant teller wiped his damp forehead.

"Ah—your kid—tough luck," he muttered, in obvious effort at sympathy. "Is she bad?"

"I dont know." Richards' voice was monotonous. "They've sent for a surgeon, May said—Dr. Graham, of the University——"

Taylor whistled. "Graham!" he cried. "Man alive, but you must be a Rockefeller in disguise. That saw-bones asks a thousand to look at your tongue."

"Five hundred, she said." Suddenly the stricken father lurched forward, burying his greying head in his hands. The bony shoulders beneath the worn coat heaved, but he was silent in terrible soundless throes of grief. A little green blaze flickered into the watching eyes. Taylor leaned forward, touching the lax arm with cautious fingertips.

"What's eating you?" he whispered—"the money? I thought so." Satisfaction curved the thick lips. "Well, what you *in*' to do?"

"I'll—I'll beg it—I'll borrow it——"

"From whom?"

"Grey!"

Taylor laughed contemptuously. "The president of the Battery Bank isn't handing out coin. He'd tell you to go to h—, he would."

Jack Richards raised his head, laughing hysterically. "I'd go there to save Nan—my little girl—my baby——"

He broke off uncertainly—"Why, what——"

Taylor pushed the green packet closer, until it touched the knotted hand. "Why not?" he smiled—"nobody'd miss it. I'll show you how to juggle the figures. Why not?"

"No!" Jack Richards was on his feet, backing away. "Man alive, I'm no *thief*!"

"Hush!" Taylor looked around the empty office uneasily. "You can pay it back, and for your kid——"

"For Nan—I *can't*, no, not even for her." The tortured man stumbled across to the rack and huddled into his coat, his fingers fumbling with the buttons. "She fell downstairs, she said—it's her spine—told me not to worry! My God! The brightest little kid ever—you should have heard her read. Dr. Roberts couldn't operate. But where'll I get it? Five hundred—oh, God! don't *let* her die—she mustn't—she shant. Here, Taylor, hand over that money, quick, man—*my girl shant die as long as her father can steal for her!*"

The door quivered behind him, sending long shudders of gaslight in garish smears across the dingy white-washed walls. The assistant teller chuckled to himself.

"I've got him!" he boasted. "Now, Mr. Jack Richards, when there's a shortage smelled out in this department, what are *you* going to say about it, hey?"

He selected a handful of bills from the tray and tucked them into his pocket; then plunging his pen into the well, he bent above his ledger, perjuring the tale of the figures with the ease of long practicing. In the shadowy regions beyond the lighted cage a darker shadow tiptoed quietly away.

The train, late as Jersey locals often are, plodded thru the night with sickening pauses and slowings. Jack Richards, no longer a paying-teller, a man, or even a father, but a Pain, felt that he must get off and run ahead, thru the dark, to Nan. He watched the passengers about him with fevered eyes, wondering whether any of them had ever lost a little child. Catching his neighbor staring curiously at his hand, he looked down. Clutched desperately in stiffened fingers, fluttered the package of bills—they scorched him, like shame become tangible. He thrust them violently into his waistcoat pocket—a *thief*, that was what he was! He had an insane

longing to confide in the man beside him; but at the psychological moment the train jarred to a standstill, and shook him off contemptuously into the fear-filled darkness. He fairly ran thru the streets, panting. Then his wife's face, strange and remote, with its stricken grief.

"Nan—is—is——" he could not finish. She shook her head dumbly, but the mother of her drew his quivering face against her shoulder.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she whispered; "they, the doctors, are with her. We must wait and—and hope, Jack. But, oh, it's hard—it's hard."

The animal need of companionship in pain drew them close, and the woman's weakness gave the man back his manhood.

"Hush, dear, hush," he crooned hoarsely, patting her arm in clumsy comforting. "Dr. Graham is the best there is. He'll pull the kid thru. *I'm not afraid.*"

"But—Jack—she—I saw her when they gave the ether——" her voice spun out to a thread of sound. "She—she looked so *little*, Jack."

They walked up and down the cramped sitting-room, trying not to hear the faint sounds that drifted down the stairs or seeped thru the ceiling. Imagination, swollen with fear, sketched crude, awful pictures of what was going on—of white-sheathed ghoul-figures bent above the bed—of knives—of blood, *their blood*, and quivering flesh of their flesh.

The sharp summons of the doorbell drained the color from the husband's face. He gently drew away from his wife and fumbled in his pocket, pressing a roll of bills into her hesitating hand.

"Put this in a safe place, dear," he whispered; "it's the money for the doctor. No, no, I'll answer the bell."

A moment and he was back. In the doorway behind him loomed two figures, vulture-wise. He fumbled himself into his overcoat, answering the startled question in her eyes.

"I've got to go out, May," he told her, steadily; "Mr. Grey, the bank

president, you know, dear, has sent for me on business——”

“But, Jack, Nan! Think of Nan!”

He bent over her, holding the white, upturned face hungrily between his palms. For a moment he left the room, and she heard his step on the stairs. Then he was back, unearthly calm.

“I’ve seen Nan; I’m trusting her to you, dear—you and God,” he said. “Dont keep me now; it’s important business. Trust *me* a little, dearest dear.”

His kiss was a strangely final one, and he was gone. She looked vaguely about the empty, familiar shabbiness of the room, trying to draw her slipping senses back; but the furnishings, her wedding furnishings, looked strange and unacquainted. Then a broken, beloved toy, sprawling beneath the sofa, caught her eye, and she burst into merciful, saving tears, clasping the ugly, clumsy thing to her soft breast.

“My baby—my doll-baby,” she sobbed. “Oh, God! will they ever be thru their work up there?”

The stout banker, lounging, in a luxury of expensive cigar-smoke, in his padded library, looked up as they entered, a smile grim on his lips.

“Got him, did you?” he grunted. “That’s good. Other one’s here too, in the next room. Jackson, bring him in. Well, Mr.—er—Richards, is it?—’fraid we’ve blocked your move.”

Jack did not speak. He stood woodenly between his captors, twisting his soft hat over and over in his hands, voiceless with his shame. He saw, unmoved, his assistant teller led in and stand in braggadocio attitude before the improvised tribunal; saw Mike, the bank janitor, appear; heard himself accused of theft; and still the unbelievable horror of the thing chained his tongue. It seemed a futile, senseless waste of time, some-

how, to go over and over the matter, when at home his little girl might be dying—the thought galvanized him into sudden speech.

“Mr. Grey, sir,” he stumbled thickly, “let me go home, please—for God’s sake, sir—just for an hour—five minutes——”

The banker sneered incredulously, wagging a thick, grey-thatched skull. “I s’pose you’ll say you didn’t take the money, eh?” he said.

Jack Richards shook his head. “Why no,” he said quietly; “why no, I took it right enough, sir; but it was



FOR ONE LAST LOOK AT LITTLE NAN

because——” Suddenly he knew that he could not speak of Nan to this sneering unbelief. He could foresee the laugh, the cynical jest, the incredulity. His lips closed hopelessly.

Grey looked from culprit to culprit, the glow of an attractive idea gleaming in his tiny, pig eyes. He had a fondly cherished reputation for eccentricity, and the occasion suited his inflated sense of power.

“Bum sports, you are,” he jeered; “I could respect a thief in a big way, but a petty pilferer—bah!” He jerked open a drawer in his desk and drew out a deck of cards, the gleam growing. “A man who appropriates

a million and stakes it on a stock deal is a financier; a fellow who hooks a hundred from the cash-drawer and plays the ponies for a sure thing is a piker and a thief—funny, eh?" He laughed unctuously at his own humor, then suddenly slapped the cards down on the naked table and pointed to them, his jaw setting.

"Look here," he said; "I've got

the darkness they were torturing his child—God! and this man here was telling him to play a game of cards. He laughed out shrilly and lurched forward to the table, but Taylor was before him, snarling wolfishly over the slippery bits of Fate. The cards fluttered to the polished mahogany with hissing sound. The detectives drew nearer, watching curiously.



"D'YE HEAR ME? I'VE WON! AND IT'S YOU WHO GOES TO JAIL!"

you fellows in a tight place, but that isn't saying I'm bound to prosecute, you know." He watched the miserable hope dawning in the two haggard faces. "One of you has got to go to jail as an example, but I've decided to let the other off." He gestured to the scattered cards meaningly. "Play to see which is which," he commanded.

The hunted men looked at each other in sudden murderous hatred. The Cain-glare died first out of Richards' eyes. Back there across

Grey leaned forward, his overfed face alert and eager, as Nero's might have been, above a gladiatorial combat. And the game began.

Taylor played fiercely, his breath coming and going in gulps between parted, parched lips. He wrenched his cards reluctantly from the deck, and bent above his opponent's counterplays with tortured snarls. Richards played like a man asleep, with stiff, slow motions and no sound. What were they doing now back there—those butchers bending above his little

girl? He saw the hand lost to him, heard the other's triumphant breath hiss out on the overheated moment, and he did not care. As joylessly he knew that he had won the next game. As hopelessly he entered on the final struggle. Kings, jacks, aces—they moved mechanically before him; Grey, Taylor, the detectives—shadows of men; jail, disgrace, what did it matter?—his girl might be dying even now—might be *dead*, and he was

he been here—a moment or a year? His hat was pressed into his hands. He felt the fingers of the law, vise-like upon his elbows. Suddenly Grey arose. He walked over to the maudlin creature, still shrilling his victory in the armchair, shook his sleeve and held up two cards contemptuously. "You cheat!"

Taylor shrieked and fell upon craven knees, pleading wildly.

"I gave you your chance," said



"YOU CHEAT!"

powerless to change the Fact lurking out yonder in the dark. A sudden shriek cut the thread of his thoughts. Taylor was leaning across the table, lips drawn from yellow teeth.

"I've won!" he was shouting; "d'ye hear me? I've won! and it's you who goes to jail! I've won—won—won!" he was swaying and sobbing in his relief. Jack's dull eyes fell upon the upturned cards. Defeated! Jail! What did it matter? He stumbled to his feet. What of Nan? Was the operation over yet? How long had

Grey, coolly. "Officers, arrest this fellow. Let the other one go. I don't intend to accuse him."

Richards leaned numbly against the table as the pitiable figure of the "man who wanted to *live*" was dragged away, clawing and writhing. He felt no relief at his own escape. Then, at his very elbow, the telephone spoke. Grey leaned forward, puffing.

"'Lo—Richards? Yes, he's here. For you——"

The cold, black cylinder shook in Jack's hand. Great drops sprang to



AND LITTLE NAN DID GET WELL

his forehead. He hesitated—Yes? No? Which was it? Could he bear it? God help him! He bent above the transmitter.

news!" he cried; "my God, it's the best news in the world! Nan—my bonny girl—she's going to get well."



Da Smarta Keed

By ROBERT A. SIMON

My leetla boy ees smarta keed:
Joost hear, I tal you what he deed:

Da othra night my Oncla Joe,
Ees come and ask: "What do you know
About dees Panama Canal?"
I say to heem: "I no can tal
You verra mooch, because, you see,
Eet ees no verra clear to me."
My leetla boy ees leestaneeng
And say: "I tal you av'rytheeng."
And then he tal eet to heem, too,
Joost how eet's made and what eet do.

Oh! I was verra mooch surprised;
I deed no theenk he was so wise.
Then Oncla Joe ask heem: "Who tal
You all about da beeg canal?"
My keed, he say to Oncla Joe:
"I see eet at da peecture show."



(Lubin)



THRU FIRE TO FORTUNE

OR THE SUNKEN VILLAGE

by Henry Albert Phillips

This story was written from the Photoplay of Clay M. Greene

A FILMY moon hung aslant in the misty heavens, shedding an opaque light that made objects loom up dreadful hulks and cast ponderous shadows about them.

One might have gazed many minutes at two black forms standing on the edge of the hill, and sworn they were carved out of the murk of night itself. At length, one of the figures raised an arm and extended it in the direction of a great collection of huddled shadows that must have occupied the space of an acre or more.

"Houses," voiced the figure, in tones of regret. "For eleven years they have stood thus, deserted, when they should have been homes alight with cheerfulness, throbbing with the events of domestic life."

The second figure leaned slightly forward as tho peering into the midst of the ruins. A shudder ran thru the giant frame as the bleak spirit of desolation flowed into his soul. There

seemed to be some gaunt sympathy sweeping from his heart to that ruin and back again. He could understand the hopelessness of it.

His companion spoke again; this time the grim spirit of the scene was not in his voice. "But the spirit of life and labor is coming back to this desolate prospect. The hum of human industry will soon again sweeten the stagnant air. Within a week every house will be rebuilt and relighted with the home spirit. These past two years the place had been waiting for a deliverer—a man!"

"It would take a strong man—a man to whom the Fates had been kind and strengthened his arm and spirit with—success?" The last word came out almost a sob. The whole of what he had said was filled with the hopeless groping of a broken spirit.

The other had turned, and his eyes vied with the stars in a twinkling radiance as he took his companion

squarely by the shoulders. "Look at me, boy. It will take a strong man—a man whom God, not the Fates, has blessed with physical might and spiritual courage beyond his fellows—a man who when he is battered down will rise again."

"One who is not a failure," assented the other, with a sigh that tore some of the very fragments of his soul with it.

"To the weak man, failure is death, boy; but to the strong there is no failure, not even in death. Listen, if I thought you were a weak man, I



TOM COMFORTS HIS MOTHER

would cast you myself into the pit that circumstances have brought to your door." He paused.

"But I did my very best," protested the other.

"That is the point. The man who does his best is always doing better. God wont let him die until he has done *the best*. All successful men have risen again and again; all geniuses have known what it was for courage to lapse; all heroes have known what it was to fear. Beneath yonder village lies your fortune and your future—if you are a superman you will unearth it. Let the word 'failure' fade forever from your life

with that sinking moon. Come, turn your back upon it and face the lights of the distant city, that was founded upon success!"

"Tom, my boy, glad to see you!" A tall man, past middle-age, rose and greeted the younger man who had entered his study. "Have a cigar, and sit down there in the big chair, where you will be comfortable."

"Thank you, Mr. Pearce," returned Tom, lifting the tails of his dress-coat and sitting down.

"There are things you ought to know. Let's go back a bit." Mr. Pearce bit the end off his cigar and paused to light it. "Your father hasn't been dead long enough for you to forget him; has he?"

A look of pain flashed across the boy's face. "I shall never forget him; yet there is not so much that I know about him."

"Well, then, there are things you ought to know, and I'm going to tell you." Mr. Pearce gave a look furtively out of the corner of his eye at the young man's determined face. "Your father was known as 'Plunger' Barrett on the Street. There was nothing particularly wrong about him, except that he was a gambler."

"That's everything," murmured Tom.

"Eh?" queried Pearce, leaving his train of thought. "Oh, yes. Well, when you were born he was at his zenith—a millionaire easily. When he died, his estate barely covered his debts—pardon me for reminding you. Your mother, God bless her, stood by you, as you did by her, in that terrible time. But I want to call your attention in this way to several points. Your father's failure brought down with it one of the biggest houses in Wall Street—Franklin Bowers Company."

"The director in the Black Diamond Mining Company who voted his shares against your policy of retaining me as superintendent?" cried Tom, half rising.

"That was one point that I was coming to. Franklin Bowers did not

lose all of his money. He accused your father of being a robber, forgetting that he too was a gambler, and would have done precisely the same thing under the same circumstances. Franklin Bowers swore vengeance."

"And his throwing me out of the position that I had spent nine years working up to—from breaker boy—"

"To superintendent—exactly. He waited until you had reached the pinnacle, and then threw you off from

bigger fish to fry. I wanted a man who could succeed."

Tom looked at him gratefully. "Thank you," he said feelingly.

"Eleven years ago I was obliged to shut down operations in the coal mine that had been opened at the village then founded and called Mayflower. A faulty title and militant heirs brought the property into hopeless litigation, and the entire mining project was abandoned. I was nearly



BLAIR DISCHARGES TOM BARRETT

your dizzy height. Naturally, you felt that you had become a failure in life, for life, for everything."

"I'm not a failure, then?" asked the young man, half ruminatingly.

"I am president of the Black Diamond Mining Company," continued Pearce, ignoring his query. "It is possible that I might have saved you."

"That is what I wanted to ask you. Why didn't you?"

"There were two reasons why. Sooner or later you would have been undone again thru some piece of chicanery. But, better still, I had

ruined. But what hurt me most was the bringing of my name into opprobrium by the two hundred families that had been induced to move and settle in the hamlet of Mayflower. They fled from the place as tho it were accursed."

"That is, then, the deserted village?" asked Tom, significantly.

"Two years ago, after a nine years' wrangle, I had bought up full property rights and title. But I dared not try to repeat my former venture. I wanted a man, a confident, courageous young man—to hide behind."

"You are too big for any man I

have ever met to hide behind," said Tom, smiling.

"You are young," protested Pearce; "yet for that reason it has been easy to bring optimism into your veins again. Briefly, the mine is to be re-opened in your name. You will have to overcome a deep feeling of prejudice, superstition and suspicion. Men will come here to work in the mine—but with a chip on their shoulders and a brick in their pockets. You must win their confidence and faith. There is but one obstacle, a hidden, steel-pointed thing—your enemies."



OUTLINING HIS PLANS

"Enemies?" asked Tom. "I have no malice against any one—now."

"But there are those, unfortunately, who feel the reverse. There is Bowers. He has the revengeful blood of a Sicilian running in his veins. But you have an even worse enemy—Phil Blair."

"But Mr. Blair should feel satisfied—he has the place from which I was thrown at the mine."

"But you either forget, or never knew, that he was booked for that place two years ago, when it was given to you. And," Mr. Pearce assumed an air of mystery, walking to the portières as he spoke, "there is another place for which Mr. Blair has

booked himself that may be yours." Mr. Pearce brushed aside the portières, as tho unmeaningly, and disclosed the figure of a girl silhouetted against the transparent glass of the front window. "Ah, there is Helen. By the way, before you join her, Tom, I want to say that there will be no mean reward for the man who puts the Mayflower Mine on her feet—several rewards in fact." His eyes were fixed rather intently on his daughter at the moment. "My office in the morning, remember."

It took nearly six months to put the Mayflower Mine in a prosperous working condition again. It took novel means to entice miners, one by one, to the site of a former failure and general misfortune. It was Tom Barrett himself who devised the plan of co-operation, whereby each and every miner became a direct stockholder in the mine and a participator in its profits. The plan was looked upon with suspicion at first. But when the first dividends came in, the men were glad to have a certain portion of their wages held back for this investment.

Tom had begun by working right down in the heart of the mine with the men, solving not only their social problems, but their mechanical problems as well. This attitude of an employer was so contrary to their lifelong experience that it made them all the more suspicious at first. They were beginning to have confidence in Tom now, however, and the tide was beginning slowly to turn.

Once again the hamlet of Mayflower was harboring and nurturing souls. Once again the earth beneath the village was yielding its source of heat and comfort. What had been mutterings and whisperings behind closed doors at first, was coming to be sounds of laughter and merriment thru wide-opened doorways.

Tom's affairs were prospering in more than one way. Upon each of his secret visits to her father, he had managed to see Helen. It was unnecessary for Helen to tell him that she enjoyed those visits, yet he had

that lover's uncertainty that held him in the pillory of anxiety. She did not tell him that she still entertained Phil Blair, tho he intuitively felt that it was so. He had not met his secret enemy upon any of his visits, but he felt sure that that young man was being entertained, each of them playing a large part in maidenly strategy.

Tom had just finished his monthly business report, as was his custom. Mr. Pearce had walked to the folding

But Tom's heart had stood still at the embarrassed look that Helen's father's sudden entry had brought to her face. Girls look that way but few times in their lives. And he had been on the point of asking her a great question that night—which became indefinitely postponed.

The very next week a reaction began at Mayflower. Several men had applied for work, and, on being put



HARANGUING THE MUTINOUS MINERS

doors, pulled apart the portières and smiled in the direction of the adjoining room, where Helen might be found.

"Now, dont forget, Tom, I'm coming out to the Mayflower Wednesday, and——" Pearce paused and his face whitened. For there, just to one side, stood Phil Blair, his head turned sharply in his direction, surprise still stamped on his handsome features. "Oh, you here, Mr. Blair? Mr. Barrett was just about to join you. Oh, Tom, I'd like to see you again before you leave."

on, had spread reports among the miners reflecting against Tom's motives. The men at length came to him in a body and demanded to know if it was true that they would never get their money back that they had invested in the mine, and that there was to be a general lay-off in a few weeks.

Tom only half persuaded them these reports were unfounded. He furthermore agreed to pay any man back what was coming to him—but each man thus paid must get out. This inspired a suspicion that there might be something in it after all, and they

sullenly agreed to let things stand as they were.

Then he took immediate steps of investigation by cornering one of the two men who had applied for work a few days before. To his surprise, the man was thinly disguised, and he recognized in him one of the foremen of the Black Diamond. The man confessed that he had been sent there by Bowers and Blair. Tom sent for Mr. Pearce, intending to cross-examine the man before him. The next morning the miner had disappeared. That very night there arose an even more urgent reason for requiring Mr. Pearce's immediate presence at Mayflower. When he arrived, Tom met him, his face pale and serious, and took him quickly to the outskirts of the settlement.

"Before going into details about the spies who have been sent here to disrupt us, I want to speak about something that is equally, if not more, serious. Last night, when I came to inspect the contents of the last cars from Bore 4, Section A—by the way, Mr. Pearce, did you personally prospect and map out the area of this possible coal-field?"

"No, the joke of it was that Bowers was my original partner, and it was he who put the original obstacles in my way. Then it was that I bought secretly."

Tom smiled sadly. "From Bowers' agents, I fear, for all except the developed area and a small margin is nothing more than a brittle, useless slate."

Mr. Pearce, contrary to his original plan of keeping from being in any way associated with the Mayflower Mine, went down into it, and explored it thoroly from end to end. It was late when he came up, and hurriedly changed his clothes to catch the Limited back to the city.

"Tom," he adjured, placing his hand on the young man's shoulder. "look out for that bugaboo of despondency, or whatever you call it, that gets you when things are not always running toward heaven itself." He took a package from the

overalls he had just taken off. "I may have here the elixir of our youth!" And with his usual mysterious wink, he took himself hurriedly off, with just a trifle more levity than Tom thought the occasion warranted.

By ten o'clock the next morning things came suddenly to a head. Just as Tom feared, the next stroke of his enemies had been delivered. In some mysterious way the men had been informed of the worthlessness of the mine. Already they had reached the last stratum of coal. Tom faced the angry men, his indomitable mother tried to pacify them, but not with that splendid courage that had set success in their hearts. There was only a sullen feeling that echoed failure. It developed into a flame of rage when one of the men laid his hand upon him, and he broke the fellow's arm. Thereupon a fury seized him, and he brought forth a heavy revolver that he had never used before, and drove them back to work.

Failure! Failure! It sang in his ears and swam before his eyes, presenting a mocking picture of Helen in the arms of Phil Blair, just as he was sure she had been that night he had last seen her standing by his side with downcast eyes. He was striding up and down, up and down, near Shaft No. 2, just before sundown, the fiery tones of the sunset reflected hotly in his soul, when the same fire seemed suddenly to bekeh forth from the earth itself. There was a rumbling beneath his feet, a horrid lifting of the earth's crust, and ruin everywhere, amid shorn and tumbling houses. Then he knew what it meant—there was an explosion. Not stopping to consider how this could be when there was ostensibly no coal to furnish the gas, he plunged into the shaft at the risk of his life.

All that night did Tom Barrett brave the demons of fire, smoke and gas, rescuing more than a dozen of his men with his own torn and burned hands. At length, when he had traversed every gallery, he found that the main shaft was cut off by a spurtling sheet of flame, that kept driving



THE SUNKEN VILLAGE AFTER THE EXPLOSION

him back and back into an upper gallery, until he was forced up against its farthest wall, at bay, with no prospect of anything but death thru suffocation.

Fortunately there was a pick at his feet, and he dug madly for hours, so mangling his burned hands that a fever set in, driving him mad. Then he saw a real image of failure pursuing him. It maddened him, and he worked on and on, crying and moaning from the sawing of his raw and bleeding nerves and flesh against the rough handle of the pick and splinters of coal. He was blinded by dust and fortified with scarcely another breath, when suddenly a cold streak of air seemed to shoot in from the top of his prison, followed by a slide of earth. That was the last he remembered.

It seemed centuries until he again saw the light of the world. Above him several faces were bending. One person was bandaging him with what seemed bands of fire. Suddenly, amid the light of many torches, he espied a ring of faces. He recognized those faces. They were the miners who were bent on killing him. He tried

to rise and get in a position of self-defense.

"They want to kill me!" he moaned, and fell back. Some one had motioned to the crowd, which melted away. Tom wondered. Then things grew clear as the face of Mr. Pearce leaned over him and he felt a gentle hand laid on his head.

"Ah, my man of supernal success! We feared we had lost you. We have hunted all the night. The men you rescued were in tears when we found you here."

"Wait," said Tom, thickly. His eyes were bent on a mirrored surface reflecting the faint stars. "The lake—I can't understand—"

"Oh, boy, that is the glory of your success—that is oil—the richest oil-wells in the State. They are ours. I found them and wanted to surprise you. We have beaten Bowers at his own game. Here she is, boy; she wants to speak to you."

But she couldn't speak. She only kist him and shed a tear. And he looked up at a filmy moon that hung aslant in the misty heavens—and saw success at last.

Envy

By RALPH BACON

While loitering round the town the other day,
I dropped into a Moving Picture play
And sat beside a man of silent mien,
Who so intently watched the moving screen
And laughed so often where there was no fun,
(As when the minister had just begun
To preach the funeral of the hero dead,
He laughed as tho the things the preacher said
Were jokes culled from the latest vaudeville).
That I turned round and asked him to be still.
He gave no heed, by either sign or word,
But kept on laughing in that way absurd
Until at last they turned on all the lights
And put an end to his insane delights.
And then I started to converse and found
The man was deaf to every kind of sound;
He watched the actors' lips, and so he heard
In solemn scenes some speeches most absurd.
Before our eyes the films in silence stalk,
But to the deaf mutes all the movies talk.
I know they say to covet is a sin,
But oh, the deaf mute, how I envy him
When some fair maiden, in her sore distress,
Looks from the screen in all her loveliness
And tells of her sweet loves and hopes deferred,
And I can't understand a single word!





This story was written from the Photoplay by BANNISTER MERWIN

“A TOAST,” Paul Bruce was proposing, rising, liquor-glass in hand; “a toast to our hostess from the lips of all present—and from the heart of the toaster!” He smiled as he drained the glass, and, Fanny could not have explained why, she found the smile peculiarly disagreeable. It seemed to hold a faint significance meant for her alone. She wondered whether she had been alone in her aversion. Apparently, George, her husband, was regarding the suave toaster with a friendly, affectionate smile. Edward Thornton, her father, was not regarding him at all. To Thornton, connoisseur, and one might say past-master, of rare and priceless gems, these men of business were creatures of another plane. He did not entirely trust them, nor did he altogether like them. He compromised by simply disregarding them inasmuch as that was possible, now that his daughter had gone and married one of them. They were forever doing rash, daredevil things and getting themselves reduced to penury. He vaguely suspected that his son-in-law

had been playing some such indiscreet game of late. For Thornton had not gauged the worth of jewels these many years for nothing. He had learnt to value the true and the false, and the ones that were simply flawed. He diagnosed George Archer as being sound enough inherently, but afflicted with the flaw—speculation. Bruce, he did not pause to diagnose—he was uninteresting—a fresh-water pearl. The comparison seemed, somehow, a slur on the pearl. Well, he had not wanted his daughter to marry into this business world. It had a distasteful atmosphere. Now that she had done so, it was up to Archer to stand on his own feet, unaided and uncrutched.

When Fanny left the men to their after-dinner cigars, and after-dinner gossip, she wandered into the drawing-room of the little apartment, restlessly. Hers was a nature keenly aware of the undercurrents, finely tuned, supersensitive. It was this element in her that quivered under Paul Bruce’s presence, under the meaning his eyes conveyed, under

the ever so slight lingering of his palm as it met hers. She had a dim awareness that Bruce would not be exactly delicate in his attentions. She pondered the vague yet evident fact that had made her one of the recipients of this doubtful honor. And then, the men returning, she apostrophized herself for her dim imaginings.

Yet it came as an expected aftermath—a visit from Bruce one afternoon in the latter part of the week.

said, quietly. "As you will," he returned. Yet each knew the other's metal in that moment.

George was in trouble. With the poignant sensibilities of the woman who loves dearly, and wholly, Fanny knew that. One in all things, she knew, too, that he was hiding this from her lest it cause her anxiety. His regard for women was fine-edged and somewhat of the old school. He



"A TOAST TO OUR HOSTESS"

She had never longed quite so ardently for George's clean, vital presence before. She was a woman, and Paul Bruce was a man, and she knew. And all thru the hour of his stay, all the while she was dabbling at her embroidery, all the while she was pouring him tea, she knew. Knew why he was there; knew the urge of his call; knew the things his eyes were trying to say, and his lips dared not. And she loathed him for it.

Just as he was leaving, one of the roses George sent her daily slipped from her corsage, and the man reached for it eagerly. Steel-like their glances met. "If you please," she

hedged them in with all of the softnesses and reverence in his power to devise. Practical in all ways, he was knightly in this respect. Fanny knew this, and loved him for it, in just the opposite ratio that she detested Bruce, the conqueror.

"Dear," she said to him that evening, as his tired eyes met hers across the table, and tried to smile; "dear, there is no use in this. We know that, you and I. So why not tell me now—what this thing between us means?"

"I've not wanted to," he returned, and his voice was flat and strained; "but you'd better know it from me, darling, rather than from any other

source. I owe money, Fanny, a very great deal."

"That is not so bad," she faced him; "there is—there is father, you know."

"I know. But I can't ask him, dear. You are aware of his opinions on that subject. I can't let him know I've justified them."

"You haven't! But tell me, who is your debtor, dear?"

Afterwards she believed that she had known all along. From the moment she had met him she had been aware of a silken net closing round about her. And so she betrayed not the faintest tremor when he answered despondently, "Paul—Paul Bruce."

"But"—the subtlety of the sex raised its sleek head—"but why is that so desperate, dear? Surely Mr. Bruce, as a very particular friend of yours, will be obliging. And, with a little time, you can easily get the money."

"It would take a very great deal of time, Fanny; and even if it were a question of a day, Bruce would not do it. He says he must have the money when the note expires—two days from now. He won't give me any time."

"Listen"—Fanny rose from the table and went to him, gripping his shoulders hard with her tense, young hands—"you must go to father for this money, George. You must do it because I say so—because I demand it of you. Do you hear? You must—you must!"

George looked at her surprisedly. Her eyes were very bright, and two strange, little, scarlet roses flamed in her cheeks.

"Very well," he said, gently; "since you ask it, Fanny—that way—I'll go."

"Mr. Thornton," announced George, with the directness that was one day to win him acclaim in the world of finance, "I've come to you on a very disagreeable mission. I've been speculating. I've lost. I had to borrow the money from Brandon, a friend of mine, for the thing that was repre-

sented as a sure game. When the game petered out into nothingness, I borrowed again to repay the first debt—this time from Paul Bruce. I gave him my note. Day after tomorrow the time is up. Bruce demands the money."

Thornton closed his library door carefully, and the gaze he turned on his commercial son-in-law was the one with which he regarded a hopeless flaw in one of his gems.

"Speculating, eh?" he queried;



"YOU MUST DO IT BECAUSE I DEMAND IT OF YOU"

"and with other people's money? Pretty rocky business, my lad; one for wise men to avoid, or *fight out of*."

George turned to the door. "That means, I assume," he said, quietly, "that you do not care to advance me the money."

"Precisely that," returned the older man; "tho it isn't a question of caring. It's a matter of principle. I dislike the things you're engaged in doing. This particular phase you have represented is emphatically antagonistic to me. It's a bad business. For my daughter's immediate com-

fort I might be inclined to loan you the money; for her future well-being I think it advisable that you dig out of this yourself."

When George returned after his brief absence, he did not have to speak—and he was glad. He just sank into his chair, and he looked suddenly, and grotesquely, old beyond his years.

"He wouldn't do it, dear!" Fanny's voice trailed off, affirmatively, tremulously. She had a sense of strangulation, of being perilously near the

the even greater need of frustrating whatever might be Bruce's game. She knew that he could work them a deeper destruction than any financial stress. He could undermine the sure foundations of their splendid faith; uproot George's love, founded in reverence of her purity, and sunder their two lives apart. Fanny knew that such things had been. She knew, too, that they could be again.

Home, in her father's safe, under the guardianship of a tiny, golden



"SPECULATING, EH?" HE QUERIED

edge of some precipitous decline. She had read of these situations in novels and in French plays, but she had never imagined her every-day self in the same unwholesome predicament. She knew, too, the desperate finales of the aforesaid novels and plays. Well, hers would be desperate, but it would not be a thing to shun.

When a woman loves as Fanny loved her husband, honor must step aside. The imperious demands of that love are not to be slighted, whatever might accrue. To Fanny there were two needs, pressing and immediate: the need to lift the load of worry from George's shoulders, and

key, whose hiding-place only she and her father knew; home, in that safe, were jewels beyond the wealth of Midas' most prodigal touch. They had been there, some of them, for years; but one string of fire-opals should be there no longer. In those brilliant, passionate gems Fanny saw her own redemption from this wily plot—her own and George's. They might buy, perhaps, the whole lifetime happiness of their lives together. They might keep two hearts from bleeding to death of pain and misunderstanding; they had the royal power to keep love enthroned. Stealing? Perhaps! But a greater thing

than these jewels was about to be filched from *them*. And they had only the one rare gem—only the one, beyond price, and far beyond replacing. The fire-opals were one item of an extensive collection. Fanny determined to take the opals from her father's safe.

Sometimes it seems as if we mortals are indeed blessed with guardian angels, according to that fair legend of childhood. It almost seems as if

that the jeweler should make a lower price than she had hoped. She had taken the plunge when she opened the safe and removed the jewels. Recklessly she stripped a single diamond ring from her finger, and the crafty buyer's pin-point eyes gleamed with a very avarice of cunning. He was still fondling them, and laying his plans for their disposal, when Fanny's swift steps and high-beating heart brought her to George's office-door.



MR. BRUCE BECAME A CONSTANT CALLER

they bend their divine efforts for our well-being—as if their stainless, shining wings sweep down and shield us from the touch of harm. Sometimes they seem very impossibly far away. Fanny's was near her the next day, when she set out for her father's house on the slim chance of his being out. He was out, and the maid admitted her to the desired room, and the fire-opals were hers. They seemed to burn her fingers as she took them, as if to say that, for this thing she was doing, she must be purged. It seemed a minor thing

He was alone when she entered, and his dejection struggled visibly thru his manner of assumed nonchalance. Thus do we humans play the everlasting game. Hearts breaking, lips smiling, life crashing in ruins about our head, in our eyes a care-free gleam; souls seared by pain and the acid of failure, lips voicing a victor-song. It is all very sad, and very inevitable, and very, very fine.

Fanny touched him gently before he was aware of her presence.

"George," she said, and her voice was a glad, little tremble; "you're not

to worry, sweetheart, not another moment. I have the money, here, for you."

"You have it—all this money—thirty thousand dollars—here?"

George looked at the pile of currency, dazedly. Then his eyes shone. So long had he needed this money, for so many weary nights had he lain awake and acquired it in futile dreams, toiled for it, suffered for it, that, now he saw it in actual body, his mind leaped only to the glad fact of its possession. The kiss he gave Fanny showed her how heavily her sacrifice had been needed.

George sat for a long time gazing at the bills. They seemed, somehow, to restore his self-respect. He had not had time to wonder at Fanny's having so much unknown to him. He was in this reverie when Paul Bruce entered. So absorbed was the debtor that he did not even hear the light "Day, George," and when he did become aware of Paul's presence he stared at him stupidly for some minutes; then, awkwardly:

"Here's the money, Paul. I—I have it, you see. Awfully glad not to have had to keep you waiting."

Bruce smiled. He had a ready smile. "Er, yes," he returned, affably; "you have the money, I see. You're clever, or, I might say, fortunate."

"Fortunate is the word, I guess," laughed George, conscious of a feeling of acute discomfort he could not analyze.

"Possibly so," Bruce shrugged. "At any rate the money's here; it's not every one that can command thirty thousand dollars at a day's notice, Archer. One needs pretty foxy methods these days." As he walked to the door, he glanced at the dark, morocco frame on George's desk, and smiled again. Instantly George knew the feeling of his discomfort. Bruce had been smiling at *that* picture—*that* picture! His smile had not been a casual one. It had not been a friendly one. It had been, it had meant— But Bruce had gone.

Bruce had gone, and he had left just what he had intended to leave.

He had smiled at Fanny's picture with the subtle commingling of cynicism; had commented lightly, just the least bit sneeringly, on George's having the money—and had gone.

George buried his face, burning with the pain of the new thought, in his cold hands.

"What did he mean?" he moaned.

"Oh, God! what did he mean?" His eyes sought the face smiling at him from the frame on the desk. Such a pure, sensitive face!—the clear eyes looking into his, and clinging there. She never could stoop to the dross, she who had taught him the gold. But how—how did she come by that money? She had no accounts he did not know of; she had not seen her father; and Bruce had looked at that picture! He had looked at the original, too, George recalled, more often and more deeply than the form of courtesy required. He, George, had been flattered at the idea of his friend thus admiring his wife, fatuous fool that he was! As if any man of flesh and blood (which was assuredly the stuff whereof Bruce was fashioned) could gaze on Fanny long, and not desire. Then a dull rage burnt his cheek, and he raised his bowed head savagely.

"They'll answer," he muttered, "for every instant that they've shared they'll answer—to me!"

Thrice that afternoon Fanny had ordered the maid to refuse her to Mr. Bruce, and the third time he walked in, uninvited. His eyes were insolent, and his mouth was set.

"What do you mean?" Fanny faced him, "by this intrusion, Mr. Bruce?"

Bruce came to her with a certain desperate grace. "I'll tell you," he whispered. "I mean this, that I want you, that I need you, that I love you, you thing of ice and fire and—strength. You thought you could beat me at my own game with those frail weapons of yours; didn't you? And you only weakened your own defense, for you whetted my desire. You made me see how splendid a creature



“THAT PERSON YOU BEHOLD IN ME”

you are. You made me know that under the softness of your lovely body dwells a soul of flame and steel, a thing worthy of my metal. Dont you see, Fanny, dont you see? We are mates—equals! And I love you!”

These words had come in a tempestuous rush, and Fanny stretched out her hands to ward them off, to keep at bay this creature who was threatening, definitely now, the foundations of their happiness. Was it for failure that she had stolen those gleaming gems, robbed her own father? Was it for this ignominy that— A loud laugh cleaved the momentary stillness of the room. A laugh that grated with a harsh, discordant mirth.

“So!” croaked rather than spoke the owner of the laugh; “so this is the source of the thirty thousand dollars; is it? Does take pretty foxy methods. Bruce, you were right—pretty foxy. Good idea, too, to save husband with the money—appreciation, sacrifice, new sort of Lucretia business, and all that. Only husband, poor fool, is inconsiderate enough to come home at the wrong moment. That’s a thing well-trained husbands, along with other domestic pets, should never do. They’re apt to discover—well, not wife in the act of rocking

the baby to sleep, exactly. No, I wouldn’t call it that. Would you, Bruce? Would you, Fanny?” Then, catching her transfixed, stricken gaze, he whispered brokenly, “Good God, Fanny, that this mire should have touched you!”

“George!” Fanny’s voice vibrated with the depth of her appeal, she sent all the surging, wounded love of her into her voice; “George, dont say these things—you do not understand—you do not want an explanation here with—*him!*”

George laughed again, half-sobbingly. “It would seem to me,” he said, “that he is exactly the person who is closely involved in the situation. He is the donor of the money; you are the recipient; I—well, I am the humble charity object. Explanation—yes, when the money-giver is revealed.”

All three turned suddenly toward the door.

“That person,” said a new, very controlled voice, “you behold in me.” Fanny reeled a little. She knew that, somehow, she was saved.

“You?” There was incredulity, amazement, shame struggling in George’s voice.

“I have so said,” resumed Mr.

Thornton, with a stately gravity, "and I labor under the impression that I have that right."

During the pause that followed many things were readjusted. Paul Bruce knew when a game was up just as surely as he knew when one was in its inception. He forthwith vanished, with his usual silent, tactful grace. Mr. Thornton, holding his daughter in arms that trembled a little, told her of the recovery of his jewels that very same day from the same jeweler who had purchased them from her. He had known her—the jeweler—and he had known Mr. Thornton. Therefore,

he had sold back the gems, and the father had recognized his daughter's ring. Something in the desperation of the deed had touched him as the stones had never done; and he forgave because, in the far-off past, he had loved this girl's dead mother, who, he well knew, would have done the same for him.

And when they were left alone, George came over to her and buried his shamed face in the softness of her gown.

"I did not know," he whispered, "and so you must forgive me. I did not know that women love like this."

Music and the Photoplay

By STANLEY TODD

IT is gratifying to photoplay devotees—and their name is legion—to note that the musical accompaniment to the Motion Picture is at last being given its rightful place. Not one of the magnificent, new photoplay theaters being constructed all over the country—veritable monuments to the permanency of the new art—overlooks this important adjunct for the success of the photoplay in projection.

The film drama, it may be claimed, is independent of any other art. True, but music which subordinates itself to the picture, and never attempts to dominate the situation, provides an atmosphere which enhances the mental effect of its presentation.

One need not possess the finely trained ear of a musical critic to realize that the photoplay is not always given its proper musical companionship. Who has not occasionally gone to a photoshow only to find, with everything else ideal, these two branches of the fine arts—music and the photoplay—widely at variance with each other? When music clamors loudly for attention, photoplay masterpieces are certain to lose much of their dramatic splendor. But the effect of your drama or comedy is heightened threefold when an artistic musical score is interpreted by sympathetic musicians.

Harmony of the music and the picture is noticeable in any of the big photoplay theaters in the West. Visit Denver, as the writer did, and note how the people daily pay homage to Moving Pictures. Their theaters are large, the entrances dazzlingly brilliant, and like as not you will find within a wonderful pipe-organ, ready in an instant to change its song of sadness into peans of joy. It is in Denver, too, where a mere slip of a girl presides at the console of one of these great instruments, and each night plays, with her heart and soul, to the finest of screen productions.

In these places everything is in harmony. The subordination of the music to the picture is absolute. No attempt is ever made to play a separate program, wholly out of tune with the subject on the screen. On the contrary, the musical director seeks to interpret the subjects with the fidelity and devotion of a symphony orchestra accompanying the voices of the great singers in grand opera. In this way, music lends its valuable aid in interpreting the gamut of emotions, which only the picture can bring into play with that subtle power that has been one of its secrets of success. The time has surely arrived for progressive studios to maintain skilled musical directors.



This story was written from the Photoplay of CATHERINE VAN DYKE

A TALL, dark, morose, shambling-footed man sat alone in a balconied room of the White House. He had just come in from the street, for he still lay wrapped in a heavy greatcoat. Nor did the soft entrance of a silver-haired darky disturb his day-dream. There were noises below and about him, too—the clamoring crowd, horns, whistles, and calls for “Honest Abe.”

It was the night of a presidential inaugural day—a day of national emotion, fervor, prodigal enthusiasm—and this stoic man had been the idol of his war-torn country. His address from the steps of the Capitol would stand forever as a model of lofty eloquence and august morality. His fame had penetrated even to the stilted little principalities of the Continent. Around the camp-fires in the Southland, with his death-grip closing about them, he was both loved and feared.

Yet this great-hearted, steel-brained man was alone. With heavy lips forming a smile, he rose up and strode to the massy window-hangings. In another moment he had unfastened the swinging windows and stood on the

little balcony, revealed to the multitude below.

The familiar, gaunt figure, with bent shoulders and shock of coarse hair; the long, swaying, awkward arms; the sallow and furrowed face; above all, his simple carriage and plain friendliness, redoubled the acclaim of those who could not see enough of him.

Lincoln bowed slowly—so slowly that his long frame creaked with the effort. His mouth worked with unuttered words; melancholy seemed to drip from him. And in another moment he had retired again behind the impenetrable curtains.

The old body-servant hovered back of him, but, with a wave from the President's hand, noiselessly drew the portières and left him in the illy lighted room. Officialdom—secretaries, reporters, servants—had all retired, worn out from the efforts of the momentous day; the bloody war itself appeared to pause that this man might again come into his earthly kingdom. And with the deep stillness of midnight falling around him, the sleepless man in the armchair by the coal-fire gave himself over to reverie.

It was the first time in many years

that he had permitted himself to unlock the rusty doors of the past and to wander at will thru dusky chambers until he came out upon the green meadows of his youth. Perhaps an awful prescience—the assassin's pistol held to his lion-like head one short month afterwards—led the ghostly way and unbarred each portal that his will had sealed forever.

From the mellow embers in the grate he came forth a youth—tall,

days of chain-bearing in the unclaimed forests, by nights of solitude and firelight study—had woven his way into the woof of their stout hearts.

Slowly but surely they came to know him as a resourceful, indomitable man, true to himself, true to them—*true as steel*. And so it came about that the hamlet to a man sought the friendship of the awkward, springless man of solitudes.



AMID THE LAUGHTER OF THOSE ABOUT, THE GIRL TOOK THE BOOK

silent-footed, clear-eyed, clad in homespun. The clear-voiced axe sang in his big hands and sank to its poll in clean timber. All about him were virgin woods, and on the crest of a hill, girt by the rippling Sangamon, stood the pioneer hamlet of New Salem. The youth Lincoln had paddled up the swift river in his canoe, east in his lot with the home-builders, and this way and that—by hardihood and daring, by measuring the sureness of his gray eyes against the redskins', by rail-splitting and storekeeping, by

In the settlement was a tavern, kept by a roving trader, James Rutledge, and here of late afternoons gathered trapper and plowman, blacksmith and doctor, in a mixed fraternity born of the woods and prairie. Rutledge had a daughter—a shy and beautiful girl, born and schooled in New Salem. Abe Lincoln, the busy, had covertly watched her grow to full, round stature. His bushy eyes had peered down the tree-roofed school lane as she fluttered to and from his vision; he had seen her preside, courted on

all sides, at quilting-bee and nutting party, and in all these years he had scarcely ever spoken a private word with her.

As wealth was reckoned in the wilderness, the Rutledges were well-to-do, and proud. No Southron had put behind him his native State with deeper pride than had James Rutledge, the rover from South Carolina. And as the girl Ann grew to womanhood, the silent lover Lincoln resolved that by

ever tarried in a hole-in-a-corner settlement.

It was on the day when Lincoln returned from Springfield for a respite from his close law studies that the blow fell upon him. The tavern sojourners grouped around the doorway to welcome him—rosy-gilled Rutledge, Schoolmaster Graham, strong William, the wainwright, and frontiersmen in doeskin shirt and leggings.

Ann Rutledge received him with



IT WAS PASSED AROUND THE GROUP IN HEAVY HANDS

constancy and humility alone she should come to know of the great treasure in his heart.

Then came, sudden as a thunderbolt, to the settlement, a young man from "York" State, Abner McNeill, who opened a general store, and between times paid ardent court to half-formed Ann. He was handsome, promissory, persuasive; a dancer, and teller of beautiful tales of fashion and city life.

The girl listened to him, each word caught in her fresh mind, and from listening she fell to worshiping. Sure never such a sparkling gallant had

sisterly tenderness, and, big with his resolve, the man who had outgrown his hamlet lugged forth a gift from his coat, and blushing under the leather of his skin, presented the little book to her. It was a grammar, an unheard-of thing in New Salem, and on its fly-leaf was scrawled "Ann Rutledge is now learning grammar."

Amid the laughter of those about, the girl took the book, a pedant's present at best, but the clear, deep look of her eyes showed him that she valued it. It was passed around the group in heavy hands, that could make naught of it. Then a high-

holder's penetrating call came from down by the river bank, and Ann clapped to the grammar, shutting out its pale mysteries, to let the scarlet blood sweep her cheeks.

It was McNeill's trysting call, and she fled forward to answer it, leaving awkward Abe in the midst of winks and knowing looks of those about him.

The gossip of the State capital must be retailed to the hungry faces crowd-

Stunned, heart-sick, speechless, Lincoln crept back up the bank and, thru the long night, in the aisles of his friendly forest, fought out his battle of yearning love that with the dawn should surrender to that newer and abhorred thing—renunciation.

And so it came about, with the paleness of his battle still masking his heavy face, that he stood in the tavern-room on the morrow, and, with the



LINCOLN, SUSPECTING NOTHING, COUNSELED HIM TO GO

ing round him, and Lincoln, laying stern hands on hurt bewilderment, told them in story and quaint jest the doings of the nondescript lawmakers. With a drinking bout starting afresh, he slipped away unnoticed and wandered down to the banks of his beloved Sangamon. And there, with the dusk spangling the river with pale stars, and the plaintive voice of the whip-poorwill wuthering over them, he stumbled upon Ann lost in the kisses of her lover.

rest, greeted the lovers in cordial-like fashion. But for a month he never smiled again, and the taverners passing the solitary man went by quietly, thinking him full of law and legislation to bring back prosperity to dying New Salem.

There came the day shortly when Abner was called back East by a letter, a matter of inheritance, and Lincoln, suspecting nothing, counseled him to go. And as the weeks went on, the uncared-for Abraham, fast ris-

ing to prominence, was appointed the riding postmaster, to bring over, weekly, the mails from Springfield to the moribund hamlet. There was one letter that would have scattered his law books and sent him post-haste thru the night with its message, but pray for it and urge it as he did, it never came. Abner McNeill had disappeared completely from Ann Rutledge's life.

During this period Lincoln saw little of her, for he was afraid the pallid girl would read his solicitude and grieve the more. And he held himself sternly aloof from loving her, even in his dreams.

One day, as he filled his saddle-bags, letters of fire burned before his eyes, in the characters of Ann Rutledge's name, and he knew that the life-giving letter had come. So intense was his joy at the thought of the balm for her that he flung his long legs over the unfed post-mount and dashed off the twenty miles into New Salem in incredible fashion, catching Ann with her good-night candle twinkling in slim fingers.

As she tore open the prison seals of the letter, he hung over the door-framing, waiting to drink in the tell-tale color from her cheeks. But, poor thing, the blood was shocked back from them for evermore and aye, for the first peek at the contents set her to shivering, and she stood twisting at her dress over her heart.

"Read it," she groaned, pointing to the letter on the floor.

It was clear and brief enough:

It is a tidy property, and will keep me busy dawn 'til dusk; and so I will never return to New Salem. Forget me, if you can, or remember me by my real name.

McNAIR.

Ann scanned Lincoln's face cruelly

close as he read the letter, hoping herself in a dream. The lines of his sunken cheeks lengthened, his pendulous lips drew tight. Then her agony swept over her, loosening her tears, and shaking her to her frail foundation. The gaunt bearer of evil tidings shook like one in the throes of the chills, yet his hand went outseeking



LINCOLN, THE LOVER

blindly for hers. And in the dismal log-room, with the spilt candle guttering out its soul on the floor, he held her to him as Abraham drew Isaac to him in his wretchedness, while his prayer ascended to the Lord.

Spring came again to the Sangamon, whirling away its ice shroud in the mad freshet, and flinging over the naked forest a mantle of vivid, new green. And again came Lincoln to the hopeful valley. Past fields, with the plowman early at his wet furrows;

past empty huts of the bygone red-man; by the fallen sills of the cabin where his mother had sprung to meet his shambling footfall; on to the hamlet where lived his desired one. And when she arose from her high-humming spinning-wheel to take his hand slackly, two pink spots, like arbutus, the woodflower, shone from her white cheeks.

Then he wrapped her shawl about her and led her toward the path by the river bank, where was soft young grass fit for her to tread upon. Seeing them pass by, the wainwright, the blacksmith, the schoolmaster did not shout out, but turned their heads and blew their noses lustily, for spring was in the air, and, with it, the true love of a man they loved.

Lincoln led Ann down to the river, which was smiling back at the warm sun, and she gazed across it, drinking deep of its sound, and its shape, and its bottomless soul.

"They say," he said, breaking in on her silence, "that New Salem is passing away—that each spring finds her settlers pushing farther into the setting sun. For you, and for me, her

birth each year is imperishable, a loved child come back."

"Oh, Abe, have I been dreaming? You see only beauty and godliness in everything." Her thin voice trailed off over the waters, and she shivered as he drew her shawl close.

"Give me your hand, Abe, it is growing so cold."

As he led her back to her room in the tavern on the hill, her doglike eyes fastened upon his, trustfully, knowing that he would not fail her at the end.

He sat by her all day, holding her burning hand. Nor would he leave her for a moment, nor eat anything.

Just at elf-light, when the new moon hung fairy-like and bright over the western hills, and New Salem lay hushed in the cradle of days primeval; when the call of the highholder to his mate across the valley gave place to the recession note of the whippoorwill; when the strong man capable of such enduring love could only kneel at her side, Ann Rutledge, with a long, sad look into the eyes of Abraham Lincoln, passed into the spiritual world.



The Moving Picture Show

By AUGUSTA BELDING FLEMING



In this age of great inventions
Marvels often common grow;
There is one we're all enjoying,
'Tis the Moving Picture show.
All the fairy lore of childhood
Did not tell us half we see,
When the pictures flash before us
In their great variety.

All the grandeur of the mountains,
All the romance of the West;
Foaming rivers, lovely sunsets,
Who can say which one is best?
Ev'ry thing that we can think of,
Many things we did not know,
We can learn by close attention
At the Moving Picture show.

Lo! the camels cross the desert,
And the airship skirts the skies,
And the long dead men of hist'ry
March before our wond'ring eyes.
Scenes of carnage, scenes of battle,
Some enacted long ago,
Pass before our startled vision
At the Moving Picture show.

Nature's closely guarded secrets
Are unfolded to our gaze;
Many things we scarce had noticed
Now will win our earnest praise.
Pictures tragic, pictures funny,
Some will make us sadder grow,
As we sit and watch the canvas
At the Moving Picture show.

Nature in all moods depleted;
Other lands we now behold
Only by this picture magic—
Can its wonders e'er grow old?
If the evening's long and dreary,
And the time is passing slow,
Don your hat and hasten toward
To the Moving Picture show.



The True Worth of Humor

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW truthfully said: "Any fool can just laugh; I want to write the play that will bring both the laugh and the tear." The cheapest thing to ride is a hobby; and burlesque comedy, of the "slap-stick" variety, is at present a passionate hobby in photoplayland. There can be no objection to the riding of a hobby, so long as it is not ridden over the people's preferences. Admirable is the power to amuse. We should not always have the corners of our mouth drawn down; neither should we always have the corners of our mouth drawn up. Theodore Hook and Charles Lamb grinned themselves into melancholy, and so did Cervantes. No one takes himself quite so seriously as a clown, and the history of them teaches that they are apt to be hypochondriac.

Now, harsh criticism is the mood of some who seemingly spend their lives in search for something to rend asunder—goats browsing on morning-glories. He who, finding within him powers of satire, gives himself up to that alone, might as well be a wasp stinging the bare feet of children. The above is applicable to individual and collective criticism; protest is another story.

Every one, but the audience, is laughing heartily at the burlesque banalities now following one another in rapid succession on the photoplay screen. Hastily written farces, depicting the exploits of the Irishman with the green whiskers and the servant-girl with the rolling-pin, are being released at the rate of ten a day. Many of these efforts, usually evolved in the studio, are far-fetched, gloomy, and even annoying to those who delight in true humor. There may be a nook in the occasional program for the "slap-stick" farce, but the exaggerated comedy has no appeal to the photoplay public as a whole. It is a mis-

taken idea on the part of those manufacturers who are deluded into believing that they are "giving the people what they want."

We recently read an editorial assertion in which it was stated that "slap-stick" comedy was in great demand, and that there was no longer a field for refined comedy. Such a statement, if it were true, would prove that the standard of the Motion Picture was deteriorating, and that such words as "refinement" and "uplift" were forgotten or held in contempt. Happily, the statement is a misnomer. There is a field, and a great field, for refined comedy, carrying the humorous and logical story.

He who goes through life using one faculty to extreme, hops on one foot, instead of taking the strong, smooth gait of the healthy walker. The manufacturer who insists on flooding the photoplay market with cheap burlesque, substituting exaggerated and forced incident for appealing humor, hops on one foot—rides a hobby, as it were.

Before this stream of burlesque "falls," "funny" chases, and knock-down-and-drag-out action, is ended, the misguided manufacturer, who is deriding refined comedy, may discover that he who is always exploiting one theme, and a poor theme at that, is crowding the better things of life—imagination, fancy, reason, wit and feeling—into very narrow quarters.

With the further introduction of the "slap-stick" comedy, the person who does things with drums, trombones, sand-paper, cow-bells and squeaking whistles is again to the forefront. The crash of cymbals accompanies the forced falls of the Irish comedian, and the jangles of the cow-bells melodify the "ludicrous incident" of the photoplay burlesque.

And in the meantime, the quiet, convincing comedies of the Vitagraph.

(Continued on page 154.)

MY LITTLE PICTURE QUEEN

BY

GEORGE WILDEY



I know a little maiden
With eyes of Irish blue;
With raven tresses laden,
And cheeks of holly hue;
With now a manner pleasing,
And now an impish pout,
As dimples coy and teasing
Go peeping in and out.

When first my heart discovered
My dainty picture queen,
All fairy-like she hovered
Upon a photo screen,
From under silken lashes
A fleeting glance she threw,
And swift as lightning flashes
She pierced me through and through.

And from that hour ecstatic
I've been her knightly slave,
Through all her moods erratic,
Responsive gay or grave,
Nor do I worship vainly
My picture queen divine,
For oft she shows me plainly
Her heart responds to mine.

But when I would embrace her
She darts behind the screen—
All useless 'twere to chase her,
Her pace is swift and keen,
With twinkling feet and fleetly,
And lips with laughter curled,
She vanishes completely
Within her shadow world.

CHATS WITH THE PLAYERS

CARLYLE BLACKWELL, OF THE KALEM COMPANY

My! but Carlyle Blackwell was a busy bee when I caught him at his new studios at East Hollywood. He was just about to start on his first play there, and the whole company was jumping around and helping matters. With a brand new stage, property room, scenery and company, Mr. Blackwell had just got to the producing stage. Carlyle led me to the pretty cottage, covered with vines and flowers, into a comfortable office, where Colonel

was putting the finishing touch to a scenario, and breathed com- well changed ing—for he has that was done dress-suit, we

"Yes, it said, "but we and we are all

Here are me about his past. "past" about lyle Blackwell, assiduous work his chosen profes-

"I first had the College, and at the Elich Stock Com- acting school, by went straight to Stock Company in New with them for fifty- valuable all-round followed a long period of comedies and musical and out of New York, Gay White Way,' 'Brown 'Right of Way,' and a with Bertha Kalich."

"Well, then came an the pictures. I was very eventually went with the with which company I, some eight months. Yes, successful, and I left and joined the Kalem have been with them now and played leads

In answer to my to which of his pho- thought his best, Carlyle quoted "The Redemption," "The Invaders," "The Honor Sys- tem," "Intemperance," "Fate's Caprice" and "The Wayward Son."

"And now what are your plans?" I asked.

"I am going to devote myself to society dramas and light comedies principally. I am very fond of both. It is my intention to get the best stories obtainable and to try and live up to the high ideals I have set as my standard. I have pleasant surroundings and a loyal company, so we ought to be able to accomplish something good."

I think he will—I am sure he will. He is dead in earnest and full of a quiet, purposeful energy. Above the medium height, slim and good-looking, and as well-dressed a man as there is on the stage to-day, Carlyle Blackwell manages to express himself on the screen as well as any man I know. Regarding his company's loyalty,



fort all over it. As Mr. Black- from the overalls he was wear- had a hand in everything —to an irreproachable talked.

has been hard work," he have a well-appointed studio, by ourselves."

some of the things he told It seems funny to write such a young fellow as Car- but he has won his spurs by and study, and is at the top of sion right now.

desire to be an actor at Cornell age of nineteen I joined the pany in Denver, a capital the way. From there I the Keith and Proctor's York and remained

two weeks—an in- experience. Then dramas, light comedies in including 'The of Harvard,' short season

"And then?" offer to go into doubtful, but Vitagraph, remained for I was quite the Vitagraph Company. I for three years all the time."

question as to plays he

the studio radiates contentment and comfort as well as energy, and all this will be reflected in the pictures which will be released by the Kalem Company.

He is a pleasant companion and a cheerful personality, and his usefulness to the world of pictures has but begun.

I am now going to smoke that cigar he gave me to get rid of me. I will have a little chat with that Englishman, "Colonel" C. Rhys Pryce, who is such a goodfellow and Carlyle's right-hand man. I may get another cigar. R. W.



ROSEMARY THEBY, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

WHEN a girl of eighteen leaves her comfortable home in Missonri to come alone to New York with nothing but the courage of her own convictions and a great, overwhelming desire to act; when she works and studies and then begins a career far below even the lowest rung of the ladder of success, and, all unaided, climbs gloriously to the top, dont you think she deserves a whole lot of credit? And Rosemary Theby has not finished climbing yet. She came to New York to

take up her studies at a dramatic school. Upon leaving there, she had intended trying for an engagement in stock, but a friend gave her a note to one of the directors at the Vitagraph Company. She traveled down to the studio, and met the director, who held out but scant encouragement. But picture work soon exerted its fascination over her, and she forgot all about the to learn how to act before a camera. It meant that she was given nothing to do but filling in as a super for a long time, yet she didn't care. When she finally attained the honor of donning a maid's cap and apron, she felt that she really had secured a footing at last. With this girl it has been no me- teoric flight to glory, but a stern, uphill battle.

"What shall we talk about?" she asked — "censorship? Of course, Do I approve, or do I not? Of course, it doesn't matter in the least, the way or the other, I dont! One of the finest pictures ever made was severely censored — I mean 'The Reincarnation of Karma'—and it was beautiful!" I then that it was

that brought then a member of the graph Company into prominence. Interpretation of "Quine-snake-woman," the

"I haven't a motor-car," she announced suddenly. "Oh, I know it's the thing to have one, but I haven't. I spend a lot of time on horseback. That is, a lot of time for one so busy as I am.

You see, I am at the studio every day and am scarcely done with one part when I must jump into another."

I noticed several beautiful gowns lying across a chair, and the conversation turned naturally to clothes. "I like to have well-looking and becoming things to wear at all times, altho I never follow the extreme in fashion. But, outside of dressing my parts suitably, I dont care one whit about dress. I am far more comfortable and happy as I am now." And as she laughed she struck at her russet boots with her riding-crop. That laugh seemed to convey the information that comfort and happiness are far more essential to this girl than mere "gauds and chiffons." And then, too, she has youth, beauty—a rare beauty—and popularity, which go a long way in this world.

"Wont you say that I am an ardent admirer of Mary Fuller? I think she is splendid." And there was no mistaking the warmth of the tribute paid so generously.

As I looked at Miss Theby, who is ever so much younger out of pictures than



she seems in them, I wondered why it had happened that she became identified so early in her career with heavy-villainess sort of parts. Probably because she was a good type, for adventuresses are still brunettes, and Miss Theby is very dark.

After two successful years with the Vitagraph Company, during which she received many good notices for parts intelligibly and carefully rendered, Miss Theby joined the Reliance forces. While here she did a great deal of work, appearing in practically one out of every two films released. And now she is playing in the Lubin films, opposite to the ever-popular young leading man and director, Harry Myers, and the combination is an exceptionally good one.

"St. Louis—that's my home-town. I have a mother and father there, and lots of friends and relatives scattered all over the city. Lonely?" She paused. "Well, not now. But when I first came to New York it was quite a different story. I felt that in such a big city so small an atom as myself would be caught up in the rush and bustle and lost for all time. My poor little ambition that had seemed so great and fine out West, all crumbled to nothing. What chance had I in a city where so many were working and striving? But this mood did not last long, I'm happy to say, and I soon had my shoulder to the wheel and just plugged on."

And I could not help but feel that no matter where she goes, Rosemary Theby will always "plug on," just because that is the kind of girl she is.

M. B. HARVEY.



MYRTLE GONZALEZ, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

"PLEASE remember to spell my last name with a 'z' twice," said Miss Gonzalez (there, I did it the first time!), "because that is aristocratic Spanish; spelled with an 's,' it is plebeian Mexican." And there you have the Vitagraph Western juvenile leading lady on her touchy topic, for she's a Southern Californian so far back that a pair of her ancestors were the first couple to be married in the old Mission of Los Angeles.

From these temperamental, fiery Latins, Miss Gonzalez loves to trace her own dramatic ability. She was a singer first, a professional church singer, but she longed for more responsive audiences, and so the stock companies of Los Angeles claimed her for a while. These were her only experiences on the unsilent stage; next came the Motion Pictures—but that was an evolution.

It was Paul de Longpre who, painting Miss Gonzalez's face, discovered its varying expressions; then an artist-photographer, alert for a new subject upon which to train his camera, discovered the piquant features of the girl, and to capture photographically their fleeting, elusive beauty became to him at one time an obsession and a distraction. It was he who suggested Motion Pictures as a profession to Miss Gonzalez, and now, successful as she is, she is grateful for this advice. She is versatile, too, for besides a talented throat (which, however, registers naught on the screen), she has some very gifted feet—two, to be exact—and with these same feet twinkling she can brave the rankest critic in dancing that ever sneered; any kind of dancing, too, tho, with the addition of castanets on her fingers, an onlooker might easily bethink himself in the Alhambra, with the



sun of Spain warming things up just around the corner. She can handle any kind of a musical instrument, also, which even in the pictures has a convincing phase.

A year covers the time of Miss Myrtle Gonzalez's Motion Picture experience, and in that time she has come to two positive conclusions—she wants to become an emotional leading lady and to remain a Vitagraph Westerner! MARY H. O'CONNOR.

KING BAGGOT, OF THE IMP COMPANY



WHEN I arrived at the Imp studio, where Mr. Baggot plays his leads and directs his own pictures, that very busy man was rehearsing, and I agreed with pleasure to wait and watch. It was a tiny snatch of a scene that I witnessed—supposed, I imagine, to be just a moment of unbearable stress in a poor man's life, but one got a big glimpse of a whole world of pain in the way he carried it off. I was so absorbed in the drama that he was conveying that I forgot to concentrate on the things one who has not seen King Baggot in the flesh would want to know. And I was called to earth by a voice near at hand exclaiming in tones of repressed excitement: "Aint he distinguished-looking, tho? Aint he distinguished?"

The exclamatory admirer was a little old woman, whose eyes shone with her tribute, and she had made, unwittingly, a fine summing-up.

Six foot in height, 185 pounds in weight, with direct, blue eyes, and hair verging between a blond and brown, there is, withal, a simplicity

about King Baggot—a clean-cut dignity—that is as unique as it is charming. And when he spoke I found that his appearance did not belie his manner. You would like him—you couldn't help it. And while we are dwelling on personal appearance—right in the middle of his forehead, there is a streak of snowy white amid the brown hair. You've probably noticed it. Mr. Baggot says that he has been avalanched with letters of inquiry and doubt as to its being natural—"despite the fact," as he somewhat ruefully informed me, "that it's growing bigger every year." I assured him that I would vouch for it's being an absolute and unassisted reality.

We faced each other in big office chairs, and Mr. Baggot smoked as we talked, and one of the first things he told me was that his name of "King" is not a stage name, as is commonly supposed, but his mother's maiden name. His own name, in full, is William King Baggot.

He was born and educated in St. Louis, and he was on the stage nine years before entering the Movie world. Perhaps you have seen him in the flesh, for he played with the Liebler Company in "Salomy Jane," in "The Bishop's Carriage," in "The Squaw-Man" and also in support of Wilton Lackaye.

He's been on the screen about four and a half years, and he writes practically all of his own scenarios, and, incidentally, gives considerable time to the study of his parts. One of his films, a four-reeler, written in collaboration, is to be released shortly, and is entitled "Absinthe." It was taken in Paris, where, by the way, Mr. Baggot and his company have lately been.

While taking the picture, most of the acting was done on the streets, and not one

(Continued on page 153)



A Playhouse and Its Significance

By ROBERT GRAU



THERE are two subjects just now more widely discussed on the theatrical "Rialto" than any other at this period. One is the impromptu speech at a Friars' dinner, in which the elongated and much married De Wolf Hopper uttered a vigorous protest against the modern trend of stage realism—the substance of which was the query:

"It is not Where shall we go? but Where can we go? that confronts the playgoer in an effort to choose a playhouse where he can safely attend with his family."

The other topic of conversation whenever stage folk congregate is—the near approach of the conversion of the Criterion Theater, in the heart of the playhouse zone, into a permanent home for the exploitation of Vitagraph films, and there are not a few who believe that, with the advent of the film magnate as a direct bidder for the public's favor in palatial Broadway playhouses, Mr. Hopper's daring question, which has already echoed thru the breadth of the land, will be answered. Stranger things can happen than that the men who have achieved fame and fortune as the pioneers of a vast industry, and the birth of a new yet compelling art, will solve the intricate problems which have caused catering to the public's entertainment to become far more risky as far as the speaking stage is concerned than at any time since those days when the stage calling was regarded with suspicion.

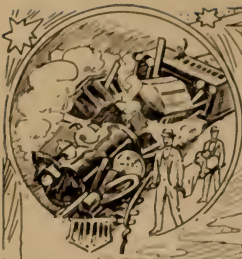
That the Vitagraph Company is eminently fitted to establish the first permanent photoplayhouse of high grade in the theater zone none can doubt, for what the Vitagraph Company is today is due solely to an uncompromising and inviolable policy in which business rectitude combined with a catholic fairness has characterized its operations for well-nigh

eighteen years. The writer recalls the early struggles of the company's officers in those days when the Motion Picture was regarded as a mere toy, when the "chase" and slapstick buffoonery formed the incentive for the camera man's productivity. The Vitagraph people then occupied a small room in a downtown office-building; its stock company comprised six persons, including the three proprietors, who often helped out with the acting.

Today the Vitagraph Company is an institution of such vast proportions that any attempt to describe its scope and immensity would require a volume. Yet, with all its development, there has been no change in the basic policy which Messrs. Rock, Blackton and Smith established in the little Nassau Street office, a policy that had for its standard-bearer a determination never to permit on the screen a picture that the founders of the company would not willingly place permanently in their own homes.

With its more than 150 players, including no less than thirty former members of Charles Frohman's forces, and fully a score of erstwhile stars of the speaking stage, who shall say that the advent of the "Life Portrayal" camera man in Long Acre Square is not timely? The "team work" of John Bunny and Flora Finch, and the mellowed artistry of Sydney Drew, Maurice Costello, James Lackaye and their colleagues express the superlative mode of artistic procedure that today obtains in the modern film studio. But the Vitagraph Company did not aim to have its own playhouse until it had a message to address to that overwhelming majority of mankind that admires its productivity on the screen. There will be something more than a mere luxurious playhouse in an acknowl-

(Continued on page 152)



SAFE AND SOUND TRAVEL

BY JESSIE F. PARKER



"They talk of the dangers of travel
By airship, by steamship, by rail,
How the unconquered forces of nature
Against man's puny power prevail.

"Now, for my part, I've found little danger
And I've traveled some, too, in my day.
But not a hair of my head has been injured,
Not a scar does my body display.

"And I've gazed on the high Rocky Mountains
In rapture viewed Yellowstone Park,
Seen the beauty and might of Niagara,
And the mysteries of Mammoth Cave dark.

"The Atlantic has spread out before me.
Sphinx and pyramid, too, have I seen,
And of castles, cathedrals and statues,
Few have viewed more than I have, I ween.

"Yet you find me here whole, hale and hearty,
Unimpaired from my hat to my to my boot."
"May I ask, friend, your method of travel?"
"Traveled all by the Moving Film Route."





1914 has been rung in, and before it is rung out let us make it fairly resound with our opinions—enthusiasms—witticisms. And, if they do not all find a haven in this department, remember that they do reach their destined goal. And so, have faith and some day you will have space.

A. S. Hardy writes us that he wants “to be one of the bunch,” and he makes his début with the following lines to Lillian Walker. Salutations, Mr. Hardy!

MY MOTION PICTURE QUEEN.



Of all the girls I've seen tonight
On the Motion Picture screen,
There's only one who has proven her right
To be my Picture Queen.

I saw her in a scene with a child—
Her smile was all divine;
The love of little children touched
This Picture Queen of mine.

Now, I'll admit my choice of queen,
Altho I'm not much of a talker—
The daintiest girl I've ever seen
Is smiling Lillian Walker.

E. V. Fortney, Kingwood, W. Va., submits a toast to John Bunny as sincere, if not as obviously full of sentiment, as the one to William Russell:



Here's to the man who makes life sunny,
Here's to the man who'd be rich without money,
Here's to the man who makes the sad funny,
Here's to our favorite of all men—John Bunny!

"Anonymous" resents, even in the abstract, the thought of a successor to Florence Lawrence:



As time goes on, the changes come,
And old, familiar faces go—
New ones appear, and stay awhile,
Then vanish from the photoshew.
We find their places ably filled,
But 'twould fill us with abhorrence
To even see some one attempt
To succeed our Florence Lawrence.

James Vanborn Murphy sends us a letter in which he expresses opinions, various and versatile. Follow some excerpts:

First, I like the Greenroom Jottings, because it contains such interesting items of people I know in playerdom. The Answer Man, Musings of the Photoplay Philosopher and Letters to the Editor are wonderful.

My favorite actress is Mary Pickford, the Princess of the Screen. I was pleased to see her photograph on the November cover. Next, I like Florence Lawrence, but do not see her any more. I wish she would return to Lubin and play opposite Arthur Johnson.

My favorite companies are American, Edison, Essanay, Vitagraph and Lubin. I think the latter two produce some of the best society dramas. "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin) is the best play I have ever seen, etc., etc.

Edna Krebs, Albany, N. Y., tells us in her letter that she knows we print only "one poem in every hundred, but please let mine be one that you will print." It is only about one in every hundred that we have space to print—we're always glad to do it—and here goes:

THE BRONCHO KING.



Of all the actors I've ever seen
Take part in photoplays,
There's one I like above them all—
His looks, his smiles, his kingly ways.

A Broncho war play's not complete
Unless Joe King's the lead;
He has no equal when he does
A soldier's noble deed.

So here's success to my favorite,
And the same to the magazine;
And here's good luck to the Answer Man,
Who told me the name of the Broncho King.

That Romaine Fielding is convincing in his realism is attested to in the extract from this letter:

I would like to say a word of praise for Romaine Fielding's acting in "The Harmless One." A friend of mine told me that a "real crazy man" acted in it. Of course, she doesn't know the names of any of the actors in the Lubin Company, and it goes to show how wonderfully he took the part. I saw it later, and I think I never saw such a fine bit of finished acting in my life, etc., etc.

Chicago, Ill.

KATHARINE SPRINGER.

L. H. T., of Washington, D. C., links the hands of Maurice Costello, Lillian Walker and Warren Kerrigan in the following little triplet of verse:



ere's to our hero with dimples and curls,
Liked by the men, loved by the girls,
Handsome and manly—a lovable fellow—
Long life to our favorite, Maurice Costello!

Picture a lady all dimples and smiles—
The prettiest girl in the country for miles;
As an actress we all must admit she's a corker—
This tribute for you, Miss Lillian Walker!

Man's praise of man is a double tribute, because there is no lurking sentimentality in it. It is, therefore, a pleasure to print Mr. Edward A. Lifka's verse to J. W. Kerrigan:

I'LL THINK OF YOU.



hen the years become but mem'ries
And our lives draw near their ends;
When our loved ones may have vanished,
Gone from us faithful friends;
When the hair, now dark or golden,
Has become a white or gray,
And the eyes, so filled with lustre,
Lose their brightness on Life's way;
When the cheeks, now smooth as velvet,
Wrinkle with the passing years,
And the heart, tho known to gladness,
Knows as well the fount of tears;
When the lips that gave the kisses
To the ones we loved the best
Know no more the lips which met them,
'Cause the loved ones are at rest—
Ah! my friend, this all will happen,
And the years are all too few;
There'll be those who wont remember,
Yet, my friend, I'll think of you.

Here are a few donts from G. C. K., who remarks in addition to the verse that the aforesaid donts are not faults by any means—on the contrary:

DONTS.



ont be so pretty, Alice Joyce,
You make me awfully jealous;
Dont be so winning, Mary F.,
You're getting all the fellows;
Dont act so awful, Mabel N.,
You're always being naughty;
Please show your dimples, Lillian,
And do not be so haughty.
Now there is still another dont,
And, much to my regret,
I say to Helen Gardner,
Dont smoke that cigaret!

Eleanor H. Loring, of Pasadena, Cal., sends in a loving tribute to little Helen Costello, and says in an accompanying letter that enough people do not realize what a "real little artist she is." This verse should bring that realization nearer home:

When the long day's work is over, oftentimes I go
And sit among the people in a Motion Picture show.
I watch the many shadows as they pass across the screen,
And wait impatiently until a childish face is seen;
Then I forget the music, forget the happy throng—
I only know that she is there, the one I've loved so long.
I watch her every movement as she plays her little part,
For altho she's just a kiddie, she's the idol of my heart.
Eyes as bright as stars she has—a mass of curly hair—
A dimpled smile that makes of her a favorite everywhere,
And, tho I know it's useless, whenever she is seen
There comes a tender yearning for this child-star of the screen.
In years to come in pictures most radiant she'll shine—
Dear little Helen Costello, may every joy be thine!

Undivided laurels here—strict impartiality—most welcome praise:

TO M. P. M.

I love to see the Movies,
'Cause I'm a Movie fan,
And love to read the questions
Put to the Answer Man.

I like to read the stories,
So thrilling, and so sweet,
And each and every hero
How eagerly I greet!

I like the Greenroom Jottings,
I like the pictures, too—
In fact, I like 'most everything
In the M. P. M. right thru.

Cleveland.

ROSE.

Bruce Peifer, of Santa Monica, Cal., exhibits a keen sense of humor thus:

Mona Darkfeather and Frank Montgomery direct and act together.
Working always side by side, fair or stormy weather:
Let us suppose she left his Co., and, Frank-ly, he'd disown her—
I wonder whether it would be that Monty would be MONA?

This is a lament indeed! Even the inspiration must see the pathos:

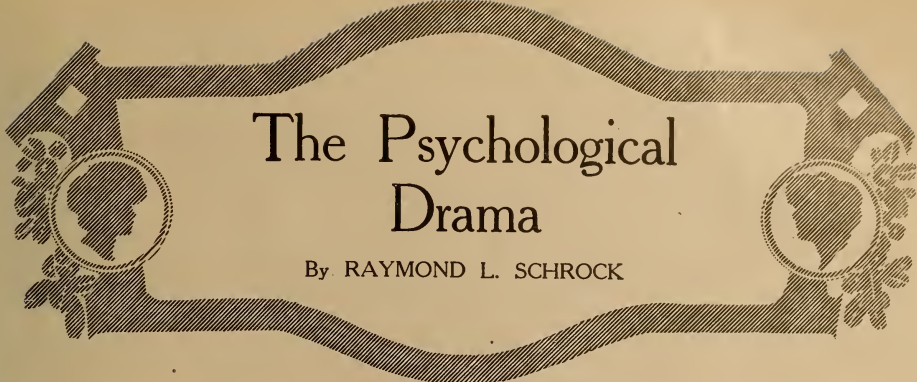
TO MR. TOM MOORE.

You're always in my heart,
But you're never by my side;
You're always in my mind—
Many times for you I've sighed.

I cant—I cant forget you,
Tho I've tried, and tried, and tried;
You're always—always in my heart,
But you're never by my side.

St. Paul, Minn.

Miss L. M. N.



The Psychological Drama

By RAYMOND L. SCHROCK

MANY things have already been said regarding the silent drama, its history and growth, but so far there has been little attempted concerning the standard type of drama, which will endure to futurity.

Years and years ago, before the drama attained any literary reputation, the people could be entertained by choruses or by the morality plays, which were selected from certain parts of the Bible and always meant to portray vice and virtue, or evil and good. But the idea of simple entertainment and preachment was banished from their minds as quickly as the people became more educated, and with this transition came the disappearance of the cold, dull vices and virtues, and the real, breathing characters of history took their places.

Today, we are laboring under a similar condition of affairs, tho represented by the literary education of the times. There is one class of people who attend the theater simply for love of entertainment and a place to spend their time, while another class go there in the hope of learning something from life portrayals. It is this latter type of theater-goer that should be encouraged, for it is his or her opinion that brings the drama up to a high standard.

The consciousness of life often expresses itself in a feeling of bondage, and the constant effort in life is to remove that chain or bondage. Man feels that time and space and affairs of society limit him, and he slaves to remove these limitations. He has a lust for great power, and, being enslaved, perhaps by environment,

strives to subdue the earth. It is inherent in man to seek to pass from under the yoke, whether it be civil, social or moral bondage.

If it be civil bondage, he fights against conditions, and his nature is changed according to his success. If it be social, he may be ruled over by masters, but he will strike out, even tho the odds be heavily against him.

If it be moral, the demands of his nature are in evidence. He is continuously controlled by his passions and appetites, which create a steady struggle—a struggle within a struggle, or the head against the heart, the real against the ideal. It is just such thoughts and deeds that pave the way for the psychological drama, which in itself is the basis of all drama, owing to the broad field that it can cover.

Man experiences fear, sorrow, remorse, hunger, anger, pain, joy, hilarity, anxiety, love, hatred, passion and appetite, all of which, we are told, originate in the mind, or psychic centers of the brain, where each is interpreted thru special nerves to the respective places in our human mechanism, where they assert themselves in various reactions. It is this splendid complex arrangement that gives us such wonderful opportunity to display them on the screen.

Now, all the above-mentioned psychological traits, and hundreds of others too numerous to mention, limit man in his struggle to survive against himself or against his fellow man; which opens up another field for examples of this form of drama.

Every time man is limited, and the

means by which he is limited, a chance is given for a definite triangle to be formed, and the triangle to suggest a plot. He may be limited by love, either spiritual or physical; he may be limited by greed or desire for gain; he may be limited by hatred or desire for vengeance; he may be limited by sorrow or remorse for some past action, by poverty or need, by hilarity or weakness from other indulgences, and he may be limited thus in the many hundreds of other ways, each of which forms the triangle of specified logic. For we have given the man his weakness or his problem, and his attempt to cure it or to fall before it.

One of the best examples of this, and which gives us one great form of drama, is called tragedy. Tragedy is the portrayal of some breach in the moral law, with a fatal ending. The tragic hero is the man or woman who is at odds with fate, or who is limited by the bondage already mentioned. The fatal ending is caused by the death of the tragic hero, who must succumb to the inevitable.

Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist of all times, gained his wonderful reputation by his use of psychological situations, wherein the characters were made to show the innermost working of their minds, and he gave to the world the truest conceptions of the great limitations of mankind. In Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, in that great speech: "Come, sealing night, to cover up the eye of pitiful day,"

we see the workings of a mind filled with joy of anticipation of his own personal gain, fear of discovery, remorse at the thoughts of the black deeds, and a general sympathetic feeling for himself.

If the psychological drama is the great representative of the stage and that which creates comment and thought, then in the same manner it should supplant the greater form of common entertainment in the silent drama. With thinking authors coming into the field, the present outlook is very promising.

When an actor or an actress is spoken of as being great in emotional rôles, it is his or her ability to interpret psychological traits. And it is a law as old as the hills and must be adhered to for the best results, so let us encourage the various film companies to spend their time in perfecting their production along these lines. If we must compete with time, then let the Motion Picture be rightly called an art, and, if it is to be called an art, then the chaste and rigid rules governing art must be followed.

As a fitting conclusion to this appeal to reason for reason's sake, let us bear in mind Whittier's great quotation, which shows us man's frailty and humanity, and his sometimes futile struggle to better himself:

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

A Plea

By SUSIE GUE

Perplexing is my task,
A favor I would ask—
Please buy this verse!
Do not send it back
To the same old shack:
You've purchased worse.
Grant me one request—
Your book I love the best.
For goodness' sake please say
You'll send me a check,
Or I will be a wreck
Versifying up the photoplay.

In my daily walk
I hear picture talk
In the stores and out upon the street—
For my only pleasure
Nickels now I treasure.
So my picture idols I can greet.
Artists on the screen,
The best that can be seen.
Doing more to please the crowds each day,
Amusement of the best,
Where one and all can rest,
While gazing at the dear old photoplay.



Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

THE year just past has seen some remarkable changes in Motion Pictures, but the year to come will doubtless see just as many, and perhaps more important ones. Bigger and better men have joined the profession, and those already in it have come to feel that the Motion Picture industry is one of stupendous proportion and of almost limitless possibilities, which thought has proved an incentive to better things. Not only has the quality of the pictures improved, but the standard has been raised, until now the very best efforts of everybody are demanded. There are many causes for this: one is competition, and another is that the Motion Picture public have gradually been educated up to a high standard. No longer may a manufacturer put on the market anything he chooses; no longer must an exhibitor show any film that is given him by the exchanges; and no longer can an exhibitor force his patrons to see what they do not want to see. It has come to that pass when the public go to the proprietor of a photoplayhouse and state their demands, and when the proprietor goes to the film exchange and repeats these demands, and, if the exchange does not comply, the exhibitor takes his patronage to another exchange. Nearly every community now has two or more playhouses, and if the people are not satisfied with one they will patronize another. It is well that certain manufacturers have discarded the idea that the photodrama is merely to amuse; that it is a brother of the circus and a substitute for the old-fashioned, sensational melodrama of the gallery gods. In the early days, the makers of Motion Pictures appealed only to the ignorant, uncultured "low-brows," whereas now they realize that their patrons are largely composed of the best people in the world. The result is such high-class dramas as "Love's Sunset," which will be appreciated just as much by the college president as by the poor hod-carrier, for the language of the heart is universal. While very few plays, if any, will excel "Love's Sunset," for some time to come, and while we shall see many poor plays now and then, we must all admit that the general standard is much higher than ever before, and that it is to go still higher.

Macaulay says that "the real object of the drama is the exhibition of the human character." Whether this is true or not, it is quite clear that characterization is an item worthy of profound consideration on the part of photoplay writers, manufacturers, script editors, directors and players. Some of these seem to think that all that is required is a story. That is a mistake. The time has come when picture patrons demand more than a mere story: they demand characterization and fine acting. The leading parts in most of the photodramas are nothing more than "walking parts," which any actor or actress could do quite as well as our stars do them. A player like Warren Kerrigan, for example, is doubtless capable of doing

excellent work, if given the chance, but how seldom do we see him in a part that requires really great acting. And as for the leading women, many of them seem to think that all that is required of them is to look pretty, to dress elegantly, and to smile sweetly. And who has failed to observe a certain sameness to their emotions? Do they not always weep in the same manner, and depict fear, surprise, remorse, etc., in the same way that they did in the last piece we saw? Yet, every character they portray is supposed to be different from any other. If you have seen Romaine Fielding in "The Clod," you will understand what I mean by characterization. Here was a type; something different; a unique character. It was not the same Romaine Fielding that we had seen in any other play. As another example, take Harry Morey in "The Wreck"—would you not say that this was an entirely different Morey from the many others you have seen? There are altogether too few of these plays in which the players have an opportunity really to act. So, perhaps, Macaulay was right after all.

A great deal is being said in favor of more "educationals." I wonder if those editors and reformers who are so active in this line realize that probably a large majority of photoplay patrons do not want educationals. Have you never sat and heard a long sigh from your neighbor when a "scenic" or "educational" is announced on the screen? Everybody is in favor of educational pictures—for the other fellow! The Edison idea of handling educational subjects, however, is an excellent one. Here we get education intermixed with entertainment, which is the equivalent of a sugar-coated pill—we get the benefits of the medicine minus its bad taste. There is no doubt in the world that Motion Pictures are wonderfully well adapted for educational purposes, and that they will be much more utilized in the future than they have in the past. Pictures make one think, and it is well known that the best teacher is the one who makes the pupil think for himself. The most useful book is the one that sets the reader's think-works in motion. It is pleasant to see or to read that which confirms your opinions, but it is more profitable to see or to read that which leads the mind to unexplored fields. There are too many torpid minds in the world that are content to let others do their thinking for them. Cobwebs in the brain catch no thoughts.

I believe that it was Hazlitt who observed, "It is remarkable how virtuous and generously disposed every one is at the play," which was a very wise observation and one that should make the enemies of the drama reconsider. We sit and look, or listen, as the case may be, and we weep, tremble, resent, rejoice, or are inflamed. Some of us are more affected than others, for some of us are more emotional and demonstrative, but we all feel the same.

And in every good playhouse there is always a certain feeling of comradeship, of human sympathy, of kindness, of fellow-feeling, that is all-pervading, and it is good. If the plays are all uplifting or enjoyable, and the surroundings congenial, this feeling is emphasized.

We are never as good as we should be, if we do not try to be better than we were. We shall never be better than we are, if we do not try to be better than we were.



MUSINGS OF THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER

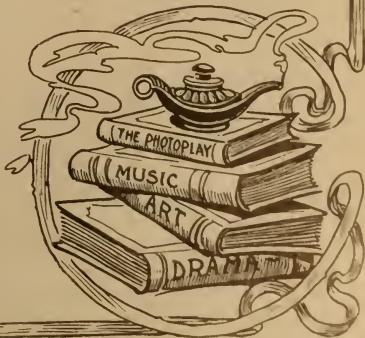
It appears that the high cost of living is going down, but the cost of high living remains the same. Many people became vegetarians during the recent hard times because meat was so dear. There is one good reason why we cannot all be vegetarians, even if we would. In the first place, there are not enough vegetables in the world to feed everybody, and in the second place there is not enough land on which to grow the vegetables. Meat is concentrated vegetable food. Again, we must have leather, wool, feathers, horn, ivory, fur, kid, hides, hair, bone, etc., for our various needs, and to get these usually means the death of the animals. So, we put their coverings outside, their flesh inside. Vegetarianism is good enough for poets, artists, philosophers and preachers, but the strenuous, virile, fighting, aggressive man requires meat. From a sympathetic, humanitarian standpoint, it is cruel to kill animals for our stomach's sake, and when we think of the poor, bleating lambs, and of the beautiful, mild-eyed deer, and so on, it does seem that we should live and let live; but, at the same time, we must not let our sympathies run away with us, else we may be pitying the poor tomato, and the beautiful wheat, and we may even fear to tread on a blade of grass; for who knows but that the plants have feelings just as animals have?



Simply to be good is simply to be bad. We must do good as well as to be good; for he who is not good for something is good for nothing.



So far as I am concerned, down with melodrama in photoplays, unless it be genuine melodrama, and not "yellowdrama." The two are often confused. Melodrama is as old as the Greeks, and originally was performed to the accompaniment of incidental and emotional music. In the course of time, it came to be defined as a drama of a highly romantic or sensational nature. Perhaps the best distinction between drama and melodrama, in its present-day sense, is that of Mr. Burns Mantle, the New York *Evening Mail's* dramatic critic. He says: "In drama, the characters create the action; in melodrama, the action forces the characters thru the piece." Melodrama, then, in its lowest phase consists of an exciting or sensational plot which the characters simply carry out. Destiny is arbitrary. Lovers, villains, hero, or heroine, are separated, killed off, or united at the will of the author. It is what the great Grecian playwrights called *deus ex machina*, the god who came down in a stage contrivance from heaven and made away with such characters as were obstructions to the development of the plot. In melodrama, such as I wish to countenance, and particularly in drama, the plot should flow in rightful channels: the theme of the play should create characters, and they, thru their contending desires, passions, emotions—their motives, in other words—should create the plot. Drama is only life artistically retold. Poorly felt and written drama, weak melodrama, and "yellowdrama" of the sensational type, are caricatures and gross exaggerations of the beautiful and real depictions of life—the thing that ever charms us.





With his foot upon the threshold
Of a barroom bright and grand,
Quick one eve a man was halted
By the touch of some one's hand.
And within that old man's pocket
Was the price of just one drink.
So these words to him beseeching
Could not help but make him think:

"Take me to the pictures, mister,
'Cause I want to see the show;
Ma and Pa, they said I might, sir,
If I'd find some one to go.
Oh, I'd like to see the pictures
And the lessons that they give,
But, you see, I can't afford to—
Takes all we can get to live."

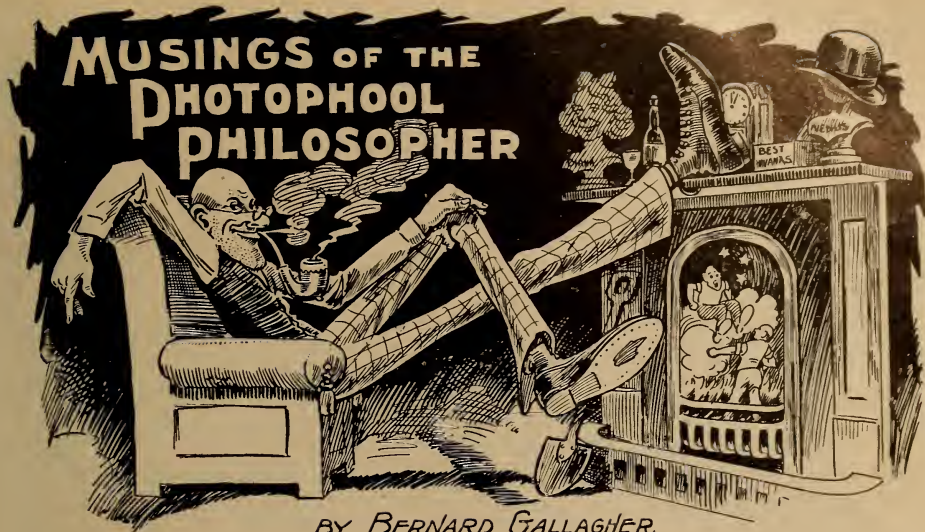
Head downcast, the old man listened
To the prattle of the child,
Then at last he slowly answered,
In a kindly voice and mild:
"Yes, I'll take you to the pictures,
'Tho 'twill take my last red cent,
And we'll see the show together—
Come along," and so they went.

Then they sat and saw the pictures
Show life's calm and then its storm,
While from out the old man's conscience
Sprang the spirit of reform.
For the pictures told how liquor
Often leads to failure's den,
And the old man vowed in honor
That he'd never drink again.

When at last the show was ended,
When its songs and lights had fled,
And the two were just at parting,
This is what the old man said:
"Boy, you stopped me on the threshold,
And I'll take the hint and go
Far away from all temptation,
In the homeland's golden glow."



MUSINGS OF THE PHOTOPHOO PHILOSOPHER



BY BERNARD GALLAGHER

LADIES and gentlemen, the following short sermons are not intended for you at all, but for those sinners either side of you. Use well before shaking.

As there is no appreciable difference when some women remove their hats, let us suggest that they also remove their rats or other man-deceiving apparatus that tend to lower the morals of the audience.

There is a time for everything, but I'll be gosh-darned if it should be always ragtime, as the general run of picture-show pianists seem to think.

Rather than wait two minutes for a reel to finish, there are those who will climb over six or eight people, catching their coat buttons in the ladies' hair in the next seats, and leaving a trail of black and blue shins three yards long behind them, besides making nervous people wonder if it's a fire or a fit.

It's a long lane that has no photoshow.

Fred Mace's subway scheme between New York and San Francisco has been condemned as not being on the level, Mark Sennet claiming it would also be too draughty; and where would they get a hole that long, anyway?

There are still evidences of that "Jack Dalton" brand of photoplayer among us, whose every move is a pose, who insists on facing the camera at any cost, who wears all disguises *on* and never *in*, and contains about as much deep feeling as an undertaker at a funeral. He would learn things to his advantage by going among the audience oftener and listening to the short and ugly expressions he creates.

With scenarios from the best writers in the land, and the cream of the theatrical world to play them, the legitimate theater is soon to become a dream, whereas now it is mostly a nightmare.

The crusade for stamping out Motion Picture theaters, that started some time ago, is a decided success—the crusaders are stamping in and out regularly.

Here's to the operator: he's a *reel* sport, always ready to do a good *turn* for us. When everything looks dark around us, he's right there with his *silver-lining*; and, tho he works with a *crank*, his life is one grand *merry-go-round*.

Male applicants with lower limbs not of regular order, that is, of the loop or letter X variety, better not apply, as it isn't giving the manager a fair chance in the next world.

For the extermination of the house-fly, we haven't invented anything so far to equal that sterling, old-fashioned remedy—the winter months.

"The daily life of the Answer Man," by himself, with illustrations. Oh, say, wouldn't the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE readers use up some gas, day and electric light on a book with that title!

Unless you have as much backbone as, at least, a mud turtle, and a little less than absolutely no feeling, your chances of a position with a Moving Picture company are considerably short of a couple.

Many a man marries a woman, that should have bought a dog.

Dont become alarmed at the smell of smoke in the studio; it's only the director correcting an error.

There are several more pages of rules, but in most cases these will do the business; if not—oh well, there's one born every moment.

If Motion Pictures are bad for the growing child, by all means stop his growing.

A scenario writer suggests to have a maiden lashed to a church spire, and her lover make the rescue from an airship. There is to be a reception to this brilliant playwright whenever he deigns to visit a studio. Oh my, yes.

About the only noticeable opposition to Moving Pictures nowadays is the furniture mover, and his moving pictures never yet gave you a thrill of joy.

The proposed four-reel feature entitled "The Iceman's Paradise," with the North Pole for a background, has started an epidemic of cold feet, and is receiving the "chilly shoulder" at every appearance.

It is estimated that the average photoplayer's salary would keep 6 rabbits, 4 ducks, 10 cats, a nanny-goat and 3 elephants in refreshments for 26 days, 2 nights and an afternoon. There are others that haven't enough left after pay-day to buy the canary a bath.

The photoplay is not a kissing-game, as most young people seem to think; it is much more like a college football game, I assure you.

"A woman's hair is her crowning glory," but the fellow would never have written it if he had ever sat behind some of that "glory" at a picture show.

The best time to apply for a position is in the meantime, shortly after henceforth.

Below are some odd remarks gathered from "picture-play fans" here and there:

"How can it be real?—they're only pictures."

"She aint that thin, she's only fixed up that way; and them dimples the fellow's got is only make-up."

"See that fellow next to the other man? Well, he's been dead for two years. Yep, they make pictures years ahead so they wont be stuck when anyone 'snuffs it.' He fell off one of the Alps somewhere in Europe, I heard."

"Gee, Paw! I'd like to watch the fellow wot draws Movin' Pictures."

"Oh! is that her you think looks like me, George? My! isn't she pretty?"

"No, sir! one man couldn't know that much. I'll bet there's a dozen Answer Men. There's got to be, because there's thousands and thousands of answers go out every day in the mail."

"He certainly is a fine comedian, and I've heard it's all thru an attack of the measles in childhood. Yes, they say he's felt funny ever since."



What Is the Title of This Picture?

What does it represent? What story does it tell? What is the moral or lesson to be derived from it, if any? For the best title, and description in less than fifty words, the "Motion Picture Magazine" will award a prize of \$5.00 in gold.

The foregoing announcement was made in the January number beneath a full-page drawing by Mr. Fryer, and the picture above is an exact reproduction of that drawing.

Varied, numerous and interesting have been the answers received thus far, and we have decided to let the contest run another month. It is pleasant to note that our readers have found the picture susceptible of so many different interpretations. We have selected a few at random.

My title for the picture in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is "The World's Entertainer." That is what Moving Picture shows are. As the old man in the picture forgot to use his crutch, so we forget our troubles, watching the screen.

The young man forgets the gambling hall, the older man the saloon—both old and young enjoy the Moving Pictures and read the magazine.

MISS MAE SHEEHY.

200 N. Boulevard, Albany, N. Y.

The title of the picture ought to be "The Last Copy."

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE was announced upon the screen at the end of the show as just out and procurable at the box-office. Those who are lucky enough to get a copy show their content; even the old men completely forget their troubles. The two men at the window are quarreling to see who should get the last copy.

MORAL—Subscribe, and be on the safe side.

GEO. KIRKEGAARD, JR.

123 Lenox Road, Brooklyn.

THE MODERN MIRACLE-WORKER.

He who enters here
In troubled mind,
Or in brawl or tear,
Leaves care behind.

He who stays a bit
Will leave this place
Made whole and lit
With smiling face.

JOHN Q. BOYER.

2034 North Fulton Ave., Baltimore, Md.

NAME—"The Right-of-Way."

REPRESENTS—A crowded street scene in front of a Motion Picture theater.

TELLS—The picture tells us of the bad spirit we have before going in the theater, and how happy we feel when coming out.

MORAL—Laugh, and the world laughs with you. LOUIS STAPLES,
701 3rd St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

My suggested title for the puzzle picture published in the January number is as follows:

Young cry for it,
Big fight for it,
Old love it.

Happy are they who have it—
The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

GEO. CHAS. SANTER,
1000 Clinton St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The picture in your magazine represents that there must be a good show, which is taken in by young and old, and the theater was so full that a crowd had to wait till intermission; then they began to push and fight. It shows that those who are there first are served first.

GORDON O'NEILL,
Room 30, Castle Bldg., Ottawa, Can.

"When the Sixth Number of 'Who Will Marry Mary?' Is Shown."

It is Christmas night, and the people are happy. The patrons of this theater have been watching the progress of Mary's suitors, and when the manager advertises that the picture is at his theater that night, they of course go to see it.

The end of one performance is over, and those who have seen it are asking themselves the question, "Now that Mary is married, what can she do to interest us?"

MEREDITH STAUB, Market and 4th Sts., Frederick, Md.

PEACE FOLLOWS EVERY STORM.

Wrinkled, tired, fighting, sad,
Fevered, hungry, money-mad;
Give them rest, they need it so—
Let them enter the picture show.

Peaceful, happy, joyous, bright,
Educated in the right;
Hearts are warmed—good words flow—
When coming from the picture show.

W. D. TOTTEROCH,
San Anselmo, Marin Co., Cal.

THE RESCUE.

When one sees the throng entering the "Movies," tired, and even irritable; then emerging, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE in hand and radiantly discussing the photoplays seen, it is then one realizes what the Motion Picture has done for us, both as a means of instruction and of recreation.

GREGORY SCOTT ROBBINS, 205 E. Ohio St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

TITLE—"A Change of Mode."

REPRESENTATION—Tempest and sunshine.

STORY—Tells of bad humor before entering and good after coming out.

MORAL—Dwell among liveliness, and you will always be in a good and pleasant frame of mind.

F. N. FRATER.

Care of W. & W. B. Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

My title of this picture is "Anxiety."

It represents impatience.

The picture tells the story of people young and old anxious to get in the "Movies," and the people coming out like they're anxious to go again.

My lesson would be to spend my change on treats to the "Movies."

CHARLOTTE WOLF, 1312 13th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

I would christen the picture in your January issue "Grouch Cure," and describe it as follows:

Surely some divine healer must be within,
Who cures mankind of one great sin:
Indeed, he must have great magic power,
To cure all these grouches in one hour.

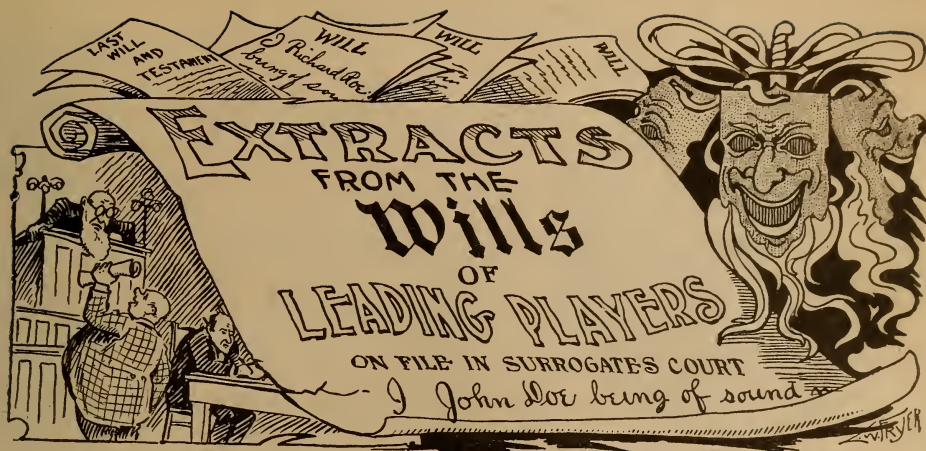
E. M. HARVEY, 1715 Hamlin Ave., Norfolk, Va.

EDUCATION AND HAPPINESS.

Facilities are greater than ever for enlightenment on all subjects pertaining to education and happiness.

Look at the faces of those going in, impatient and nervous; note the difference on those coming out, contented and smiling. Why? Good pictures and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to teach how and why.

WM. NOBLE CALLAHAN, Freehold, N. J.



This is a continuation of the department that first appeared in the December issue, and is written entirely by our readers. Contributions from time to time will be gladly received.

Upon the earnest solicitations of my friends, and realizing that I am on my last legs and shall soon quit this vale of tears, I, Crane Wilbur, do will and bequeath to Charles West (Biograph) the name and address of the shingle-weaver who so artistically thatched my roof.

I, Warren Kerrigan, do leave to my little friend, Harry Carey, my good looks and winning way with the girls, feeling he is a worthy successor.

I, Flora Finch, do hereby bequeath to Kate Price my recipe for getting fat, feeling that she has need of it.

I, Mary Pickford, do leave to my good friend, Alice Joyce, a little of my vivacity and my bewitching pout. May she make good use of both. WITNESS: Hazel Edwards.

I, Blanche Sweet, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, give, devise, and bequeath to Anita Stuart the greater part of my nose, believing that hers is not of sufficiently large area.

I, Maurice Costello, do hereby give and bequeath to my old friend, Earle Williams, my curls and dimples, as, having none of his own, he will need them in his upward flight to popularity, and to King Baggot my bottle of hair-dye, trusting that he will dye that white streak above his forehead. WITNESS: Mrs. O. P. Warner.

I, Bill Bailey, feeling that the end is drawing near, do herewith leave to my friend, Billy Mason, my ability of dancing the Castle-walk. Hoping he will master this, as he has the tango. WITNESS: Helen L. R.

I, Edith Storey, bequeath to my friend, Mary Charleson, my afternoon and evening gowns, and especially my hair-dresser, so that in society women rôles she will no longer have to wear her hair down in curls.

I, Edwin Carewe, do leave to my Indian brother, Carlyle Blackwell, my (cherished) tommyhawk. Hoping he will know it is meant as a present, instead of a warning.

I, Hughey Mack, do leave to my devoted friend, John Bunny, my favorite volume, "The Secret Way to Leanville," as I know he will take good care of it.

I, Earle Williams, do herewith bequeath my esteemed contemporary, Thomas Moore, my ministerial bearing and entire theological outfit, realizing that his recent efforts in the pulpit prove that he has found an undeniable field for his talents. WITNESS: Libbie Williams.

I, Flora Finch, do hereby bequeath to Josie Sadler my fairy-like grace and beauty, hoping that she may continue to be the leading ingénue of the Vitagraph Company after I have cashed in my checks.

I, Jack Warren Kerrigan, do herewith leave to my chum, Carlyle Blackwell (the Pigmy), two inches of my enviable height, in order that he may give three inches of his to Alec B. Francis and still suffer no reduction. WITNESS: "Vyrghnyal."

I, Louise Lester, do hereby will my Calamity Ann to Kate Price. May she take good care of her and find her as useful as I did. WITNESS: Margaret Austin.

I, E. K. Lincoln, do herewith leave to my friend, Edwin August, such cigars and cigarettes as might be in my possession, hoping he will enjoy them more than I have.

I, Romaine Fielding, bequeath to my friend, Augustus Carney, my set of Edgar Allen Poe, trusting that it will cause him to reform.

I, Ormi Hawley, give to my esteemed contemporary, Rosemary Theby, my complete edition of Delsarte.



"THESE DROPS OF WHISKEY ARE MAGNIFIED, WHISKEY THAT WILL PERFORATE SHOE LEATHER"



SHOES PERFORATED BY WHISKEY

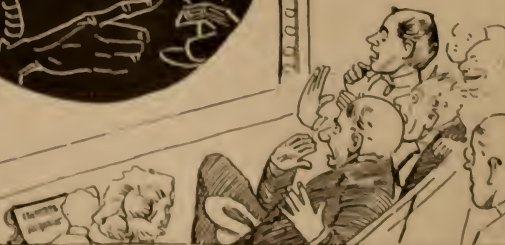


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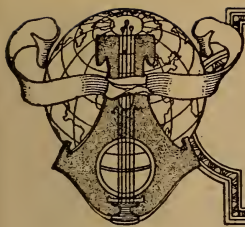
THE PERFORATED SIGMACH
"EXTREME PAIN"



TAKE THE PLEDGE AGAIN ON YOU MAY TAKE THE LAST CLASS



Everything can be taught by Motion Pictures, and so realistically and impressively that the lesson is not soon forgotten



What They Were Doing a Few Years Ago

By LESTER SWEYD



Frank Currier was playing, 1903, as Professor Sterling in "Way Down East."
Francis McGinn a bailiff in Richard Mansfield's "Beau Brummel," in 1904.
Ashley Miller, in 1907, was with Anna Held in "The Parisian Model."
C. J. Williams played William Bechtel's former part of Bertram in William Brady's "Siberia."
Earl Ryder supported Cecilia Loftus as Robert Napier in "A Serio-Comic Governess," in 1906.
Joseph Smiley was George Deboe in "A Little Outcast," in 1905.
Lee Beggs was Jack Warren in "Alone in the World," in 1905.
Anna Little (Bison) was, in 1904, Jean Ingurd in "An Heiress to a Million."
Hector Dion was Howard Sturgis in "The Volunteer Organist," in 1904.
Paul Scardon was Polson Darr. in 1903, with E. H. Sothern in "If I Were King."
William Lamp was Clive Cunningham, in 1904, in "The Firm of Cunningham."
Florence Ashbrooke was Blanche Carrington in "Her Mad Marriage," in 1904.
John Stepling, in 1903, was with Jerome Sykes in "The Billionaire."
Howard Missimer was playing as Sam Sorrell in "Texas," in 1904.
Evelyn Selbie was Olga Humphries in "The King of Detectives," in 1905, and later appeared in vaudeville with Eddie Foy as Mrs. Williams in "The Man Behind the Gun."
Maurice Costello, during 1904-05, divided his time between the Spooner and Columbia Stock, Brooklyn.
Flora Finch was with Theodore Hamilton in "The Missourians," in 1904.
Edith Storey was Australia, in 1904, with Mrs. Carr Cooke in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."
Mary Maurice and William Shea were both in "A Midnight Marriage," in 1905, playing Mrs. Van Austin and Policeman McFadden.
James Young was supporting Viola Allen as Florizel in "A Winter Tale," in 1905.
Robert Gaillard was Lenox Sanderson in the original "Way Down East," in 1903.
Tefft Johnson was under Belasco's management, playing Zastus in "Andrea" and Trinidad Joe in "The Girl of the Golden West," in 1904-05.
Rose Tapley was a beautiful Mercia in "The Sign of the Cross," in 1904; also playing Kate Carnegie in "The Bonnie Brier Bush."
Charles Kent was King Saul with Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King," in 1904.
Ralph Ince was, in 1907, Cecitius in "Ben Hur."
Rodgers Lytton was in the original "Madame X," in 1910.
Josie Sadler was the hit of "Peggy from Paris," in 1904, as Sophie Blatz.
Sidney Drew was in vaudeville in a sketch, "The Yellow Dragon," in 1905.
Harold Shaw was Bompain in Amelia Bingham's production of "Olympe," in 1904.
Bob Fisher was J. Willoughby Johnson in "A Case of Frenzied Finance," in 1905.
Christie Miller (Biograph) was Old Pidgeon in "Heart Adrift," in 1903.
Wm. Ranous was the apothecary in the all-star cast of "Romeo and Juliet," in 1903.
Louise Beaudet was playing in vaudeville, in 1907, doing a singing specialty.
Alice Washburn was Dorcas Tattleby in "Our New Minister," in 1904.
W. J. Butler (Biograph) was Alderman Maper in Cecilia Loftus' production of "A Serio-Comic Governess," in 1904.
Zena Kiefe was Jessie, the child in the popular melodrama of the day, "The Fatal Wedding," in 1904.
Ada Gifford was Wardda in "The Fortune-Teller," in 1904.
Edward Boulden was Darlington Dashaway in "Why Women Sin," in 1904.
Charles West was Thompson Coyne in "Brown of Harvard," in 1907.
David Torrence (Famous Players) was Kee Olore in "The Shogun," in 1904.
R. S. Fife was the tax collector in "Business Is Business," in 1904.
Spottiswoode Aiken was playing as Rector Wilson in "The Price of Honor," in 1903.
Richard R. Neil was Mr. Jordon in the prize play, "The Triumph of Love."
Lionel Adams was supporting James Corbett in "Cashel Byron's Profession," as Lucas Webber, in 1906.
Jules Ferrar was young Dentrioneth in "Resurrection," in 1903.
Edna Payne was Pedro, at the Payton Stock Co., in "In the Palace of the King."
Gertie Robinson (Biograph), in 1903, was Geoddie in "Bonnie Brier Bush."
Fred Truesdell was Frank Clayton in "On the Suwanee River," in 1902.



GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

WHILE harnessing his saddle-horse last month, Wallie Van lost the end of one of his fingers. The horse, believing that "all flesh is grass," took a nip, and the doctors are now trying to save the rest of the finger.

Irving Cummings, after changing his label several times, has finally decided to stick to the red rooster.

Edith Storey will spend the remainder of the winter and early spring with the Western Vitagraph.

Francis X. Bushman is a real politician. He spends his evenings canvassing for votes at the picture theaters.

Margarita Fischer is now appearing in "Beauty" pictures, the first being "Withering Roses."

And now they're saying that Hall Caine's "The Christian" (Vitagraph) is the finest thing ever done in pictures by anybody, and that nearly every scene contains either a painting or a fine example of the histrionic art.

Romaine Fielding and company are now located at Galveston, Texas, and all Galveston is a stage.

Herbert Rawlinson (Universal) is playing opposite Hazel Buckman.

The latest addition to Carlyle Blackwell's zoo is a tiny alligator. The reptile was sent him by a Florida admirer.

The Biograph now has its fourth Stewart, Mrs. Maurice Willcox Stewart (Myrtle Haas in "Brown of Harvard") being the latest, who now plays with her three babies.

If all of our March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES were placed along in a row, they would cover a railroad track for forty miles.

Robert Burns, he of the beautiful curly locks, is now with the Mutual.

Mona Darkfeather recently made a raid on one of the Kalem Eastern companies and carried off pretty Billie Rhodes captive.

A Sioux Indian has fallen desperately in love with Anna Little (Broncho), and as a small token of his regard, presented her with a huge, husky, black bear.

Thomas Ince (Mutual) has a company of real Japanese players.

They say that Marshall Nellan, assisted by Ruth Roland, in "Vacinating a Village" (Kalem), will make even a horse laugh.

Dont forget to cast your votes in the Great Artist Contest. No other publication in the world has the right to conduct such a contest, and everybody should support this one.

Wilfred Lucas, a former Biograph star, is directing and playing leading parts for the International Film Co.

Billie Rhodes, the little Kalem actress, possesses remarkable ventriloquial powers. Miss Rhodes mischievously tried her skill on one of the Indians used in the Kalem pictures recently. The red man, who passed within a few feet of the little actress, heard the warning note of a rattler, and jumped about six feet in the air to get away from it.

What happened to Mary Fuller is that she made herself very popular. (For key, see page 129.)

"Miss Beautiful" is the name of the young lady who plays in "Her Love-Letters" (Thanhouser), and she is too modest to give any other.

Help! Aid! Assistance! Cora Williams, the snake-charmer, has lost a large diamond, Harry Eyttinge met with fowl play in the loss of a chicken which he had stolen from his car, George Lessey was arrested for speeding, and Augustus Phillips has at last had a hair-cut. Troubles never come singly at the Edison studio.

Marguerite Courtot, the sixteen-year-old Kalem star, has developed into an expert golfer. Whenever the opportunity offers, Miss Courtot, armed with her bag of clubs, can be seen on the golf-links near the Kalem studios in Jacksonville.

That was a dear little present that Stephen Smith (Western Vitagraph) received from a friend in Cairo—a hippopotamus. The sad part of it is that Brother Albert is now the owner of a walking-stick made from the hide of said hip.

Marin Sais (Kalem) is an expert with the fencing foils. In a tournament recently Miss Sais defeated seven ladies in succession.

Knowing Alice Joyce's fondness for hunting, one of the Kalem star's Alabama admirers presented her with a superbly engraved Winchester. Miss Joyce intends to use it in the Florida Everglades shortly.

Robert Thornby is now engaged in directing Keystone comedies, and the Vitagraph hoboes are now no more.

Earle Foxe (Mutual) owns and manages four picture theaters.

Balboa made another discovery recently—that Henry King and Ray Gallagher would look better in Balboa pictures than in Lubin ones; hence, so be it.

Jack Barrymore, Broadway matinée idol, said, after seeing the first film in which he had appeared: "The film determines an actor's ability, absolutely, conclusively. It is the surest test of an actor's qualities. Mental impressions can be conveyed to the screen more quickly than vocally. None can say the Motion Picture is a business—it is an art!" Mr. B. must have been pleased with his screen appearance.

As a fisherman, Harry Millarde, of the Kalem forces at Jacksonville, Fla., ranks supreme. Recently this disciple of Izaak Walton returned from a fishing trip laden with twenty-six pounds of the funny tribe. They were distributed to his fellow players.

Romaine Fielding is now a male parent—by substitution. He acted as godfather for the tiny son of Harvey Gates, associate editor of the *Universal Weekly*.

William Faversham has consented to do Julius Cæsar for the screen this spring.

Alfred Vosburgh, formerly the Kay-Bee and Broncho star, is now starring with the Western Vitagraph.

Lillian Gish is with the Reliance Company.

Hobart Bosworth and company, including Myrtle Stedman, of the Selig Company, have just completed "Valley of the Moon" at Catalina Islands.

About 700 persons attended the Thanhouser Fire Anniversary last month, which marked the opening of the new studio.

A mere trifle of 20,000 spectators witnessed Romaine Fielding stage the battle-scenes in "The Golden God."

Ben Wilson has put Corning, N. Y., on the map, and the steam-cars stop there now. He got born there, and has done other things since.

"Broadway Star Features" is the new brand to be given to those films that are considered great enough to be shown at the new Vitagraph Theater at Broadway and Forty-fourth Street.

Blanche Sweet and Mae Marsh are with the Mutual.

Jane Wolfe (Kalem) is as good an architect as she is an actress. Two bungalows erected by her have won enthusiastic comment from the leading architects of California. Both bungalows are in Glendale, Cal.

Mary Pickford, Vivian Prescott and Lillian Gish all worked together once as stage children, and this gives you the clew as to the ages of all, because you know that Little Mary is nineteen.

Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us this evening Edwin August (page 56), Jessalyn Van Trump and William Garwood (p. 71), Florence Lawrence (p. 35), Ormi Hawley (p. 79), Ralph Ince (p. 95), Marc MacDermott (p. 87), Francis Bushman (p. 27) and the Answer Man (p. 133).

Now that Francis Ford has done the ride of Paul Revere in "At Valley Forge," all that remains is "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight."

If stirring fights, sea and auto chases and the flights of aeroplanes count for anything, Carlyle Blackwell's "The Award of Justice" will be worth while.

Clara K. Young is back at work, having recovered from a two-weeks' attack of la grippe.

Lillian Wiggins, Pathé leading woman at St. Augustine, sails for Europe in March to play with the foreign Pathé Company.

Mary Pickford has just finished "Hearts Adrift," which was the first play she has done while with the Famous Players at Los Angeles.

And now they are saying that the Thanhouser Company have the largest and best collection of child players on the screen, the Turner twins, from the musical comedy stage, being the latest.

John Bunny's fame everlasting is now assured. A Brazilian sculptor is making a plaster cast of his dainty bust.

Our great spring number (April) will contain a beautiful woodland scene in many colors, with Mary Fuller and Big Ben Wilson assisting to beautify the landscape.

Edwin August recently gave a reception to Little Mary Pickford and her mother at his home, Hollywood, Cal. Many studio celebrities were present to welcome her advent to the Coast.

The Eclair Company say they have a real gem in Belle Adair, their new leading woman, because she can ride, fence, swim, box, run like a man, look pretty, and drive her own car.

THE GREAT ARTIST CONTEST

NOW IS THE TIME TO VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE ARTIST IN
THE MOST SUCCESSFUL CONTEST EVER CONDUCTED.

THE greatest enthusiasm prevails in the Great Artist Contest, and every mail brings in thousands of votes. The popularity contests of former years never awakened the interest that this one has. It is apparent that this is just what our readers wanted, for, after all, it is real artistic merit that should count, and not beauty, popularity, etc. In the regular theater, when an actor does clever work, we show our appreciation by applause; but in the Motion Picture theater we have no such means of showing our gratification and appreciation. We may applaud, but the actors cannot hear. This magazine is really the only vehicle that the Motion Picture public has to carry its applause to those who work so hard and so conscientiously to please. And not only can our readers thus praise their favorite artists, but they may help to bring them into prominence and recognition. To all those who have shown flashes of artistry in thankless parts, this contest will be helpful, for surely, out of the millions, many must have been keen enough to recognize real talent, and who are now willing to encourage it. And then, those well-known artists who head the list given below must be applauded and encouraged as well as the smaller stars. They like it, and they are entitled to it. So let us all take a lively interest in this contest, and work hard to keep our favorites on top.

On another page will be found full particulars of the contest. Send in your votes now—don't wait. Or, better still, get your friends to group their votes with yours and send them all in at once. Do this now, if you want the result to appear in the next issue, because this page goes to press on the 22d of February. Remember that coupons only will be counted. While we made a few exceptions in the beginning, and counted verses in lieu of coupons, hereafter only coupons will be counted.

Who is the greatest artist? And whom will you have to play opposite him or her in the great, prize photoplay? Does the result up to date, given below, suit you? If not, see that you and your friends do not let another week go by without trying to change the showing in the April number.

THE GREAT ARTISTS AND THEIR VOTES TO DATE

It will be seen that the winning team thus far is Williams and Pickford, with Kerrigan and Fuller second, and Johnson and Joyce third.

Earle Williams (<i>Vita</i>)	22,900	Florence LaBadie		William Shay (<i>Imp</i>)..	1,170
J. Warren Kerrigan		(<i>Thanh</i>)	2,380	Rosemary Theby	
(<i>Universal</i>)	18,110	G. M. Anderson (<i>Ess</i>)	2,370	(<i>Lubin</i>)	1,150
Mary Pickford (<i>F. P.</i>)	17,610	Ethel Clayton (<i>Lubin</i>)	2,320	Guy Coombs (<i>Kalem</i>)	1,100
Mary Fuller (<i>Edison</i>)	15,485	Pearl White (<i>Crystal</i>)	2,120	Marc MacDermott	
Arthur Johnson (<i>Lub</i>)	13,860	Julia S. Gordon (<i>Vita</i>)	2,080	(<i>Edison</i>)	1,030
Alice Joyce (<i>Kalem</i>)	13,430	King Baggot (<i>Imp</i>)	1,980	Pearl Sidelar (<i>Pathé</i>)	990
Crane Wilbur (<i>Pathé</i>)	11,370	Augustus Phillips		Gertrude McCoy (<i>Ed</i>)	990
Carlyle Blackwell (<i>Kal</i>)	10,480	(<i>Edison</i>)	1,950	Phillips Snalley (<i>Rer</i>)	920
Edith Storey (<i>Vita</i>)	10,010	Harry Myers (<i>Lubin</i>)	1,950	Mary Maurice (<i>Vita</i>)	920
Francis X. Bushman		Marguerite Snow		Florence Turner	840
(<i>Essanay</i>)	8,580	(<i>Thanh</i>)	1,800	Frederick Church	830
Clara K. Young (<i>Vita</i>)	7,910	Mabel Normand (<i>Key</i>)	1,790	Earle Metcalfe (<i>Lubin</i>)	760
Lottie Briscoe (<i>Lubin</i>)	6,470	E. K. Lincoln (<i>Vita</i>)	1,720	Claire McDowell (<i>Bio</i>)	740
Blanche Sweet (<i>Rel</i>)	5,760	Jessalyn Van Trump		Bessie Eyton (<i>Selig</i>)	720
Tom Moore (<i>Kalem</i>)	4,830	(<i>Majestic</i>)	1,530	Sidney Drew (<i>Vita</i>)	700
Maurice Costello (<i>Vit</i>)	4,330	Beverly Bayne (<i>Ess</i>)	1,460	Billie Rhodes (<i>Kalem</i>)	700
Romaine Fielding		Leah Baird (<i>Imp</i>)	1,450	Harry Benham (<i>Thanh</i>)	680
(<i>Lubin</i>)	3,925	Henry Walthall		William Russell (<i>Bio</i>)	660
Anita Stuart (<i>Vita</i>)	3,400	(<i>Reliance</i>)	1,420	John Bunny (<i>Vita</i>)	660
Vivian Rich (<i>Amer</i>)	3,130	Edwin August (<i>Powers</i>)	1,410	Wallace Reid (<i>Univ</i>)	600
Florence Lawrence		Leo Delaney (<i>Vita</i>)	1,410	Harry Carey (<i>Bio</i>)	600
(<i>Victor</i>)	3,040	Dorothy Kelly (<i>Vita</i>)	1,370	Walter Miller (<i>Bio</i>)	580
Pauline Bush (<i>Univ</i>)	2,970	Benjamin Wilson (<i>Ed</i>)	1,360	Marguerite Courtot	
James Cruze (<i>Thanh</i>)	2,800	Anna Q. Nilsson (<i>Kal</i>)	1,350	(<i>Kalem</i>)	540
Norma Talmadge (<i>Vit</i>)	2,690	Ruth Roland (<i>Kalem</i>)	1,270	James Morrison (<i>Vita</i>)	535
Lillian Walker (<i>Vita</i>)	2,530	Jack Richardson (<i>Am</i>)	1,250	Helen Gardner	530
Owen Moore (<i>Mutual</i>)	2,520	Irving Cummings		Muriel Ostriche	
Ormi Hawley (<i>Lubin</i>)	2,510	(<i>Pathé</i>)	1,180	(<i>Princess</i>)	490



RICHARDSON



WM. HUMPHREYS



LEAH
BAIRD



EARLE WILLIAMS



BARBARA
TENNANT



CRUZE



MACE



BAGGOT



FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN



BUNNY



TRAVERS



VIGNOLA



BLACKWELL

LUBIN LEADERS

LUBIN'S
MOST
POPULAR
LEADING MAN
IN A TYPICAL POSE

AN
IMPRESSION
OF
ARTHUR
JOHNSON—



HOWARD
MITCHELL



- TWO
POPULAR
STARS -
ROMAINE
FIELDING
-
ETHEL
CLAYTON



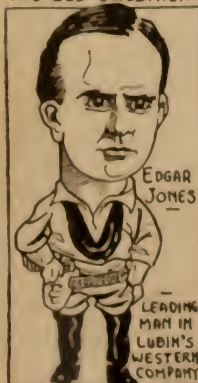
LOTTIE BRISCOE—

— THE
LEADING
LADY
WITH
ARTHUR
JOHNSON —

A TYPICAL LUBIN DRAMA IN SILHOUETTE—CHARACTERS, LOTTIE BRISCOE—ARTHUR JOHNSON—H. MITCHELL—

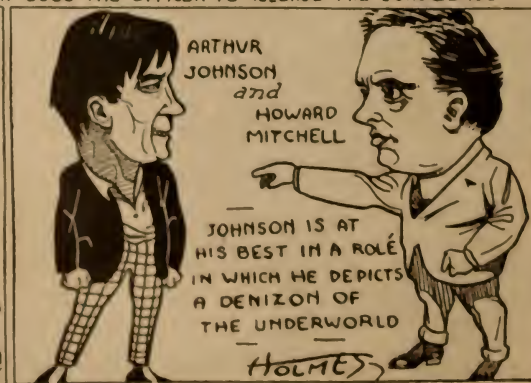


HIS OLD SWEETHEART BEGS THE OFFICER TO RELEASE THE CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN PICKPOCKET—



EDGAR
JONES

— LEADING
MAN IN
LUBIN'S
WESTERN
COMPANY



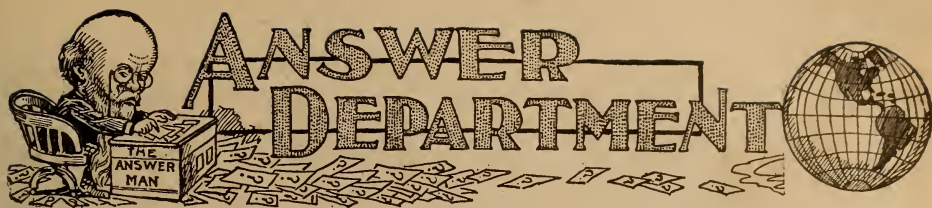
ARTHUR
JOHNSON
and
HOWARD
MITCHELL

JOHNSON IS AT
HIS BEST IN A ROLE
IN WHICH HE DEPICTS
A DENIZON OF
THE UNDERWORLD

HOLMES



ORMI
HAWLEY—
A
LEADING
LADY



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

REGINALD H. C.—William Brunton was Billy, Helen Holmes was Ruth, and Lee Maloney was Rand in "The Runaway Freight." You certainly must have enjoyed that Venice picture, when you "imagined that you were sailing in a gondola on the Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before." You must have been thirsty.

TONY.—Romaine Fielding had the lead in "The Harmless One" (Lubin). E. K. Lincoln and Anita Stuart in "The Lost Millionaire" (Vitagraph). Clara K. Young in "The Little Minister." Lillian Wiggins and George Gebhardt in "The Sheriff's Reward."

GEORGE H.—Blanche Sweet had the lead in "Two Men of the Desert" (Biograph). So you want a contest for the handsomest couple, and you nominate Alice Joyce and Earle Williams. Dont forget Anna Nilsson and Craue Wilbur, nor Rosemary Theby and Francis Bushman, nor Marguerite Clayton and Frederick Church.

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—John Ince was Jackson in "The Man in the Hamper" (Lubin). Velma Whitman was the girl in "Magic Melody" (Lubin).

ALTA P.—Julia Swayne Gordon opposite Dacius in "Daniel" (Vitagraph). Warren Kerrigan and Jessalyn Van Trump in that Victor. Alice Joyce was the girl in "Our New Minister." They dont want Miss Joyce's address to be known.

EDITH B.—Charles Wells was Julian Driver in "The Monogramed Cigaret" (Idem). Tom Mix in that Selig.

MARY L. S.—Caroline Cook in "In the Days of Trajan" (American). Phillips Sualley and Lois Weber in that Rex. Always respect old age, my child, and dont imagine that because I am old I haven't a heart. If love is a flame that is kindled by fire, then an old stick is best because 'tis drier. (Stand a little back, reader; these things are apt to happen any minute.)

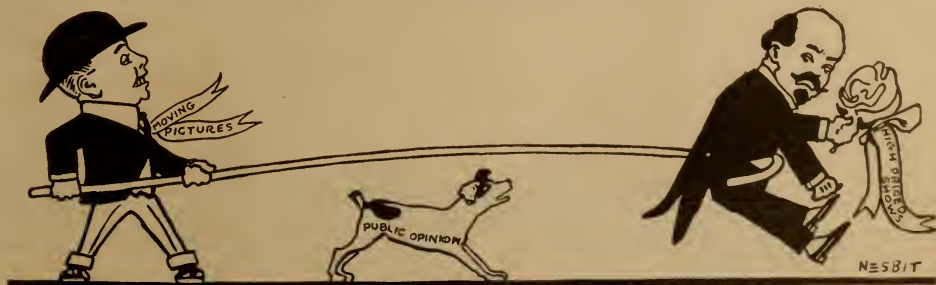
IDA M., NEW ZEALAND.—Robert Thornby was the lead in "The Legend of the Black Chasm" (Vitagraph). Thanks for your nice letter.

DOE, DOE.—Have not noticed that the Selig and Essanay feet are any larger than those of other companies, altho it is understood that Chicago shoe-dealers do a BIG business. Nothing like having a firm foundation to work on. Be patient.

ADELE.—Florence Foley was the little girl in "The Diver" (Vitagraph). Madame Ideal was the diver. The player you mention is still paddling his own canoe, and there seem to be no signs of his upsetting into the sea of matrimony.

BEE E.—Ethel Phillips was the stenographer in "The Attorney for the Defense" (Kalem). Raymond Bloomer, Arthur Donaldson, Alice Hollister and Richard Bartlett were the four principal characters in "The Bribe" (Kalem). Atahna La Reno was the child in "Dorothy's Adoption" (Selig). Francis Newburg was the lover, and Ethel Davis was Nan in "Nan of the Woods" (Selig).

SMILES.—Evelyn Selbie was the lead in "Their Promise" (Essanay). Biograph are in New York, but they have a company in California.



GETTING THE HOOK.

P. M. P. C. C.—Violet Mersereau, Jane Gail and Matt Moore in "The Big Sister" (Imp). O. A. C. Lund in "From the Beyond" (Eclair). About ten out of every eleven people live north of the equator.

H. C. F.—Marguerite Loveridge is with Apollo. Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton had the leads in "A Deal in Oil" (Lubin). Marguerite Clayton had the lead in that Essanay. Louise Glaum in "The Heart of Kathleen" (Domino).

ANNA J.—Darwin Karr was the husband, and Marian Swayne was the wife in "The Climax" (Solax). Miss Jewett was the wife in "Red and Pete, Partners."

L. B. H., POTTERVILLE.—Adrienne Kroell was the sister and Tom Carrigan the brother in "The Conscience Fund" (Selig). Carlyle Blackwell is in California.

SAMUEL K. W. N.—Mr. Prince in that Pathé. Lottie Briscoe was Laura in "A Leader of Men" (Lubin). Alice Hollister was the crippled girl in "The Blind Basket-Weaver" (Kalem). Thanks.

JANE, KELSO.—James B. Ross was the detective in "The Detective's Trap" (Kalem). Ray Gallagher was Tom, and Dolly Larkin was Laura in "Black Beauty" (Lubin). Well, they say that a miss is as good as her smile, so Lillian Walker ought to be pretty good. Harry Lambert was Willie Jones in "The Line-Up" (Vitagraph).

DUCKEY B.—Oh, I am far from being a cowboy. Max Asher and Harry McCoy are Mike and Ike in Joker films. You are away off.

POLY'S PRIDE.—Warren Kerrigan's picture may be seen in American plays yet, but he is now with Universal. Jessalyn Van Trump appears to be playing opposite him now.

MIRIAM, 18.—Thank you very much for the pictures of your room. Owen Moore was Jack in "Caprice" (Famous Players). William Bailey has been with Essanay about three years. Yes, my whiskers are very popular, and they deserve it.

JEAN, 15.—Don't write any photoplays for the Answer Man. I do all my acting in the office. Charles West was the son in that Biograph. No more Biograph chats.

TRAVERSE C.—Leo Maloney and Helen Holmes had the leads in "A Demand for Justice" (Kalem). Mary Pickford is playing for Famous Players now.

SIS HOPKINS.—Don't you call me an old duffer; have some regard for the high cost of funerals these days. So you don't like Messrs. Blackwell and Wilbur and are willing to break a lance for Ray Myers. I am not Peter Wade.

LOTTIE D. T.—Mlle. David and M. Joute had the leads in "A Modern Portia" (Pathé). E. H. Calvert and Irene Warfield had the leads in "The Great Game" (Essanay). Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan in "The House of Discord" (Biograph). Sally Crute and Bliss Milford were the two ladies in "The Price of Human Lives" (Edison). John Ince, Robert Drouet and Peggy O'Neill in "The Battle of Shiloh" (Lubin). Henry Hallam was Uncle Tom, and Anna Nilsson was Eliza in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Kalem). Your others will follow later.

MRS. U. G. N.—Warren Kerrigan is now with Victor, a branch of the Universal.

WALTER C.—Haven't the name of the lawyer in "Lawyer, Dog and Baby" (Thanhouser). That's the same William Clifford that played for Méliès. So you think they ought to call that bridge Clifford's Bridge.

VIRGINIA.—Camille Astor was the girl in "The Rancher's Failing" (Selig). The Kalem company took pictures in Virginia. You mustn't let your pen run loose that way; consider the high cost of ink and paper.

SEMINOLE.—Sally Crute was Beti in "The Price of Human Lives" (Edison). Henry Hallam was Uncle Tom. Blanche Sweet is now with Reliance. I enjoyed your letter like I would a plum-pudding full of plums.

MANY CORRESPONDENTS.—My grateful thanks for numerous cards, verses and presents received. Please let this meager acknowledgment suffice, and believe me when I say that I am truly thankful and appreciative.

LLOYD.—Muriel Ostriche was the daughter in "A Campaign Manageress" (Thanhouser). Norma Talmadge is quite popular.

PEGGY ANN.—Edward Coxen was Bob in "The Flirt and the Bandit" (American). Yours was simple and simply fine.

NELLIE D. V.—Certainly I expect to live to be 100—I have read "One Hundred Helps to Live One Hundred Years," by Mr. Brewster. Years count for nothing; it is how a person lives and how he feels. I feel like a two-year-old. Marguerite Clayton has not left Essanay, and does not intend to.



MARIE LOUISE.—Alice Inwood was the girl in "The Heart of a Rose" (Reliance). Billie Rhodes was the girl in "The Perils of the Sea" (Kalem). Owen Moore and Mary Pickford in that play.

DORA G., ETNA.—Thanks, but you needn't feel sorry for me, for I like reading all these letters and sorting the sheep from the goats. You say that my "Answers are the nicest part of the best magazine published—really delightful," and I have therefore decided to put you among the dear little lambs. Address Mary Pickford at Los Angeles, Cal., care of Famous Players Co., and I guess she will get it.

LOTTIE D. T.—Martin J. Faust was the husband in "The Scarf-pin" (Lubin). Charles Hitchcock was the peddler in "Three Scraps of Paper" (Essanay). Fred Church was the wild man in "Alkali Ike and the Wild Man" (Essanay). James Ross and Miriam Cooper in "The End of the Run" (Kalem). In "The Next Generation" (Vitagraph) Edith Storey and Leo Delaney had the leads. James Cruze and Mignon Anderson in "A Plot Against the Governor" (Thanhouser). Fred Mace and Marguerite Loveridge in "The Umpire."

CLARENCE B., LISBON.—Cannot answer your Broncho or Kay-Bee questions. Anna Little was leading lady in "The Battle of Gettysburg." Joe King was Jim. Dave Thompson and Gerda Holmes in "The Twins and the Other Girl" (Thanhouser). Jean Darnell was the little girl's mother. William Nigh was Paul Devere in "The Mix-up of Pedigrees" (Majestic). George Field is still with American.

ROSE E.—Josie Ashdown was the little girl in "The House in the Tree" (Majestic). William Garwood and Vera Sisson had the leads. Maurice Costello and Mary Charleston had the leads in "The Sale of a Heart" (Vitagraph). Sidney Drew and Anita Stuart in "Why I Am Here" (Vitagraph). Billy Mason and Ruth Hennessy in "The Usual Way" (Essanay). Harry Northrup was the lawyer in "The Whimsical Threads of Destiny." King Baggot and Leah Baird in "The Child-Stealers of Paris."

ENTHUSIAST.—Vera Sisson was the girl in "Always Together" (Majestic). That scene was enough to make each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine, but "thrillers" are having quite a run just now.

LOTTIE D. T., GOLDFIELD.—What, again? Darwin Karr and Marian Swayne in "A Child's Intuition" (Solax). Eugene Pallett was Jack in "The Bravest Man" (Majestic). Francelia Billington was May, and Howard Davies was the father in "The Bravest Man." Mary Fuller and Benjamin Wilson in that Edison. Miss Tobin was Eva in that old "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Vitagraph). Yes; Kalem's "U. T. C." is a newer play. Francis Bushman was the lover in "Tony the Fiddler" (Essanay).

PEGGY O. N.—Matt Moore is now with Victor, playing opposite Florence Lawrence. Earle Foxe formerly played opposite her.

ROMAINE.—Muriel Ostriche was the girl in "The Campaign Manageress." Of course she's a dream; they all are. My noble friend, there is no accounting for tastes.

PIERRE T.—Lamar Johnstone was the lead in "The Mighty Hunter" (Majestic). Crane Wilbur in "The Miner's Destiny" (Pathé). Richard Stanton had the lead in "The Seal of Silence" (Kay-Bee). Mae Hotely and George Reehm in "Surprise for Four" (Lubin). Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "The Message of the Rose" (Lubin).

MELVA.—It doesn't matter how often you send in your questions. F. Bozage was the partner in "A Woman's Stratagem" (Rex). Margarita Fischer was the girl and Robert Leonard her sweetheart. John Burton was John. Your curiosity is marvelous, but I can't satisfy it. Curiosity is to blame for lots of improvements in this world, and for lots of sin, too.

MERTIE.—Francelia Billington was Mary in "The Bravest Man" (Majestic). Baby Lillian Wade was the little girl in "Only Five Years Old" (Selig).

I. X. N. X.—Muriel Ostriche was the daughter in that Thanhouser. Haven't the name of the sheriff. I am poor, but I might have been worse had my estate been better.

HELEN T. S.—That will do. *Sufficit*. No scandals, please. Can't tell you whether that was a real store or not—haven't seen the play.

VERA C. S.—Edward Clisbee was Dick in "Chinese Death-Thorn" (Kalem).

OSCAR L.—Yes, I have noticed that all the letters that appear on the screen for one company are in the same handwriting. Thanks very much.

ROSE L., MANISTEE.—Wallace Reid was the cowboy in "Pride of Lonesome."



BESSIE L. W.—We have not used Selig plays and players for some time. John Brennan is considered one of the leading comedians on the screen. His smile is never forced, and he appears to be always happy. Wonder how he would look if he was hungry and out of a job.

MISS N. N.—Alice Hollister, Harry Millarde and Marguerite Courtot in "The Vampire" (Kalem). You want a law against women players wearing birds on their hats? Well, there is beauty in live birds, but it is not beautiful to carry around on one's hat a murdered song.

WALTER C.—Broncho did not answer. Some companies have scenario writers who write most all the plays they produce. Others have regular contributors. All, however, buy from outsiders occasionally.

MARY, N. Y. C.—Alan Hale was the artist, Irene Howley his wife, Miss Hartigan the other woman in "His Inspiration" (Biograph). Velma Whitman and Dolly Larkin were the girls in "When He Sees" (Lubin). William Stowell in "With Eyes so Blue and Tender" (Selig). D. Morris was the father in "Pa Says" (Biograph).

H. W., U. S. N.—I didn't see that Edison, but it was taken out West. The horses were hired for the occasion. Don't know how many people played in it. Don't know where "Foolhead" is now. Your letter is very bright.

MURIEL S.—Jeanie Macpherson had the lead in "Surrender" (Powers). The reason that many pairs of lips look as if they had been immersed in an inkwell is because their owners have not learnt that red takes black in photography.

EDYTHE, 21.—George Cooper was Steven in "The White Feather" (Vitagraph). Henry King was the mate and Velma Whitman the girl in "The Mate of the Schooner Sadie" (Lubin). Yes; Ethel Clayton. Earle Metcalfe was Frank, Ethel Clayton the daughter in "Partners in Crime" (Lubin). Louise Huff was the girl, John Hallaway was Dan, and Edgar Jones was Tom in "An Enemy's Aid" (Lubin).

W. A. M.—Sorry you have caused to complain. Jack Pickford is Mary Pickford's brother. He was with Kalem.

GENEVA T., LIMA.—Violet Mersereau was the girl in "The Stranger." Cleo Ridgely in that Rex. Elsie Albert in "The Sleeping Beauty" (Warner's). Yes, that salary seems large, but remember that alimony adds largely to the high cost of living.

LOTTIE D. T.—Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber in "The Jew's Christmas" (Rex). Maurice Costello and Josie Sadler in "Matrimonial Maneuvers" (Vitagraph). Edgar Jones and Clara Williams in "Over the Divide."

REBECKAH.—Arthur Ashley was the life-guard in "The Life-Saver" (Vitagraph). It's never too late to spend, as Wallie Van found out.



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?"
 "I'M GOING TO THE MOVIES, SIR," SHE SAID.

H. C. FILES.—Thanks very much for the clippings, but you know I get all the trade papers also. William Brunton and Helen Holmes in that Kalem. Tom Mix and Florence Dye in "Child of the Prairies" (Selig). Hugh Mosher and Clyde Morris had the leads in "Two Sacks of Potatoes" (Selig).

AGNES L.—Mildred Manning was the wife in "A Chance Deception" (Biograph). E. K. Lincoln was R. Trent in "The Prince of Evil" (Vitagraph).

POLLY ANN.—Thanhouser is Mutual. No cast for "Back to Life." Thomas Santschi was Harvey in "The Quality of Mercy" (Selig). The Vitagraph-Liebler Co. is a distinct and separate company. They will film the famous Liebler stage plays and exhibit them at the regular theaters thruout the country.

MARIE, OF CHICAGO.—Sorry, but I have no cast for that Thanhouser. They are a little slow at answering since they have that new restaurant. Gene Gauntier is in New York. No; Biograph. They are married. Many a man has aimed at a chorus-girl and hit a star. Yes, I believe I am the largest specimen of Answer Man in captivity.

SNOOKIE OOKUMS.—Norma Talmadge was the girl in "The Blue Rose" (Vitagraph). Yes; Tom Moore. Dont think "School Days" has been done as yet. Madame Davis in that Pathé. I liked your letter.

HELEN L. R.—Edward Clisbee was Strong Arm, and Billie Rhodes was Lightfoot in "The Cave Man's War" (Kalem). Yes; Fred Mace in "The Gangster." Haven't the name of the fat fellow. Mildred Weston is no longer with Essanay. You show excellent judgment and discriminating power.

BILLIE, OF ILL.—Robert Burns was Ben in "Her Present" (Lubin). When all your questions do not appear, you will know that they have already been answered or that they are not according to Hoyle.

BETTY BELL.—Glad you liked the interview with Miss Hackett. Shall tell the editor about a picture of James Young.

MILDRED L., BRONX.—That was Darwin Karr, formerly of the Solax. He is still with Vitagraph. Marshall Neilan is playing opposite Irene Boyle.

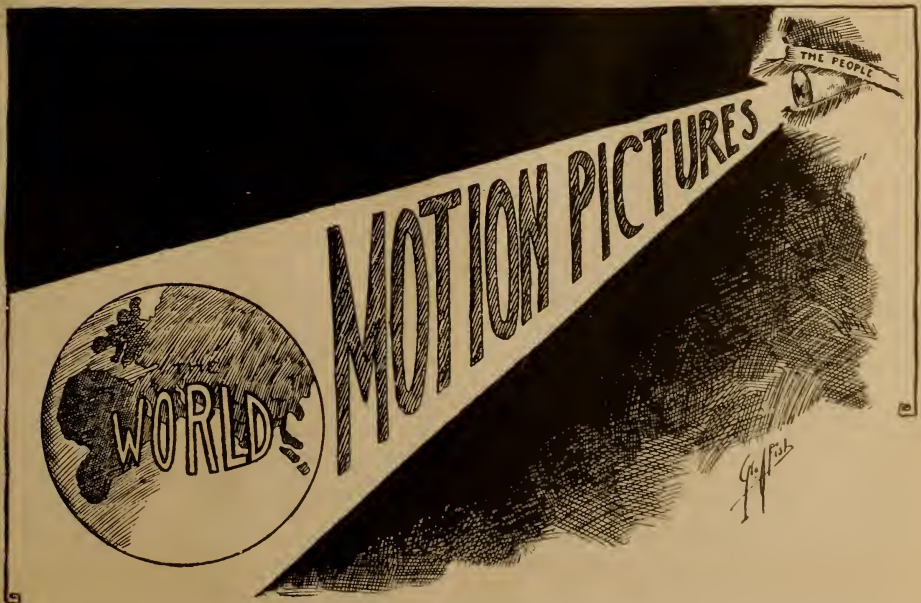
VIOLET-LOVER.—It would have taken many more reels to produce that novel in complete form; that is why they changed it. Letters like yours make life worth living.

GRACE E. H.—Thanks for your kind letter. I am sorry you are deaf, but you have one advantage in that you dont have to listen to the talking around you at the theater.

LOTTIE D. T.—Dolores Cassinelli is with Selig now. Francis Bushman and Dolores Cassinelli in "The Laurel-Wreath of Fame" (Essanay).

ELFRIEDA.—Henry King and Irene Hunt had the leads in "A False Friend" (Lubin). I will not express my opinions on censorship while the debate is on, but I guess you know how I stand, and I dont think Canon Chase will change me.

RUTH S.—Yes to your first. Again yes. Marion Leonard and Arthur Johnson in Biograph, some time ago. Tom Moore and Alice Hollister in "A Primitive Man." Mary Pickford and Edwin August in "A Beast at Bay." Yes; Florence Foley.



THE ALL-PERVADING LIGHT

MIRIAM, 18.—Dave Wall was Tom, House Peters was Obermuller in "The Bishop's Carriage." We expect to chat William Bailey soon. Your letter was *par excellence*.

ROSE E., MONTGOMERY.—Thanhouser Kidlet was the Baby in "Baby Joy Ride" (Thanhouser). Edward Coxen was the old man in "The Trail of the Lost Chord" (American). A. Moreno had the lead in "No Place for Father" (Biograph). William Clifford and Phyllis Gordon in "The Prairie Trail" (Bison). Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley in "A Face from the Past" (Rex). Anna Laughlin and Harry Springler had the leads in "Bracelet" (Reliance).

EDNA K. M.—That was an actual sunken ship in that Kalem. Grace Henderson was Mrs. Ramsay in "In the Bishop's Carriage." You refer to Fred Mace and Mack Sennet. Margaret Joslyn in the Essanay. That woman must have been talking thru her bonnet, as Shakespeare would say.

HELEN D. M.—Earle Williams does not seem to be such an impassioned player as Crane Wilbur, but he seems to be able to rise to the occasion when necessary. Albert Macklin was Bob in "Mother-Love" (Lubin).

KERIGAN ADMIRER.—Robert Grey was Mr. Spencer in "Thru a Neighbor's Window" (American). Winnifred Greenwood was the girl. But why send that yell to me? What do I want of yells? Think I belong to some Indian tribe? I am kept constantly boarse trying them. Our covers are printed in three colors.

C. B. R., BUFFALO.—Harry Myers was Harry, Charles Arthur was Charles, and Ethel Clayton was Ethel in "The Last Rose of Summer" (Lubin). Harry Myers was the doctor, and Ethel Clayton was the girl in "His Children." That was Richard Travers and Jack Standing in that Lubin.

VESTA.—Mary Ryan was the wife in "The Clod" (Lubin). Dont remember Tom Carrigan and Mabel Trunnelle playing together. Lester Cuneo and Florence Dye in "The Silver Grindstone." Mrs. William Bechtel was the wife in "The Doctor's Dnty."

KITTY V. B.—Let me know when. Helen Holmes had the lead in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). Lee Maloney was Tom, and William Brunton was Bill. Grace Cunard in that Bison. Billie Rhodes in "Perils of the Sea" (Kalem).

PITY SAKES.—Francis Carlyle was the father, and Muriel Turner was the daughter in "Profits of the Business" (Lubin). I believe there were something like 16,000 answers to the Telegram Puzzle received.

HILDA M.—So you think Claire McDowell earns her money. Yes, a beautiful player, if not beautiful. How can I tell whether your favorite will win in the Great Artist Contest? It is up to you and his other admirers.

SUNSHINE GIRL.—Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "His Last Deal" (Lubin). Florence LaBadie and Harry Benham in "Beauty in the Sea-Shell" (Thanhouser).

ELIZABETH T.—Marie Hall was the wife in "His Hour of Triumph" (Imp). Adelaide Lawrence was the child in that Kalem. Certainly I eat fish—all brainy men do.

MARIE, OF CHICAGO.—Lamar Johnstone is the correct spelling. No, I dont mind being called "Granddaddy-long-legs." Go as far as you like. I have about 999 names now. Some call me "Old Rip," and I like that as well as any.

ANNA S.—Harold Lockwood was the leading man in "The Bridge of Shadows" (Selig). Our Gallery goes to press first, and these Answers last. But Greenroom Jottings are *written* last—about the 22d.

ROSE E.—Margarita Fischer in "Boob's Dream-Girl" (Rex). She is now with American. Jessalyn Van Trump and Warren Kerrigan in "Back to Life."

GERTRUDE W.—Bessie Eyton was the leading woman in "Hope" (Selig). No, those marks on Bunny's face are not beauty-spots, and Wallie Van has a large head, and it has something in it.

MARION H.—Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner in "The Two Cowards" (Lubin). Madame Ideal was the diver. Romaine Fielding was the Harmless One.

SWEET BLACKWELL.—Kempton Green in that Lubin. Alice Joyce in that Kalem. Courtenay Foote was Daniel in "Daniel" (Vitagraph). Julia S. Gordon opposite him. "The Treasure of Lonely Isle" (Vitagraph) was taken on Fire Island and in the Great South Bay, L. I.



Country Justice of the Peace.—What's the charge agin this man, officer?

Village Constable.—He refused to give his wife ten cents to see th' Moving Pitcher show. I had to beat him up before I could arrest him.

Justice.—Ten months in th' callyboose!

D. CASTLE, IND.—Yes, that was the original Mrs. Fiske. Expect a chat with Mabel Normand in time. Write Keystone. David Wall was the thief in that Famous Players. FLOSSIE, OF BROOKLYN.—Dont know Wilfred Lucas' present whereabouts. That was Evelyn Selbie. Guy Coombs in "The Land Swindle." Henry Walthall will be interviewed, now that he is with Reliance.

M. A. D.—That was Sidney Olcott. By the way, he has started the Sid Olcott International Co., but he still has an interest in the Gene Gauntier Co. You probably refer to Edwin Carewe. No, I did not see that Pathé, so cant tell you the name. Sorry.

DOROTHY B.—William Stowell was Phillip in "The Pendulum of Fate" (Selig). Lillian Gish in that Biograph. I fear there's not much hope for you, but you can try. All's fair in love—unless it be a brunette.

DITE MOIS.—No; Mrs. Maurice Costello has not been chatted as yet. Crane Wilbur was chatted in November, 1912. Several companies have taken pictures in Canada.

KITTY C.—Owen Moore opposite Mary Pickford in "Caprice" (Famous Players). Whispering should not be allowed, because it disturbs people, but it is far better than talking. The signs should read "Whispering Not Aloud."

LOUISE, 19.—Augustus Phillips was John in "A Face from the Past" (Edison). Earle Foxe was "Spender" in that Victor. Matt Moore is now playing opposite Florence Lawrence. Owen Moore is now with Mutual.

RUTH, 16.—Guy D'Emery was opposite Ormi Hawley in "Literature and Love" (Lubin). Lillian Wiggins and Joseph Gebhardt were leads in "The Blind Gypsy."

CINCINNATI JOE.—Grace Lewis and Gus Pixley in the "Cure" (Biograph).

GERTIE.—Yes, I mailed your letter. A greenroom is a room near the stage to which the players retire during the interval of their parts in the play.

SKIP.—William Stowell in "The Water-Rat" (Selig). The latest report is that Robert Thornby is now with Keystone.

M. E. C.—Billie West was Barnette in "The King's Man" (Vitagraph). Biograph are willing to let you know who's who, but that is about all. They dont want their players chatted. Blanche Sweet is no longer with them.

MOLLY McM.—Dont remember him in Moving Pictures. Henry King in "His Last Crooked Deal" (Lubin). I liked your letter. A little long, tho.

THEA A. S. B.—Herbert Barry was the captain in "Roughing the Cub" (Vitagraph). Harry Lambert was the valet in "His Silver Bachelorhood" (Vitagraph). Write to Kalem Co. Yours was bright and breezy and made me feel better.

OURIDA.—Mabel Normand and Mack Sennett were the leads in "Barney Oldfield's Race for Life." Charles Bartlett and Paul Machette in "Trail of the Lonesome Mine."

KATHERINE S.—Georgia Maurice was the wife in "The Joys of a Jealous Wife" (Vitagraph). Marguerite Courtot in that Kalem. Harry Millarde in "The Vampire."

EDNA, 16.—Harry Todd was the father in "Broncho Billy Gets Square" (Essanay). That letter of yours was like a home run with three on bases.

ENTHUSIASTIC.—Maidel Turner in "Angel of the Slums" (Lubin). Henry King was the hero in "Medal of Honor" (Lubin). Glad to hear you say "Every day my pupils learn something from Moving Pictures." They will soon be as wise as you.

CLAIRE N.—Ernestine Morley was the girl in "Retribution" (Lubin). Why dont you write to the player? I try hard not to pun, for it is the "lowest of wit." If I made a pun, a pun my word, I did not mean to. *Lapsus linguæ!*

ROSE E.—This is the third time today. William Welsh was the artist and Matt Moore the photographer; Jane Gail was Vera in "Who Killed Olga Carew?" (Imp). William Worthington and Warren Kerrigan in "Forgotten Women" (Victor). William Clifford and Phyllis Gordon in "The Raid of Human Tigers" (Bison). Have a care, my friend; my patience is not without its limitations.

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—Pathé wont tell. Roy Clarke was Freckles in "The Probationer" (Selig). Helen Holmes was the girl in "The Substitute Engineer" (Kalem). Robert Dronet and Ida Darling had the leads in "Dregs" (Lubin).

AMY E. L.—Haven't heard of Frances Pierce playing in pictures as yet. Henry King in "Schooner Sadie" (Lubin).

JULIA M.—Carlyle Blackwell and Billie Rhodes in "Perils of the Sea." Thanks.



"For what we are about to receive
may we be truly thankful"

FRANK N.—George Larkin opposite Ruth Roland in "The Speed Limit" (Kalem). Earle Metcalfe was the rival in "A Sleepy Romance" (Lubin). Marie Walcamp was the girl in "The Girl and the Tiger" (Bison).

CORNELL.—Louise Huff and Kempton Green in "Her Sick Father" (Lubin). Crane Wilbur in "The Mad Sculptor" (Pathé).

ESTER VAN.—Louise Huff and Edgar Jones in "A Waif of the Desert" (Lubin). I know that several players show their "mash" letters around and laugh at them. This should make you pause before you write another love-letter.

REBA T., MT. HOLLY.—Vitagraph and Biograph are two distinct companies. They are both Licensed. Tom Carrigan in "The Fifth String" (Selig). Augustus Phillips was John in "In the Garden" (Edison). Pauline Bush and Jessalyn Van Trump in "The Restless Spirit" (Victor).

CHICAGO KATHERINE.—Frankie Mann in "The Double Chase" (Lubin). James Cooley in that Biograph. Barry O'Moore was Dick in "A Hornets' Nest" (Edison).

RITA, PEEKSKILL.—Ormi Hawley was Nan in "Out of the Flood" (Lubin). How-do-you-do! Just praise goes a long ways. Send him appreciations rather than presents.

LORRY.—Your penmanship is exquisite. Lillian Orth was the blonde girl in "An Evening with Wilder Spender." Dorothy Mortimer was Dorothy in "Caught Bluffing."

GOLDIE, 14.—Why dont you please arrange your questions in order? Arthur Johnson and Florence Hackett in "The Sea Eternal" (Lubin). Edwin Carewe was the husband, Ormi Hawley the wife and Ernestine Morley the other woman in "His Chorus-Girl Wife" (Lubin). Pauline Bush was the wife, Jessalyn Van Trump the girl and William Worthington the stranger in "The Restless Spirit" (Victor). Courtenay Foote was the sculptor in "The Wonderful Statue" (Vitagraph).

LEONA E. C.—We have never published a picture of Harold Lockwood (Nestor).

INQUISITIVE HELEN.—Helen and Dolores Costello's pictures appeared in January, 1913. Doris Hollister was Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Kalem). Mr. Fernandez was the lover in that Pathé. Marguerite Rissier was the girl.

LOTTIE D. T.—Lloyd Ingraham was the father in "Broncho Billy Left Bear County" (Essanay). Ray Myers and Eugenie Forde in "Sheridan's Ride" (Bison). You cant expect Kate Price to be as good at a 100-yard dash as Flora Finch. "The more waist, the less speed." Most of the Vitagraph players appear very well fed.



The man with the hair on his lip
Sure gave this old traveler a tip.

As they stood in the rain by the side of the train.

For he said to the guy with the grip:

"Why go to a far-away clime,

Amid soot and cinders and grime?

For the scenery out there you can view from a chair,

At the Movies, for only a dime."

W. G. R., NEW ZEALAND.—Mary Fuller is playing right along. The Vitagraph players did not stop at New Zealand on their trip. Georgia Maurice.

KITTY C.—Doris Hollister, Eva; Miriam Cooper, Topsy, and Henry Hallam was Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Kalem). Marshall Neilan opposite Blanche Sweet in "The House of Discord" (Biograph). Your letter made me think of a stray sun-beam gliding thru my frosted window. (A little slow music here, professor.)

RAE L.—"Caprice" was taken at Red Bank, N. J. James Cruze and Florence LaBadie in "Retribution" (Thanouser). No, Vyrgynya is not Flossie in disguise. Your poem was very fine. You missed your calling; you should have been a poet.

W. P. K., FALMOUTH, MASS.—James Vincent and Marguerite Courtot, Tom Moore and Alice Hollister, Harry Millarde and Anna Nilsson were the three generations in "The Fatal Legacy" (Kalem). Gwendoline Pates and Charles Arling. Betty Gray and Roland Gane in "The Gate She Left Open" (Pathé).

WILLIAM S. A.—Carlyle Blackwell and Billie Rhodes in "The Man Who Vanished" (Kalem). Pathé wont tell about "The Yellow Streak." Edwin Carewe and Ormi Hawley in "Winning His Wife" (Lubin). Your questions were in perfect form. Thanks.

MAORILANDER.—Carlyle Blackwell was the organ-grinder in "The Organ-Grinder" (Kalem). Edward Coxen opposite Ruth Roland in "The Schoolmistress of Stone Gulch" (Kalem). Zena Keefe was Maria, and Adele De Garde was Rosa in "The Mills of the Gods" (Vitagraph).

OLIN D.—Louise Huff was the girl in "Her Supreme Sacrifice" (Pyramid). but I haven't the girl in "A Girl Worth While."

EDYTHE H.—Mary Fuller was Eliza in that Vitagraph "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Thanks for the information. The artist who drew the picture below is only 16.

K. K. C.—William MacDonald was the young sweetheart in "Like Joan and Darby" (Universal). Bessie Eyton in that Selig. Billie Rhodes in the Kalem. Anita Stuart was the girl in "The Lost Millionaire" (Vitagraph). Margaret Risser in "Too Many Tenants" (Patheplay). Dolly Larkin was the wife in "The Locked Room" (Lubin).



"WELL! WELL! THAT PRETTY LADY READS IT, TOO!"

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—Dolly Larkin in "Black Beauty" (Lubin). Ray Gallagher was the sheriff. Barbara Tennant has not been chatted yet. No, my child, "The Wreck" was not a trick picture, by any means. That was a real smash.

E. L. L. has come to my defense by telling me that "those kind" is a perfectly good expression—"Modern English," by George Phillips Krapp, Ph.D. I want to thank you. Alice Hollister and Miriam Cooper are not the same person.

W. T. H.—I actually look forward to your *Henderson's Monthly*, and I appreciate your many compliments. I agree with you about the pests who beat a tattoo on the seats to keep time with the music, and about those thoughtless ones who enter or exit during reels. Wish I could print all of your witty letter.

KITTY C.—Mr. Prince was Whiffles in "Whiffles Decides to be Boss" (Pathé). Nolan Gane was the son, Ethel Phillips the girl and Anna Nilsson the teacher in "The Breath of Scandal" (Kalem). Harold Lockwood in "The Bridge of Shadows" (Selig). Mabel Van Buren opposite him. Robert Burns was John, Julia Calhoun was the wife and the Ne Moore sisters the daughters in "This Isn't John" (Lubin).

EDITH AND EARLE.—Francelia Billington was the leading woman in "The Pajama Parade." Glad you like our covers. So you want Edith Storey's picture on cover next.

ANNA Q.—Bessie Eyton in that Selig. Richard Travers was Gustave in "The Lost Chord" (Essanay). Edna Payne was the girl in "The Silent Signal" (Lubin).

LENORE.—Thanhouser Kid in "The Little Shut-In" (Thanhouser). Pearl Sindelar was the wealthy mother in "The Two Mothers" (Pathé). Yes, it is getting very tiresome in this advanced day to see the players walk down toward the camera to talk or to read a letter. It results from ignorant direction.

E. C., WASH.—Miss Pardee was the leading woman in "Troublesome Mole" (Biograph). Thomas Carrigan was leading man in "The Price of the Free" (Selig). Charles Clary in "The Toils of Deception" (Selig).

LILLIAN H.—Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner were Mr. and Mrs. Wisner in "Mother-Love" (Lubin). Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "When the Clock Stopped" (Lubin). Yes, that was Harry Myers' own car. James Cooley in that Biograph. Ethel Clayton remains with Lubin.

KERRIGAN KLUB.—Tom Carrigan in that Selig. Harold Larkin was Jack in "And the Watch Came Back" (Kalem). Harry Millarde in "The Fatal Legacy." Robert Drouet was Tom, and John Ince was Frank in "The Battle of Shiloh" (Lubin).

MAORILAND GIRL.—Thank you very much for the copy of the New Zealand magazine. It was a very fine book.

MISS BILLIE, OF ILL.—The "fellow who wore light shoes and trousers, dark coat and straw hat and pomp, hair" in "Her Present" (Lubin) was Robert Burns, so now you can "love me forever," as you promised. I've shuffled the cards, but can't find "the other fellow, who was the dearest little devil." I hate to break your heart this way, after reading your delicious letter, which sparkles like the glorious sunbeams on the beautiful crystals of snow without my chamber door. (Unhand me, villain!—I will stumble into these beautiful, poetic selections at times.)

G. M. B.—Frances Ne Moyer and Ray McKee had the leads in "An Interrupted Courtship" (Lubin). Frank McGlynn, Augustus Phillips and Bliss Milford in "What Shall It Profit a Man?" (Edison).

ASBURY PARK CURL.—George Gebhardt had the lead in "The Mexican Gambler" (Pathé). Owen Moore had the lead in "Sunny Smith" (Victor). You are a regular chatterbox, but it is pleasant chatter.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan in that Biograph. Sally Crute was Beth in "The Price of Human Lives" (Edison). Was I ever in love? Bless your heart, thousands of times; that's one of my greatest difficulties—to keep out of love. You will see Edwin August in this issue—see the Powers story.



DAUNTLESS DURHAM.—Where have you been?—I missed you. James Ross in "The End of the Run" (Kalem). John Bunny was chatted in May, 1912. Henry Hallam was Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

JOSEPHINE R.—Why dont you return your book to the Circulation Manager, and he will send you a good copy in return? Bad copies will happen in the best regulated printerries. Brinsley Shaw has left Vitagraph.

JESS, OF MEADVILLE.—Glad you have returned. Myrtle Stedman in "The Good Indian" (Selig). Betty Gray in "Across the Chasm" (Pathé). She is now with Biograph. Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner in "Over the Crib" (Lubin). Palmer Bowman and Alma Russell in "They Were on Their Honeymoon" (Selig). Virginia Chester is the girl who cuts off her hair (wig) in "The Price of Jealousy" (Pathé). Ethel Davis and Francis Newburg in "Nan of the Woods" (Selig). Velma Whitman and Henry King in "To Love and to Cherish" (Lubin). Thankee.

BAUB B.—Thanks for the fee, also the verse. Both are fine. Sorry I cant use the latter, but I can use the former. I received just six pairs of suspenders Christmas.

OLGA, 17.—Dont you think it is about time for that figure to move up one? Raymond Gallagher and Velma Whitman in "The Death-Trap" (Lubin). Ethel Phillips was the girl, Norbert Myles was the electrician, and William Funn the villain in "The Electrician's Hazard" (Kalem).

BILLION \$ DOLL.—You want the birthplace of Mary Ryan, her age, present address, and a picture of her taken ten years ago—that's all. Cant you think of something else to make your happiness (and my troubles) complete?

FRANCES MC., NAPA.—Benjamin Wilson married Mary in "Who Will Marry Mary?" (Edison). Dont ask me to send you Mary Fuller's photograph autographed. Write to her about that. Afraid the four cents wont cover the postage.

W. J. P., ALBANY.—Tom Carrigan was the violinist. Frank Newburg was Howard in "The Open Door" (Selig). Elsie McLeod has not been chatted as yet. Thanks very much. Blessings on you, my child.

PRISSANDY.—Ray Myers is with Kay-Bee. Your letter reminds me of a sausage—full of meat, but uncertain as to kind.

D. H., JR.—You refer to George Field in that American. Yes, poor fellow, he just did the trick also. Blame Winnifred Greenwood; she captured him for keeps.

VIOLETTE E. L.—I think I shall have to agree with you, altho it would be easier for me if the questions were all put at the top of the sheet and the letter or comments thereafter. I read the letters when they first come in and answer them at another time.

VRGYNYA.—Yes, you have discovered Anthony. He lives in your town. Johnnie the First is the editor of the *News*. A page from you is food enough for breakfast. William Duncan is directing as well as playing.

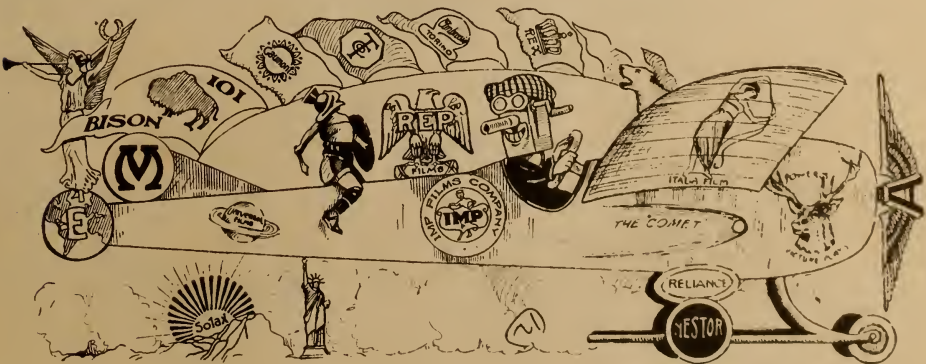
MURIEL S.—Of course Warren Kerrigan and Crane Wilbur both read our magazine. All of the players do. Thanks for the headache powder. I love my books, but I prefer my correspondence. Yes, but wait till you see our April cover.

HAZEL, AUSTIN.—Frances Ne Moyer was Nancy, and Earle Metcalfe was Tom in "A Pill-Box Cupid" (Lubin). Mary Pickford is not appearing in "The Good Little Devil." You say Edgena De Lespine is not playing now on account of ill health. Yes.

PAULINE S.—Many thanks for the beautiful card. I like to read your letters; they smack of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows.

C. H. J.—Mary Pickford is her correct name. Marguerite Snow is still playing for Thanhouser. Paul Scardon was Blake in "Bracelet" (Reliance).

A. G., BROOKLYN.—There are several sentences that read backward and forward the same, notably the one attributed to Napoleon, "Able was I ere I saw Elba," in answer to the question if he could conquer the world. Bessie Eyton was Grace in "When Men Forget" (Selig).



ARLETTA C.—Thanks for the Bermuda sand. They cant say now that I haven't got sand. Frank Larkin plays opposite Ruth Roland now. Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely have arrived at San Francisco. Thanks, your letter is very fine.

ROBERT B. R.—We haven't Brinsley Shaw's present whereabouts. I shall certainly let you know just as soon as I find it. Several are asking for him.

THOS. W. G.—Mae Marsh, Edward Dillon, Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall have left Biograph for Reliance. Haven't Betty Cameron's whereabouts nor that Keystone.

JOHNIE THE THIRD.—Robert Leonard and Marguerite Fischer in "Paying the Price" (Rex). Lillian Orth in "O Sammy" (Biograph). Mary Pickford was 19 last birthday; getting to be quite an old lady. No complete list of Moving Picture players. Anybody can get a copy of *Comic Siftings* by subscribing.

E. C., WASH.—Myrtle Stedman was the leading woman in "The Escape of Jim Dolan" (Selig). Bessie Eyton in "The Master of the Garden" (Selig). I tried that yell on the dog, and it was a howling success.

E. L. T.—Wont you please write a little larger? Florence Hackett was crazy Mary in "The Sea Eternal" (Lubin). Thomas Carrigan and Adrienne Kroell in "Around the Battle-tree" (Selig). Harry Millarde was Mr. St. Clair. Vivian Rich and Harry Von Meter in "In the Mountains of Virginia" (American). Lee Moran in "Won by a Skirt" (Nestor). Marion Swayne and Darwin Karr in "The Climax" (Solax). Marie Walcamp was the woman in "By Fate's Decree" (Rex).

MAYBELL W.—Larry Trimble is still in London. All companies have a large wardrobe in the studios. Peggy O'Neill was Ellen in "The Battle of Shiloh" (Lubin). Harold Lockwood was opposite Kathlyn Williams in "The Young Mrs. Eames" (Selig).

LAUNCE, THE FOOL.—You need a new typewriter ribbon. Your poem is very good, and I have passed it to the proper department. Gladys Ball edits the Popular Plays and Players Department. She and Gladys Hall are the same.

ENTHUSIAST.—You did not tax my patience a wee bit. Too many funerals in the Current Events pictures? We'll all have one some day. Mabel Turner in "Angel of the Slums" (Lubin), and Henry King was the hero in "Medal of Honor" (Lubin). It is pronounced Kin-e-ma-color.

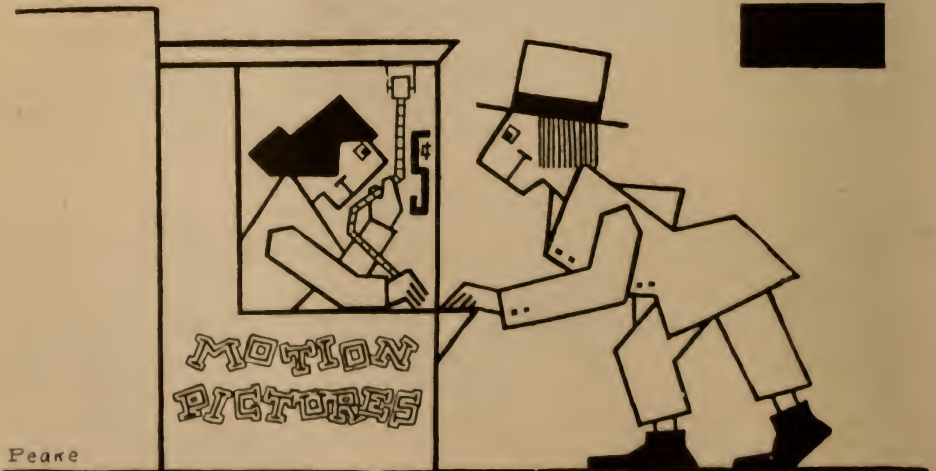
F. X. B., VIRGINIA.—Adele De Garde is no longer with Vitagraph. Haven't heard of her present location. Send stamped, addressed envelope for list of manufacturers. Please dont send letters for the players to this office; they should all go to the company with which they are connected.

OLGA, 17.—Eleanor Blevins was the girl in "The New Schoolmarm of Green River" (Essanay). She is now with Selig. So you like Cutef's walk. Henry King is with Balboa and Irving Cummings with Imp.

WARATAH, SYDNEY.—Robert Harron and Mae Marsh had the leads in "The Girl Across the Way" (Biograph). Your letter is very encouraging. Thanks.

LUPE S.—Accept this meager acknowledgment and thanks for your charming letter and enclosure. I am sorry to hear of your illness.

CRIS.—Ruth Roland was Betty in "Pat the Cowboy" (Kalem). Ethel Clayton in "His Children." Marion Swayne was the maid in "Four Fools and a Maid" (Solax). Thanks for the tobacco. I like to answer love questions, but the editor forbids.



"IS THIS SHOW ON THE SQUARE?" "YES, SIR, IT'S JUST AS SQUARE AS YOU ARE"

THE ANSWER

Some moving picture exhibitors tell their patrons that the most difficult problem they have is to obtain an "excellent" program.

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That's the answer.

GENERAL FILM COMPANY (INC.)
200 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



BLONDENA.—Thanks for the pennies, but I have no babies to take them to. Henry King in that Lubin. Dont know why Biograph act so. That's their policy. Fine verse.

KRAZY KAT.—Thomas Nills was the adventurer in "Two Girls of the Hills" (Reliance). Verse very clever. Thanks for the lucky penny; perhaps I'll get a raise now.

M. B. MILLS.—I sent your missive on to that "most charming, girlish, fairy-like (*O quam te memorem, virgo?*—Virgil)." So you think "The Trail of the Lost Chord" the finest story we ever published. I am "Yours till Niagara Falls?" That isn't long.

HELEN L. R.—Edgar Jones was the lead in "A Waif of the Desert" (Lubin). Glad you like Gladden James and Herbert Barry. Wallace Beery was the old maid in "At the Old Maid's Call" (Essanay). Yes. Fine feathers make fine birds—also beds.

ARLIE L.—Harry Myers was Cal in "His Best Friend." We printed his picture in the November 1913 issue. His turn will soon come around again.

LOTTIE D. T.—Henry King and Velma Whitman in "A Mexican Tragedy" (Lubin). Ray Gallagher was Sancho. Julia Swayne Gordon was Luella, and Tefft Johnson was Hank in "Luella's Love-Story" (Vitagraph). Lillian Gish was the mother, and Mr. Fallon was the husband in "The Madonna and Her Child" (Biograph). William Bailey was Roger Crane in "The Way Perilous" (Essanay).

COUSINS.—Eugenie Besserer was Constance, William Scott the man and Harriet Notter the wife in "Destiny of the Sea" (Selig). Al Garcia and Miss Lorimer were the leads, and Miss E. Pierce was Marie in "Equal Chance" (Selig). Thomas Santschi and Adele Lane in "Redemption of Railroad Jack" (Selig).

JESSIE W.—Lillian Gish and Edward Dillon in "An Indian's Loyalty" (Biograph). Haven't that Domino. Dont you call me an old owl—unless you refer to my wisdom, in which case I accept the appellation. Constance Johnson in "Diplomatic Circles."

GILBERTA, NORTHPORT.—William Bailey was Will, and Otto Breslin was Joe in "The Death-Weight" (Essanay). Jessalyn Van Trump was Betty in "The Passer-by" (Victor). Richard Travers in that Essanay. Kempton Green in the Lubin. That was a foreign Patheplay. I cant get the casts for most of the foreign plays.

JAGGERS.—Dont ask the difference between Tom and Owen Moore. What do you mean? Lottie Briscoe in "The Power of the Cross." Yes; Arthur Johnson is a man of parts; and the parts are connected by joints; and the joints seem to be well-oiled.

WILL T. H.—"Lord William" Wright writes for us occasionally. When I make a mistake, I always blame it on the printer. Rosemary Theby ought to crown you with a laurel wreath, my lord, and Ford Sterling should remember you liberally in his will—where there's a Will there's a way to be appreciative.

BRUCE, MEMPHIS.—Ethel Clayton was the wife in that Lubin. Myrtle Stedman was the girl in "Mother-Love vs. Gold" (Selig). Edward Boulden was the husband in "Mary's New Hat" (Edison). Harry Todd was the poor husband in "Broncho Billy's Christmas Deed" (Essanay). I always accept everything in good spirit.

SEVENTEEN, GALVESTON.—Ethel Clayton was the wife in "The New Gown" (Lubin). If you dont really love him, dont tie up to him. Even a fool could so advise you. Since you are in high school, you ought to be able to *decline* marriage. This is no joke.

VIRGINIA.—That scenario would have been fine. Betty Gray was opposite Crane Wilbur in "The Merrill Murder Mystery." Charles Chary in "Tobias Went Out."

NORMA G.—Doris Hollister in that Kalem. Dorothy Gish was the daughter, and A. Moreno was the groom in "The House of Discord" (Biograph).

ARLETTA C.—Elsa Lorimer was the girl in "The Port of Missing Women." I am glad you like Helen L. R. Mary Pickford has been called the Maid Adams of the screen.

LOTTIE D. T.—Josephine Duval was the little girl and Frank Dayton her father in "The Toll of the Marshes" (Essanay). Mabel Trummelle and William Chalfin in "The Family's Honor" (Edison). Lillian Mulhearn and Charles Wellesley in "The Diver."

LE DAUPHIN.—Harry Todd was the prospector, Evelyn Selbie his wife and True Boardman the boss in "Nanling of the Rawhide Queen" (Essanay). Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "The Scapegrace" (Lubin). Edith Storey and Ned Finley in "Mid Kentucky Hills" (Vitagraph). Always glad to hear from you, my lad.

R., BINGHAMTON.—Ruth Stouchouse's picture appeared in July 1913 issue. Alice Washburn was the housekeeper in "Why Girls Leave Home." So you think "Love's Sunset" the most beautiful thing that Vitagraph ever did. Mr. Thompson directed it.

DOROTHY S.—Raymond Hackett was the little boy in "Longing for a Mother."

SNIP, LAMAR.—William Dunn was the brother in "The Line-up" (Vitagraph). Van Dyke Brooke was the father in "The Silver Cigaret-Case" (Vitagraph). Peggy O'Neill and Robert Dronet in "When Mary Married" (Lubin). Mr. Holt was Witz in "The Spell" (Vitagraph). Lee Willard and Frederick Church in "Bonnie of the Hills" (Essanay). Velma Whitman in that Lubin.

NAT LEE.—Florence LaBadie and William Garwood in "An Honest Young Man" (Thanhouser). Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "The Legend of Lovers' Leap."

PIERRE D.—Helen Holmes in "A Runaway Freight" (Kalem). Richard Bartlett was the convict in "Our New Minister" (Kalem).

MRS. W. T.—You can send a subscription to your sister in England. Send the check here, and we will attend to it.

IN TWO NEW EDISON SERIES



MARY FULLER



BARRY O'MOORE

“DOLLY OF THE DAILIES,” the new series in which Mary Fuller is starring, is being written by Acton Davies, the celebrated Dramatic Critic of the New York Sun. In it the heroine of the famous Mary stories appears as a newspaper reporter. There will be many thrilling and dramatic scenes in these stories, for Dolly is to have dangerous and difficult assignments to cover. Twelve stories in all released the last Saturday in the month. Began January 31st, with

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BARRY O'MOORE, the clever Edison character actor and comedian, plays the part of Octavius, a would-be detective whose slogan is “Octavius cannot fail.” He certainly cannot fail to make you roar with laughter. Frederick Arnold Kummer, author of several well-known plays, is writing twelve stories which are being released in co-operation with the *Pictorial Review*. Released the third Monday of the month. Began January 19th, with

The Adventure of the Actress' Jewels

Remember that each story in these series is independent of the others and a complete incident in itself. Mary Fuller is unquestionably the most popular actress on the screen—Barry O'Moore has evolved one of the cleverest characters that has ever been acted. Don't fail to see both of these new series.



THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., 144 LAKESIDE AVE.
ORANGE, N. J.

JOSEPHINE, 17.—That was Norma Talmadge in "The Blue Rose" (Vitagraph). Believe there are two or more Robert Burns besides the great Scot. Which one? A letter addressed to Craue Wilbur, care of Pathé Frères, Jersey City, would reach him. Mr. Costello had a little trouble, but it was adjusted amicably. Arthur Johnson is the fifth hero on page 149, January issue. I cannot present my correspondents with my photo—it might result disastrously: If you bet Alice Joyce has one, you lose your bet. And if you bet your "new pink pajamas that I am Mr. Brewster," you will lose your pajamas. What difference does it make who I am?

POPULAR PLAYER PUZZLE

Here is a new puzzle. Sixty players are represented in this tale, and suitable prizes will be awarded to those who send the neatest and most nearly correct answers. The figures in parentheses indicate that the word (or words) immediately preceding is the key to the name of the player. For example, "tale (2)" means Edith Storey. This is as far as we will go in helping you solve this unique puzzle. Address all answers to Editor Popular Player Puzzle, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Pernse (1) my tale (2), and acquire knowledge (3) small (4).

Living in the New Jersey town of an American martyr (5), and being something of a pedestrian (6), I strolled into the country one pleasant day. Coming to a glen (7), I stopped to rest. Out in a pasture (8), I saw a builder (9) erecting a rock structure (10). Beside the place was a wagonload of beams, evidently just come from the wood-cutter (11). I went over, and the builder invited me to enter. He showed me about twenty dozen (12) plans.

Soon after, the future occupant (13) of the place arrived. I left the two men talking and looked over the house. Some of the walls were hoary (14), but one of them (15) was like frosted rain or ivory soap (16-17).

Being called, I went back to the men, who said they were going to see a man who lived in the woods (18), and asked me to accompany them.

We went down a road, crossed a stream (19) on a metal bridge (20) and at the far side came to a shack (21). One of us pulled the annunciator (22), and the proprietor (23) came out. We asked for his boat. He told us to go after it. We did, and found some would-be sailors entering (24) it. We drove them away, but had to walk in the water (25) after it. Getting in, we rowed toward the setting sun (26). Presently we came to a larger stream and soon reached a wharf, where a man was not sitting (27). He took our line and tied it.

Leaving the boat, we entered a path (28), which led us past a house of worship (29) and thru a small patch of fir-trees (30). At the other side, we met a man with his face and arms bound in cloths. He told us his house had been afire and he had received injuries (31) trying to save it.

My friends talked with the man a while, and then the builder sketched (32) some plans for him.

On our return, the builder said the man was some hayseed (33), but was wealthy (34) enough to have a good home.

We missed our way, and, reaching a high fence, I climbed up to look over. All I saw was a long-legged bird (35). Just as I dropped to the ground again we heard a rifle (36) shot. We ran. After quite a search (37) we found a road. We stopped at a fruit (38) plant (39), but the product was not ripe (40). However, I managed to scratch my arm, and it certainly did hurt (41).

Further down the road we met a breadmaker (42), who said he was the chief (43) of tart cooks. He showed us some. They were a yellowish (44) dark-red (45). We bought and ate some. They were sugary (46) and tasted fine. Just as we were thru (47) eating them, we saw our boat.

On arriving at the boat, the oldest (48) got in first. We returned to the unfinished home. At the base (49) of a ladder resting against it we saw a small animal (50) like a dog, but it saw us first.

The owner of the place said he was a barrel-maker (51), with a shop near my home. He asked me to take a position as overseer (52) at his shop. I accepted the offer. We parted for the day, and I cut across a swamp (53), going toward home. By the river, I saw a wheatgrinder (54) passing back and forth, muttering to himself, but all I could make out was that he would have the constable (55) on some one. Before (56) having supper, I took my quill (57) and ink and wrote to my employer, resigning my position. The new offer was like a beam of sunshine (58) to me, and the salary attached ought to keep hunger (59) from the door. After supper I enjoyed some tobacco (60) and later went to bed.



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**KALEM COMPANY, 235-239 West 23rd Street
NEW YORK**



HERMAN.—Yes, everybody was surprised at the large number who want to see more photoplays taken from the classics. Those who know the classics want to be reminded, and those who do not, want to learn.

54-40-11.—Henry E. Dixey does not play permanently. Ruth Roland has been with Kalem about three or four years. You are right; a kiss is an amorous act of exceptional brevity, induced by a transitory derangement of the equilibrium in the comportment of each participant erubescens, assuming an inexplicable tenderness, the two lips are placed with commendable intrepidity and extreme scrupulosity upon preferably the similarly closed lips of a member of the opposite sex, pressing with the most perfect equity and impartiality and suddenly parting them. The impression on the sensorium consequent thereto usually culminates in a sense of rapture delectable and felicitous in the extreme.

ELSIE T.—Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "A Waif of the Desert" (Lubin). Thomas Santschi and Adele Lane in "The Quality of Mercy" (Selig). Yes, I am a great admirer of Crane Wilbur's coiffure.

MASTER M. T., NORTH ISLAND.—Vitagraph is at E. Fifteenth St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn. Dont know where Asta Nielson is. Never heard that Arthur Johnson had hypnotic powers, but I know that he has power to charm.

PLAYMATES.—Please dont ask the nationality of players. That's beyond me. Muriel Ostriche in "Flood-Tide" (Thanhouser).

W. G. R.—Nordish films are not shown in this country. Blanche Sweet has left Biograph for Mutual. So you want a department of "Births, Deaths and Marriages."

T. B., NORTH OGDEN.—Audrey Berry in "The Ancient Order of Good-Fellows" (Vitagraph). Hughie Mack is really fat; he is not stuffed.

M. R. W., LONG BRANCH.—Your letter is fine. Sorry you criticise that player so much, and all because he didn't answer your letter. Yes; Victor Potel.

REGINALD H. C.—Fred Fralick in "Badly Wanted" (Lubin). That was a daring thing to do. Some players take all kinds of chances.

B. C. W., RUSHVILLE.—Lillian Wiggins was the wife in "The Trapper's Mistake" (Patheplay). C. H. Mailles was Lee in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Write to Vitagraph for No. 3. Mona Darkfeather is with Kalem. Who knows where Violet Henning is? Haven't heard of that book being filmed as yet.

CLYDE J.—Earle Metcalfe was Phil in "The Scapegoat" (Lubin). James Young is an author as well as a player and director. Mae Marsh in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Lottie Pickford is now with Biograph.

Mrs. J. R.—Justina Huff in "Thru Flaming Paths." Anita Stuart in "The Swan-Girl." Edris, CAL.—Marshall Neilan in that Biograph. Earle Foxe in "The Spender" (Victor). He, too, is with Mutual.

(Continued from page 106)

of the company could speak a word of French. At various times they were accosted by the gendarmes, and were vociferated at most emphatically, but as all the vociferation fell on untrained ears, they went on their way serenely. "A few days later," Mr. Baggot said, "when we secured an interpreter, we found that we had been receiving summonses to court." In other words, the taking of pictures on the public streets, unlicensed, was forbidden, and the gendarmes had been vainly endeavoring to enforce the law. Such is the advantage of being a stranger indeed, in a strange land.

Mr. Baggot recently played the title rôle in "Ivanhoe," released abroad, and he says that the picture has had the record sale of the world—that more copies were sold than of any other picture. Also, he is proud to be the founder and president of the Motion Picture organization of the world—the Screen Club.

"We've reached the five hundred membership mark," he said. "Every known man in pictures belongs—we've members in London, in Paris and in Australia."

Do you wonder that with all these interests and all the success and the esteem he is held in thus obviously proclaimed—do you wonder that he smiled when I asked him if he thought life worth living, and repeated the question after me?

"Do I think life worth living?" he asked. "It has been very good to me so far."

He doesn't care to play light, romantic leads, he told me, but prefers the extremes, either comedy or tragedy.

"I'm an ardent Motion Picture fan," he vouchsafed. "I love to go—and I have my screen favorites just the same as every one else—laugh with them and weep with them. Outside of that, my one hobby is fighting—prize-fighting—and I never miss an opportunity to see one."

When I asked him what he thought of the censorship of films he said, "Just censorship—no more. I believe that is a good thing, for they have no right to produce some of the pictures they do."

When I finally left him to go back to the several hours of work he had ahead of him, I had the pleasing feeling of having come in contact with a personality that rang true—one who both worked and played with a genuine sincerity.

G. H.

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SEND FOR BOOKLET

STORER F. CRAFTS, Gen. Mgr.

VERGYNIA.—Your letter was so good that I gave it to the editor. He may print it some time. The eye for science, the mouth for religion, and the hand for art, is pretty good philosophy. I agree with you that the hand is very expressive—when it is attached to a good player. The most unworthy hand I know is behindhand.

LUCILLE, BROOKLYN.—George Larkin plays opposite Ruth Roland. So does William Brennan. Betty Gray is with Biograph. Mary Pickford is not in vaudeville.

MRS. BOTHER.—Warren Kerrigan was with American before going to Victor. Florence Turner is still abroad. Owen Moore and James Cooley both with Mutual.

LILLIAN WALKER WORSHIPER.—Mabel Van Buren was Helen in "The Touch of a Child" (Selig). Clara Kimball Young in "The Pirates" (Vitagraph). Dolly Larkin in "Breed of the West." Engenie Besserer and Henry Otto in "The Mysterious Way."

MARJORIE M.—Muriel Ostriche in "Her Right of Happiness" (Princess). William Russell in "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" (Thanhouser). I am not old. Years count for nothing. A person is as old as he feels.

ALICE F.—Myrtie Stedman was Sallie in "Sallie's Sure Shot" (Selig). Betty Gray was the sister in "The Merrill Murder Case" (Patheplay). Ormi Hawley was Nora in "Fashion's Toy" (Lubin).

LOTTIE D. T.—Charlotte Burton and James Harrison in "The Flirt and the Bandit" (American). William Brunton and Helen Holmes in "The Hermit's Ruse" (Kalem). Howard Davis in "Playmates" (Majestic). Louise Glaum is Carlyle Blackwell's leading lady. Jane Gail is with London Film Co.

ANNE M. B.—I am sorry you were disappointed. I don't remember your letter at all. How do you expect me to, when I read thousands of them? What we do not understand we have not the right to judge. Please write again.

WILLIAM G.—Mona Darkfeather was Ruth in "Against Desperate Odds" (Kalem). Alan Hale was the younger brother in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Ruth Roland in "Fickle Freaks." Sallie Crute and Bliss Milford in "The Price of Human Lives."

MILDRED M., LOS ANGELES.—Edwin August in "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" (Biograph). Wilfred Lucas in "Fate's Interception." Also in "A Pueblo Legend." But you must not give away your secrets. A good secret is to a woman what wine is to a man—too good to keep. A secret can be kept by two—if one of them is dead.

JOY, 450.—Val Cleary was Bob, Miriam Cooper was Sal, and Bob Walker and Irene Boyle in "The Sacrifice at the Spillway" (Kalem). Miss Golden in that Biograph. William Bailey in "The Hermit of Lonely Gulch." Beverly Bayne in "The Death-Weight."

(Continued from page 107)

edged ideal locale. These are advantages that have already been meted out to a public overflowing with the benefactions of the film magnate. Therefore, instead of sumptuous scenery and accessories such as a Broadway playhouse always is expected to feature, the productions on the screen at the Vitagraph Theater will reveal the original scenery of the locale, where each play is centered: hence when Hall Caine's "The Christian" is seen as a photoplay, the limitations of the speaking stage will never be so apparent. Liebler and Company, who produced "The Christian" with Viola Allen originally, and who are also assisting in the production of this photoplay, have been so impressed with the films that they believe, quite justifiably, that the tremendous vogue of the play is about to be repeated. While the Vitagraph's prodigality as producers is to be viewed only on the screen, let no man

assume that the first-nighters have no surprises awaiting them at this, the première of playhouses. On the contrary, the environment that will confront the inaugural audience will be such as befits "The Theater of Science," and such information as is available forces the conclusion that 1914 is destined to record no event of greater significance in filmdom. Always striving to give to their photoplays an adequate musical setting, it was natural that the Theater of Science would adopt a scientific method to provide a musical accompaniment for them. So, instead of a body of orchestral players, a \$30,000 symphonic orchestra, the invention of Robert Hope-Jones, with a single musician at the keyboard, will interpret the original scores, always appropriate to the film subject, thus forming as a whole a veritable conquest of the arts of Music and the Drama along modern scientific lines.

You have a right to expect
that your favorite picture
house should show

PATHE'S WEEKLY

If it does not ask the proprietor or manager, repeatedly if necessary, why he does not, until he shows both.

It's issued

TWICE A WEEK

ROSE E.—Florence Lawrence and Clare Whitney were sisters, and Mr. Horne the lover in "The Closed Door" (Victor). Darwin Karr was the detective, and Violet Horner was the girl in "Retribution" (Solax). Florence Roberts in "Sapho" (Majestic). Linda Griffith and Charles Perley in "The Scarlet Letter" (Kinemacolor). Maude Fenley and William Russell in "Moths" (Thanhouser). Margarita Fischer in "The Fight Against Evil." Robert Leonard and Margarita Fischer in "Paying the Price."

DEAN, ST. LOUIS.—Harold Shaw and Miriam Nesbitt in "The Boss of the Lumber Camp." John Leventon in "The Sewer." Muriel Ostriche in "Mix-up in Pedigrees."

E. B. FEZ.—James Cooley in "All for Science" (Biograph). Albert Macklin and Vivian Pates in "Mother-Love" (Lubin). Blanche Sweet in "Oil and Water" (Biograph). Audrey Yates in "Double Chase" (Lubin).

YAMA-YAMA GIRLS.—Your friend is teasing you. She never heard me sing. You can't prime me that way. Write to our circulation manager about "Motion Picture Club of America"—he knows about it.

EDNA, 46.—Mabel Van Buren in "The Probation" (Selig). So you would like to be in my shoes. I will send you a pair of them if you like.

L. M., CALGARY.—The magazine is on sale at all newsstands about the 15th of the month. Mary Pickford was chatted in November, 1913. My grateful thanks are yours.

FRANCES A. W.—Keefe is the correct way of spelling it now. She is in vaudeville. Yes, that was our artist, A. B. Shults, who was found dead in his room with the gas turned on. He was a great artist. We still have some of his drawings left.

E. K., HAMBURG.—Broncho Billy's picture appeared in April, 1911; February, 1912; June, 1912; October, 1912, and June, 1913. That's right, read the ads and answer them; it helps us. Certainly we don't guarantee them all. We refuse hundreds of ads, and those that we accept are O. K. as near as we can tell.

SAMMY L., OAKLAND.—Edwin Carewe was the player, and Ernestine Morley and Orna Hawley in "On Her Wedding-Day" (Lubin). Arthur Houseman was John in "The Younger Generation" (Edison). Bessie Eyton in that Selig.

ARLE, 15.—Never heard of a Mrs. Standing. Wheeler Oakman had the lead in "A Dip in the Briny" (Selig). If you like epigrams so much, why don't you read Shakespeare? No works contain more—except mine.

ANNA W.—J. Warren Kerrigan in "Mission Bells." Vivian Rich opposite him.

W. T., HENDERSON.—Yours are never long enough, particularly when you blossom into verse. You are a full-grown poet. Certainly the female of the species is more worthy than the male. I have never found the one best-seller to be the wine-cellar. So you nominate Warren Kerrigan as Adonis, Alice Joyce as Diana and Rosemary Theby as Minerva. Now what becomes of Earle Williams and Mary Pickford?

NUGGET, ALASKA.—King Baggot is now playing in New York. Warren Kerrigan in California. The Answer Man writes nothing else but this stuff: isn't that enough?

K. R. S., NEW YORK.—Earle Metcalfe was the lover in "A Doctor's Romance" (Lubin). Louise Glann in "The Invisible Foe" (Kalem). Marguerite Clayton is still with Essanay. Carlyle Blackwell was Billy.

GERALD L. K., HUDON.—Lottie Briscoe is still with Lubin. Méliès are still producing pictures. Marguerite Courtot appeared in "The Fighting Chaplain" and "Riddle of the Tin Soldier." Was the promise greater than the fulfillment?

WALTER B. C.—Harold Lockwood, Wheeler Oakman and Eugenie Besserer in "Phantoms" (Selig). Moscow has the best theater in the world. Moscow is fertile in art, but sterile in other directions.

MADISON, RICHMOND.—Kathlyn Williams was Mrs. Eames in "The Young Mrs. Eames" (Selig). Winifred Greenwood was leading woman in "The Ten-Thousand-Dollar Toe" (Selig). Marguerite Courtot in that Kalem.

FERN D., KALAMAZOO.—Eleanor Blevins was the teacher in "The New Schoolmarm of Green River" (Essanay). Kathleen Russell was the mother, and Miriam Nesbitt was the daughter in "The Daughter of Romany." Lillian Orth in "The Barber Cure."

DIXIE L. G.—Leo Delaney and Norma Talmadge in that Vitagraph. Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber in "The Jew's Christmas" (Rex). Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet; and Dorothy Gish was the daughter in that Biograph.

MILDRED S. H.—Helen Holmes was the girl and Lee Maloney the man in "Battle at Fort Laramie" (Kalem). You think there are too many death scenes? Remember that death is something we are ever flying from, yet always running towards.

(Continued from page 101)

Essanay, Edison and other companies are sought for, because they carry real plot and action of a refined and logical nature.

We want harmony of intellect on

the Motion Picture screen, and we do not want to see refinement and intellect sacrificed for the inflated bladder that swings from the end of a stout stick.

MARY, N. Y. C.—The fee was gratefully accepted. Harold Lockwood is now back with Selig. Robyn Adair is with Kay-Bee. Anthony still writes to me.

JULIET.—I think you had better come on and edit this department. Mrs. Ranous was in "The Lonely Princess," but Clara Young was the Princess. There shouldn't be much trouble in distinguishing them. So Mr. Hale and not Mr. Cummings was the rich patient in "A Hospital Romance." The latter has at last settled down with Pathé. If you didn't ask about Mary Fuller, somebody else did, and to save room I tacked the answer on yours. I have nothing to do with the Correspondence Club now.

SNOKIE OKUMS.—Lottie Briscoe was the parasite in "The Parasite" (Lubin). Howard Mitchell was Mr. Lynn and Florence Hackett the other woman. You get either the six colored pictures, or the book of cartoons, with a year's subscription.

LOVIE PAUL.—Gladys Hulette was the daughter in "A Royal Romance" (Edison). Martin Faust was Phil in "His Best Friend" (Lubin). I agree with you as to the ridiculousness of some of the present fashions. How wretched our women would be if Nature had formed them as Fashion makes them appear!

DEARIE, 21.—Fred Truesdell and Robert Frazer were the two fathers in "The Better Father."

M. BEATRIX.—The initials are A. M. Earle Metcalfe was the deacon, and Ormi Hawley was the actress in "His Chorus-Girl Wife" (Lubin). May Buckley in "The Toils of Deception" (Selig). Harold Lockwood in "Young Mrs. Eames" (Selig).

EMMA S.—Frances Ne Moyer and Ray McKee in "An Interrupted Courtship" (Lubin). When a player cannot learn to forget where the camera is, either he or the director is hopeless.

MARIE, OF CHICAGO.—Your questions were answered. William Shay is back from England. We will chat him soon.

T. B., PITTSBURG.—Sorry, but Pathé will not tell who had the leads in "The Divided House," and I did not see it.

LOTTIE D. T.—Mr. Hoyt was Old Coupons in "Old Coupons." Leo Delaney and Norma Talmadge in "His Silvered Bachelorhood."

DORO EDNA.—Frankie Mann was Madge in "Double Chase" (Lubin). Alice Hollister was the girl, and James Vincent was Paul in "The Blind Basket-Weaver" (Kalem).

HELEN L. R.—Margaret Gibson was the girl in "The Outlaw" (Vitagraph). Harry Millarde was Carter in "Her Husband's Friend" (Kalem). Carlotta De Felice in "Heartease" (Vitagraph). It is pronounced Day-fell-eech-ee. Thanks.

PANSY.—Kempton Greene sometimes plays opposite Louise Huff. Irving Cummings was supposed to have gone with Imp. Mabel Normand is still with Keystone.

OLGA, 17.—Yes, that was Paul Panzer in that Pathé. So you didn't like Crane Wilbur. Sorry. We expect to have a chat with him soon again. You ask my motto; well, it's this: Temperance in everything, temptation in nothing, and no smper in anything.

JOHNIE X.—Justina Huff and Kempton Greene in "Between Dances" (Lubin). Never heard that John Bunny got \$15,000 a year; did you? My ideas of censorship later.



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Motion Picture Magazine

A Sales-Producing Medium

DIXIE, MILWAUKEE.—Alan Hale was the artist and Miss Hartigan his inspiration in "His Inspiration" (Biograph). Thomas Santschi was Harvey, Adele Lane was Emma, and Edward Wallock was Paul in "The Quality of Mercy" (Selig). Kempton Green and Louise Huff in "Her Sick Father" (Lubin).

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—Mildred Gregory was the other girl in "The Scapegrace" (Lubin). Denton Vane was Harvey in "The Strike" (Kalem). James Cooley in "All For Science" (Biograph). Verna Whitman in "Her Boy" (Lubin). Ray Gallagher was the son. Wheeler Oakman, Harold Lockwood and Al Green in "A Dip in the Briny" (Selig). Yours is so funny that it would make a horse laugh.

HELEN W.—Gertrude McCoy was the girl in "In the Garden" (Edison). William Shay's picture has never been in the magazine. Lottie Briscoe in "The Benefactor" (Lubin). Charles Brandt was the father and Howard Mitchell the son. Henry Walshall was the friend in "The Mistake."

MINNIE M., MAINE.—Blanche Cornwall was opposite Barney Gilmore in "Kelly from the Emerald Isle" (Solax). Robert Gaillard was Jim in "The Pirates."

Mrs. JOE K.—Jack Richardson was the doctor in "Calamity Anne's Beauty" (American). Phillis Gordon was the blonde girl. Sidney Olcott in that Kalem. Jane Fearnley was Kathleen in "Kathleen Mavourneen" (Imp). Edna Flugrath and George Lessey in "At Bear-Track Gulch" (Edison).

BERNICE B.—Florence Radinoff was Mrs. King in "Keeping Husbands Home" (Vitagraph). Harold Lockwood in "Child of the Sea." You are wrong: there are no national holidays in the United States. Thanksgiving Day comes nearest to it, but the President's proclamation does not declare that day a holiday.

BARBARA V.—Jean Armour was Mrs. Jamison in "The Cry of the Blood" (Lubin). Mury Pickford had the lead in "Just Like a Woman" (Biograph). Blanche Sweet in that Biograph. Jessilyn Van Trump in "The Passer-by."

PIERRE D.—William Stowell and Harriet Nottter in "With Eyes So Blue and Tender" (Selig). Barry O'Moore in "The Actress" (Edison). Certainly I read and recognize the Bible. What difference does it make whether it is holy, inspired and historically accurate or not?

MARTHA F. B.—A. Moreno was the husband, Julia Burns the wife and Hector Dion the brother-in-law in "No Place for Father" (Biograph). Marshall Neilan in that Biograph. Helen Holmes in that Kalem.

CURRY.—That was Marshall Nellan on page 33 of the January issue. Your letter was salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sense.

ALBERT A.—Charles Eldridge was the butler, George Cooper the son in "The Butler's Secret" (Vitagraph). Edwin Carewe and Ormi Hawley in "Into the Light" (Lubin). Gwendoline Pates in "For Mayor, Bess Smith" (Patheplay).

E. C., NEWARK.—Harold Lockwood and Eugene Besserer in "Phantoms" (Selig). Voltaire's idea that "Theatrical perspective requires exaggerated proportions, surcharged traits and vigorous tints" is old-fashioned. Photoplayography should be natural.

M. RENE W., N. Y. C.—George Larkin was Jack in "Emancipated Women" (Kalem). Norbert Myles was the hero in "The Electrician's Hazard" (Kalem). Charles Bartlett and Mona Darkfeather in "Against Desperate Odds" (Kalem).

GLADYS B.—Mr. La Roche says: "A woman takes pride in man's attire; a man feels foolish and looks foolish in a woman's." That is perhaps why you see so many women players in men's clothes, and so few men players in women's. Alan Hale and Irene Howley in "His Inspiration." Tom Mix and Myrtle Stedman in "The Escape of Jim Dolan." Benjamin Wilson in "A Proposal from Nobody" (Edison).

FLORENCE A., CHICAGO.—Lillian Drew was Olga in "The Lost Chord" (Essanay). Harry Millarde was the father. Have not chatted Robert Leonard as yet. Thanks for the book. A good book is my best companion.

HERMAN.—No, you don't have to have a license to run a picture theater. Licensed theaters are those that run so-called Licensed pictures. Licenses are getting to be a nuisance. You have to get one to run an auto, to sell pills or to administer them, to pull teeth, to own a dog, to run an employment bureau, to run a peddler's cart, to run a detective agency and to run a woman.

ADELE C. D.—Harry Morey and Anita Stuart had the leads in "The Wreck."

EVA C.—Wallace Reid was Will in "Her Innocent Marriage" (American). Harry Myers had the lead in "Self-Convicted" (Lubin). Thanks for the clipping.

MILDRED AND MREEDITH.—Josephine Duval was the little girl in "The Toll of Marshes" (Essanay). Louise Fazenda was the girl in "Almost an Actress" (Joker). Frances Ne Moyer and Earle Metcalfe in "A Pillbox Cupid" (Lubin). Ethel Clayton was nurse in "The Doctor's Romance" (Lubin). Romaine Fielding and Gladys Brockwell in "When Mountain and Valley Meet" (Lubin).

BILLIE F.—Lionel Barrymore was the husband in "The House of Discord" (Biograph). Phillips Smalley in that Rex. Leo Delaney in the Vitagraph.

MATILDA.—You turn out letters like a pin factory turns out pins, except that yours have neither head nor point. Try Thanosser.

JENNIE M.—Mr. Elmer J. McGovern, the new N. Y. Motion Picture publicity man, has kindly offered to supply us with information, so go as far as you like in asking Keystone, Kay-Bee, Broncho and Domino questions. Ask your exhibitor for Famous Players pictures. Dont know where Grace Lewis is at present.

M. R. D., NEWARK.—Jack Harvey was Norton in "Love's Sunset" (Vitagraph).

HAROLD S.—You must give the names of the companies. Sorry we cannot answer you.

GEN. FILM Co.—So you want to popularize Claire McDowell—go ahead. We have been trying to get a good picture of Charles Murray, but we are still trying. Thanks.

HERMAN.—You cant always most generally sometimes tell. Never judge a player by her complexion, her teeth or her shape—they all may be false. They say that the camera cannot lie, but it can and does. Try Essanay.

MISS D., NEWBURGH.—Harry Millarde was the sweetheart of Alice Joyce, and Tom Moore was Humpty Johnson in "The Hunchback" (Kalem). Velma Whitman and Ray Gallagher in "For Her Brother's Sake" (Lubin). So you would like to have William Humphrey for your daddy. Thank you so much for the large fee and clipping.

MISS H. C.—Marguerite Clayton is G. M. Anderson's leading lady. You will rue the day that you left home and mother to join a picture company. Dont do it.

OLLIE M.—Perhaps you refer to True Boardman. Margarita Fischer is now with American. Santa Barbara, Cal. She is so fair that an angel must needs pause in its flight and imprint a tender kiss on her snow-white brow. (A little slow music here, professor.)

THE TELEGRAM PUZZLE

The judges in the Telegram Puzzle contest, that closed on January 15th, desire to announce that it is utterly impossible to select the winners in time for publication in this issue. They desire to add that among the 16,000 answers received there are about 200 which are so superlatively excellent that they will be placed on exhibition in a room set aside for that purpose. Probably no magazine in the world has ever received such a superior set of artistic solutions to a contest. Some of the answers to the telegram are handsomely embroidered on silk, some exquisitely painted on satin, some engraved, some printed, some etched, and some written in gold. Gold lace, wax flowers, silk cord, pretty feathers, and pink ribbons galore, embellish the various devices on which the answers appear, and some are truly works of art. We are all astonished at the remarkable talent shown by our readers, and we are proud indeed to place these wonderful tokens on exhibition. In the course of the next week after this magazine has been issued, the prizes will have been awarded and forwarded, and the names of the successful contestants will be published in the April number. The correct answers were Johnson, White, Fuller, Ostriche, Young, August, Sweet, Hawley, Costello, Leonard, O. Moore, Normand, Reid, Powers, Rushman, Lawrence, Bunny, Walker, Fielding, Pickford, Pates, Olcott, Dillon, Ridgely, Turner, Joyce, T. Moore, Wilbur, Anderson and Snow.



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ELIZABETH H., DAYTON.—Sydney Ayres and Dolly Beal in "The Son of Thomas Gray" (American). Yes, I still have hopes. Never too old to yearn.

R. W.—It was Wilfred Lucas, and not Alexander Gaden, in "The Smuggler's Daughter" (Rex). He also directed that play. Thanks for your letter.

ETHEL K., MILWAUKEE.—Marc MacDermott is playing right along. He is now playing in N. Y.

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—Doris Hollister in that Kalem. Dorothy Gish the daughter in that Biograph. Will try to have that picture of Crane Wilbur printed. I attend the Regent and Herald Square.

MURIEL S.—Thanks for the powder. Warren Kerrigan has hazel eyes. See chat in May, 1913.

MAE, NEW YORK.—John Smiley was the superintendent and Clarence Elmer the son in "The Engineer's Revenge" (Lubin). Florence Foley was the child in "Bunny's Mistake" (Vitagraph). Andrey Berry was the child in "When Society Calls" (Vitagraph). Thomas Carnahan, Jr., in "The Late Mr. Jones" (Vitagraph). Broncho Billy is still playing.

IGONE, CONNEAUT.—J. W. Johnston in that Eclair. Joe King was the Missionary in "The Missionary and the Actress" (Selig). Harry Myers was Jim in "Until We Three Meet Again."

HELEN L. R.—Earle Metcalfe was Frank in "Partners in Crime" (Lubin). Ramona Langley was the girl in "A Tale of the West" (Nestor). Jules Ferrar was the father in "The Love Theft" (Essanay). Edgar Jones was Robert in "Between Two Fires" (Lubin).

LOTTIE D. T.—Bessie Eyton in that Selig. Thomas Santschi opposite her. Fred Church and Marguerite Clayton in "The Doctor's Duty" (Essanay). Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood in "The End of Black Bart" (American). Paul Scardon and Norma Phillips in "The Disguise" (Reliance). Alex B. Francis, Will Scheerer and S. Gunnis Davis in "Stung."

MRS. A. L.—All right, straight facts. You refer to "Leader of Men" (Lubin), with Arthur Johnson and Romaine Fielding.

OLGA, 17.—W. Walsh was Hassan Bey in "The Conscience of Hassan Bey" (Biograph). As a general rule, players are where they are because they are what they are. Genius is soon recognized, and a good player does not long remain at the bottom of the ladder.

WALTER C.—Sorry, but haven't any of that Independent news. Frank Newburg was leading man in "Slipping Fingers" (Selig). Expect to have a picture of Anna Little soon.

MAGGIE, BRITTON.—I have no pump to my well of knowledge; I wish there were—it so often runs dry. Can't tell you where to buy medicine to keep your ink well, nor a hinge for the gait of your horse, nor a sheet for the bed of your river, nor a cushion for the seat of war, nor a glove for the hand of fate, nor a button for a coat of paint, nor a lid for the tree trunk, nor a ring for the finger of scorn, nor a song that would tickle an ear of corn, nor a grave for the dead of night. Will look it up some evening when I have five minutes to spare.

ROSALIE C. P.—That was not Mrs. Costello in that picture. Jack Standing still stands with Pathé. Pathé have left off the "Frères," which makes it simpler.

II. G., CAL.—Robert Burns was the foreman in "During the Round-up" (Biograph).

ALICE N. B.—See ads for postal cards of players for coloring. The Film Portrait Co. have over 350 postals of different players.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.—Please sign your name. James Cruze, Mignon Anderson and Roland Gane in "The Plot Against the Governor" (Thanhouser). James Gordon was the father in "Caprice" (Famous Players). Gladys Brockwell was Betty in "When Mountain and Valley Meet" (Lubin). Gwendoline Pates and Mr. Chance in "Baseball's Peerless Leader" (Pathé). Kalem produced both the plays you name.

F. MC.—Blanche Cornwall was Mrs. Granston in "Mrs. Granston's Jewels" (Solax). So Norma Talmadge is your favorite. Pilot wont answer.

MARJORIE M.—Thomas Fallon was the husband and Violet Reid the wife in "The Birthday Ring" (Biograph).

MARGARET H.—Henry King and Velma Whitman were the sweethearts in "The Mirror of Death" (Lubin). Earle Metcalfe was Frank, Bartley McCallum was the father and Ethel Clayton the girl in "Partners in Crime" (Lubin). Margaret Risser in "Too Many Tenants."

A. L. H., KINUMBY.—Harry Benham was the ribbon clerk in "Mima's Sweetheart" (Majestic). William Garwood was the Prince in "The Caged Bird" (Thanhouser). Harry Benham had the lead in "The Medium Nemesis" (Thanhouser). John Dillon was the policeman in "A Veteran Police Horse" (Thanhouser). Francella Billington and Lamar Johnstone in "A Perilous Ride" (Majestic).

L. B. H., PHILADELPHIA.—Lillian Orth was the fashion-plate in "The Fashion-plate of Hickville" (Biograph). No, her picture has never appeared in the gallery. Harold Lockwood in "Northern Hearts" (Selig). Kathlyn Williams was Kathlyn in "The Unwelcome Throne."

LADY LEONA.—W. Walsh was Bey, and F. Nelson was the girl in "Conscience of Hassan Bey" (Biograph).

JOHN E.—Margaret Risser was the bride in "Phony Alarm" (Pathé). Well, honey, always remember what Horace Mann says: "Habit is a cable; we weave thread of it every day, and it becomes so strong we cannot break it."

GERTIE.—Marshall Neilan in that Biograph. William Russell was Robin Hood, and Mignon Anderson was Ellen in "Robin Hood" (Thanhouser). Wheeler Oakman and Bessie Eyton in "Terrors of the Jungle" (Selig). It was taken in Los Angeles, Cal.

LULU J., BERKELEY.—Harriet Notter and William Stowell in "With Eyes So Blue and Tender" (Selig). Gertrude Bambrick in "A Circumstantial Hero" (Biograph). Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "A Waif of the Desert" (Lubin). That was Jennie Lee in "Her Mother's Oath" (Biograph). Hattie Barnes in "The Van Sostrand Tiara" (Biograph). Frances Nelson was the wife in "Diversion" (Biograph).

LILLIAN W. D.—O. A. Lund and E. Roseman in "Partners" (Eclair). Edward Coxen in "The Trail of the Lost Chord" (American). In spite of our dear little old Andy Carnegie, we have had four great wars in recent times—the Spanish-American, the Boer, the Russo-Japanese and the Balkan. Hence, war pictures will always be timely. But you mustn't call soldiers professional murderers.



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QUIRIDA.—Robert Grey was Jack, and George Field was the husband in "Jealousy's Trail" (American). As some one has said, all that's great and good is done by patient trying, so keep it up. What! Florence Lawrence getting thin?

GARET FAN.—Hector Dion was the man who died in "The Unknown Path" (Eclair). Margaret Prussing and Jack Nelson in "The Conversion of Mr. Anti" (Selig).

PHILLIPS G.—Vivian Pates was the girl in "The Sneak Thief" (Patheplay). Perhaps it is Arthur Johnson's naturalness that makes his work so effective. There is nothing theatrical about him, as there is about most of the others.

HEMAN.—You have been patient, so I will answer your questions. Edison is 67. Sarah Bernhardt 70, William Dean Howells 77, Edwin Markham 62, Carnegie 79, Hudson Maxim 61, Woodrow Wilson 58, Kate Claxton 66, Admiral Dewey 76, Julian Hawthorne 68, Adelina Patti 71, Lillian Nordica 55, and the Answer Man 72. Mlle. Robuine was the Black Countess.

CARLYLE-JOYCE.—Guy Oliver and Stella Razetto in "Lure of the Road" (Selig). No. 26 scenes are not too many for one reel.

K. KAT.—Gertrude Robinson was Maybelle in "The Wedding-Gown" (Biograph). I understand she also has gone with Mutual. Edith Storey has joined the Western Vitagraph.

EVA A. C.—Al Garcia and Miss Johnson had the leads in "Actor's Romance" (Selig). Yes; Mr. Edison persists in declaring that much sleep is unnecessary, and that is probably the reason why he invented the phonograph and electric lights.

EDNA, 16.—Irene Howley was the girl in "The Elemental World" (Biograph). Alan Hale and Betty Gray in "The Capture of David Dunne" (Biograph). Velma Whitman and Henry King in "Her Father" (Lubin). Donald Crisp in "The Blue or the Gray" (Biograph). Thanks for your kind words.

LOTTIE D. T.—Harry Benham was the clerk in "He Couldn't Lose" (Thanouser). Eleanor Blanchard in "The Clue" (Essanay). Frank McGlynn and Bliss Milford in "What Shall It Profit a Man?" (Edison). Charles Davenport and Alex B. Francis in "A Son's Devotion" (Eclair). Sidney Olcott and Gene Gauntier in "In the Power of a Hypnotist" (G. G. P. P.). Ruth Roland and Marshall Neilan in "The Pasadena Peach" (Kalem).

PINKY, 16.—Oh, you must not ask for my picture, my child; it is against the rules. The storekeeper in "Old Coupons" is not cast. Sorry.

BUD, ELMIRA.—Claire Rae was opposite Crane Wilbur in "The Couple Next Door" (Pathé). My good friend, your liver is out of order. You complain about everything—even about the weather. Clean your glasses. And memorize this:

Whatever the weather may be, says he,
Whatever the weather may be,
It's the song ye sing, and the smile ye wear,
That's a makin' the sunshine everywhere.

JENNIE M.—Hector Dion was the butler in "The Girl and the Crook" (Biograph). William Welsh was Rupert in "The Temptation of Jane." That cartoon of Mary Pickford was suggested by the play "Lena and the Geese."

EVERYBODY.—The following are the leads in the stories that appear in this issue: Anita Stuart and Ralph Ince in "Lincoln the Lover" (Vitagraph). Marc MacDermott was Edward, Gertrude McCoy was Fanny, and Augustus Phillips was George in "All for His Sake" (Edison). William Garwood and Jessalyn Van Trump in "A Turn of the Cards" (Majestic). Ormi Hawley and Edward J. Peil in "Thru Fire to Fortune" (Lubin). Francis Bushman, Ruth Stonehouse and Lillian Drew in "The Other Girl" (Essanay). Florence Lawrence was Flo, Matt Moore was Tom in "The Law's Decree" (Victor). Edwin August was the boy, Ethel Davis the sweetheart in "Withered Hands" (Powers).

Mrs. L.—The best book I know of (and I have read dozens) is "Writing the Photoplay." You can get it from our Clearing House for \$2.12, and it's worth it.

K. A. M., N. Y.—Miss Woodruff opposite Irving Cummings in "Finger of Fate" (Pathé).

RAY, J. D.—Alan Hale and Betty Gray in "The Capture of David Dunne." Your sad letter reminds me of a dentist—always looking down in the mouth.

PIERRE D.—Mildred Manning was the cousin in "The Girl Across the Way." It is not true that Flora Finch intends to sue us for libel. That cartoon was anything but beautiful, but she had the good sense to take it as a joke.

Mrs. A. E. C.—Gertrude Robinson was the girl in "Her Wedding-Bell." Edward Coxen had the lead in "What Her Diary Told" (American).

LUCY M.—Margaret Rissler in "The Mystery of a Crimson Trail" (Pathé). Haven't been to the Vitagraph Theater yet, but shall very soon. They say that it is going to be the best yet.

MARIA E.—Gwendoline Pates is the blind girl in "The Blind Girl of Castèl Guillè" (Pathé). James Morrison is yet with Vitagraph. Yes, I enjoy reading these letters—particularly the first five hundred; after that they get just a wee bit tiresome, dont you know. But yours? Never!

LOTTIE D. T.—Edward Hallock was Paul in "The Quality of Mercy" (Selig). Dave Thompson and Gerda Holmes in "The Twins and the Other Girl" (Thanhouser). Violet Nietz in "Calamity Anne's Sacrifice" (American). Ormi Hawley and Edwin Carewe in "Fashion's Toy" (Lubin). Maxwell Sargent and Adrienne Kroell in "The Golden Cloud." Charles Murray and Miss Sydmeeth in "Never Known to Smile."

MARJORIE M.—Vivian Rich, Wallace Reid and Gene Palette in "When Jim Returned" (American). William Garwood and Belle Bennett in "Thru the Sluice-Gate" (Majestic). Glad you are so enthusiastic about the Great Artist Contest. That's right—vote early and often, and help your favorite to win.

L. M. S., HOBOKEN.—Wheeler Oakman and Bessie Eyton in "The Master of the Garden" (Selig). William Duncan in "The Rustler's Reformation" (Selig). Tom Moore and Alice Hollister in "Primitive Man" (Kalem). Marion Cooper was Madeline West, and Alice Hollister was Mrs. Haverhill in "Shenandoah" (Kalem).

DOLORUS, H. O.—Edgar Jones was leading man in "Out of the Flood" (Lubin). That was Ruth Roland and George Larkin in "While Father Telephoned" (Kalem). Send for a new list of addresses of manufacturers.



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JENNIE SMILES.—Irene Warfield was leading woman in "Grist o' the Mill" (Essanay). A classic is that which is authoritative as a model, or a standard of excellence. Lowell defines it as a book which can be simple without being vulgar, elevated without being distant, and which is something neither ancient nor modern, always new and incapable of growing old.

ROSE, CLEVELAND.—Robert Grey was the husband in "Thru the Neighbor's Window." Dont know where Frances Cassidy is at present. Would be pleased to have your photograph. Smiling Billy is a Mason, but not a mason.

G. J. K., BROOKLYN.—"The Price of Thoughtlessness" (Vitagraph) was released November 11, 1913. We received many hundred beautiful answers to the telegram puzzle, aside from the other perfect ones.

MARVIN B. R.—Lilian Gish was the woman in "The Woman in the Ultimate" (Biograph). That Kalem was taken in Jersey. Blanche Sweet in that Biograph. Billie Rhodes in "India's Hillmen" (Kalem).

J. B., READING.—Francis Ford and Grace Cunard in "A War-time Reformation" (Gold Seal). Edgar Jones in "The Girl Back East" (Lubin). Alice Joyce and Tom Moore in "The Artist's Sacrifice" (Kalem). Carlyle Blackwell and Lucille Young in "Cheyenne Massacre" (Kalem).

EDNA C., TOLEDO.—Mildred Bracken was with N. Y. Motion Picture Co. last. Henry King was the lover in "Melita's Sacrifice" (Lubin). I read lots of papers, but the *Police Gazette* and the *War Cry* are not among my exchanges, so please keep off the grass.

LINCOLN C. P.—Frank Newburg and Harriet Nutter in "A Message from Home" (Selig). I believe that the Rev. Herbert Hop, Skip and Jump is not connected with Motion Pictures, but he is a wise, broad-minded preacher, and has done much good.

ETHEL M. H., KNOXVILLE.—I have handed your letter to the Editor. I agree with you that some of the companies make too free with certain phases of life. Robert Thornby is directing comedies for Keystone.

Doc.—Vivian Rich and Wallace Reid in "The Kiss" (American). Would like to see a copy of that paper. Thanks for your good words.

DOLLY, SWEET 16.—Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber in "The Jew's Christmas" (Rex). When you ask me to name the best company, note my circumlocution and circumspection—it is marvelous. Watcherstep!

NERXES.—Florence LaBadie in "Miss Robinson Crusoe" (Thanhouser). Naomi Childers in "Panic in Wall Street" (Kalem). Ethel Clayton in "Heroes One and All" (Lubin). Harry Myers also ran. When I say "Blanche Sweet in that Biograph," I don't repeat the name of the play, because it would be re-repetition.

KIRBY C.—Thanks for the card. Octavia Handworth in "The Climax" (Pathé). Charles Murray was the hero in "The Fallen Hero" (Biograph). Tod Browning was Wiggins, and Lillian Orth was the girl. Mr. Griffith was formerly director for Biograph; now with Mutual. I don't keep a Hoo's Hoo in directorland.

PAUL I. C.—Your criticisms are very good. Will give them to the Editor. Irving Cummings and Rosemary Theby in "The Fight for the Right" (Reliance). Florence LaBadie in "An Unromantic Maiden" (Thanhouser).

LE DAUPHIN.—Lottie Briscoe in "The Parasite" (Lubin). I dont mind it a bit. "A cheerful spirit gets on quick, a grumbler's in the mud will stick."

EDNA S., JONESBORO.—Beverly Bayne was leading woman in "The Hermit of Lonely Gulch" (Essanay). Among those present was F. X. Bushman. Yes, the regular theaters are being crowded out of Broadway by the photoplay.

MELVA, ST. CLAIR.—Anna Held has never played in a Moving Picture play. "The Blue Rose" was taken in Brooklyn. Gwendoline Pates is not in Moving Pictures any more. Walking is my favorite pastime, altho I sometimes go into executive session with myself to see if I am wearing out anywhere.

KERRIGAN KLUB.—Val Cleary was Bob in "The Sacrifice at the Spillway" (Kalem). Miss E. Pierce and Frank Newburg in "Slipping Fingers" (Selig). "The Kid Sheriff" (Essanay) was released October 23, 1913.

E. L. K., VA.—Dorothy Gish was the girl. Glad you liked the cartoons of the Vitagraph heavyweight chorus, consisting of Bunny, Lackaye and Mack. So you think that Kate Price and Sadie Sadler should be added to make it a quintette? Well, that certainly would have added weight to the argument, but it would require a broad platform to sustain it.

LOTTIE D. T.—And again: Harold Lockwood and Eugenie Besserer in "Phantoms" (Selig). Harry Benham and Florence LaBadie in "The Life-Saver" (Thanouser). Jack Nelson and Winnifred Greenwood in "The Finger-Print" (Selig). Helen Holmes and William Brunton in "The Express-Car Mystery" (Kalem). Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood in "Taming a Cowboy" (American).

M. B. MARTHA, 15.—Maidel Turner in "The Two Cowards" (Lubin). Mildred Oakes was Josephine, and Pearl Sindelar was Margaret in "The Resurrection" (Pathé). Marguerite Loveridge was the girl in "One-Round O'Brien's Flirtation" (Majestic).

PIERRE D.—Frank Newburg in "The Open Door" (Selig). Louise Beudet was the chaperon in "Heartease" (Vitagraph). The town you live in is not dead—it's the people in it—it's *you*. Pierre does not live in Philadelphia.

PEGGY.—No, I dont feel like spanking you, for your verses make up for the forbidden questions. In fact, they are so good that I will break the rules and say that neither Earle Williams nor Edith Storey is married. Do I understand you to say that you adore *me*, or my department? Kindly vacate the greensward. Ned Finley and Edith Storey in "The Cure," and I am not surprised that it gave you the nightmare. The dope victim was too horrid.

BETTY OF C. H. S.—Francelia Billington in "Hearts and Hoofs" (Majestic). Marion Leonard and Helen Gardner will not release their plays thru Warner any more.

ELLOY T.—You refer to Harry Carey; he played in "All for Science" (Biograph). Carlyle Blackwell was Wentworth in "The Fight at Grizzly Gulch" (Kalem).

WALTER C.—J. W. Johnston was Gov. Allen in "The Governor's Veto" (Eclair). Ray Gallagher was the detective in "The Death-Trap" (Lubin). I believe the greater part of the Keystone plays are written in their studio.

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MARY D.—William Humphrey was the villain in "Captain Mary Brown" (Vitagraph). It is not our policy to take our readers behind the screen too much, and show them how trick pictures and other wonders are done, for this would spoil the charm of mystery. Where ignorance is bliss, etc.

VERONICA A.—Harry Carey in that Biograph. Florence Foley in "The Tiger-Lily" Vitagraph. James Cooley had the lead in "The Law and His Son" (Biograph). Louise Huff in "A Waif of the Desert" (Lubin). Marian Cooper was Topsy. Anita Stuart was Georgia in "A Prince of Evil" (Vitagraph).

MARY L. D.—Because Carlyle Blackwell did not kiss the heroine does not signify that he is married, altho it might signify that the heroine was his wife; but she wasn't. Gertrude Robinson was Gertrude in "Love Me, Love My Dog."

NICK.—That's all right, but give your full name. Marguerite Courtot in "The Fire-Fighting Zouaves" (Kalem). Harry Millarde was Hayes. Tom Moore in "A Thief in the Night" (Kalem). Bessie Learn and Barry O'Moore in "Barry's Breaking-In" (Edison). Mignon Anderson and James Cruze in "When Darkness Came" (Thanhouser).

C. AND P.—Take my word for it, the slow panic is about over, and we are on the edge of an era of plenty and of good times. Business will be on the mend from now on. Ethel Clayton was the girl in "The Smuggler's Daughter" (Lubin). William Carr and Bob Fischer were the fathers in "Two Fathers" (Lubin). Louise Huff and Kempton Greene in "The Hazard of Youth" (Biograph). Ned Finley was Ben Johnson in "Mid Kentucky Hills" (Vitagraph).

MISS LA FRANCE.—Write Edison Co., 2826 Decatur Ave., Bronx, N. Y., for Mabel Trummelle. Alma Russell was the Inspiration Girl.

OLIN D. GREENVILLE.—Now wouldn't I look funny if I lost my head? Be reasonable. Harry Myers at the bat in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin); Ethel Clayton on deck. No Frontier casts. They're asleep at the switch.

IRVIN J. C.—All ideas for photoplays should be written in scenario form. William Stowell in "The Master of the Garden" (Selig). Yes; Ralph Ince and his sister-in-law, Anita Stuart, were immense in "His Last Fight," and it was a finely done play.

SCHUBERT.—Warren Kerrigan and Vivian Rich in "For the Flag" (American). Zena Keefe and Miss Raymond were the Whipple girls in "Does Advertising Pay?" (ask Mr. Barry) (Vitagraph). Robert Grey and Billie West in "From the Portals of Despair" (American). Ray Gallagher and Henry King in "The Medal of Honor" (Lubin). Pauline Bush in "The Unwritten Law of the West" (American).

BRIAN C.—Earle Foxe opposite Florence Lawrence in "The Spender." Write to our Circulation Manager.

BELLEFONTAINE.—Hereafter, please sign your name, or you will be mistaken for Lord William. Lillian Wiggins and Joseph De Grasse in "What the Good Book Taught" (Pathé). Brinsley Shaw and Evelyn Selbie in "The Shadowgraph Message" (Essanay). Richard Travers and Harry Kendall in "Violet Dare, Detective" (Lubin). John Steppfing was leading man, and Miss Delaney was the colored maid.

H. M. L.—Edna Maison was Mrs. Newton, Marie Walcamp the daughter, and Edna May Wilson the little girl in "The Village Blacksmith" (Powers). William Worthing was the reveller and Warren Kerrigan the derelict in "Forgotten Women" (Victor). Betty Gray and Harrish Ingraham in that Pathé. Marguerite Courtot was the daughter, Henry Hallam the millionaire and George Hollister the child in "The Riddle of the Tin Soldier" (Kalem).

ANNABELLE.—Sorry you are having trouble with your teeth. You wonder why we were not born without teeth? If you will look up the authorities, you will find that we were. Clara Young and Earle Williams. Dont you read the Vitagraph casts, or do you forget them?

TANGO CRAZY.—We have a complete staff of writers. Thanks. Bessie Eyton in "Until the Sea" (Selig). Harold Lockwood opposite her.

NEMO, DETROIT.—Louise Huff and Edgar Jones in "An Enemy's Aid" (Lubin). Certainly the Photoplay Philosopher is simple. All philosophers are simple, but to be affectedly simple is simply to be a fool, for fools also are simple. All great men are simple. I am simple.

W. J. H., CHICAGO.—Laura Sawyer was the girl in "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms" (Edison).

E. T., BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA.—It is Biograph's policy not to give information about their players. Yes; Harry Carey is a very fine villain.

SIS HOPKINS.—Lamar Johnstone is now with Majestic. Treason!—if you think that Alice Joyce acts as if she is tired. She may have an auto, and that would account for her tire trouble.

ERNA C.—Billie Rhodes in "The Man Who Vanished" (Kalem). Beverly Bayne was the girl in "Thru the Storm" (Essanay). Yes, that man is said to be a self-made man and he is very proud of a poor job. His announcements are vulgar and they do harm to the whole M. P. business.

LILLIAN B., CHICAGO.—Vera Sisson had the lead in "Always Together" (Majestic). Cannot identify the picture. Edward Convey was the nephew in "Is He a Jew?" (Kalem). Jack Standing in "The Depths of Hate" (Pathé).

THE PEST.—You are quite a stranger. Kempton Greene in "The Cry of the Blood" (Lubin). That was Betty Gray in the Biograph. House Peters is with Famous Players. Max Asher and Harry McCoy in "Mike and Jake in Mexico" (Joker). Fred Truesdell was Lord Printon in "Lady Babbie" (Eclair).

PEBBIE B.—Pauline Bush and Marshall Neilan in "The Wall of Money." Harry Morey was the president in "The Wreck." Rosetta Brice in "The Price of Victory." Robert Drouet was Phil in "The Man in the Hamper."

VERNE P. S.—James Cruze had the lead in "For Sale—A Life" (Thanhouser). Marguerite Snow opposite him. So you pity me because I live in a hall room. Well, I pity you because you live in a flat, which has been defined as a series of padded cells in which are confined harmless monomaniacs who imagine that home is a sardine-box. Yes, I have received a flattering offer from the Federal League, but have decided to remain with Brooklyn.

SYLVIA D.—E. H. Calvert was Harvey in "The Great Game" (Essanay). Marshall Neilan in "The House of Discord" (Biograph). Norma Talmadge in "The Blue Rose." Fine letter.

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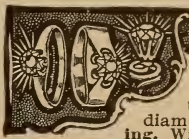


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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

A Sales-Producing Medium

Doris Mac.—Francella Billington in "The Fraternity Pin" (Majestic). Florence LaBadie was chatted in January, 1913. Rosemary Theby was Carmencita in "Ashes" (Reliance). Gertrude Roldson had the lead in "Her Wedding-Gown" (Biograph). Henry King in that Kalem.

Two Bobs.—Irene Warfield in "The Great Game" (Essanay). Madame Claudia in "Zuma the Gipsy" (Cines). Don't know the color Blackwell's car is painted. You and many others seem to think that this is a joke department, but, I assure you all, it is no joke.

THE SUN.—Just send the questions on to me, or tell your readers that we answer all questions. Yes, and some of the questions they ask are beyond me—far beyond, in the hazy, distant, unfathomable beyond.

LAUNCE.—Clarence Elmer was Harry Lane in "The Engineer's Revenge" (Lubin). Guy Coombs' picture will come soon. I appreciate your novel gift. Whoever hammered that dime into such a beautiful stickpin?

CARLYLE JOYCE.—Lillian Gish in "During the Round-up" (Biograph). That's the wrong title on that Vitagraph. Louise Glaum in that Kalem. Harry Millarde was David in "The Hunchback" (Kalem).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Our new, enterprising advertising manager and the editor of this department will certainly come to blows if that gentleman persists in using up all the space that the editor intended for this department. We have accumulated many interesting letters from our readers, and it is with pleasure that we here publish them for the edification of all.

Mr. Fred J. Somerton writes us from 15 Grey Street, Gisborne, New Zealand, to say that Mary Fuller and Maurice Costello are his favorites, with Clara Young a close second to Miss Fuller.

Mrs. Henry Locker, of Hopkinsville, Ky., writes to protest against the "eternal sex problem" plays.

Mr. Phillip Brown, of 250 Broome Street, New York, says that he was not aware, until he saw a recent film, that they had baker unions in the Middle Ages, and that the unions required union labels to be pasted on their breads!

Mr. W. H. Price, of the Eolian Co., writes us some good news:

It may interest you to know that a friend of mine who is engaged in downtown church work in Manhattan, tells me that within a very short distance of one of these churches seven saloons have been put out of business by the Moving Picture shows.

A New York writer, who signs himself "Broadway," seems to be unusually intelligent and keen. Judge for yourself—here is his letter:

After several months as an interested and admiring reader of your magazine, and especially of the Answer Department, and after years of following the Movies, I would like to relieve myself of some accumulated ideas by bursting into print.

I think that the subject of the so-called educational and moral films, in which some of the producers seem to take an inordinate pride, is open to considerable discussion. Here the film is analogous to the stage. Many plays of this nature fail, because

the story and the acting are not of sufficient excellence and intenseness to maintain interest, aside from the lesson which the author is trying to bring out. In my judgment, many photoplays of laudable intentions fail for the same reason. I do not think that the contention can be supported that the chief object of Motion Pictures should be to amuse and distract, but I do think that producers of plays intended to convey a lesson or a moral should bear in mind that if the story, the acting and the directing are good enough, the lesson will take care of itself.

Speaking of acting, a certain snap in the acting of all but the most tragic pictures helps to improve the general effect, to my mind. What I mean is best exemplified in serious pictures by some of the Biographs, in farce comedies by the Keystone, and by all of the French photoplays. There are too many directors who seem to think that a maddening slowness of motion and heaviness of gesture on the part of every one in the picture represent in some measure real histrionic ability. But you cant fool all of the people all of the time, and I think we have passed that stage completely. As far as lack of snap is concerned, the Vitagraph, among the premier companies, has lost more opportunities than any other, especially considering its wonderful staff of humorous and serious actors. Attention to this point, it seems to me, could have improved both many of its comedies, with the inimitable Bunny, Mack and Lackaye, and its society dramas, which have often been, in spite of the plot and the acting of part of the cast, long-drawn-out and lifeless affairs, lacking the salient "punch." In pictures of this type, not only is the speed of the picture often too slow, and the acting too sluggish, but the number of scenes is too many. For instance, in a photoplay, a man goes to his club. This can usually be shown with sufficient detail by letting the audience see him entering an automobile, carriage or street-car, and later walking into the club entrance. The picture generally proceeds, however, as follows: Hero decides to go to his club; hero takes off his dressing-gown; hero puts on his street-coat; hero walks out of room-door; hero walks out of street-door; hero looks around street and sees taxicab; hero hails taxicab; hero gets into taxicab; hero gets out of taxicab, etc., etc. "Business" of this kind takes up three times as many feet on the film as the best interests of the picture demand.

In your November issue, I notice that one of your readers "knocks" foreign pictures and cites an example. Judging from her account, I should say that the picture she refers to was an Italian film, and I heartily agree with anybody that most Italian pictures are unquestionably far inferior to our domestic product. But when it comes to other European pictures, especially the French ones, it is time for us to sit down and take notes. They are superior to ours in the same ratio as the stage in Europe is generally on a vastly higher plane of excellence than in America. The "star" system, which detracts from the American stage, also does from its Movies, for even tho members of the theaters like the Comédie Française and the Odéon act regularly in photoplays over there, they attain a uniformity and harmoniousness in their pictures which are seldom seen here. Certainly there are few greater pleasures for me than to see a French Pathé or Gaumont drama, or a comedy with Max Linder.

I think there has been a remarkable improvement in Indian and war pictures in the last year. The mere substitution of Indians for white actors is always a great change for the better. Broncho and Kay-Bee are doing fine work in this line; so is Kalem in its Southern pictures.

So-called Mexican pictures, however, "get my goat." I am obliged to visit that country on business quite frequently, and I can safely say that there is more romance in Hoboken, N. J., than in the whole country of Mexico. Moreover, I have never seen more than two or three native Mexican girls (whom the photoplays generally represent as beautiful heiresses with American cowboy sweethearts) who had not faces that would frighten the most courageous on a dark night.

Film conception of high finance and business is also generally a weird and wonderful thing. An excited individual making motions over a ticker is the accepted way of portraying anything in their line.

But in spite of all minor faults, our Moving Pictures are undoubtedly on the road to ever increasing excellence, and nobody is doing more to help them along than the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Hoping you will enjoy the cigars.

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Mr. A. A. Stewart, of 12 Adelaide Street, East Toronto, writes entertainingly, thus:

The writer would like to call to your attention the deplorable state of affairs in connection with the Motion Picture Industry in Canada.

Do you not think that it would be advisable for the American manufacturers to consult the wishes of the people and try to please them a little? For instance, we Canadian people, day in and day out, have to watch pictures depicting the wonderful exploits of the American nation. There is nothing of interest in this to us. Why not send over some films depicting events and episodes in British and Canadian history? There are some great incidents in the history of this country which would make beautiful films and would please the large Canadian audiences vastly more than American Civil War pictures and Western Indian tales, which are exceedingly exaggerated and not true to life.

If the American manufacturers do not come to a realization of these facts, the natural outcome will be that Canadian monopoly of the Motion Picture market which they now enjoy will come to an abrupt end. Cannot something be done to relieve this regrettable situation?

Mr. Frank J. Walton makes this interesting suggestion:

In commenting on the Popular Player Contest conducted by your magazine you admit that said contest did not call for the best player nor the handsomest, and in that I admire your frankness, sir, but when you state that the most popular one won, I cannot agree with you. How were the votes obtained? That is the question.

Candidly, sir, the result of said contest is an injustice to high-grade players whose real popularity is too well established to require the services of press agents or professional vote-getters for similar events.

If a fairer contest—a purely artistic one—were held under the auspices of your magazine, but with eminent painters, sculptors, architects and professional men as judges, the popularity of the present prize-winners would doubtless pale into insignificance in comparison to that of the American Sarah Bernhardt, Miss Mary Fuller, and other modest but bright stars, such as Robert Brower, of the Edison; Arthur Mackley, of Essanay; Rose Tapley, of the Vitaphone, and several others whose name does not even appear in the present contest and are now supposed to play second fiddle, so to speak, to mediocre amateurs.

The artistic contest I respectfully suggest would stimulate art and artists, encourage fine photoplays, increase patronage at the Movies and double the circulation of your magazine, for which I predict a very great future.

Mr. Edward A. Lifka, of St. Louis, is an admirer of this department, so his letter shall grace it:

Let me congratulate you upon one move you made in the November issue of the magazine which has pleased me very, very much. And that is the starting of the Letters to the Editor pages. That's what we want. I do like to read the criticisms of other people about plays and players, for it is the real stuff and not the "paid-for kind" which we read in the trade journals. I have always felt that the criticisms we read in the journals are very much of a mechanical kind, and many have been the times when my views of a picture were far different from those set forth by some professional critic. And in this I am not alone. Being a member of the Correspondence Club, I exchange quite a few letters with different members, and we do tear things to pieces now and then. The only suggestion I would make is this: don't give us only those letters which speak well of plays, etc., but give us some that offer just and stinging criticism, too. That is the sort of stuff that counts. It is easy enough to praise, but to criticize is the task of a fearless one. I'd like to bet the players get one letter in a thousand pointing out defects to them. I wrote to one of the Vitaphone players and pointed out a few bad points, and, judging from the reply I got, I feel I have won a good friend. He told me that is the sort of stuff he wants and to keep it up. A dandy letter from a busy fellow. I have written many others, giving them some good remarks, and nary a reply. They get so much praise, I presume, that they take it all as a matter of course.

Let me thank you again, and here's hoping a lot of good develops from that department. It is one

that will interest me most, together with the Answer Department. There is always a lot of news for a fellow in that department, and the Answer Man is a winner.

With all good wishes for the magazine and a heap of them for your good self, let me always be

A CHAMPION OF MOTION PICTURES AND THE
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Mr. H. C. Heaton, of Detroit, writes his first letter to us, thus:

Being a very interested reader of your department, also a fan of the "Silent Drama," I may be excused for bothering you with this letter, but would like your opinion on one or two matters of interest to me or any other fan in "Our Village."

About a week ago our police commissioner announced his intention of having all photoplays shown at police headquarters before being shown to the public. Naturally, the exchange men protested against this, to which the commissioner replied that if the film men intended to do any fighting against this, he would close all theaters on Sunday. Some people are so narrow-minded it's a wonder their ears don't meet. This would not only hurt the exchange men and exhibitors, but, I believe, would "hurt" Detroit in this way: what are all these people going to do Sundays? Those that haven't time to attend shows week days or evenings? I'm going to move just as soon as they stop the street-cars on Sunday. Of course, there is a church somewhere near enough for these people to attend, but think of some of these church people that go to the morning services, a picture show in the afternoon, and then attend the evening services to make up for what they did in the afternoon, so that the Lord won't punish them. Mr. Answer Man, please tell me what's going to be the outcome of all this. Now the dear Mothers' Club is trying to eliminate all "gun-play" in the pictures. In such plays as "The Law and His Son" (Biograph), I suppose that, sooner or later, the father will have to blow a large portion of "sneeze powder" at the thief, only to find out that his son has sneezed his head off. I am anxious to see the finish of all this foolishness, and I think a great many others will be, too. Would like to know if that was Fred Mace's brother in "The Gypsy Queen" (Keystone). Also the queen's name. My! but I'll have to give her credit for being pretty and having lovely eyes, but who knows it any better than herself? Haven't seen any "old-time" Biograph pictures, with their wonderful scenery and mystic light and shadow effects. What's happened? No, I don't come from Chicago, but have been there and can agree with you if you ask this. Please tell me how I could reach a friend of mine in Winona, Minn., by the name of S. H. Freedman.

I believe he is manager for some picture house there.

Sorry to take up so much of your time, but, this being my first letter to you, thought I would try you out and see if I should write again. "What a nerve he's got! This is enough for a year."

Mr. George W. Gauding, of Pittsburg, speaks entertainingly of the word "Movies." As we before intimated, while the word was originally objectionable, it has come to be so common, even among the better element, that we accept it as a new, coined word. Here are Mr. Gauding's comments:

In perusing your editorial department, the writer was impressed by one point in particular regarding the use of the word "Movies" for Motion Pictures. The word itself is objectionable from the point of sound, and, to my mind, has a degrading meaning.

But what I wish to call your attention to is the fact that on page 125 is carried an article by Geo. M. Rittelmeyer, entitled "Funny Happenings at the Movies." The appearance of that word "Movies" in the same issue in which mention is made editorially of its being objectionable, strikes me as being an oversight on the part of the head of the special articles department. To the unobservant reader, this might not have occurred, yet there may have been a reason for its appearance. In such a publication as yours, its meaning may not be so much out of place, but, as you state, the newspapers insist on referring to Motion Pictures (an honorable profession) as "Movies." Would it not be possible to attempt, or, rather, advocate, the use of "Photoplay," regardless

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of its true meaning, whether it be the script or the finished product of the studios?
Like "Movies," "Nickelodeon" is a term in the same category, but its use is becoming less frequent.

Mr. John W. Grundy, of Milton, Mass., says that this magazine is the most wonderful publication in the world, and among other interesting items in his letter is a cast—his ideal cast—as follows:

Rural Hero.....Robt. Harron (Biograph)
Heroine.....Gwendoline Pates (Pathé)
Her Sister.....Mary Pickford (Famous Players)
Her Mother.....Mary Maurice (Vitagraph)
The Villain.....Marc MacBermott (Edison)
His Accomplice.....Ford Sterling (Keystone)
The Postman.....Chas. Arling (Pathé)
The Girl Across the Way.....Lillian Walker (Vitagraph)

"J. W. P." of 81 Stuart Street, East Hamilton, Ontario, has nothing but praise for this magazine, and, among other things, he says that "the highest of praise is dwarf-like. Too much cannot be said of the excellence of your publication. Indeed, I would never miss a single copy. The only thing to stop me would be a big keg of dynamite."

Miss Julia Martinez, of 1021 Boulevard Street, Trinidad, Colo., writes:

I received the magazine, for which I subscribed, and the lovely portraits. It is just splendid to be given those pictures, and I am going to mount all of them for framing. The magazine is really very interesting, and there is not one single page that I miss reading.

And here is a letter from none other than "Little Mary" Pickford, which is quite as charming as she is. It was written from 108 S. St. Andrews Place, Los Angeles:

You cannot imagine how pleased I was with your November issue, and the cover, which was fine. You know, I always did want my picture to appear in your book, but, somehow, you seemed to neglect me. However, the November issue made up for everything.

I have had several letters regarding that little letter I wrote you and which was published. I want to tell you how very sorry and disappointed I felt at not being able to accept your kind invitation to visit the office and "kitchen." I know it must be very interesting, and I would love to meet the Motion Picture Magazine staff. We did not expect to leave so soon, but as soon as I signed Mr. Zukor seemed anxious to send me to California, thinking it was better out here for my health, so we did not have much time to pack and get ready. I trust you will forgive me and extend the invitation at some future time.

Mother and I have taken the cutest little bungalow, with real flowers growing all around the house. I have great fun watering the lawn, and yesterday I planted a lot of pansies.

We have not started to work, as Mr. Porter has been delayed by the Denver snowstorms and will arrive here Thursday. It has been nearly four months since I have played before "Friend Camera," so am naturally very anxious to begin again. We hope to do some big work out here, and if I should be to blame for making poor ones, I'll go hide myself in the desert. But I don't like sand, and sincerely hope for good pictures. We have everything in our favor. Mr. Porter is a fine director, and I am very proud and happy to be with the Famous Players.

Mr. Brewster, if you would, kindly tell your readers that I intend answering all my mail and to send them an autographed photo. I have not answered any of my mail since away last spring on account of not feeling well. Have engaged a young lady to help me. I honestly feel ashamed of myself for not answering their sweet little messages of encouragement. But if you will print a little note of apology, I shall be grateful.

I'm getting very sleepy, so will say good-night. A merry Christmas to you and all of the Motion Picture Magazine staff.

Yours sincerely,
MARY PICKFORD

Mr. Sydney Russell writes us the following interesting letter:

I am one of a party of five travelling by automobile from New York to San Francisco. Being a Motion Picture fan, I have seen photoplays in most of the towns and cities along the route, and I write to tell you something of them.

I have noticed that practically every town with 5,000 or more population has at least one picture show. Tiny Mexican towns and villages, which have almost nothing else, usually contain a photoplay theater of some kind. Large towns and cities show late releases, altho the smaller ones get rather old films. The theaters, big or small, however, are usually crowded. At Pittsburg, Pa., it is customary for the women to leave their hats on, which, in my opinion, is barbarous. It is the only place I have seen where that is true. I think it's about time they woke up to that fact.

At Kansas City, I saw G. M. Anderson, who happened to be stopping at the same hotel with us. He looked exactly as one would expect from seeing him on the screen. Passing thru Las Vegas, home of the Lubin Western Co., we went to the photoplay theater, at which a picture featuring Romaine Fielding was being shown. Happening to turn around, I discovered that Mr. Fielding himself was sitting right behind me! He, also, looked quite natural. I hope to see more of the players, as we shall soon be in California, the "home of studios."

With apologies for taking so much of your time, and best wishes for the success of your magazine, which is the *Al Motion Picture periodical*.

Here is one addressed to the "Answer Man," from Mr. Bernard Gallagher, of 7 Thatcher Street, New Bedford, Mass.:

What a gifted mortal you have proved yourself in the January issue. You have given us many joy rides to happiness in the past, Answer Man, but you never opened the gates to let us in until now. The happy effect your work always leaves on me leads me to wonder how many thousands more must have crowned you their favorite author. You say the unusual so often, Answer Man, that it's no wonder the readers are going mad for your discovery, for you certainly must be an unusual man.

I have no questions to ask nor require no answer. This is simply an overflow I couldn't control. So thanks kindly for existing, Answer Man. May the best and most of your life be still to come, and may your monthly message be always as joyous as the January issue, 1914, and, if I'm not too late, a merry Christmas and prosperous New Year to you.

Albert E. Holmes, of Breckinridge, Minn., has become a magazine enthusiast, and he is very complimentary, for which we thank him:

When the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE first came to our little town, the people seemed to me like they were crazy over it. I could not understand why it was they were so anxious for this magazine, until one day I thought I would get one and see what it was like.

After I read it thru, I understood why it was they liked it so well. I think it is the best magazine ever printed. It is interesting as well as educating from cover to cover. The man who got it together had a mighty brain, to my notion.

We certainly have an admirer in Miss Grace Williamson, of Salda, Colo.:

I have been a reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for nearly nine months, and I want to tell you how much I enjoy it. It certainly is the finest magazine I ever saw. I do not see how I ever existed without it. I always read it from cover to cover. I have been so interested in the Popular Player Contest, and, altho my favorite Florence Turner, did not win, I congratulate the players who did.

The Answer Man is also fine. I also read the pages he edits the very first thing. The Greenroom Jottings and the Chats I think were perfectly splendid. The whole magazine is in every way a success, and I know it will be even more than that, for it is better every month.

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for the first motion picture play you write after taking my few easy lessons. Yes, sir—a written guarantee—*iron-clad*—the same as that much money in your pocket.

Your Ideas Are As Good As the Next Person's

I want to end all this nonsense about any *special education* or *talent* being necessary to write photoplays. I want to put my proposition squarely up to "*everyday folks*"—who want to make some *extra money*, quickly, easily, pleasantly—in spare time, at home.

I want to prove that *Anybody* with ordinary common sense and power of observation can write an acceptable photoplay—if they let me show them how. *Anybody* can cash in on the demand created by the 30,000 motion picture theatres in this country changing their programs daily and clamoring for *new ideas*.

These theatres don't want fancy ideas, but just the "happy thoughts" that occur to you *two or three times a week*. You're no literary specialist, of course, but your ideas are as good as the next person's—maybe better.

I Coach You FREE

It's easy—by my method. That's why I absolutely guarantee you *at least \$10* for the first photoplay you write after taking my few simple lessons. If you have the least trouble selling the photoplay, let me know and I will pay you the \$10 in cash, myself, at once, without delay or question.

The fact that my system is *different*, explains how I can give this remarkable guarantee and make good on it.

And furthermore, I will stick by you *after you take my lessons*, and, if necessary, will *coach you free* until you have sold five photoplays—and *obtained your money for them*. Photoplays bring \$10 to \$100 apiece.

Earn \$1200.00 Yearly Writing One Photoplay a Week in Spare Time

I know men and women, no more experienced than you, who are earning \$25 to \$100 weekly writing photoplays in their *spare time*—right in their own homes.

The idea is *new*, of course. Many people haven't yet heard of the big profits. Remember, there are now over 30,000 moving picture theatres in this country. *A few years ago there were none*. That accounts for the big demand. The theatres are increasing too fast for the photoplay writers to come anywhere near keeping up with them.

Will You Hurry, to Save \$5?

Everybody's in a hurry in this wonderful, wealth-giving business. Everybody is making money so fast they are *rushed to death*. I am in a hurry, *also*. I must have more students *at once* so that I can turn over more plays to the producers. I am willing to make a *big sacrifice* to get them. If you will send me your name on the *free coupon* above at once, I will allow you \$5 off the regular price of my course, reducing the cost to an *unbelievably low figure*. Don't send a cent now—but get your name in to learn about the guarantee and all other facts *at once*.

Act, before it is too late to obtain the \$5 credit. You can use it later on, if you decide to take up my proposition, exactly as if it were so much cash. If you decide *not* to take me up, simply drop the matter—it hasn't cost you a cent. Hurry—mail the free coupon at top of page, now, *before you turn the page*.

ELBERT MOORE, Box 772 M. C., Chicago

FIVE GREAT PREMIUM OFFERS

For Readers of the

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

You can save money by subscribing for the *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE* by the year. Bought at the newsstands or theaters, it costs you fifteen cents per copy, or \$1.80 per year. A yearly subscription is only \$1.50 per year—thirty cents saved. But that is not all. In addition, you will be entitled to your choice of two beautiful and interesting premiums.

With very little time and trouble you can by inducing your friends or acquaintances to subscribe to the *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE*, secure your choice of three other valuable premiums, full description of which is given below:

OFFER NO. 1. Each single subscriber is entitled to *Six Beautiful Portraits* of the following picture players: Ruth Roland, Muriel Ostriche, Blanche Sweet, Earle Williams, Crane Wilbur and Warren Kerrigan. These portraits are 6½ by 9½ inches in size, printed in many colors, on heavy, coated paper, suitable for framing, and will make attractive decorations for your room or den. These portraits are not for sale.

OFFER NO. 2. Or you may, if you so desire, have in place of the six colored portraits a book entitled *Comic Siftings*, which contains 200 drawings, cartoons and engravings by well-known artists. The book is made up entirely of illustrations, and there is a laugh with every picture. Price 50 cents.

Those who desire to secure other subscriptions than their own will be entitled to the following premiums:

OFFER NO. 3. Two subscriptions, including your own, will entitle you to our book entitled *Portraits of Popular Picture Players*, which contains the portraits of more than 100 of the leading picture players, attractively bound in green, limp leather. Price \$1.00.

OFFER NO. 4. Three subscriptions, including your own, will entitle you to a copy of *Round Volume No. 11*, which contains 100 complete stories of love, adventure and Western life, and over 100 portraits of the leading players, as well as many film pictures. This book will be an attractive addition to your library or reading-table. Price \$2.00.

OFFER NO. 5. Any one sending in three subscriptions will themselves be entitled to *A Year's Subscription* to the *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE*. If you are already a subscriber, your present subscription will be extended one year beyond its expiration date.

DONT DELAY, BUT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE GREAT PREMIUM OFFERS NOW. If you wish to subscribe, fill out the blank below. If you wish to secure other subscriptions, send for subscription blanks.

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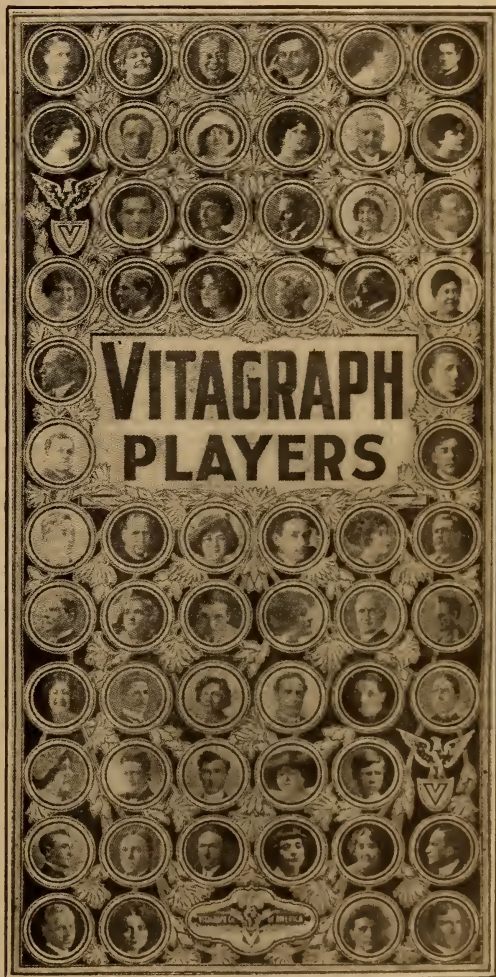
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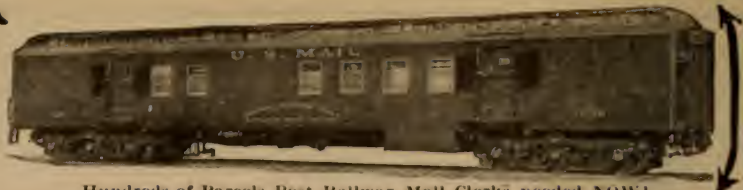
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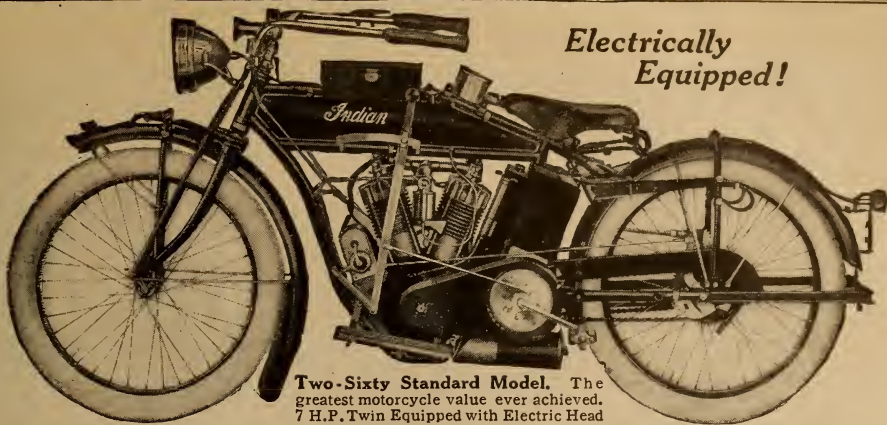
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Great Artist Contest

EACH READER IS ENTITLED TO VOTE ONCE A MONTH, ON THE PRINTED COUPON, FOR THE

GREATEST MOTION PICTURE ARTISTS

Each vote must contain the name of a male player and the name of a female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity, good looks, personality, etc., and they may excel in drama, tragedy, comedy, villainy portrayal, or anything you please. A good critic can recognize artistry in a comedian or in a villain just as in a player who plays heroic or emotional rôles.

While no valuable prizes will be given, the winners of this contest will be awarded the highest honors that can come in the theatrical profession—the stamp of public approval.

At no time will there be offered any extra inducements to the voters in the way of votes for subscriptions, etc., nor will there be any coupons printed different from the one that is printed in this issue, on another page. The winners will receive a handsome, engraved certificate, but nothing more; hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players or companies.

The first prize for ladies will be awarded to that female player who receives the largest number of votes, and the first prize for men will be awarded to that male player who receives the largest number of votes. Furthermore, we intend that the most popular "team" shall play in a great drama to be written especially for them by our readers. This will be accomplished in this way: It will readily be seen that the winning female player may not belong to the same company as the winner of the male prize, and it might be impossible to bring them together; hence, we may have to select the second player of the winning team from the same company in which the winner plays. Thus, if Earle Williams is declared the greatest male artist, the female player of the same company having the greatest number of votes will be elected to play with him in the

One Hundred Dollar Prize Photoplay

In which the winning team is to play. After this contest has run for two or three months we shall offer a prize of one hundred dollars for the best scenario, and the story of the same will be published in this magazine.

Do not send in your scenario yet! Due announcement will be made concerning this phase of the contest, which is in reality another contest entirely. You may vote, whether you compete for the scenario prizes or not. We shall select, say, twenty of the best scenarios and submit them as "Prize Scenarios" to the different companies, offering them at "usual rates" in which their players who receive the highest number of votes shall play, and the amount received will be awarded to the writers of the scenarios. Thus, there will probably be twenty prizes or more instead of one. The Photoplay Clearing House and the Scenario Department of the winning company will act as the judges. Thus, if Orini Hawley and Arthur Johnson should win first prize, the Lubin Company are to have those players play in the prize play. And if James Cruze and Marguerite Snow should be next highest, the Thanhouser Company may have second choice out of many thousand selected scenarios, and that company may choose a play at its own price in which to feature those players.

But, just now, you are concerned only in the contest of determining who are the greatest Motion Picture artists.

Not only will a specially selected and admirable play be used as the medium to present the Greatest Artists as such to the public, but the studios, the newspapers at large, the theatrical reviews and the *Motion Picture Magazine* will unite properly to feature them and to perpetuate a record of their talent.

Please send in your votes at once. Find the coupon on another page, fill it out and mail it to "Great Artist Editor, 172 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y." You may enclose two or more coupons in one envelope, provided each is signed by a different person. Nothing but coupons will be counted!

Remember that you may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, or any other kind, and it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. If any of these win we shall see that they get leading parts. Don't forget that a great play could be written for such unlike players as John Bunny and Alice Joyce, or for Yale Boss and W. Christie Miller! Send in your votes now!

BE A WRITER EARN BIG MONEY AT HOME

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You Will Be Interested in This Story!

One night last Spring a Young Man dropped into a Moving Picture Theater with a friend. A "Blood-and-Thunder" Western story was being shown—you know the kind. "Pshaw!" said the Young Man, "I could write a better story than that." "Why don't you?" asked his friend. That started the Young Man to thinking and he investigated.

Here Is What He Found!

He found that twenty million people attend thirty thousand moving picture theaters in the United States every day. "Surely," he thought, "it must require quite a number of motion picture plays to entertain all these people." So he investigated further.

He found that the demand for good moving picture plays exceeds the supply—that there are more moving picture plays bought each month by producers than there are stories by all the high-class magazines in the

United States combined—that the producers pay from \$15.00 to \$100.00 for good plays, and carry standing advertisements in the magazines inviting writers to submit their work.

He found that many men and women—clerks, teachers, stenographers, students, housewives—people in all walks of life, with no literary training whatever—were making money in their spare time writing these plays.

This was enough for the Young Man. He took up the work himself. He found to his delight that his lack of literary training was no handicap, no descriptions or conversation to supply—just IDEAS developed into plays under the simple rules required by the producers.

In six months he was earning more than his regular salary writing plays at home in the evening. His job interfered with his writing, so he quit his job. More than this—he is his own boss now. Remember, this Young Man is no genius—he had never written a story in his life—he simply saw an opportunity and GRASPED IT.

You Can Succeed in This Work

Your Ideas Are Worth Money

You have had ideas which you thought would make good moving picture plays—better than some you have seen on the screen. If you haven't, suppose you give the matter a little thought. Go to the theater tonight. Note how simple the stories are—yet these simple little plays brought their writers \$25.00, \$50.00 or \$100.00 each. How about that incident at the office or in your home, or that you heard or read about? Don't keep it bottled up—write a motion picture play around it and sell it for \$25.00 or more.

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If you are possessed of imagination—and who is not?—if you are ambitious and can use more money than you are making now—if you have tried to become a story writer and failed because of insufficient literary training—THE MOTION PICTURE PLAY OFFERS A SHORT CUT TO SUCCESS! Think of seeing YOUR OWN IDEAS on the screen in your own town, before your friends! This is to experience a satisfaction that cannot be described.

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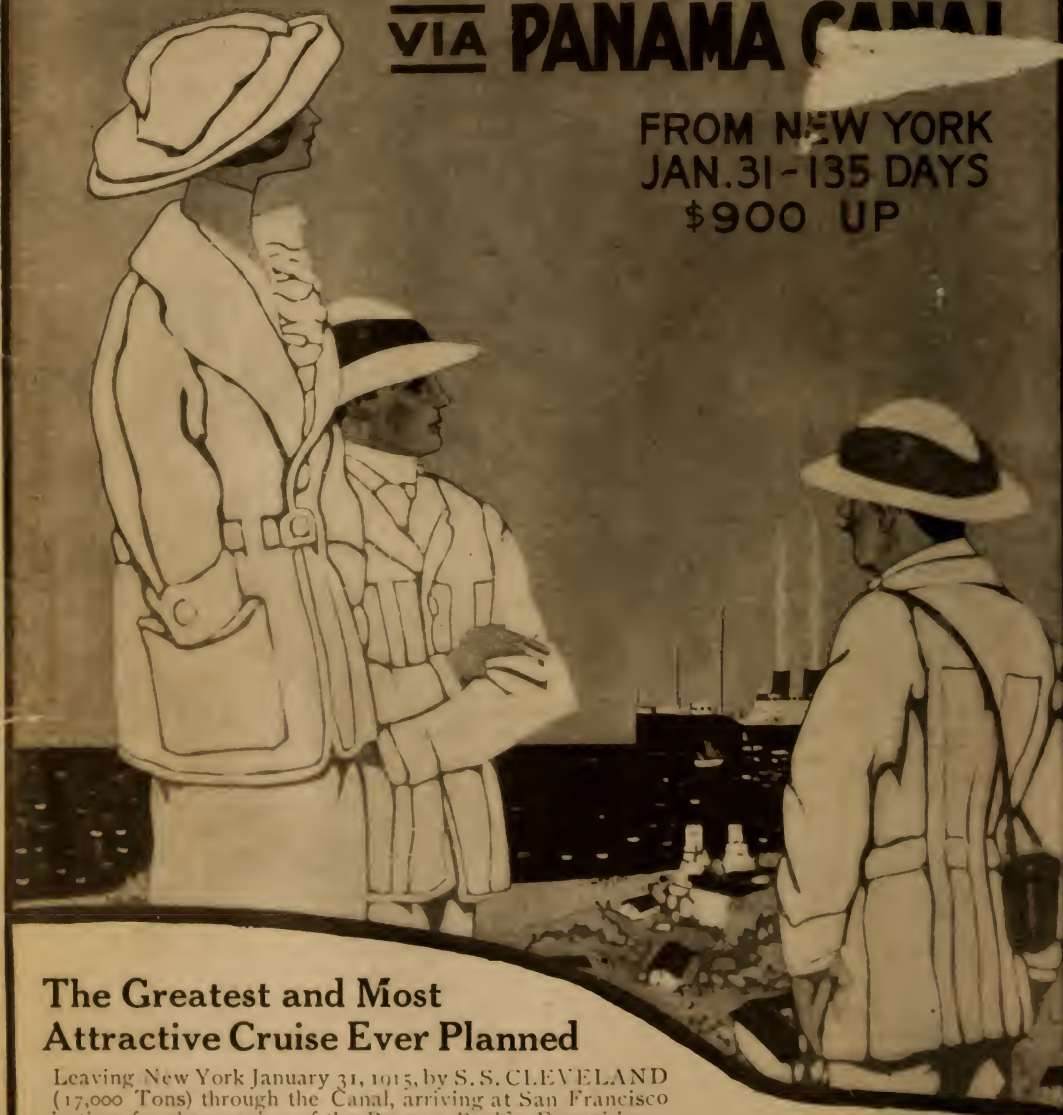
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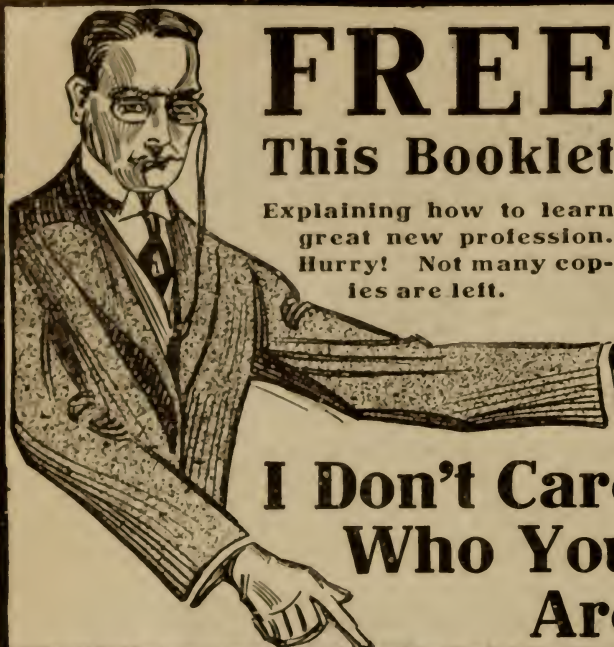
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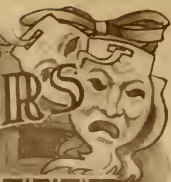
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., B'klyn, N. Y.

Formerly "The Motion Picture Story Magazine"

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Gladys Hall,		Guy L. Harrington, Circulation Manager.
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A Bunch of Flowers

(Biograph)

By CLARIB L EGBERT

HE was spoiled, there was no question about that. Everybody liked him, from the head of the department down to the weazened-up little wight that filled the ink-pots and stood guard over the supply of labels, etc.

And Harry Colton was shrewd enough to know that the good nature and the smile that had been the only legacy left him by his merry, Irish parents were as good as money in his pocket, when it came right down to business.

To be sure, he was only a marker now in the shipping department of the wholesale lace-dealers, Wainright & Bartman, but one could never tell what would happen when Mr. Wainright and the head of the department were seen looking at a fellow in a very friendly way.

And this they had done only today, when he had been busy marking some goods under a rush order. He had noticed, too, that the boss had nodded his head in response to something the shipping-clerk was saying, as they continued to look in his direction.

Yes, "old Wainy" was certainly taking notice! And Colton carefully knotted his four-in-hand as he made a mental résumé of the day's doings in his room after dinner.

"I'll tell Eleanor, when I get around there"—quickly slipping into his coat—"that things are looking up. And you bet your life"—pulling his hat on his head as he beamed at himself in the glass—"if the Colton smile has anything to do with it, I'll grin until it laps in the back."

You could scarcely wonder that he was spoiled, however, and considered himself de luxe. He had been brought up on that "smile" by a doting old aunt, and, at every turn since he had come out into the world to shift for himself, his smile had been harped upon in every key, both major and minor—the major taken up by the friends who adored him, the minor chords by the maidens who sighed in vain.

So, you see, the blemish did not go to the core; his heart was all right—the little, spoiled spot was just on the surface—in fact, in his head—and, paradoxical as it may seem, his smile was at the root of it. If any one had told him he was selfish, he would have been amazed. Why, wasn't he, this very minute, going into the florist's to get violets for Eleanor?

"Gee! there comes my car. I'll have to cut out Eleanor's violets to-night, I guess—I've only time to grab some cigarettes."

And so, twenty minutes later, he stood before the girl of his heart—bomby, good-natured, adored, but as big a six-foot hulk of selfishness as ever walked.

"Hello, little girl!" taking her face between his two hands. "I know you're glad to see me, even tho I didn't bring your violets. I'd have missed my car if I had stopped for 'em. So I just grabbed these cigarets at the corner"—drawing them from his pocket and lighting one—"caught my car on the fly, and here I am. You'd rather have ten minutes more of me than the violets, wouldn't you, Eleanor?" And his boyish, radiant smile dazzled her, so that, caught upon the golden tide of it or her own pure love, she utterly forgot how seldom he did have time to bring the flowers.

"I'd rather see that blessed smile than to have all the violets that ever grew," pulling his head down close to her face.

And, poor dear, she never knew, then, that it was not the violets she wanted at all, but the tender thought for herself. Thus did she, blindly, to the vast hurt of her One Man.

"I knew it, little lady. And you dont mind this smoke, either, I know," seating himself in utter comfort.

"You're such a little trump, Eleanor," beaming at her thru the haze as she sat in a straight-backed chair beside him. "Just the kind of a girl to make a fellow awfully happy."

Thus their evenings were spent. Always the most comfortable chair was his, and from the depth of this he smiled radiantly upon the girl he loved. Now and then fresh flowers breathed in delicate loveliness beside Eleanor as she sat near him, but more often they were flowers she had carefully cherished from a former visit of his until they were past their prime.

But the favorite pipe, now that he had abandoned himself to utter intimacy, was never forgotten, and the tobacco-pouch bulged generously at all times.

Often they talked of their coming life together, but always it was of *his* apartment, of what *he* would buy, of what *he* would do with this, that and the other room.

Blind and adoring was Eleanor, seemingly happy in his radiant smile. Yet at times a shadow would fall on her sweet face when some suggestion she made about the decoration of the new home was brushed carelessly aside, or when he thoughtlessly dropped her slim, white hand, which she had shyly laid in his, and forgot to take it again after he had re-lighted his pipe.

These were very little rifts in the lute, to be sure, but very, very small straws will point the direction the wind is blowing, and certainly all the signs pointed to "Harry Colton, first, last and always!"

Yet neither of them knew, for Eleanor was a young thing, and therefore unseeing, and Harry, with his smile being forever harped in his ears, was deaf to the finer and sweeter harmonies that True Love sings.

The months slipped by, now and then bringing Colton an advance in his position, until finally the great day came, not long after their marriage, when he was made shipping-clerk.

"Hello, little girl!" he cried, one Saturday afternoon, bursting into their tiny apartment. "I'm a big man now—got my promotion to shipping-clerk today, so no more Saturday afternoon work. Put on your hat"—as Eleanor stood all breathless with excitement before him, neat and fit in her dainty house-toggery—"and we'll go shopping and spend my last week's salary. We can afford to plunge a little, now that I've had so big a raise."

"I dont care if my hat is shabby now," drawing it entrancingly down until her gold-mist hair nearly shadowed her happy eyes. "I'll be getting a new one today, probably," Eleanor said to herself, as she hurried out to join her husband.

"Oh, Harry!" pulling his arm at a florist's window—"daffodils and

white lilacs and mignonette!" And Eleanor turned to him with the face of a beseeching child.

"Oh! come on, you little old grandmother, with your burlblings about old-fashioned flowers. We'll get those another time. I know you want to see me in a swagger pair of gloves." And Colton took his wife's arm with his happiest smile and drew her from her garden of dreams into the haberdashery next door.

"We'll get yours next Saturday, honey," as having purchased a pair of gloves for himself, she laid her own shabbily gloved hands on the backs of his own neatly fitted ones, which he was viewing with so much complacency.

"Quite a difference," Eleanor remarked, a little dryly for her, dropping them to her sides again as he turned to the door.

It was the same outside. The charming, spring hats, so dear to a woman's heart, lured her to a shop window, but once more she was borne away by her buoyant husband to a hatter near-by, whence he emerged with the very latest thing in velours pulled down upon his head.

"Dont you think it's great, dearie?" beaming upon her his captivating smile.

"It certainly is, and looks stunning." But Eleanor shot him a penetrative little look as she saw him beaming down upon her, utterly blind to the little, rusty, velvet hat she wore so jauntily.

And somehow, suddenly, her eyes opened wide, wide, and she knew her husband.

Then she remembered something that she never forgot for long, and gently laid her hand on Colton's arm.

"I think, Harry, perhaps I shouldn't stay out any longer—I'm tired and hungry."

For a minute her husband looked at her in a puzzled way. Then his face



"WE'LL GET YOURS NEXT SATURDAY, HONEY"

suddenly softened to an unusual tenderness.

"You poor darling!"—drawing her hand in his arm—"I had forgotten. I've bought everything I need, and we'll beat it for home."

And when his little son came, he was crazy with delight.

"It's a boy, fellows"—gripping hands all around in the department—"and I'm off for the day."

Outside he met Jim Carter, an old club friend.

"Say, Jim, old man, it's a boy—put it there!" And stretching out his hand, he seized Carter's right and began pumping it up and down.

Carter looked dazed a moment; then, intelligence dawning, he began pumping Colton's arm.

"Say, by Jove! that's great, Colton—greatest thing I've heard today. The Colton smile is in a fair way to go down the generations." And Carter ceased pumping, to link arms with Colton.

"Come on, old chap—we've got to have a drink on that—something extra fine!"

An hour later, when Colton and Carter left the café, Harry remembered why he had started home early.

"Gee! I mus' ha' fo'got," he mumbled, as Carter bade him a bacchanalian farewell. Colton, looking up, saw a florist's sign.

"Vi'lets fo' the li'le ma an' the kid!"

He lurched against the window and, leaning, searched his pockets in vain, in befogged wonder; then stumbled on his way.

All in the hush of the first joy of motherhood, with the tiny, warm bundle in the curve of her arm, Eleanor waited in the dimness and quiet of her room.

The old doctor had left her, with a cheery pat on her white arm; the gentle-voiced nurse, with strong, steady hands, had made her *so* comfortable, and now there was nothing to do but to wait for him—for "Daddy," as she had whispered to the warm bundle near her heart. She dozed much, and did not know how long it had been since the nurse had telephoned her husband.

Suddenly the door of her room opened with a rush, and Colton stumbled in. Eleanor opened her eyes slowly, awakening from a happy dream, and looked at her husband, smiling softly.

Colton, hat on the back of his tumbled hair, braced himself unsteadily for a moment, feet apart; then lunged toward the bed.

"Li'le kid!" he mumbled thickly, leaning toward her.

Then Eleanor knew, and was wide awake, all her mother-instinct taking swift alarm. Quickly she arched her frail arm above her little son, shielding him, and her voice, strong and sharp with outraged wifedom, rang in his ears:

"Leave this room!"

And, sobered, Colton passed the nurse-hurrying in, and left the room he had desecrated.

That was three years ago. And now, thru his continued popularity and self-centered ambition, Colton is a member of the firm and very active as a citizen.

In business, in civic affairs, at his club, the famous Colton smile is an open sesame still. But at home it is different. The charm and allurements of that smile have lost their power

there, and rarely does he flash it upon Eleanor with his old-time assurance.

Eleanor is not the shy, adoring wife of their first years together, for from that hour when the hallowed beauty of motherhood began to unfold itself in her being, with the exquisite consciousness of a living, breathing little son nestling in the blankets beside her—from that hour of happiness, needing only her husband's presence to make it supreme, and which he so desecrated, she had withdrawn, with her boy, into a world of her own.

Always Colton apologized for his late hours, giving the plausible excuse of a "business engagement," and always Eleanor accepted his apologies with courtesy and without comment.

One morning, however, as he rose from his breakfast, Eleanor leaned forward, smiling, with the old-time light in her eyes.

"Do you know what day this is, dear?"

Colton turned and looked at her, frowning in perplexity.

"Blessed if I do, Eleanor; what is it?"

She held up her slim, left hand, with its ring of plain gold upon it.

"Five years ago today," smiling a little wistfully as she turned it round and round upon her finger.

"Sure's you're alive, honey, it is five years, isn't it! Well, I've been pretty lucky these five years, haven't I?" casting a satisfied look about the charming walls of the breakfast-room.

"You'll try to come home early this afternoon, wont you, dear?" And Eleanor moved with him to the door of the breakfast-room. "I *so* want you to see how cunning Jackie is before he goes to sleep. You know he runs about all alone now, and he is such fun."

"You dont say so, Eleanor! Cant be possible I'm the father of a three-year-old! Yes, I will try to get away this afternoon, tho it will be difficult, for that Lord & Blackburn deal is on, and it's taking every minute night and day."

After he had gone, Eleanor



ALWAYS HE APOLOGIZED FOR HIS
LATE HOURS

dropped on a low stool beside the charring embers, resting her chin in her palm.

"Always, always the same excuse. I wonder if he never thinks that I want to be loved, or that Jackie needs to be? How different he seemed when I married him—just like a king!" she mused, "and now, with his external reaching for success and popularity, how small, how small! Why, love is the biggest thing, the most priceless thing in the world"—rising and moving to the window—"and I gave every shred I had to him, and yet he doesn't even remember this is our wedding-day! But I am going to stick to him for Jackie's sake—and for his own, too—for, somehow, I am always so conscious of the eternal boy in him—the selfish boy that has never grown to the full stature of responsible manhood. The splendid man is there somewhere, somewhere, and it's for me, now that Jackie is here, to help Harry find himself.

"It may be that I'll have to do what I've often thought of doing—go away with Jackie for awhile, and see if being alone wont bring him face to face with himself."

Late in the afternoon, as Eleanor and Jackie sat before the nursery fire making wonderful "patty-cakes" between the boy's rosy palms, Colton hurried in, dressed for the evening.

"Jackie's Daddy come make cakes, too." And Jackie lifted adorable arms toward his father.

"Cant do it, my son—father's in a hurry. Say, Eleanor," as his wife rose and turned toward him, "I'm awfully sorry I couldn't make it this afternoon, but that Lord & Blackburn case held me tight, and I've only now had time to rush home and get into my clothes for the 'smoker' at the Valley Club. So I'm off," starting toward the door.

"But, Harry!" exclaimed Eleanor, turning questioning eyes full upon him—eyes in which something seemed to be struggling for its life—"are these things so all-important? Are we never again to have an hour together?" And her voice broke in a stifled sob.

"And look at your boy," she cried, as Jackie rolled from his stool and ran on his sturdy legs to her, piping in high, infant treble: "Muzzer cry! Muzzer cry!" and buried his face, sobbing, in the folds of her gown.

"Look at your boy," she repeated, lifting the child. "You hardly know him. You haven't spent a whole hour with him in all his life. You never even remembered that last Thursday



CELEBRATING THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
—ALONE

was his birthday, and he is so cunning, and for hours talks about his Daddy, if he gets a glimpse of you."

She walked to Jackie's bedroom door, the child still hiding in her neck. There she turned, and, looking at her husband standing by the fireplace with the perplexed look of a puzzled child, she said in a low voice, behind which the sobs were struggling for mastery:

"And what of me and my claims? Always, always you are away from home! And this day of all days, when I asked you this morning, for the first time in over a year, to come home



"CAN'T DO IT, MY SON—FATHER'S IN A HURRY"

early, your last word was 'business to consider,' and when, finally, you do hurry in, it is to tell me of a pressing social engagement, but never a flower or a leaf to show that you remember our wedding-day, or even care! Oh, how *small* you seem to me!" And Eleanor's head lifted itself with the dignity of outraged womanhood.

"Bnt, Eleanor," expostulated Colton, "I never thought of all this in the way you put it. You know when a man gets to be a big man in his community, he must keep up the social end of the game with the other men. And besides, I have always provided well for you and the boy, and thought you were happy."

"Oh!" cried Eleanor, passing thru

Jackie's door, "what is all this luxury to me that *your* taste always provides, and which I must enjoy forever alone? You think of no one but yourself, yourself!" And her eyes were wide with accusing light.

"I think you are very unreasonable, Eleanor. Of course I have to think of myself if I am going to make good. But I'll chuck the club early tonight"—taking up his hat—"since you're so spunky about it."

But Eleanor was busy in hushing Jackie's loud wails of grief and did not hear. And after the door closed upon Colton, she again went to the nursery fire and placed Jackie, facing her, on her knees. Her eyes were soft and sweet, but deep within them was a look of sudden determination.

"Jackie want to go by-by with Muzzer?" holding the baby's hand in her firm, slim ones.

"Trot, trot to Boston?" questioned Jackie, commencing to bounce on his mother's knee.

"No—really, truly by-by, dear—to the big country where the chickies are, and the great, blue sky," explained Eleanor.

"Daddy come, too?"

still questioned the boy, sliding from her knee and looking up eagerly into the mother-face above him.

"Perhaps, little son"—pressing the warm little body close to her—"we will go, and see if he will come, baby. It is the only way—the only way," she whispered brokenly.

It was ten o'clock when Colton pushed back from his game of poker at the Valley Club.

"Well, fellows, I'm going to say good-night," signaling an attendant.

"What's up, old chap?" asked Carter, in amazement.

"Oh! I thought I'd vary things a little by spending the balance of the evening with my wife; this happens to be an anniversary."

"But you cant go so early in the game, Colton," remonstrated Carter; "it is generally hinted, you know, that no one would believe you had a home, if your name did not appear in the city directory."

For once the famous Colton smile was not forthcoming—instead, Colton's jaws shut with a snap as he took his gloves.

"Then I'll establish a better claim to a home title by getting acquainted with my family at once, and at the same time assert my right to stop a game of poker when I d—n please! In view of which I'll bid you good-night, gentlemen." And turning on his heel, he left the club.

He turned in at a florist's.

"I think Eleanor will like these violets," he muttered, as he emerged again with a big, wax paper bundle tucked under his arm. "I'm glad I thought of them."

He was met by the old butler as he let himself in a few minutes later.

"Is Mrs. Colton awake, Powers?"

"I dont know sir." And Powers, with an anxious brow, handed Colton the letter that Eleanor gave him for her husband when she and Jackie left the house in the early evening.

Colton opened it and read:

DEAR HARRY—You have proven that your success is more to you than Jackie and I, so I'm going to our home in the country. Some day, when life means more to you than selfish gain and popularity at the club, you will find me there, and I shall then see the man I know is in you. Ever your loving wife,

ELEANOR.

The perplexed look of a child lay between Colton's brows. He read it again slowly, carefully; then suddenly the mist cleared from his eyes, and he saw that it was the Shadow of Himself, and in that moment the Man was born in him.

"Turn out the lights, Powers." But the famous Colton smile was gone, and in its place was a frown between Colton's eyes—the frown wrought by the travail of his spirit in that one illuminating flash when he stood face to face with himself.

He found his way to the nursery.

The fire was dead on the homelike hearth, and only the little, Dresden clock above it, with its Bo-peep in search of her lost lambs, gave it any sound of life. Always here he had found Eleanor on the few occasions when he had come home early. And how still, how lonely it was! The fragrant violets fell unheeded to the floor as the unhappy man dropped upon her low seat in the ingle and buried his head on his arms.

All night the man, newborn, stood at the bar of his own judgment, and thru the long hours the accusing eyes of this new self searched the road that lay behind and relentlessly turned



"SOME DAY, WHEN LIFE MEANS MORE——"

the light of truth upon his utter neglect of the two beings given him to love and cherish—given by a law divine.

"Blind, blind brute!" he groaned, in the agony of his soul.

In the morning Colton went to his business as usual, but always the picture of that empty nursery rose before him.

"I must *do* something to prove to her that I love her," he repeated, again and again. "It must be something to show her I want to keep her love," he continued distractedly, as the hours went by, losing all sense of values and proportion, caught as he was in all the blinding glare of his new self-illumination.

Searching in his pocket for her letter, he read it again:

... Some day when life means more to you than selfish gain and popularity at the club, you will find me . . .

"Find you!—find you!" he repeated, and then the vision was complete, for True Love at last came into his heart, with all its light of truth.

"Oh, Eleanor!" he whispered, thru his set jaws, as he reached for his hat late in the day. "I know! I know now! To find you and love you, to care for you, to make every hour as beautiful for you as you did for me in the old days, that is all of life I want!"

He called up his house and ordered his car. Again he visited the florist's. Violets, daffodils, white lilacs, mignonette — all the dear, old-fashioned flowers she loved so well!

"D—n! what a cad I've been!" cried Colton, as Truth whispered on. "Why, Love, True Love," the Spirit of Truth continued, "is doing and saying and being all things lovely to the loved one, and when her love meets yours in equal effort, can't you see how great the joy, how full the life?"

"But we'll put the old years behind us and start all over again," he thought, with the old smile, as he sprang into his car and was off.

Soft lights were gleaming from the living-room as Colton's motor leaped along the drive of his country place, but only a faint glow was in the nursery windows.

Eleanor was singing to Jackie, curled in a drowsy heap in her lap before the dancing firelight, and did not hear the softly opening door, nor

Colton's step as he moved into the shadows of the room.

Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon,

Eleanor crooned.

"Muzzer, do you think Daddy will come tonight to Jackie?" And the wee boy raised himself for a minute and looked eagerly toward the door.

"Daddy is here now, little man." And Colton came from the shadows into the firelight and dropped beside the mother and child.

"Daddy!" cried Jackie, his arms about Colton's neck. "Muzzer was now singing that you would come. Jackie likes that song."

But the shadows in the nursery were dancing more and more slowly on the walls now. Muzzer was very still, and Boy could hardly keep awake.

"Little pigs to market, Muzzer," he murmured.

"This little pig goes to market," whispered happy Eleanor.

"This little pig stays at home."

But it was Colton's fingers that pressed the little, pink toes, while he drew his wife's hand to his lips and held it there.

"Eleanor," Colton whispered, as they leaned together over their sleeping boy, "down in the living-room are violets and lilacs and daffodils for you. But do you know, dear," as Eleanor drew his head down to her lips, "what flowers I want always, always?"

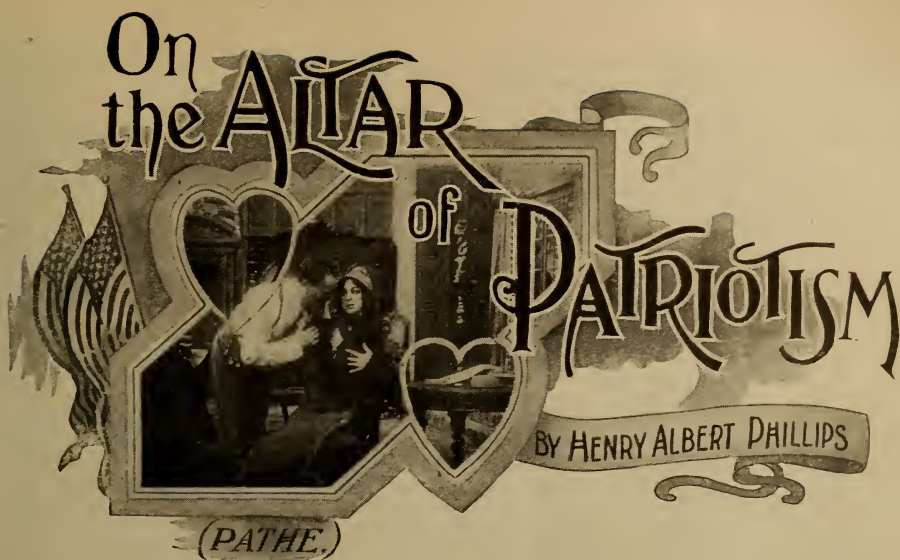
"Tell me, Man o' Mine, and we'll always have them."

"Just you and Jackie, dear."

And in the firelight, their little son between them, they came into their heritage at last.



CAME INTO THEIR HERITAGE AT LAST



MEN are called upon, during times and conditions of war and diplomacy, to sacrifice their lives—the supreme gift they possess to lay upon the altar of patriotism. Were a woman asked to name the supreme sacrifice she could make, she would hesitate to reply. Life or death would not be uppermost in her mind, tho an army of men should choose to think this to be the case, for men consider triflingly what women value above the treasures of life or the fear of death—their honor! There is an exception to man's attitude, and that comes when he thinks a woman's honor has come partly into his possession and keeping thru a compact of love; then another man would have to clamber over his dead body to filch it.

There are perhaps but two persons outside of diplomatic and military circles who will ever know the specific facts, such as names and places. The world should have the story, because it is one of those sublime gems of patriotism that sparkle undimmed on the breast of humanity, ennobling and glorifying it in the eyes and hearts of even the meanest of the race.

There was no doubt of one fact at the time—war was imminent. Our potential enemy was assiduously provoking it, and we were on the point

of declaring it. Attachés and ambassadors had been withdrawn, "yellow" journals had fired the first guns, and the public was censuring the Government for inaction. But war was not declared; the war-scare passed.

But all the visitations of war—casualties and sacrifices, cowardice and bravery—had been called forth and exercised in their most supreme sense. A battle had actually been fought, not less brilliant than many a one occupying pages of history, and the world at large was none the wiser. But that war was over, and both sides had retired, suffering great loss.

For our present purposes we shall call them Señorita Eleanora and Lieutenant Otto. The week before, Lieutenant Otto had been recalled as attaché and, on arriving in the capital city of his native land, was summoned to an immediate conference between the ministers of military and naval affairs and the Chief Executive himself. Otto gave them the detailed information that had been withheld from the dispatches and settled their minds unanimously upon war.

"And now if Lieutenant Otto will retire," suggested the Chief Executive, significantly, "and return to this chamber at, let us say, nine o'clock this evening, we shall be prepared to confer upon him a delicate mission, for which his country"—the minis-

ters nodded their acquiescence—"will spare nothing in rewarding him. Remember, at nine!"

Lieutenant Otto drew a sigh of relief at this respite. As a soldier, commands, whatever their nature, had no terrors for him, but he had feared, for a moment, that he would not have time to go to see that exquisite little creature, Señorita Eleanora, the danseuse, who was dancing herself into the hearts and souls of her countrymen and women at the Carvaljo Theater. She did not know that he was in the capital city, but that mattered little, in the face of the knowledge that, wherever he might be, he loved none but her. But that was only half of the great secret that pulsed nightly thru her graceful movements and thrilled great audiences with a joy of life that they could not comprehend—she had become the wife of Lieutenant Otto nearly a year before. The very next day he had been hurried away to that foreign embassy, and things had gone on just as before between them—"for reasons of State." In the privacy of her room, the walls dimmed by more than one paroxysm of tears, how Eleanora had scolded that horrid phrase—"for reasons of State."

Neither one of them dreamed the impending portent that that ponderous phrase was about to lay upon their young hearts.

"But why, my dearest Otto, did you not let your Eleanora know that you were coming?" she pouted later, snuggling in his arms and casting the dazzling sunbeams of her laughing eyes into his.

"For reasons——" he began.

"I hate those words!" she said, drawing away and stamping her perfect little foot.

"I shall never say them again," he said half-playfully, half-seriously, drawing her to him again.

"You may say them as often as you like—when they shall mean to bring us together forever, instead of always meaning to tear us apart."

Lieutenant Otto sighed; he was thinking of the delicate mission from

which so many compatriots often never returned.

"Our country will be ruined in less than a fortnight—if war is declared," they informed him that evening at nine, and, to his further amazement, the Minister of War continued with: "There must be no war; we have gone too far—for we are but a shell!"

The Chief Executive was looking moodily out of the window, the weight of a nation bowing his head.

"Frontier Fort Number Two" (diplomacy compels us to forbear using any more specific name in this narrative) "is the key to the invasion. We must have a complete copy of its plans, and the Americans must know we have them. The Commandant of Frontier Fort Number Two is an eagle. You must outwit the eagle. You must get a copy of the plans of that fort—you must disgrace the Commandant in the eyes of his Government." The Minister of War moved closer to Lieutenant Otto and looked at him peculiarly as he spoke the next sentence. "This Commandant is fond of wine, women and song—a young, beautiful dancing-woman would serve our purpose, the purpose of the nation."

Lieutenant Otto looked out sharply from a face turned ashen, his fists clinched for a moment as tho to strike, when he saw the insinuation in the Minister's face.

"We have been apprised of your movements, Lieutenant Otto, and the power of Señorita Eleanora, the danseuse, has come before us as a last resort—in coöperation with your efforts. A fortune awaits the danseuse if the issue is successful; promotion shall meet your own efforts. Our information satisfies us that this strategy will save thousands of lives of your countrymen, a national humiliation and dire distress——"

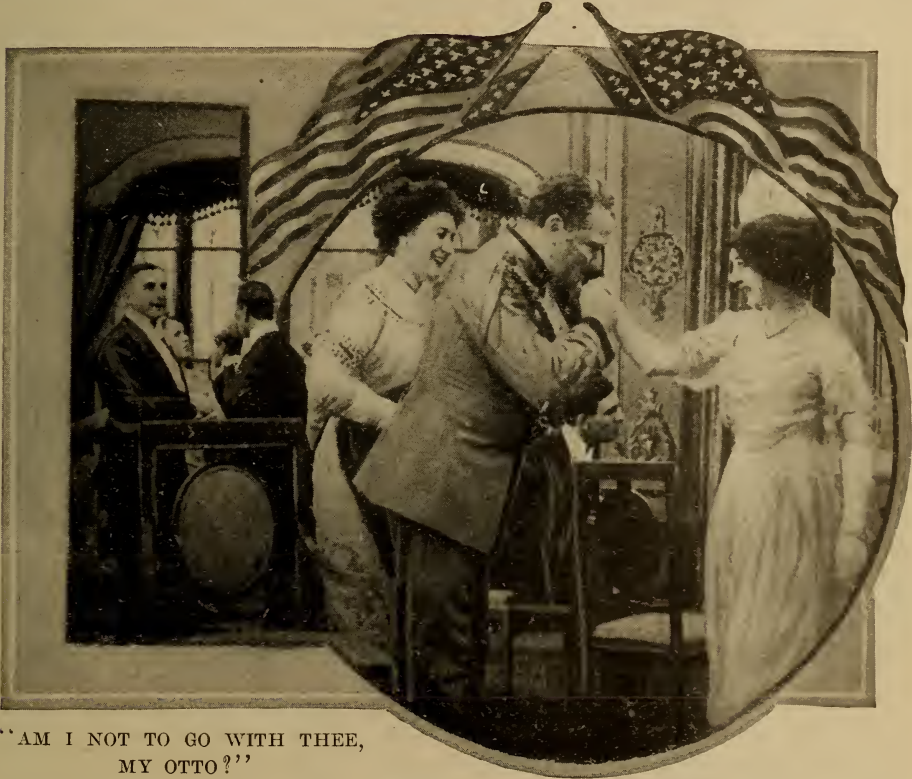
Lieutenant Otto had drawn himself up, and his attitude forced silence. "The Señorita Eleanora will go on this mission with me. She demands no wealth in return, if she can help

her country to escape the evils you suggest. She is my wife. If this calamity can come into our lives and leave our countrymen to suffer no threatened ills, we accept the mission and dedicate our lives and happiness to our country. Excellencies, I await your commands!"

The three men in gold lace bowed abjectly, as tho they had come into the presence of a higher power. As

shook her head uncomprehendingly. "This man, this Commandant, is a voluptuary, a—a—oh! my little Eleanora, I cannot say it." Lieutenant Otto had taken her hungrily in his arms and was sobbing his misery in the soft depths of her glorious hair.

"But I am to dance for him, am I not? To divert him, as I have thousands of my countrymen, to make him



"AM I NOT TO GO WITH THEE,
MY OTTO?"

Otto took the sealed orders and turned to the door with a perfunctory salute, they drew back instinctively and remained in reverential silence until the door had closed.

"Once again you may say the horrid words, 'For reasons of State,' for am I not to go with thee, my Otto?" Eleanora, sadly happy, raised her eyes to her husband's as he finished translating the code.

"Nay, Eleanora, now are we torn apart forever and a day." He took her hand spasmodically in his. She

laugh, to make—him——" She paused, and then stopped, as she caught the significance of the truth in his eyes. "God!" she gasped, "could I not die rather than that?"

Two long hours they stood clasped tightly in each other's arms, the green light of the moon bathing their tenderness with melancholy shadows and pale light. Then calm and resignation followed, and she gently withdrew from his arms, with not even a sigh. "I am ready, dear," she said softly. "We must traverse many miles before daybreak."

Frontier Fort Number Two had slathered itself with the foam of feverish excitement for the first month of the war-scare only. Its Commandant pooh-pooled the idea of any grounds for such excitement, reiterated that "every d—d foreigner was a coward, anyway," and forthwith took no precautions whatsoever.

When two foreign-looking wayfarers arrived at nightfall one day, in the midst of the country's turmoil, and asked for shelter within the fort, they were admitted. They were a man and a woman, or, to be more correct, a woman and her servant. The woman was a gay piece, to say the least. The man was old, decrepit and deaf; his chief aim in life seeming to be to snatch a little sleep when his mistress wasn't looking.

It was several days before the Commandant first caught sight of the fair señorita. She did not appear to see him, being busily engaged in tying up her tiny, high-laced boot. None in the fort could ever guess what passed between these two on that occasion, but the lady and the Commandant were seen to ride out along the mesa together the following day. The old servant, particularly, awakened at the merry clatter of their horses' hoofs and rose, with some queer noise, something like a sob, and hobbled away toward the Commandant's quarters, where he was found sleeping later by an orderly. On a visit to the Commandant's quarters later, the fair señorita insisted upon being accompanied by her bodyguard.

"To keep back the scandal that I raise already with the jealous ladies of the post," she reassured the Commandant, giving him one of her sly, inimitable winks.

The servant helped the orderly serve the wine and, unobserved, drank what he poured for his mistress. Once they were alone, the gay promise in her face gave place to gray tragedy. She took the hand of the servant. "The time has come," she whispered, as tho in great distress.

The gay party was interrupted by the appearance of a dusty messenger

who would see no one but the Commandant. He read the dispatch and ejaculated: "War is to be declared tomorrow!" The fair señorita heard.

The Commandant for once saw the seriousness of his position. He begged to be excused and led his fair guest from the house.

That night he was poring over his neglected plans and blue-prints of all strategic points under his command. Outside his window were two straining faces. The man took the girl tenderly in his arms. "The time for sacrifice has come," he said hoarsely. "You must entice him from that room and leave the way open for me. There are a ladder and a motor-car just back of us. Escape if you like, my Eleanora!"

A minute later, the Commandant looked up in annoyance when he heard a tap on the window. He fought with the call of duty, but the call of passion was the stronger when he saw a pretty hand laid flat against the pane.

He would have led her back to the room he had come from, but she gently drew him into his lounging-room and begged him to chat for just a few minutes. He kist her cheek, gave a last look at the precious plans, and they went in, closing the door.

Neither had seen the blue barrel of a high-powered automatic centered, for a moment, on his heart. Her laughter was mingled with the sobs of the man who had crept into the study. He moaned audibly as he worked with copying-tissue over the plans, transcribing them one by one, and the sounds of merriment sifted in thru the closed door.

At last he was thru. He was about to pass out, when a ringing laugh smote his ear. He grasped the weapon and went toward the door, with the look of hell upon his tortured face. Then he paused and threw his arms, with a jerk, to his side. The action released the hair-trigger of his gun. There was nothing to do but to run.

The ladder was there, and a couple of armed guards helped him over the

wall. The sentry lay strangled at the foot of it. They were about to draw up the ladder, when some one came staggering up it. Otto was just about to shoot, when he saw it was she—she who had been his wife—before this horrible night.

Altho the car and its occupants got safely away from Fort Number Two, the whole frontier guard, that had been under arms for more than a

The car was undeterred in its flight. The cries and shots fell far behind. Day began to peep upon two blood-stained forms as the car hove into a friendly garage.

Medical attendance was soon at hand, but Otto had known the truth before it was told him, and he asked to be left alone with Eleanora for a last word.

Only the man with the bullet-hole in his chest heard the faint whisper



BEGGING FOR ONE LAST WORD ALONE WITH ELEANORA

month, was warned by wire not to let them pass, under any terms. The border line bristled with guns.

And in the tonneau of the car that man and woman sat. He had looked but once upon her bruised and bleeding face, upon the fair breast, from which the low-cut gown had been half-torn by the brute back yonder. And she had shrunk there timidly, her eyes gazing, gazing into his, with only resignation in them, tho shame crimsoned her cheek. Neither saw nor heeded the challenges of the frontier guards. Neither flinched at the black barrels raised menacingly. But both fell into a crumpled heap.

that sweetened his last dying moments.

"Otto—my Ot-to!" she was saying, with great difficulty. He opened his eyes, already glazed with the film of the heavenly vision.

"Did—did——"

She knew what he was asking, and a sweet smile came pitifully over her shattered features. She paused to gain strength to say it. "No—I killed him!"

The effort that he made to take her in his arms was his last, and death closed about a smile on his lips. Thus they expired on the altar of patriotism.



BY ALEXANDER LOWELL

THE WEDDING OF PRUDENCE



(ESSAY)

This story was written from the Photoplay of ARCHER McMACKLIN

UNDER the quaint, homespun gown of the Puritan maid, Prudence, beat a heart quick with the joy of living, of innocent fun and, it must be confessed, of the first pangs of a dawning love. Untouched as yet by any but playtime's cares, there lived in her, indomitable, unflinching, the dauntless spirit that had brought the Separatists into the untried land for the sake of their home, their religion and the educating of their children. She was displaying this audacious spirit on this particular Maytime day by skipping gaily around the woods with Eliot, the object of her young affections. The youth had just returned from a hunting expedition with a trophy of wild turkey. Fowling-piece in hand, he was doting on her spontaneous delight.

"What will my father say?" she asked him, lips pouted at the not altogether pleasant thought, and Eliot laughed as he made answer.

"In all likelihood he'll set you a lengthy chapter from the Good Book to be learnt by heart," he prophesied.

"And all for the sake of a—wild turkey," teased the girl.

"All for the sake of—me," her lover corrected, and the kiss he gave her urged the rosy dawn to the maiden's cheek.

"Come—let us go," she said, somewhat breathlessly, and they set off for the town, Prudence skipping and running ahead. Suddenly, at the edge of the wood, she paused a moment, and her gray eyes became wistful with a something deeper than the frolicsome spirit of the moment. She was gazing out beyond the Point of Gurnet where, only a few days hence, the brave little Mayflower had commenced her homeward voyage, bearing with her not one of all the dauntless band of Pilgrims.

"Eliot," she said softly, "we, too, should be most brave—and sacrificial—when we think of the way our fathers have suffered this frightful winter, and our mothers have toiled. We, too, must be willing to give up."

"It is not wise," the youth made sage reply, "to sacrifice that which better your soul—the elders themselves say that—and you are for the good of my soul, Prudence."

"Silly one!" And the girl re-

sumed her somewhat will-o'-the-wisp flight into the log-built town.

A familiar and a most unwelcome vision met her eyes as, parting from Eliot, she beheld her small and incorrigible brother in the performing of a most outrageous piece of impertinence—the portly and dignified magistrate being the object of the public affront. The small boy was engaged in wresting himself from that worthy's irate grasp as Prudence whirled up and bore him off, calling back:

"He—he shall be punished, sir, I do assure you—only—only not here!"

The magistrate was choleric when he succeeded in reaching the home of Prudence's father. That worthy was reading the Genevan Bible in a state of noontide peace, and gazed in mild astonishment at the flushed faces of his offspring, backed up by the empurpled one of the magistrate.

"Sir," gasped that gentleman, "you have a truly worthless rogue of a b-boy! He has insulted me! Insulted me p-publicly! He—well, I blush to say it—but he—the tip of his thumb and the end of his nose, *the end of his nose*, sir, came into contact!"

The father looked at his son, then at his blushing daughter, then at the painfully embarrassed magistrate, and he cleared his throat portentously. "He shall be thrashed, sir," he declared pompously; "he shall most certainly be thrashed—and that at once."

Some fifteen minutes later found peace restored—outwardly at least. The imp had been soundly hided and put to bed, where he was being coddled in secret by a sympathizing mother in whom, mayhap, a sense of humor struggled with discipline. The magistrate, after listening covertly to the dismal wails of the hided one, had departed, slightly appeased, and Prudence, abettor of the heinous crime, was set to studying the Good Book.

Prudence was a truly godly little maid. She went to the meeting-house gladly as well as dutifully, and

she had said her prayers without a loss of faith all thru the dreadful winter past—a winter that had filled so many unmarked graves—graves purposely obliterated that the red-men might not gauge how sorely their number was depleted. But, in her gladsome youth, she had rarely found a sentiment coinciding with the tenderness of her own. Now as she read how it is not well for man to live alone, her heart gave a sympathetic leap. Her mind's eye saw Eliot's face—brave, tender, always true—and in his eyes she read a need of her. Truly, it was not good that *he* should live alone.

Her father, engaged in reading the paper entitled "The Bodie of Liberties," had let one leaflet slip to the floor, and Prudence was engaged in perusing it under cover of her Bible. Her eyes grew wide with delight as she followed this particular portion:

LIBERTIES OF CHILDREN

If any parents should wilfullie and unreasonably deny any child timely or convenient marriage, or shall exercise any unnatural severitie towards them, such children shall have free libertie to complaine to authoritie for redresse.

"Father," spoke up a timid voice, "father—if you please, I do greatly desire to marry—and I know a good and upright man."

"You speak with customary lightness, Prudence."

"Father—look!" The girl held the paper before her parent's eyes and rejoiced at the relenting light therein.

"Perchance," her father spoke, "perchance it is as well. Thou art not over easy to govern, Prudence, and I know of a man in whose keeping thee will find safety—ah! this is timely, here is the very man."

Prudence drew back, with a quick, startled gasp. The man was Peter White, middle-aged, suspected thru-out the town of being a hypocritical scamp, and the object of much jesting on the part of the younger members of the Old Colony. This man was her

father's choice! That the Lord had meant *him* to live alone, Prudence was miserably certain. Yet, her father was a stern man, and Prudence had been reared to strict obedience—and thus she did not dare rebel, but slipped her hand into the partly withered one of White with shivering repugnance.

It was about the same hour on the following day that the same trio was gathered in the Smith cabin, and into

is it not so, Prudence? Oh! surely, surely you will not part us—why, we—we love each other!”

No one caught the swift motion of White's hand; no one saw him remove a flagon from his own pocket and dexterously slip it in Eliot's. Every one started at his raucous voice.

“Perchance,” he said gratingly, “the fair maid of Plymouth does not know you for a tippler, young sir?”



“IT’S A LIE!” HE BURST OUT

the outwardly amicable peace broke young Eliot, eyes aflame. Beseechingly, he sought Prudence's averted face—the amazed expression in her father's regard—the veiled, triumphant leer of approaching age over his assertive youth.

“Prudence!” he gasped. “Sir, what is this I read on the Announcement Board—the banns of—of Peter White—and—and Prudence!”

“You have read aright, ’twould seem,” Peter White made answer, gazing fatuously at Prudence.

“But, sirs, ’tis me she loves—me—

Prudence, her father, Eliot himself gazed aghast at the flagon White snatched from Eliot's pocket.

“It's a lie!” he burst out, and turned his eager eyes to Prudence, seeking the confirmation of her faith in this amazing happening. The eyes, love-lit so short a time ago, were averted, and the cheek turned to him was coldly white.

After that nothing seemed to matter. Eliot was indifferent, even to the solution of the mystery for the benefit of the others. He knew that Peter White had done the deed. He knew,

too, that his word would not be taken against such flagrant evidence and the word of the older man. And so he went to the pillory without a word of self-defense, and, without the flicker of an eyelash, suffered the agonies of Prudence's scorn each time she passed.

It was the day before the wedding of Prudence and Peter that Eliot was released. He hardly paused to

stern winter past. His hot young hand clutched his gun; his hot young blood gloated over the knowledge of his strength; then he neared the transparent, oiled window-panes of White's cabin and paused, peering at what he saw. Not the smug-faced, pious Peter White—the pillar of respectability—but an aged man holding and draining a flagon of rum in one shaking hand, and tittering to



AND SO HE WENT TO THE PILLORY

heed the admonitory words uttered by the magistrate, cautioning him not again to forsake the narrow path of sobriety. He thirsted, with the blind rage of youth, for Peter's gore—for the skin of the man who had done such a redman's trick—who was further to defraud him by claiming his Puritan maid. That she was his he knew—by the sweet plight they had pledged each other in the Maytime woods; by the look in her eyes when she answered to his lips; by the fear in her heart for his sake thru the

himself in a maudlin, senile way. This was to be the bridegroom of the mayflower of the Old Colony! Eliot laughed to himself softly, triumphantly. Then he withdrew noiselessly.

Prudence's wedding-day dawned bright and clear in Plymouth town. The bride, preparing for her bridegroom, gazed, with a yearning pain, to the outline of the wood where she and Eliot had known their love's awakening. All their tender plans of



ELIOT TAKES ADVANTAGE OF
PETER'S SNOOZE

life together lay crumbled at her feet. Hers was to be a life of loveless toil. Here, in this hostile, friendless land, she must dwell forever without Love's altar-fire to warm her heart.

Like one in a trance induced by some sad fatality, the bride left for the meeting-house on her father's arm. She never forgot that walk—the stretch of the distant water-line—the sight of old Plymouth Rock looming up, the emblem of steadfast hope and faith—the laughing voices of the maids and youths of Plymouth as they trooped to witness the marriage of Prudence Smith to Peter White. How confidently she had expected envious sighs and glances of admiration as she set forth to wed with Eliot Warren, instead of the half-

veiled pity and ridicule of the laughter borne to her now.

The sun touched the face of the highly ornate bridegroom with a parchment effect. He was gorgeously hatted and cloaked, and his lips and eyes were alight with a certain unpleasant greed. The slim "mayflower of the Old Colony" seemed an incongruous antonym. The magistrate, the same whose dignity had been so ruthlessly offended by the younger member of the Smith household, cleared his throat, and the ceremony began. The magistrate was a ponderous soul, and he made the most of all ceremonious occasions. Prudence thought, in her misery, that the fateful words would never be intoned, and her heart grew more and more leaden as the final, binding words approached.

Thru the meeting-house ran a faint murmur. A day of miracles had dawned, for a cat was descending from Heaven in place of the ancient dove—a cat, mouth muzzled and claws wildly distended, to seek a landing-place. Surely, the reigning



ELIOT PLANS TO ADD AN ITEM OF INTEREST
TO THE CEREMONY



BALD-HEADED PETER IS EXPOSED AS A HYPOCRITE

power overruling that feline had a strong sense of the fitness of things. for the animal struck something solid and was promptly borne aloft again. The material substance the clawing nails had found was Peter White's abundant hair. And they had borne that hair away—quite, entirely, unrelievedly away. Nothing was left but a shining pate, polished to a gleaming nicety. Not one lone hair made fertile that arid waste. And right on the rotund center of the shining surface reposed a tiny, folded scrap of paper. This slipped to the floor, and the bride's father stooped to pick it up. Those of the inhabitants of Plymouth not too austere were gurgling audibly. Prudence, her waist encircled by her mother, was trembling on the verge of mirth and tears—so great was the unexpected relief—so ignominious its manner of befalling. Her father raised his hand, and the assembled company, with the magistrate bending forward,

listened, eyes starting from their sockets, to what he read:

I, Peter White, who am to marry this innocent girl, am a tippler, a liar and a hypocrite. In my cupboard you will find a demijohn of rum and a marriage certificate to prove that I now have a wife in England.

" 'Tis false!" cried Master Peter; "a veritable tissue of lies!"

A ladder was fetched and planted to reach the trap-door in the attic above. Four sturdy Pilgrims mounted, and Eliot, the arch-plotter, came tumbling and sprawling into the midst of the wedding-party.

Stern hands were laid upon him.

"Is this accusation true?" demanded the magistrate of Peter White.

Peter puffed with righteous indignation.

"A rodомontade—a contrivance of the Evil One!" he shouted.

Then came the running feet of will-



PETER IS SNUGLY SETTLED IN THE PILLORY

ing witnesses, and the malodorous demi-john and hidden wedding-certificate were thrust before the magistrate.

The staid Puritans raised their voices in one accord.

"To the stocks!" came from every voice.

The confusion of that day rivaled the skirmishes with the redmen. And, at last, order came. The truth was

told. Peter White was proven to be what the confession penned by his young rival had stated; and Eliot claimed the Puritan maid, for whom had dawned the heart's true marriage-day.

Before the town hall, securely in the stocks, shiny of pate, rum-soaked of visage, senile of mind, posed the sanctimonious Peter White.

The Reel

By RALPH M. THOMSON

The reel's the thing that tempts the gay,
And those who wander in dismay,
To cast the cares of life aside,
When hearts appear dissatisfied,
And patronize the picture play.

True to the scenes it would
portray,
And never of deceit the prey,
How can it really be denied
The reel's the thing?

The drama may have held full sway
In ages which have passed away,
When only those with wealth supplied
Could share its pleasures multiplied,
But in this democratic day,
The reel's the thing.



The PRICE OF THE NECKLACE

(EDISON)

BY
JOAN OLDEN

This story was written from the Photoplay of BANNISTER MERWIN

IF steel-brained Billy Lyons had a weakness, it was still to be discovered in Wall Street. In the arena of finance, where money-getting stalks undisguised, the captains of industry know that it is a battle of the strong, and from him who flinches in mind or method the penalty of failure will be exacted to the last penny.

Billy Lyons had risen to the top, and stayed there. He was the greatest, the most daring, the most resourceful operator of his time. Yet even his enemies could not accuse him of unfairness. He knew the game. He had allies in the directorates of a thousand corporations, and made more money for them, and for himself, than they could even dream of making.

Those that feared him lay awake nights searching for the rift in his armor, and they never arrived at the truth. Billy Lyons thought out a move, or a series of moves, for weeks; then acted instantly, with seeming recklessness. His moves were made in the open, frankly, and their very transparency confused the opposite side of the market. His elementary

plan was simple to the point of vacuity: first, to investigate a property, and, having made up his mind as to its elasticity, to buy it up to the point where investors and speculators would absorb it. A constructive genius was Lyons, who, when he operated the stock of a corporation up, held it up by its intrinsic merit. He never boomed a "skate," never pooled an unreliable property, and never went back on his public promises.

If Billy Lyons had a weakness, it was his wife. In the Street he was known to have steel nerves; in her presence he hung back embarrassed. At the turning-point of a million his eyes flared up with confident daring; before her his manner was humbler than his own valet's. Where his word was law in a body of gray-haired directors, it was hushed into gentle suggestions when he spoke to her. And he had loved her all these years, and had never had the courage to say it. She ruled him, this beautiful, whimsical, sometimes heartless woman; lorded it over him, and he submitted without murmur to her yoke.

Billy Lyons liked nothing better than to come home to an exquisitely appointed dinner for two, and, from under the shaded lights, to watch and to nurse the play of color and gleam in his wife's cheeks and eyes.

Her flow of selfish, self-centered talk never bored him; the set of her close-fitting gowns and the sparkle of her diamonds treasured her to him as in a precious frame. And the more she wanted, the more he gave. Her entourage, her toilettes, her jewels were known from Bar Harbor to Coronado, and people had to ask who the self-effacing man was that seemed only to hover near her.

Billy Lyons fairly worshiped the ground she trod upon, but, with all his tastes, domestic and uxorious, he detested the round of affairs—receptions, balls, musicales and such—that made her almost a stranger in their home.

"Going out is all right," he defended, with the cigar-smoke lazily trailing from his lips, "and it even gets to have its responsibilities. For five mortal hours I give orders—never take them. I'm *all* responsibility, you might say. And one little blunder, one tuppenny slip might precipitate a panic and cause millions to just ooze out from me and my crowd. So at night, my dear," he concluded, "I like just to lazy with you, to smoke a cigar or two, to build up nerve for the morrow."

"To be always near you, dear—to bask in your beauty, your incomparable loveliness." This latter kept singing in his brain and working to his lips, but he suppressed the spoken words.

"You are always thinking of me," she said, her small, red lips forming a faint *moue*, "and sometimes I think you really care for me."

Billy Lyons lowered his eyes in confusion.

"Mrs. Bardolf has a perfectly lovely necklace of matched pink pearls," she went on; "there's another one like it at Blackstone's. Want you get it for me?"

"You can check against your own

account for it tomorrow," said Billy Lyons.

"Silly! Why, it costs eighty thousand dollars."

Billy Lyons raised his eyes and had the hardihood to stare at her.

"I'll give it to you for Christmas," he announced finally.

"How stupid! I want to wear it at my reception next Thursday."

"Wont your diamond and pearl necklace do?" suggested Billy Lyons.

"Do? Anything will do," she echoed pettishly. "The wife of Billy Lyons can wear any old thing, and it is looked upon as priceless by connoisseurs."

"Matched pearls—eighty thousand dollars," said Billy Lyons, half to himself. "I can remember when we did not know what the words meant."

The man sat with his hand before his eyes, as if turning them inwards to the past—a past of a little house on a plain street.

Presently a soft hand lighted on his arm and stole upward, birdlike, to the masking hand. It crept inside of the large one and quivered there. Billy Lyons sighed.

"Can't you make the market do something or other and get it for me that way? A day's work in return for my heart's desire."

Billy Lyons looked very serious. Then he nodded. "All right, my dear," he said, smiling lazily, "we'll have a try for it."

Then the fragile hand fluttered from his again, and Billy Lyons, knowing that it was swift of wing, did not pursue it.

On the stroke of ten the following morning Barbara did a most unusual thing: she invaded Billy Lyons's private office.

"I wanted to see you," she explained—"to see how you managed these big, mysterious affairs."

Billy Lyons blushed like a school-boy. "There's nothing to see—it's the driest-looking detail, I assure you."

"You wont forget," she said



THE NECKLACE IS PROMISED

abruptly, bending so close that her furs caressed his cheek. "I need that necklace for Thursday night."

"I'll not forget," said Billy Lyons, and when she had gone, somehow her visit left a not quite delicious flavor.

On the stroke of twelve, Billy Lyons picked up this telegram from his desk:

Agrarian Rebate Hottentot California
Quiet Thursday.

Which appeared a jumble of nonsense, but which, when applied to his private code-book, read:

C. P. & D. will not pay next dividend.
News will not be given out till Thursday.

Billy Lyons began to marshal his facts. C. P. & D. was a feeder railroad that had paid regular dividends of from four to six per cent. for twenty years. It was not an active

stock. The floating supply of its stock did not exceed one hundred thousand shares. He was in the entire confidence of its directorate. He had just come into possession of a valuable bear tip.

Knowing these things, what was more natural than that Billy Lyons should distribute "short" orders on C. P. & D.? On Thursday, the day the dividend was to be passed, the stock would easily drop ten points. Billy Lyons need not turn a hand to rake in his eighty thousand.

But on this bright Monday morning a something queer had seized on Billy Lyons that turned his well-organized brain into a penthouse of emotions. Not one paltry string of pearls should surfeit Barbara, but rare jewels that she had never seen and, seeing, should madly covet. *His* happiness was *hers*—he never re-



LYONS GIVES ORDERS TO HIS LIEUTENANTS

alized this more poignantly than now. And happy she should be; radiantly, joyously, riotously happy.

He had always played the big game of the Street in princely fashion, but fairly and discreetly. And his opponents had known enough to quit when they had sufficient punishment.

In his hands alone now lay the weapon for a "scoop," a "big squeeze," a rigging of the market to suit his new-found piratical thirst, and he trembled at the audacity of the step.

To think was to dare with Billy Lyons, and five minutes afterwards his confidential brokers sat around him, taking his rapid orders.

"C. P. & D. is quoted at 83 bid," he said. "A sale hasn't come out in a week. Distribute my orders in five-hundred lots and buy thru a dozen offices."

"Jamieson, you see the representative of the Consolidated Press and give him a call on one thousand shares—that ought to take care of all the financial newspapers. Tell him to apply the hot air and to talk dividends—extra dividends."

"One word more. If you are approached by worth-while speculators, you know what information to give out."

The operator's brokers exchanged covert glances—a mixture of surprise and dismay.

"But—but——" stammered Jamieson.

"There are no 'buts'," enjoined Billy Lyons, almost ferociously. "This is to be a killing—a slaughter of the innocents." He leaned forward eagerly. "I'm growing tired of the strain of the Street, boys, and this will make us all rich—a neat pile in your commissions alone."

"Now remember," he instructed, as the conference broke up, "buy till tomorrow's papers publish their 'rumors,' and at my word hold off. Every shred of the stock that comes out will be snapped up like wildfire."

"One word more!" Billy Lyons stood up, and his shaggy eyes sparkled. "Be on phone call at nine-thirty Thursday morning. It's 'dividend' day, and h— is going to be let loose."

At half-past three Billy Lyons picked up a copy of the *Evening*

Times-Review. It was still damp from the press. In the financial column an "inspired" article stated that it was rumored "from highly reliable quarters" that C. P. & D. would declare a dividend of five per cent., from income, and two per cent. added, from investment.

Billy Lyons turned to the pile of commitments on his desk, added up the number of his purchases, then scanned the newspaper's record of sales in C. P. & D. The stock had been traded in for over thirty thousand shares—an unheard-of amount

servants, but empty-walled as far as he was concerned. His wife had gone out to dine and to play a rubber of bridge.

As he ate his dinner alone, he thought of her beautiful face, with its anxious look over her petty gambling, and it made him smile—her tragedy and his. For his love of her, he told himself, he had led himself into a room and put a bullet into the best part of himself—his morality. And now, with that slain, he stole out of the room a gambler, pure and simple; a liar and a thief.



LYONS GIVES ORDERS TO SELL

for a feeder railroad—and less than twenty thousand shares were his own commitments.

Well and good. The medicine was beginning to work. The stock had jumped five points and, with the Street getting a reason for its gamble, from his agents and the press, would undoubtedly jump five the next day. And five the next—then—"Look out for Billy Lyons!"

That night Billy Lyons came home to an empty house—a costly mansion full of works of art, rare tapestries, shimmering silver service, soft-footed

For the thing that he was about to do contained all of these.

Tuesday crowded itself by, a day of excitement and activity on the Exchange floor. C. P. & D. was on every one's lips. The posts of the regular active stocks were half-deserted. Specialists in C. P. & D. were resurrected and half-torn apart in the effort to buy from them. Billy Lyons quietly unloaded his "long" stock, and sold "short"—all that the market would stand.

Wednesday night Billy Lyons brought the pink pearl necklace home and clasped it around Barbara's

neck. Something that startled him, then enthralled him, brushed his cheek: two quick lips meeting in a kiss.

"It's dear of you, Billy Lyons! I might have known you wouldn't forget."

"Forget!" thought Billy Lyons, "with six millions in C. P. & D. and the Street overripe to the verge of a panic. Catch me forgetting!"

But he said only: "Tut, tut, dear!" and smiled thru his misty cigar.

With the coming of Thursday morning, Billy Lyons left the house

pulled his hat down firmly, while the chauffeur sprinted his car down to Wall Street.

At precisely nine-thirty, six men hung on their respective phone-receivers and awaited a call. It came, at an interval of a minute apart, to each of them, in Billy Lyons's incisive voice.

"Sell! Sell! Sell!—all you can get of it—all you can beg, borrow or steal—you hear me?"

And knowing that Billy Lyons had no limit, the six men who had listened to his voice rushed for the Exchange, to be on the floor with the ringing of the bell.

By ten-thirty o'clock every one of the six phones in Billy Lyons's office were ringing themselves into a state of prostration. An acrobat of an office-boy stood at his side and handed the stock-operator the receivers as fast as the phones sounded.

"Yes? Jamieson? One thousand more at ninety and 'stop' at ninety-two."

"Yes? Hodges? One thousand at eighty-eight and one-half and 'stop' at ninety and one-half."

At eleven o'clock the rumor that C. P. & D. was about to pass its dividend ran quickly thru the Ex-

change, and the stock took a sharp, sickening drop of a point between quotations. The trading in other stocks had practically come to a standstill, and a howling, shrieking mob centered around the C. P. & D. specialists.

Lyons, implacable as Fate, at his end of the wire, whipped the falling market with selling orders in large blocks.

At twelve the report came out that C. P. & D. had passed its dividend. And then pandemonium, such as only a Stock Exchange panic can summon forth, broke loose. Room-traders, customers bent over the tickers, large operators, saw the profits of years



ADVISING HIS FRIEND TO BUY

an hour earlier than usual, and he noticed that the caterer's men were already putting up their awning in front of the house.

"I mayn't even have a striped tent like that to sleep under by tonight," said Billy Lyons, "and again—"

But his morning newspaper cut short his musings.

C. P. & D. SKYROCKETS.

Heavy Trading in the St. John Feeder
Sends It Up to a New High.

The expected dividend of seven per cent. on C. P. & D. today—

"Bait!" said Billy Lyons, and

fall away from them in as many minutes. Some were utterly ruined and could not realize it, breasting the ticker-tape like so many dumb sheep. And the agonies of a drowning man shot thru the minds of those who sensed the havoc of the terrible tale of figures on the tapes.

Everywhere, from some unknown starting-point, the rumor spread that Billy Lyons had stood behind the deal to skyrocket, and then to toboggan C. P. & D.

Clavering, of Moore & Clavering, who did a "wire" business all over the country, with some ten thousand accounts, burst into his private office, knocking over the detective on guard. The expression of the broker's face was hideous, appalling—a creature on the verge of insanity.

"Billy Lyons—it's you!" he cried hoarsely—"you, you who have caught us in this hellish trap."

He gasped as if for air; his collar choked him, and he tore it loose.

"Yes, I'm the man underneath," confessed Billy Lyons—"I'm Satan, sure enough!"

"Then God forgive you, for I cannot. You have ruined me utterly. Moore & Clavering, the oldest house in the Street, is suspending, under the rule."

"I'm 'short' of mercy," said Billy Lyons. "Will you kindly shut the door as you go out?"

Uptown, in the shopping district, the rumor spread that a little bank was carrying the ill-starred stock, and by noon a long stream of frightened depositors were in line, withdrawing their money.

The bank *was* carrying C. P. & D., and its old, white-haired president looked out on the line of people, shook his head sadly, then locked himself in his private office. Those that were

near might have heard a muffled sound, like the distant jarring of a door, but it was long after banking hours when, with a coat thrown over him, they carried out the body of the bank's first officer. Fifty years of service, and for this end! Billy Lyons, your necklace is spanning farther than you reckoned when you called yourself a thief.

Two blocks away from the bank, in a sunless back room of a boarding-house, a motherly-looking woman sat reading a letter. It was a dear message, and she read it over and over



RUINED, PLEADING FOR HELP

again, sipping in its pleasures. It read, in part:

DEAR MOTHER—Only another six months and I will graduate. Then you can deposit, instead of withdrawing from the bank around the corner.

And as she sat a-dreaming, a busy neighbor came rushing in on her dream and told her of the run on the bank and of its closing its doors.

Only an old woman's hole-in-a-corner tragedy this time, Billy Lyons!

On his way uptown the highly successful operator read of the suicide of the old banker, and the news struck Billy Lyons full in the face. He had gotten his start in life as a

bank-messenger in Old Man Carter's bank, and, in return, he had done this thing for the venerable banker.

The reception was in full swing when Billy Lyons came down from his rooms and hastened to his wife's side. He recognized a detective, in spite of his evening clothes, stationed close by her. If Billy Lyons had to pay his price for the pink pearl necklace, he intended that it should be well watched.

admitted, and Billy Lyons instructed that she be brought in to him.

She was quiet and refined-looking, also motherly, and Lyons knew that he need not expect a scene.

Then she told him, in a few words, of the closed bank, and asked him if he could not help the old president out of his trouble.

"Are you a depositor?" asked Billy Lyons.

"Yes; all the money I had."



THE POOR WOMAN IS SUMMARILY DISMISSED

Billy Lyons stood by his beautiful wife and shook hands with a never-ending line of guests. It was different from the line outside the closed bank, tho the well-fed, reddish faces and fat necks and arms were conducive to boredom in the Wall Street man.

It was heavy air, Billy Lyons thought, and he withdrew to his library as soon as the dancing commenced.

Later on, the old woman who lived in the dingy boarding-house was

"Don't you know Mr. Carter is dead?" said Billy Lyons, quietly. "He shot himself this afternoon."

Tears started to the woman's eyes. She brushed them back.

Billy Lyons watched her from behind his cigar. "Here is a true woman," he appraised—"absolutely unselfish." Then he got up, strangely sudden, and asked her to wait.

Billy Lyons came back shortly, with Barbara by his side. She looked tired and hurt, as if he had been rude.

But Billy Lyons was never rude—

perhaps savage with men, but not ungentle with women.

"Let me have your necklace, dear," he said, unclasping it. "I want to count a few of its beads, church-like."

"For each one of them, today I have utterly ruined a hundred men.

"For this one"—his fingers lingered—"I have stolen this poor woman's sole support. And for this

stoning him, reviling him. He wont live the year out.

"You see this large brilliant," he said, his voice muffled; "it is me—my soul. It went into that pearl, and I have lost it. I am without honor now—a thief among men."

Billy Lyons paused, and the women—the old and the new—shivered away from his wretched eyes. Sud-



THE HEART OF BILLY LYONS SOFTENS

—I have killed my oldest and truest friend, Mr. Carter, the banker."

Barbara's face flushed; then she came close to him, questioning.

"It has been a black day in Wall Street, dear," he explained, "and I was the cause as well as the profiter. I am twice as rich as I was. But wait a moment—permit me to poll the pearls again.

"Clavering, who taught me what honor was, has passed away, utterly ruined; and with him a legion of customers, helping to drag him down—

denly they shone with a fire caught from the pearls.

"You have a son," he said to the woman—"bring him to me; let me help him to become a man—with me." He paused in thought. "Before it is quite too late, tomorrow's papers will announce that I am turning over all my money—in partial restitution.

"Yes, I'll begin again, Barbara," he said, as her eyes filled. "Billy Lyons can always fill a niche. Dont give way—dont pity me, for you are all I have."



ST. PETER—NO, MY SON, THERE ARE NO MOVING PICTURES HERE.
WILLIE—OH, GEE! I THOUGHT THIS WAS HEAVEN!

OLD New ENGLAND WALL PAPERS

They were the forerunners of
modern motion pictures.

BY
MARY HAROLD NORTHEND
AND
MARY TAYLOR FALT



THE importance of Moving Pictures today, as an absorbing entertainment for young and old, the delight evinced in the ceaseless panorama of scenes from all periods and phases of past and present events, which have been introduced, make one turn, with keen interest, to the pictorial wall-papers of long ago. The evolutionary cause of the present marvelous development of the Moving Picture indus-

try seems to be found among their patterns.

If the modern families had need of new wall-papers for their homes and discussed the choice of patterns for the different rooms, in the majority of cases, modest, conventional surfaces, figures, stripes, floral designs and the like would be the general preference. Should the head of the house express the wish for patterns in chariot races, hunting and historical scenes, water-



ENGLISH HUNTING SCENE IN THE ANDREWS HOUSE, NOW THE HOME
OF MR. WILLIAM SAFFORD, AT SALEM, MASS.



ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHOS, ON "THE LINDENS," AT PEABODY, MASS.

falls, adventures on land or sea and such unusual designs, every one concerned would be, indeed, surprised and mystified.

Again, a mother might interpose. She might request, as her choice, patterns depicting the various aspects of nature or landscape pictures. Surprise would change to perplexity at such an odd assertion. If a sister should interrupt and declare for sail-boats on rivers, women at spinning-wheels, and even a red or blue Venus and Cupid disporting on wall-paper, you would be at a loss to translate the utter refusal of all concerned to keep within wall-paper conventions.

In the eyes of the youth of today, the New England boys and girls of long ago had a great hardship: their dearth of Moving Pictures, such as are provided for education and entertainment today. Moving Pictures they had not. They did live, however, in a more pictorial atmosphere each day than does the average New Eng-

land boy or girl of this century. This was particularly true of the days of the merchant princes of Salem. Their colonial mansions were filled with rare treasures, in the shape of picture-covered china and almost priceless wall-papers.

These unique wall-papers, in all varieties of designs and patterns, depicted, as a rule, natural scenery, historical events and persons, scenes from mythology, foreign lands, etc. They were both realistic and imaginative in conception. You might go to a residence of that era and see the Bay of Naples in one room, the banks of the River Seine in another, all the excitement and festivity of a stag-hunt in the Scottish Highlands on the walls of still another. The life of George Washington would be unfolded on the walls of some other room. Greek nymphs and their admirers had an honored place, too, in the choice of patterns.

Our youthful cousins of the long



A TROPICAL SCENE, PROBABLY OF FRENCH MAKE. THIS IS ON "THE LINDENS," AT PEABODY, MASS., THE JACOB C. PEABODY HOUSE. THIS HOUSE WAS AT ONE TIME USED BY GENERAL GAGE FOR HEADQUARTERS

ago, as they visited with relatives and friends, must have been fascinated with the picture-worlds illustrated on these mural reels of colonial days. And they doubtless sought the high landings of the great hand-built staircases. In groups, they must have let their imaginations hold full sway as they gazed down in questioning mood on Don Quixote and Sancho Panza on the great living-room walls, where they played their silent picture play in colonial mansions.

This particular and valuable treasure in wall-paper was brought overseas. For forty years its priceless rolls, in one instance, were preserved without being used. Later, they were placed on the walls of a certain mansion. The first figure represented Don Quixote taking the oath of allegiance. In others were depicted his battles with the windmills, his rout of the sheep, his proposed succor of the gal-

ley-slaves. With him in all his adventures were his faithful, bony steed, Rosinante, and his corpulent and too practical Sancho Panza. The colorings of these Quixotic picture patterns were done in shades of brown and white; in finish and outline they were exceedingly distinct and clear.

At the historic Lee mansion, at Marblehead, preserved by the Marblehead Historical Society in all its colonial splendor, the walls were papered in still another distinctive pictorial fashion. The pattern was much like old engravings. In soft tones of browns and grays, combined with black, there are illustrated classic ruins (probably Pompeii), fishing scenes, castles with terraced corners, and stone staircases in sylvan domains. An odd arrangement in the design seemed to connect the pictures with patterns worked out in figures of warlike implements.

The young people who were privileged to visit at the costly, spacious residence of Captain Forrester, a merchant of Derby Street, Salem, must have been enthralled with the panoramic picture-story of his life on the walls of the parlor. He had this wall-paper especially designed. In the first panel was his birthplace in England, a lowly, thatched cottage. Then came, in succession, his struggles, adven-

the wall-paper artist of that time knew it. The rising city of Paris was another pictorial offering.

A remarkable blending of mural oil paintings on wall-paper is found in the Warner mansion at Portsmouth, N. H. All phases of religious and civic history, which seemingly had impressed the owner, were perpetuated. Governor William Phipps was portrayed on his charger; Abraham



DUTCH WALL-PAPER ON THE DANIEL LOW HOUSE, SALEM, MASS.

tures and successes; his wharves, ships and mansion at Salem. What a lesson each panel taught! All the love for romance and adventure was satisfied, and incentive given—a moral emphasized as each illustration was viewed.

In other apartments of these colonial homes the children viewed castles, and river-bordered acres with people distributed about their banks. Very wealthy colonists often had their walls papered in costly, hand-painted patterns of landscapes and marine subjects. Venice was there, too, as

offering up Isaac; a colonial dame disturbed at her spinning by a hawk amid her chickens; Indians, life size, brilliant and glowing in coloring, were patterns used in the big spaces near hall windows at the head of the great staircases.

The adventures of Fénelon's famous mythological characters, Telemachos, Calypso and her nymphs, furnished the romantic episodes for a famous colonial wall-paper. This paper was found on several houses—the John Lovett Morse house, Taunton, Mass., and the old Knapp man-

sion, Newburyport, Mass., summer home of Mrs. G. W. A. Perry. A similar paper adorned Andrew Jackson's residence, "The Hermitage," near Nashville, Tenn.

With such sensational and emotional pictures displayed in the wall-paper panels of homes, there must have been a natural craving for knowledge of the source of these wonderful story papers. Lafour and Dufitte of France, and Bartol, who was said to have worked on

leather-hangings in the early centuries; the English were given to tapestries, in whose manufacture they were adepts and artists. Our modern tapestry wall-paper came from that idea. Painted canvas and dyed cloth were the cheaper grades of these wonderful tapestry hangings.

Wall - papers came to England by way of Spain, Japan and Holland, about the eighteenth century. They were slow to gain popularity in England. Later, the tapes-



THE THREE UPPER PICTURES REPRESENT ROMAN RUINS. THESE WALL-PAPERS ARE STILL PRESERVED IN THE LEE MANSION AT MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

THE LOWER PICTURE SHOWS A BIT OF OLD LANDSCAPE WALL-PAPER IN A COLONIAL HOUSE AT NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

wall-paper commissions in Marblehead, were three of the best known wall-paper designers.

The people of the centuries preceding colonial times had the skins of animals as wall-hangings. Later came the famous and rare tapestries, cloth, hand-embroidered in pictures. With the invention of the printing-press, the idea of picture wall-paper was slowly adopted.

The origin of wall-paper is really wrapped in mystery. The Spaniards first used stamped and printed

tries were used to cover furniture, and wall-papers slowly gained in favor. At this period of New England history the colonists were very prosperous. They began to adopt the fashions of the mother country. The Lee mansion at Marblehead and its beautiful wall-papers are testimonials to these assertions. It was built in 1760 by Jeremiah Lee, Revolutionary patriot. Its wall-paper was made in England.

These old-time papers were made in blocks, not rolls. The lovely and ex-



REPRESENTING PARIS AND THE RIVER SEINE. THIS WALL-PAPER WAS PUT ON THE OLIVER HOUSE, SALEM, IN 1805

quisite shadings were often done by hand with the utmost care. The rich tones, color effects and the high finish employed were apparent in both the French and English specimens.

Great charm lay in these ancient wall-papers. Every pattern had an individual meaning. A single wall-paper theme, like the Moving Picture reel, was elaborately developed for a room's decoration. They were symbolical also of current events, like our modern Moving Pictures. When George Washington died, black and gray wall-papers prevailed. When weddings were approaching in households, the wall-papers were figurative patterns of amatory and romantic episodes.

Like some Moving Pictures, they often fell short of edifying or classical qualifications. The life history of a French gallant of the eighteenth century provided the panels of a certain wall-paper pattern. His quarrels over dice, his affairs of honor, proposals of marriage and elopements were all represented. These scenic patterns, depicting his gay adventures, were connected by rococo scrolls.

Quite a remarkable paper, where pictorial history has been repeated

wonderfully thru the impressionistic importance of a particular event, is the wall-paper representing scenes from the Olympic games. It proved a very popular wall-paper, beautiful and impressive in the hands of the wall-paper artists. The Moving Picture theaters delighted thousands with the modern Olympic games in films, and, likewise, this particular wall-paper pattern, coming from France in 1800, was an artistic, silent panorama of Grecian athletic events, done in tones of brown.

Scott's "Lady of the Lake," like the great literary masterpieces the Moving Picture world is producing, was another popular pattern. All Scotch Highland scenery and characters were shown in that wall-paper era, too: "The Chase," "The Gathering of the Clans" and "Blanche Devon's Prophecy."

In the illustrating of chariot-racing the ludicrous note crept in. The costumes and people represented lacked harmony with their environment. The first steam-engine was perpetuated on wall-paper also. Another old French paper found in Salem showed a gateway and fountain. Human figures were in the foreground: a boy play-

ing with two dogs; a couple ascending the stairs; two men talking near the fountain; a peasant woman filling her water-jar, and an eighteenth century belle lifting her train coquettishly.

These quaint relics of bygone days, mute reminders of the past, have great romantic interest. Some were preserved from generation to generation; others were faded and worn, accidentally discovered in the process of renovating old colonial homes.

Wall-paper patterns were permeated with the same romantic treatment of plot and atmosphere that is demanded for Moving Picture scenarios. Dorothy Q.'s bridal-paper, in 1775, was the particular pattern which has been mentioned as having the Venuses and Cupids in crimsons and blues. It has been preserved by the Society of Massachusetts Colonial Dames.

As the leading producers of Mov-

ing Pictures are searching the world over for photoplay material, so the great East India merchants of colonial days went in search of these picture wall-papers. They filled their ships' holds with these treasures, to delight the lovers of pictorial romantic art at home. Every variety of subject, ranging from the allegorical to Shakespeare's plays, performed their silent dramas on the colonial walls of our forefathers. Connoisseurs have tried to reproduce these rare treasures, which grow scarcer with each succeeding year. The Moving Pictures and the pictured wall-papers both seemingly have and have had their mission. The Moving Pictures will give inestimable service to the generations to come. In them, pictorial wall-paper has found remarkable and almost unbelievable evolutionary expression of action, color and realism for events of all epochs.



Then and Now

By AUGUSTA BELDING FLEMING

Say, the old town aint so lonesome

As it was a year ago;

Things was just so dull and quiet,

Sort o' humdrum, dont you know.

There was meetin' ev'ry Sunday,

'Bout the only place to go,

'Till a stranger from the city

Started up a picture show.

Some folks call a showhouse wicked,

Say the stage is Satan's snare;

So I've thought it best to shun it,

And have never entered there.

But I've had a sneakin' longin'

Just to get up sand and go;

But I've satisfied that feelin'

With the Moving Picture show.

Why, they gave the Passion Play there,

And our parson read the text;

Church folks raised their hands in horror,

Wondered what was comin' next.

But the parson never faltered,

Said: "I'll have you all to know

That there is no cleaner business

Than the Moving Picture show."

Well, that kind of settled matters,

F'or we think our parson knows

All about what's right and proper,

Clean to Moving Picture shows.

Say, them pictures is just splendid;

All the church folks often go,

And are mighty glad they started

That there Moving Picture show.

Now the young folks, that the city

Charmed by gayer, lively ways.

Vow that life at home is better,

And the picture show they praise.

For there's always somethin' doin'

In the old town once so slow,

And the credit's all belongin'

To the Moving Picture show.



This story was written from the Photoplay of DANIEL ELLIS

"MOTHER," said the girl, eyeing her parent curiously. "weren't you ever young?"

The lady thus addressed surveyed her elaborately preserved youth in the mirror above her writing-desk, then bestowed upon her daughter an incredulous stare. "I must say, Lily," she remarked acidly, "that your query seems singularly out of place."

"Oh! I dont mean that way, mother," the girl exclaimed. "I know you *look* young—an army trained for that purpose see to that. I mean young—well, *inside*."

"Really, Lily," her mother said, in some exasperation, "I dont follow you at all. As my child, I cannot imagine where you ever acquired such peculiar ideas. Besides, what has all this to do with the fact at hand—that Mr. Peters has done you the honor of asking for your hand—and that you have accepted?"

The mother turned her eyes away

from the look her daughter gave her. It was unpleasantly hard and old.

"I see," the girl said, "that it has nothing to do with anything so far as you are concerned. When I said young inside, I meant didn't you ever want some of the things that money cant ever buy—things like wonderful, wonderful nights with some one who could understand the wonder—things like just being happy without trying and trying to *be* something, that, after all, is being nothing at all——"

"You may as well stop, Lily," her mother commanded. "I have a massage treatment at five, and I want to hear about Mr. Peters. You say that you finally accepted him?"

"Yes," said the girl. And she rose, standing slim and straight, reproachfully young, before her mother's appraising eye. "Yes, mother, I accepted him. He's seventy, and I'm twenty—but I accepted him. And I want to say now that it was for only

one reason—one reason in all the world—to help you. You have told me and told me that I could save you from the hordes of creditors, from the servants' threats—and—all the rest of the climb up. Well, I've done it."

The fire burned rosilily red in Lily's dressing-room, and the hour was nearly midnight. In front of the blue-tipped flames the bride-betrothed sat meditating. Her eyes were misty, half with vision foregone and half with dread of the repellent future. She was young, with the divine cravings of untried youth—and a man of seventy was to be the answer to her dreams. She was not to know the ardent, leaping light in a strong man's eyes as they met hers; she was never to tread the Elysian fields hand in hand with mating joy and love. For the appeasement of a pack of snarling creditors—for the conquest of tinsel, shallow ambitions—for the envy and admiration of a harlequin society—she was to be the sacrifice. For the sake of these things her birthright was to be sold. Her birthright! Quite suddenly a new aspect of the case presented itself. She realized something she had not sensed before. God had given her that birthright. God had endowed her with her splendid youth, with her vital young strength and all its possibilities. Had He done so—for this? Had He meant that, for any reason whatsoever, she was to market this holy gift of herself? Most especially, had He meant that she should do so for the gratification of such desires? She knew that He had not. And she knew, too, that out in the world of men Some One was waiting—Some One was coming, with whom she might fulfill her destiny—to whom she might make the gift of her birthright as God had meant her to. Surely, some dream-eyed, tender lady from out a distant Past had given to Lily her rare idealism. It had not come from her worldly mother, not from her commerce-saturated father.

The next day Stephen Peters received his betrothal-ring back again,

accompanied by a little note of regret, apologetic, but obviously unalterable. The aged potentate had never been thwarted in all his moneyed career. He had never known the power of gold to fail either with women or anything else he chose to possess. That this mere slip of a girl should presume to turn him down was enraging. The thin stream of his ancient blood boiled with still another unholy lust. It was accustomed to that particular style of boiling. And he determined that she should pay for this insult—his gold should make her suffer, if it had not made her his.

As he paced the velvet-shod floor of his library, pondering, and clearing his husky throat, a noise outside the window-ledge caught his attention. Whatever else Stephen Peters was, he was not a physical coward, and he went immediately and flung back the casement pane. On the ledge cowered a thin, white-faced man clad in a convict's garb. Stephen Peters was many times a millionaire because he had never missed an opportunity—never failed to see a possible chance of gain. Now, swift as lightning, he grasped the weapon of his revenge. He knew Lily Adair's mother and her avid cravings for social advancement; he suspected the girl of similar cravings. Here, in this miserable outcast, lay the foiling of these ambitions forever—the casting of the struggling Adairs into social oblivion—the making of them a butt for a worldwide laugh.

"Come in," he told the panic-stricken fellow, whom he perceived to be young, under the mask of hunger and fright; "come in—I'm harmless."

"Dont turn me over to the law again," the convict pleaded, as he crept into the room, and Peters noted that his voice was singularly sweet in tone.

"I wont," said Stephen Peters.

Long into the night they talked together—this oddly assorted pair—the escaped convict and the high light of finance. And when the conference broke up in the small hours of the morning, it was arranged that the



PETERS' GIFTS ARE RECEIVED WITH INDIFFERENCE

outcast was to become a permanent member of Peters' home under the name of Sir John Clyde; that he was to pose as that person in society, and, for reasons Peters did not care to disclose, was to win the affections of a certain young lady named Lily Adair.

The man who consented to this scheme was weary of a losing fight. He was weakened and tired, and the game was up. Eagerly, therefore, he grasped at this opportunity of food and shelter and the semblance, at least, of respectability. He had known better things than a convict's cell, and his body craved for comfort, to the exclusion of his finer sensibilities. And when, the next morning, tubbed and shaved, with the pleasant touch of fine raiment against his skin, he set out to storm the walls of Gotham, he was lazily content.

It was a month later that Sir John Clyde met the object of his false alias. He had, by this time, become an accepted factor in the world in which Stephen Peters moved. He had recovered assurance; glowed with the health of well-being; was replete with

confidence and a new hope. And in this amicable, somewhat sluggish frame of mind, he met Lily Adair. From the moment he met her the world was different for Stephen Peters' guest. The purple and fine linen in which he was arrayed seemed to fall away, disclosing him in all his prison garb before her steadfast gaze. No one he had ever known had had such asking, depthless eyes; no one had ever made him feel that he must measure up before he could touch her hand. He knew that he had met her, the one love of his life. He knew that, no matter what betide, no matter whether she go out of his life that night, no other woman would reach out and touch his heart again. He knew, now, why men had died for the sake of a woman; he understood devotion that outlasted life and defied Eternity itself. And he forgot that the winning of this girl's hand was part of his contract with Stephen Peters. He knew, when he did remember, that, contract or no, a power higher than that of gold had urged his soul to hers.

To John Clyde and Lily Adair that



PETERS OBSERVES THAT HIS PLAN IS WORKING

evening was a foretaste of a heaven sweeter than any they had ever miraged. They had met—and the world was theirs. And Lily knew why she had waited—why she had had the strength to brave her mother's scathing contempt and to abandon Stephen Peters.

Mrs. Adair was somewhat appeased when Lily announced her intention of marrying Sir John Clyde. He was probably rather impecunious, she reflected, but the creditors did almost as much on a title as they did on a corpulent bank-account. And he was a protégé of Stephen Peters, which must mean some capital. Therefore, she drained her purse still further and insisted upon giving the girl a brilliant engagement-dinner. Society must have this match trumpeted in their ears. She felt that she would have climbed at least three more rungs thereby.

The Adair home was brilliantly illumined; the cream of the Social World was present, glittering and ennuied. Among them, starry-eyed,

moved the girl and her eager lover, not caring a whit for the ostentation and glitter, only for what it all meant: their ultimate union—the dear togetherness they had both visioned. The dinner seemed monotonously long to them both, and they welcomed the time when, the formal announcement made, John Clyde rose to toast his lovely bride-to-be. Lily trembled with the sudden ecstasy of the moment. He was hers—that god-like creature—and he was going to proclaim it to the world. She cast a swift, unconsciously triumphant glance at Stephen Peters, and was somewhat amazed to see his loose lips contorted into an ironic smile—certainly he looked as if he were well pleased.

"I am raising my glass," her lover was saying, when there came the loud voices of men, and the room was unceremoniously entered by a short, determined-looking man and two officers of the law. The latter went direct to Sir John Clyde, and the third man spoke up gruffly.



JOHN'S PRESENTS ARE RECEIVED WITH FAVOR

"Come along, 477," he commanded; "you've put up this pretty game on these ladies and gents long enough!"

Such a silence followed as only such an incongruous announcement can produce. From an imminent earldom to the habitant of a prison was a far descent. Then Mrs. Adair, chalk-white, demanded angrily:

"What does this mean, Sir John? Have the goodness to explain!"

One of the blue-coated officers tittered audibly at the title, and the guests leaned forward like a pack of hounds close upon the scent.

"There is nothing to explain, Mrs. Adair," the deposed baronet replied; "that is, just now."

"Come, come, men," the determined individual, who proved to be the warden, ordered; "come along, 477; no use of a row—you're caught good and plenty. And I'm sure we thank you for the information, Mr. Peters."

As the escaped convict turned to go, between his burly captors, Lily

sprang from her chair. "John!" she whispered agonizedly. What to her that he was a prisoner in stripes? He was the beloved sharer of her dreams: fine raiment—the world's respect—could never alter that. In later years John Clyde never forgot that token of her absolute love.

As the heavy portières were being drawn aside for the motley quartette to pass thru, and the sibilant hiss of excited whispering rose among the guests, two strangers appeared in the opening—courtly gentlemen, the one bearing a noticeable resemblance to the recaptured truant from the law.

When the other gentleman had announced himself as the British consul, he turned to his companion and bowed. "I have the honor, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "to present to you his grace, the Earl of Clyde."

"Clyde!" came from a dozen lips. Was this evening of surprises to be endless? Lily ran to the handcuffed man, and he, for once heedless of her presence, was devouring the face of the Earl.



THE ENGAGEMENT-DINNER

"Will *some one*," wailed Mrs. Adair, "make an explanation of these extraordinary proceedings. I'm sure I can't tell an earl from a—a fugitive. I'm really unstrung."

The Earl cleared his throat, and the look he gave the younger man, who gazed so eagerly at him, was kindly reassuring.

"If I may have the indulgence of the ladies and gentlemen here present for a moment," the Earl began, "I shall make an explanation. It is for that purpose I have traveled from England. Many years ago two brothers came from England to wrest a fortune from this America of yours. They had all the other requisites, save only the money—that is, they were allied to the blue blood of the other side. One brother, Seymour by name, was addicted to gambling—and he was not a fortunate one. One day he borrowed large funds from the bank in which the two brothers worked, hoping to recoup the losses he had made and to even up the temporary theft. He lost out. Discovery was

imminent, and just at that time came the announcement that a cousin had died, leaving him next in line to his uncle's earldom. For the sake of the old name—for the pride of blood—because he was, and is, a man thruout each fiber, the younger brother agreed to shoulder the crime and bear the penalty. The older brother went back to England—to flattery and ease and, eventually, to the earldom; the younger brother went—to jail and a penance not his to bear. In me you behold the older brother; in this—this convict—you see the younger—the guiltless one."

"Then," gasped an hysterical voice, "then he *is* the Earl of Clyde—he really is!" And Mrs. Adair did the graceful thing. She fainted, and was oblivious to the dispersement of her guests—fainted in the happy consciousness that she had stormed Society in the most dramatic way conceivable—stormed it with blue blood and titles—and made an epoch in the "season."

Stephen Peters crept out an old,



THE RE-ARREST OF THE CONVICT

old man. The blood of his veins was his gold—and that, at last, had failed. He knew, too, that he did not want to meet the accusing young eyes of Lily Adair, nor the reproach in John Clyde's.

"Dear Love," whispered the girl, as, the excitement over, her lover drew her into the dim conservatory, "dear Love, how did it happen—that they came?"

"I wrote Seymour," John Clyde explained. "I was willing to skulk about and hide him when it concerned

only myself, but when your dear happiness came to be mine to shield, I knew that I had found the most priceless thing—and I wrote him that he must come and clear me up. I didn't know that Peters was to turn on me—but I meant the thing to be cleared up regardless of him. Now we'll settle with him, financially—then—we'll keep our wedding-day."

The girl crept very close to him. He could feel the warm throb of her true-blue heart. "I'd have kept it," she whispered to him, "even tho you had to come—in stripes."



Motion Pictures

By RALPH M. THOMSON



Think what it means unto the heart

To see things as they are!

Tho books may please, with cunning art,

Think what it means unto the heart

To view life as it is—apart

From all the shams that mar!

Think what it means unto the heart

To see things as they are!

THE GREAT DEBATE:

SHALL THE PLAYS BE CENSORED?

Does Censorship assure better plays, or is it beset with dangers?—Promise or Menace?

Affirmative

REV. WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE, D.D.

Rector of Christ Church, Bedford Ave., Brooklyn

Negative

FRANK L. DYER

President of General Film Company, (Inc.)

EDITORIAL NOTE: This debate was begun in the February issue, continued in the March issue, and is concluded in the present number. In presenting the great question of censorship to the public in this masterful way, each side being represented by an authority of national renown, we feel that we have done a public service. For the first time, a public record has been made of all the arguments for and against censorship, and those who have followed the debate from the beginning can feel, after they have read the following articles, that they are now qualified to pass judgment on this all-important question. It is not for us to say which side has presented the more convincing arguments—we leave that for the public; but we believe that we are voicing the sentiments of countless thousands when we extend to Canon Chase and to President Dyer the grateful thanks of the Motion Picture public for their valuable services. Those who have not read the preceding articles should do so before reading the following concluding arguments, altho it is, of course, not necessary. We will mail the back numbers to any address on receipt of thirty cents, or fifteen cents for a single number. Next month (May issue) we shall hear from the National Board of Censorship on the matter, Mr. John Collier, its secretary, having consented to review the arguments of Canon Chase and President Dyer, and to set forth the views of that body on its efficiency and sufficiency.

THIRD ARTICLE FOR THE NEGATIVE

By PRESIDENT DYER

OUT of the smoke and confusion, what is the accomplishment?

It is not so difficult to state as may be thought, because on both sides simple propositions have been often reiterated and clothed in superfluous trappings.

I am sure that Canon Chase will agree that my object, in a broad sense, is the same as his. We both want to keep the standard of morals as high as possible. Moral miasma is the evil we are both fighting. He has a *dream* that the work can go beyond this—that it may extend to the elimination of pictures that

he considers merely undesirable, as contrary to his ideas of taste or propriety, or as unnecessarily cruel or sordid or unduly suggestive of evil. But I confidently hope, upon careful

reflection, that he will see that this is a mere chimera. No reform can be effective unless it commands public support—unless, if submitted to a vote, it would be approved by a ma-

majority of the voters. Matters of taste and propriety are the subject of too much dissension—too much difference of opinion—too much bickering and doubt—to be placidly submitted to the immutable judgment of a censor or censorship board. As a practical matter, we can go no further than subjects which an overwhelming

majority would condemn, whether they appear in Motion Pictures or books or on the stage or in photographs or other pictorial representations. Those subjects on the border



FRANK L. DYER

line, occupying the vague and undefined area between the good and the bad, must each be handled on its merits. A subject, apparently, may be of questionable propriety, yet it may be shown in such a way and to a special audience and be quite unobjectionable. On the other hand, a subject in which the element of doubt is most remote may be so exhibited—it may be advertised luridly and suggestively with questionable posters, all designed to create a false and suggestive atmosphere—that it should be forthwith suppressed.

The authorities, civic associations, parents, ministers and all from whom the cleansing of moral conditions is expected, should keep everlastingly on the lookout for such exhibitions and see that they are prevented. It will not be difficult to locate those exhibitors by whom questionable exhibitions are of frequent occurrence. They should be kept under surveillance, exactly like the man whose habitual practice is the circulation or printing of indecent literature. They should be subjected to the same suspicion and distrust as other moral criminals. Under rigid prosecution, the makers of unlawful films and the exhibitors thereof will soon find that they are engaging in a business as undesirable and unhealthy as counterfeiting or the misbranding of food products, and that the consequences of detection will be as relatively severe.

How shall the moral standard be kept high?

Canon Chase says: "Let *me* (or what amounts to the same thing, men and women who think as I do)—let *me* decide what shall be put out. If I think a film is fit and proper, *I* will let it be shown. If I think it is objectionable, it must be forever suppressed. And in order that there may be no doubt about the matter, in order that even the most supersensi-

tive child shall not be offended, in order that everything may be absolutely and completely mild and sweet and pure and wholesome, I will take particular pains to exclude everything that is suggestive of violence or pain or sin or cruelty. I do not want pictures to show the world as it is—a world of stress and toil, a world in which the weak are crushed and the strong exalted, of blood and sweat and groans and pain, of justice and injustice, of sorrow and suffering, of sin and retribution—*no*, I want to paint the world of the poet: of fields of daisies, of prattling children and cooing doves, of dreams, of song and music." Ah! Canon Chase, God grant that your dream might come true! But not until men and women change, not until human nature itself

changes, will it be realized; and until then, as practical men, we must solve our problems along practical lines.

Now, as opposed to the worthy Canon,

and with precisely the same general objective in view, I say:

"Let the film-producers put out such subjects as they think are worthy of their art. Leave it to them to tell the story, to draw the moral, to uplift or edify or instruct. Their natural aim is to appeal to the largest possible audience. Unless Canon Chase asserts that the Americans as a people are immoral and perverted, he must admit that the natural inclination of the film-producer—from purely selfish reasons—is to make his films decent and elevating. Immoral and objectionable films—that is, *really* immoral and objectionable films—are, therefore, not to be ordinarily expected; they must be the exception, and not the rule. Treat these immoral and objectionable films, when they do appear, as criminal subjects and their producers and exhibitors as moral lepers, and punish them severely, preferably by imprisonment.

The law, not censors, must detect and punish guilty exhibitors and film manufacturers.

Follow this course rigidly, let the few criminals know that there is no place in the business for them, and I predict that in a short time no possible ground for complaint will arise from even the most austere.

Now, which of the two courses will the people choose? The one in which they delegate the control of their morals and preferences to others, or elect to decide such questions for themselves? The one in which, to detect a small percentage of evil, the entire industry is subjected to a burdensome inquisition, or the one in which the evil is detected and punished without involving anything else? The one in which the film manufacturer must first prove that he is not guilty, or the one in which he is presumed to be innocent until the contrary is proved? Or to speak more briefly, the Russo-Turkish, mediæval way proposed by Canon Chase, or the American, modern way advocated by me? Which of the two do *you* choose?

And in passing judgment, do not fail to take the following into consideration. A single censorship board would be bad enough, but it is impossible to believe that, if the principle of censorship is adopted, other boards would not spring up all over the country. Censorship already exists in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, and other cities, and is statewide in Ohio, Kansas, and other states. Soon it will probably grow to such proportions as to challenge serious attention, the lines will be drawn, and the struggle for "censorship or no censorship" will be on. And if censorship wins, with its national board, its many State boards and its myriads of municipal boards—what then? Every cent that censorship costs must be imposed on the exhibitor, and, in turn, forced upon the public, if possible. The pecuniary burden is not

going to be assumed by the film-producer, any more than he will pay out of his pocket the added cost due to increase in raw material or labor. Let the theaters remember that they pay the cost of censorship, leaving it to them to shift the burden to the public, if they can do so.

Furthermore, with a multitudinous censorship there will be constant delays, waiting for boards to meet and pass on films, making corrections suggested by the censors, resubmitting subjects after correction, waiting for court appeals, and from many other causes that are inevitable. And who suffers? The manufacturer? Not at all—he has turned the subject over to the distributor. Who then? Why, the theater, of course, and, incidentally, the public. They are the ones

who suffer from the delays. When a film does not reach the theater on the day promised, what will be the excuse? "Held up and being examined by the Squeedunk Board of Censors."

"But," the theater says, "that particular subject was passed by the national censors in Washington and by our own State board." "Very true," says the exchange handling the film, "but the authorities in Squeedunk are getting very careful of late, now that Election Day is coming, and are holding up everything going into the county. Sorry, but as soon as the chairman finishes painting his barn, the film will be censored."

But the most important consideration is this: censorship will admittedly cut down the drawing-power—the strength, the virility—of films. Censorship will make them weak and uninteresting. With a hundred censorship boards to pass, will not the film-producer make his subjects solely for the censors and not for the public? Will not the question be uppermost in his mind: "Will the censors approve?" With such a mental atti-

Censorship will cut down the strength and virility of films, and make them weak and uninteresting.

tude, deterioration will surely come; and, with it, the end of the business, from an amusement standpoint. Perhaps Motion Pictures may, in the future, be used for educational purposes in colleges and schools and as an auxiliary to lectures, but if censorship is adopted as a principle, the inevitable deterioration in drawing-power will, in the end, work a total destruction of the exhibition busi-

ness. So let us prove our cause to the short-sighted—let the theaters be on the alert—let all who may be enthusiastic in their support of Motion Pictures be on the sharp lookout—let all of our friends and allies stand firmly together, each with a good, big stick in his hand, and whenever a censorship head (and it is a myriad-headed dragon) makes its appearance, give it a good, hard crack!

THIRD ARTICLE FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE

By CANON CHASE

My opponent, in his second article, says: "It is not the duty of the State to protect the children, but of the parents and guardians." In reality, the first duty of the State is to protect all her citizens, especially those who most need her help. A mad dog is running down the street. Children are playing on the pavement. The policeman has a duty in the case as well as the parents.

My claim is that every child has a right to be protected by the State, in the most effective way possible, from immoral pictures, precisely as he has a right to be protected from smallpox or from criminal assault.

My reason for not desiring any pictures to be censored, except those shown for pay, is that the greed for gain is the motive for showing pictures full of evil suggestions to the young. No one else will corrupt police for the privilege of degrading children.

My opponent errs when he says that I am arguing that "a small number of men and women shall be given the right to decide for the American people what films they shall or shall not see, the right to exclude not only grossly immoral films, but also subjects to which the censors may object

merely because of personal idiosyncrasy," or that I want power to be given to the censors to reject whatever offends their taste or sense of propriety. I am asking that the board of licensors be given no other power than to reject films which, to trained minds, are clearly immoral. If the board exceeds these powers or makes a mistaken judgment, its decision can be reversed by the courts. It is more American to have a few official censors, under legal control, supervise what is shown in Motion Picture shows than a few film-makers without effective legal restraint.

Mr. Dyer says: "If the censors, in their decisions *before* the exhibition of the picture, would go no farther

than the courts might go in their decision *after* the exhibition of the picture," then censorship is not necessary.

I say it is necessary, because of the inefficiency, inexperience and ignorance of the police, juries and judges concerning the moral and psychological effect of bad pictures upon children. By Mr. Dyer's method many bad pictures are being shown, but very few are being brought to the attention of the court. By my method very few bad pictures could



REV. WM. SHEAFE CHASE, D.D.

reach the public, unless the censors were inefficient or bribed. In that case, there is a legal remedy for the removal of the censors.

In replying to my second article, Mr. Dyer claims that demoralizing pictures can be eliminated by the police, whose duty it is to arrest exhibitors who show immoral pictures. He then says that he does not think I can fairly charge any community with the failure to enforce its laws.

I certainly do claim the very general non-enforcement of law as my principal reason for urging censorship. A conspicuous instance is the failure of New York City to enforce the law which forbids, on Sunday, the sale of liquor as a beverage, except in hotels with meals. Policemen arrest certain saloon-keepers ostensibly for breaking the Sunday law, but really because they do not pay the weekly or monthly contribution to their liquor organization.

Magistrates convict, but the grand juries, before whom these cases are illegally transferred, know such cases to be instances of persecution, and refuse to be a party to such rank injustice. They will not indict a man who has refused to pay graft for a violation which the mayor and police department are openly permitting all the other saloon-keepers to commit.

Motion Picture shows for pay are also open on Sunday, contrary to law, in many parts of New York State.

The growth of serious crime and lawlessness in the United States is alarming.

In every other great Christian country, except the United States, even in Japan, there is decrease in serious crime. Most authorities declare the United States leads the civilized nations of the world in at least two serious forms of crime: civic corruption and crimes of violence and murder.

There were twenty-six murders for every million of the population in the United States in 1886, and eighty-eight murders for every million in 1911.

London's seven millions averaged twenty homicides each year from 1908 to 1910, but New York City's five millions averaged, annually, one hundred and seventeen homicides. In London, in 1911, there were twenty-three murders, but in New York City, in the same year, there were one hundred and forty-eight murders.

This spirit of lawlessness and of civic corruption makes it unwise to depend upon the local police to detect bad pictures or to secure the punishment of the exhibitor thru the lower courts. If effective work could be done by the police, the result of their work would be to punish an exhibitor who was not responsible for the choice of the picture. For it had been sent by the exchange to him, as to all the other exhibitors

"Censorship is necessary because of the inefficiency, inexperience and ignorance of the police, juries and judges."

in the same circuit. Censorship brings the punishment for bad pictures where it belongs—upon the manufacturers.

But even if the local police were absolutely honest, and free from temptation to graft upon Motion Picture exhibitors, they are not, by education or training, qualified to pass upon such intricate, psychological questions as are necessary to determine what would be the moral effect of certain pictures upon the minds of children.

The author of the "Inside of the White Slave Traffic," which the local police and courts of New York City have condemned as tending to corrupt the morals of youth, is said to be in favor of official censorship, because he believes that such a board would be better qualified intellectually and artistically to determine the moral purpose which he claims has inspired his production.

Mr. Dyer's reply to my contention, that a United States Federal Censorship will decrease the number of local censorship boards, is amazing.

He says: "As a matter of fact, at the present time films are being censored by the National Board of Censorship, and yet the police authorities of Chicago and other cities insist upon having their own censorship."

The reason why Chicago and the States of California, Kansas, Ohio and other places have official boards of censorship is because they know that the so-called National Board of Censorship is neither national nor a board of censorship. It has no official power from the nation or anywhere else. It is composed of some very high-minded people who are giving their valuable services without remuneration.

Nevertheless, it is fooling the public. After certain pictures, the audience sees on the screen these words: "Approved by the National Board of Censorship." The gullible public believe that these pictures have really been censored. Here are the reasons which show why the work of this volunteer board is inefficient: because all the manufacturers do not always obey the orders of the board; because, as their expenses and the salaries of their secretaries are paid by the film manufacturers, the board is not free in their decisions; they work not for the public entirely, but unconsciously for their friends, the film-makers; because the volunteer "censors" are not regular in their attendance, and in their absence the paid secretaries do the "censoring"; because the law does not forbid any pictures to be shown in the theaters without the approval of the board.

The Cleveland board of censors has recently rejected 15% of the pictures presented to it, and most of them bore the inscription, "Approved by the National Board of Censorship."

My opponent has a curiously interesting argument to show why he approves of a fake censorship which the film-makers control, but opposes a real one which the duly elected representatives of the Government control.

He says that the Government does not represent the people, because there are only fifteen millions who vote, out of one hundred million men, women and children who are citizens.

The public cannot be beguiled by this argument that the film-makers better represent the will of the people and should, therefore, have exclusive power to say what pictures the American people shall see in the licensed places of amusement. His claim that the film-makers desire large audiences and make pictures which will bring them fails to prove

that the film-makers know what is the moral standard of the whole people or have any desire to satisfy it.

Even if it were admitted that the

film-makers know the moral standard of the theater-going public, which is only a part of the whole people, these manufacturers are always tempted to make pictures which will sell at once, rather than those which would meet the moral standard even of their patrons, and thus would increase their future receipts. They are like the merchant who, for a large, *immediate* return, puts an adulterated article in the market, regardless of the fact that he will demoralize his business and decrease his receipts in the future.

But the morality of the Motion Picture show should be as high as that of the whole people, and not merely of the theatergoers. The whole people should not allow a small band of business men to make money by manufacturing pictures which, tho not bad enough to arouse the indignation of the theatergoers and lead them to become accusing witnesses in the court, are yet far below

"Censorship would increase the confidence in and patronage of Motion Picture shows."

the moral standards of the people. My opponent's charge that I am a dreamer longing for the impossible, and his rejection of my claim that censorship such as I would advocate would increase the confidence in and the patronage of Motion Picture shows, is not ratified by the results of censorship in Cleveland. Mr. R. O. Bartholomew, the head of the censor board there, says that the attendance has increased since the censorship law there went into operation.

Motion Pictures, with proper reasonable official censorship, do not teach young children the morals of the underworld, nor give them the impression that what they thus see is real life. Censored Motion Pictures are an uplifting educational influence, and, at the same time, more amusing and interesting.

Instead of scenes of degeneration, they show scenes of growth. For a growing flower is more interesting to normal people than a cesspool.

REBUTTAL FOR THE NEGATIVE

By PRESIDENT DYER

Your argument, Canon Chase, regarding the mad dog, is against you. The policeman kills the dog *after* the madness develops. To be consistent, you should provide for censoring all dogs, examine into their pedigree, decide if it is probable that they will develop rabies, and if so then destroy them. You advocate killing the dog, not because he is surely mad, but because you consider him mad or have reason to believe he may become mad.

In your last article, like the honest man you are, you tell us, in a few words, why you believe in censorship. The "ignorance of the police, juries and judges concerning the moral and psychological effect of bad pictures upon children," the fact that censors (as distinguished from ordinary mortals) possess "trained minds" on the subject of morals, and "the very general non-enforcement of law," are the real reasons why you advo-

cate such an extraordinary and unprecedented departure from general practice.

My dear Canon, if I were as hopeless of our institutions as you are, if I had so little confidence in the uprightness and honor of our people, I would stand shoulder to shoulder with you. But I believe in law, believe in our institutions. And even if I were pessimistic enough to think that "police, judges and juries" were incapable of dealing rightly with this subject, I would try to remedy the evil along the lines of lawful procedure, and not by advocating—apparently as a despairing alternative to anarchy—a return to the inquisition of the Middle Ages. And so, my good friend—I may call you such, may I not?—I leave the subject to the judgment of our readers, expressing to you the sentiments of my most distinguished consideration.

REBUTTAL FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE

By CANON CHASE

Mr. Dyer calls my method of eliminating immoral pictures a Russo-Turkish, mediæval way. In my first article, I pointed out that the growth of the license system of protecting the public from impure food and various evils thru the work of inspectors is one of the most modern ways of effec-

tive governmental action. So long as there is a legal appeal from any improper decisions, there can be no ground for calling it a tyrannical, arbitrary or anarchistic or mediæval method.

My opponent thinks me lacking in faith in our American institutions be-

cause I do not think policemen and the courts are the best judges of the moral effect of pictures upon children. He fails to understand that as we have specialized judges on many subjects, such as in Children's Courts and Courts on Domestic Relations, so it is best and a perfectly legal and American method to place the first decision as to the good or evil psychological effect of certain Motion Pictures upon children, not in the hands of policemen or judges who are continually passing upon matters concerning motives and deeds of adults, but into the hands of a Motion Picture board who have been selected because of their knowledge of dramatic art, of morals and of child nature.

The highest court in Illinois has twice unanimously declared (in *Block vs. Chicago*, 239 Ill. 257) that such a censorship as I advocate is legal.

A law such as I advocate has been introduced in the New York Legislature. I hope that some member of Congress will introduce a bill at Washington, using the Interstate Commerce power of Congress to forbid the transportation of Motion Pictures, unless they are licensed by the copyright bureau or by some Federal Motion Picture Commission.

Mr. Dyer raises the objection that the expenses of censorship will have to be borne by the exhibitors, who will shift it upon the people. Yet

Mr. Dyer is advocating not only the most inefficient, but the most expensive method of eliminating bad pictures. Instead of a few people in one place, at Washington, inspecting all films, Mr. Dyer's method requires police to attend all shows everywhere to hunt for bad pictures, and then requires the expenses of a district attorney and a court in the various parts of the country, in order to eliminate each bad picture. The method advocated by me saves the public almost all of this expense.

My opponent's attempt to turn the mad dog argument against me fails, because I do not advocate that *all* Motion Pictures shall be inspected, but only those which are to be shown in licensed places of amusement for pay.

It is the same as is done if a dog is admitted in a prize show contest. He cannot be entered nor receive the prize until he has been examined and found not only free from disease, but also otherwise fit to enter the show.

In saying the closing words of this debate, I thank the editor of this magazine and my opponent for their courtesy to me. I am glad to recognize the sincerity of my opponent's convictions and to count him as my friend.

I leave the matter now to the public and to the legislation of our country.



Mr. Kennedy—What is all that talk about, Frank?

Mr. Dyer—Why, they're trying to find the sense in censorship.

A Barrier Royal

BY
ANNABELLE SHARPE
(BRONCHO)

This story was written from the Photoplay of WILLIAM H. CLIFFORD

THE garden was a-dazzle with the summer sunshine. Reflecting its radiance in her eager face, the little princess of Long-Ago country came laughing down the winding path. She was just sixteen, and her dark eyes signaled coming laughter.

"Oh! it's so good to be alive in the sunshine," she said, stretching out her arms to it all, "and it is good to be young and to be a princess. Annette——"

Annette, the tire-woman, looked with admiration at the lissom shape and clear, white flesh of her mistress.

"*Mon Dieu!* Yes, my princess?" she encouraged, smiling.

"I was wondering—all this strange, sweet air and—and—everything—makes me wonder if some day—oh! a long way off—somebody might—might love me, Annette. Tell me quickly, right away, do you think that, really and truly, there will be some one, some time, who will love me?"

"Love you?" smiled Annette, see-

ing that the little princess was blushing furiously. "Why, *certes*, there will. How could men help it?"

"Will he be tall, Annette?"

"Oh! six feet or more."

"Will he have black, black hair and kind, brown eyes?"

"Oh! hair as black as night and eyes that shine with goodness."

The princess gave a deep sigh.

"I have dreamed of him, Annette," she confessed, "here in this garden. And now to have you say that it will come true—I am so happy."

"The king will select a great noble for you," reminded the tire-woman, "and nobles are always grand."

"Not—always," demurred the little princess, knowingly; "but never mind—mine will be; he'd have to be, or I'd never marry him."

But when the king made his selection for the princess, he did not know of the sunlit garden nor of the dreams that had grown there. Around the great banquet-table in the king's castle sat sumptuously

clad men, in velvet *cotte-d'armes*, with frilled jabots and hose of finest silk. They had been drinking long, clutching at tankards, singing lewd roundelays, with hot, red faces leering up at the king.

One, with fair hair and weak, smiling mouth, appeared the king's favorite, for his sallies were always received with kingly smiles.



MARIE IS INFORMED THAT HER FIANCÉ
IS IN WAITING

"*Tête Dieu!*" he cried, rising on spindle legs, "I have been here a whole week, and yonder, in the *Sieur de Montreal's* garden, is the chit I'm going to marry."

"It is my command," said the king, nodding sagely, "and I wish her well of you."

The Prince D'Conti turned his red eyes on the old man by his side.

"*Sieur*, will you forewarn her?"

A look of deep pain crossed the old knight's face, but he arose and bowed to the king's chosen suitor.

"My ward shall be prepared," he said.

The princess was in her tire-room, adding a touch of powder here and a ribbon there, and then looking anxiously at the effect in a hand-glass, when the old knight, her guardian, came to announce to her the coming of the Prince D'Conti.

She raised her eyes to the evil news and confronted her guardian.

"What does this mean?" she demanded. "*Ma foi!* the Prince D'Conti is the vilest man living — marriage with him would be worse than death."

"Now have a care," pleaded the knight; "you must obey the king's command."

"*Bien!*" said the girl, humbly; then her eyes flashed fire. "Let him have a care; I am the Princess."

But she had begun to tremble.

The old knight sighed. In this business of obeying the commands of a hardened king his heart had shriveled, and he was little better than the shell of a man swathed in pomps and conventionalities.

"The princess?" he repeated. "None is so much a slave as a princess. If you were a peasant, you could marry any one you

desired, but being just who you are, you have no way out of it but to marry D'Conti."

She besought him, tugging at his hands, to spare her this hideous nightmare termination of all her dreams. But he bowed regretfully, kist her slim hand, and left her to face her despair alone.

For solace, she ran out into the garden, still bright with sunshine, but without promise or glory for her now. And while she was bending above the snow-white roses, her

guardian came to request her presence in the château to meet her fiancé.

How he had rushed here on the very heels of the king's command! Such ardor in an acceptable lover would have been a pretty compliment, but at this haste on the part of the prince, Marie's heart turned sick.

"This, Princess," murmured the knight, with what suavity he could muster when she had come into the room, "is his highness, Prince D'Conti, your affianced husband."

Then he left the two together.

"Sweet innocent!" The prince came forward with a winning smile and attempted to take the princess in his arms. "You are the most beautiful bride. I am indeed the most fortunate of men."

Furiously the girl pushed him away, her mouth twisted in scorn.

"Bride? Not yours. I would rather die than marry such as you."

"You little fool—you shall pay only the greater price—"

The ingratiating smile had retreated to his painted brow, in the shape of a heavy scowl. She held her ground, staring him down, as his plumed hat swept the floor in mock deference. Then she fled.

"Oh! Annette," she sobbed, once in her tire-woman's arms, "it always seemed to me that marriage should be a very beautiful thing—a love between two people like that sunlight we saw in the garden. Think of the sacrilege of marrying me to such a man. If I were only a peasant like you, Annette—"

Annette, whose practical mind had been at work even in the midst of all her sympathy, sprang up.

"*Dis donc!* why not?" she cried. "You shall become a peasant, and I will send you to my mother in the

country as a little friend of mine. No one will know who you are, and you can live a new life until you have blown from Monsigneur's mind."

And so it was that a little, frocked peasant stole out of the château gates that evening, leaving a much perturbed tire-woman to announce a strange disappearance to the wrathful knight next day.

When Marie the Peasant took up



PIERRE MEETS MARIE AS A PEASANT

her work among the grape-pickers near the mud-plastered cottage of Annette's mother, she forgot all about Marie the Princess, and her dimples began to dance again, and her fair cheeks to brown in the sun. And her ruddy hair, growing thick to her low forehead, was twined back close from her face.

And then a glory that was brighter than the sun itself covered the whole world for her, for she was finding the thing she had dreamed about in her own garden. Pierre, Annette's brother, had come rushing impetuously into the house that first day when he saw Marie enter it, and had



THE OVERSEER ANNOUNCES THAT HE HAS TAKEN A FANCY TO MARIE

kist his mother enthusiastically, and had then turned, with laughing daring, to the girl. All this not after the manner of serfs or clodhoppers.

"I'd like to kiss you, too," he declared frankly.

The color flamed into Marie's face, but she was surprised to find that she was not angry.

"Why, how queer!" she thought.

And day by day she watched the young peasant giant from under her dark lashes.

"He is tall," she said to herself. Annette had said "the" man would be six feet or more. His hair was black, also, to fit that old dream description, and he was strong—strong as any two men. And his eyes shone with kindness—and something more.

Often their hands came in contact while they picked the luscious grapes from the vines, and the hands sometimes clung, while Pierre told all that was in his heart.

"I never was so happy," Marie whispered to the friendly world every morning when she first woke up. And every evening she breathed

to some unseen presence: "Oh! thank you for my lovely day."

But one afternoon the overseer of the grape-pickers chanced to note those brown, clinging hands, and, with an oath, he ordered Pierre to leave Marie and never to go near her again.

"*Cordieu!* I've taken a fancy to the girl myself," he smiled cruelly.

This was the first warning that Fate was again tightening its coils about the little princess. For after all, princess she was, and her sweet peasant life could be nothing but an interluding make-believe.

And while things were going on this way, with big Pierre ever in her sweet mind and her hands busy, dusk till dawn, under the eyes of the overseer, there came the sounds, one day, of thudding hoofs from the king's road, and thru the thick vines Marie caught flashes of sunlight on the breast-plates of armed men.

"*Hola!*" shouted one, so near that his breath seemed to encompass her, "there is the hut of Annette's mother, and here is the vineyard. Dismount,

men, and run me this flitting, gill-flirt of a jade to cover."

It was the high-pitched, querimonic voice of his grace of D'Conti, and Marie, poor dove, knew that his talons were about to close down upon her.

"Pierre, Pierre!" she called softly, and in a trice he was by her side, worming his way thru the luscious vines.

"Look! those soldiers—they are searching for me. It means dishonor or worse. Oh! what shall I do?"

"*Ma mie!*" he said, holding her to him quickly. "Your little life is thrice more precious than mine."

Her deep, dark eyes shone up at him thru the shade of the bower, as tho born in the night.

"I trust you—ever and always," she said.

"Then run like mad to the thicket by the mill stream," he urged. "I will do my best against the soldiers."

She was gone, and Pierre, bent, tense, heard the switching and tramping of armed men coming nearer and nearer.

Suddenly two big, cross-bow men thrust thru the vines, their bolts on the tightened strings.

"Good-day," spoke up Pierre, cheerfully. "Were you looking for me?"

"*Dame!*" cried one, starting back, "but you gave me a turn. What do you here?"

Pierre drew himself up until his great chest creaked.

"I am here," he said, "to see that no one passes thru this vineyard."

The soldiers burst into rough laughter. "Out of our way, clod." And they started forward again.

But Pierre seized hold of both by their jerkins and, drawing them to him, crushed one against the other so mightily that the wind was forced clean out of them.

"O-o-o-o-h!" shrieked one, as the world grew black before him.

Then footsteps came running and thick lungs a-panting amid the leaves, and the overseer staggered out before the struggling group.

"You hound!" he taunted, knead-

ing his fingers into Pierre's neck, "there has been foul play. But this minute I found Marie's apron by the side of the mill-stream and her shoes—nothing else. I suspect that you have made away with her."

Pierre's beam-like arms relaxed, and the half-suffocated soldiers forthwith seized upon him.

In a few minutes the prince sounded the recall, and, with their prisoner, the soldiers disappeared from the peaceful valley.

Now it appears that Prince D'Conti was the overlord of this province, and his word was life and death to the serfs and freedmen of all the knights and gentry that held the land under him. So Pierre was taken to the prince's castle and put thru some form of a trial.

For two days Marie lay concealed in the straw of Pierre's attic. Then his mother came to her and besought her to help save his life. The girl heard, in silence, that he was accused of doing away with her; then she made her resolve.

"To come out now means worse than death to me," sobbed the girl, "but I am glad if I can give my life to him that way."

So it was that just as the harsh old judge, in periwig and stole, was pronouncing judgment upon the innocent Pierre, and while Pierre was bracing himself to meet his fate by the sweet memory of his dear heart's kisses, there she was suddenly in the midst of them all, glowingly alive as ever, and crying out that she never had been drowned at all.

The peasants and even the prince's men surged around the erstwhile prisoner, to press his hand and express their thankfulness at his escape, but Marie's arms were about his neck before any of the others could come near him. And there, before the whole room, he held her close, and the two cried out their love, for to them the rest were but shadows, and they were alone in a swirling world made up of love and danger, of longing and of dread.

This sort of romance was all right

to hold the prince popular, and he let it run just long enough to send for Marie's guardian and to have her conveyed, under strict guard, to the old knight's château.

Then the artful prince played more politics, until the wedding-day of the errant princess was set by the king for one week hence.

The marriage-day dawned, and Marie, white as her roses, walked in her garden. There Pierre met her, and neither had the courage to smile, scarce look at each other.

"Dear one, dear one," burst out

river and shivered as if she were very cold. The golden leaves danced above her and cast their shadows on the stream; the subtle, ripe, perfume from the vineyards filled her nostrils; all the world was in the fullness of life.

Away in the distance, but coming nearer, she heard the songs and music of the bridal-party—of minstrels, knights and maidens.

With a quick sob, she lifted her arms above her head and sprang out and down.

And the ripples went out and out and out from the middle of the river



MARIE SUDDENLY APPEARS AT THE TRIAL

the little princess at last, "I am glad I love you. You have made all my life worth living. You have been sunlight so bright as to wipe away all the shadow forever, even out of mighty things like death——"

"You are too little to think of that," he said.

"We cannot have each other," she went on, "but I love you—love you. I have dreamed wonderful dreams that are fulfilled in you. Heart of my heart, good-by——"

And Pierre could not speak, but kist the tear-stained little face and held her close a minute, for his good-by.

Left alone, the princess looked down into the glinting waters of the

in widening circles and fluttered the shadows of the bright leaves.

And peasant fishermen found the body of the princess, and the sun was still shining when she was brought before the prince on his wedding-day.

And then, perhaps, the prince's evil found him out, and the sight of her lissom body, fashioned just strong enough for laughter and song, lying cold before him, gave him food for honest thought. And then, too, possibly, the old knight regretted bitterly that he was but the shell of a man as he bore the body of his ward out of the sight of the Prince D'Conti.

It really did not matter. There was nothing now they could do to hurt or help the little princess.

(REX)

The Senator's Bill

BY
DAVID BALL

THE Senator watched the sheathing of the costly jewel in its velvet bed with a glow of satisfaction. The glow was doubly induced. Primarily, because his love for his daughter was a sacred passion in his otherwise commercial and political life—and the jewel was for her. Secondly, because he had that day introduced a cherished bill into the Senate, with a gratifyingly warm reception. The bill prohibited capital punishment. Not while he, Rodger Bruce, had power to sway the policies of the nation should men take a life for a life. It was a relic of barbarism; sheer, misdirected, vengeful lust. It was primitive, purely uncivilized. And he, perhaps, was to be the motive power changing this unthinkable condition into a state of civilized reason.

He was all father when he clasped the glistening lavallière about his daughter's slender throat, and he thought no diamond in the circlet was so radiant as her upturned face.

"It's too beautiful, daddy, dear," she whispered. "Why do you do these wonderful things for me?"

The Senator did not think it necessary to tell her that he was merely gratifying the call of his heart's blood when he granted her every whim, or that, in granting, he was paying tribute to a Some One gone far beyond the taking of his gifts.

He had been able to give that dear Some One only his truest love, while she had left him this flower-girl to remind him of her thru the separating years. And he knew that, for both their sakes, he would give all that he could possess.

"I'll put it in the safe, darling," was what he said. Thus do we mask the nakedness of our selves with platitudes.

It sometimes seems that Evil and Good go hand in hand, closely, eternally interlinked. For while the Senator had been purchasing the rare bauble for his daughter and clasping it about her throat, with a reverence doubly compounded in his heart, a sinister, evil shadow had been dogging his footsteps and slinking about his home. It was late into the night when the shadow materialized into a sound strange to the Senator's ears. He had been into his den to take one last look at the safe, and was about to retire, when the unmistakable thud of iron upon wood caught his ear. Some one was in the den! It took only a moment. The noise that had attracted him had been the thief putting his revolver on the table while he investigated the safe, and quicker than thought the Senator had slipped into the room, snatched up the weapon, and was holding the house-breaker at bay.

"Well, my man?" The Senator's voice was sharp and clear.

"W-e-l-l," the cornered one drawled, insolently, "guess you've got me this trip, cull—wot's the game?"

"Stripes will be your game!" came to the Senator's lips. Then vividly before him came the purport of his bill. Leniency to criminals it had

Some of us have had a better start. Perhaps you have not been so fortunate as I. Perhaps you haven't had any reason to care. Therefore, I am going to tell you to go, and as I have been generous, I shall expect you to be. I shall hope that I may see you again some day in a very different position than I find you in tonight. Is that a compact?"

The thief looked at him dully, incomprehendingly—the Senator almost belied a trifle pityingly. Then he turned to go. "Thanks," he said; "it's a square deal, all right, and I'll look around for a square job—thanks."

The Senator sighed as the burly back of the crook vanished from sight. He had lived up to the letter of his bill. He had put into practice that which he had urged his fellow-men to practice—and yet—The big, leather chair into which he sank was invitingly restful. He had had a strenuous day—sleep came and claimed him. And as he slept, he dreamed.

The thief returned. The transient look of pity the Senator had suspected on his face had crystallized into one of ridicule and contempt. He crept to the safe, with a look of cunning

malice on his face and in his eye a baleful gleam, as who should say: "For your soft-heartedness you'll pay—you dupe." And, as he fumbled with the combination of the safe, something, or was it some one, appeared in the doorway. The Senator could not speak nor stir. As one paralyzed he watched the Something take the corporeal shape of his daughter; saw, with anguished certainty, the gold glint of her hair, the soft round of her chin. He tried to cry out, to warn this most beloved of all his earthly treasures to go back; struggled to beseech the thief to show



"IT'S TOO BEAUTIFUL, DADDY, DEAR"

advocated—compassion, the helping hand, humaneness, charity, the brotherhood of the strong for the weak, the righteous for the erring.

The Senator came nearer to the thief, who had slunk into the cringing attitude of his kind. He put out a hand and laid it on the shabby shoulder.

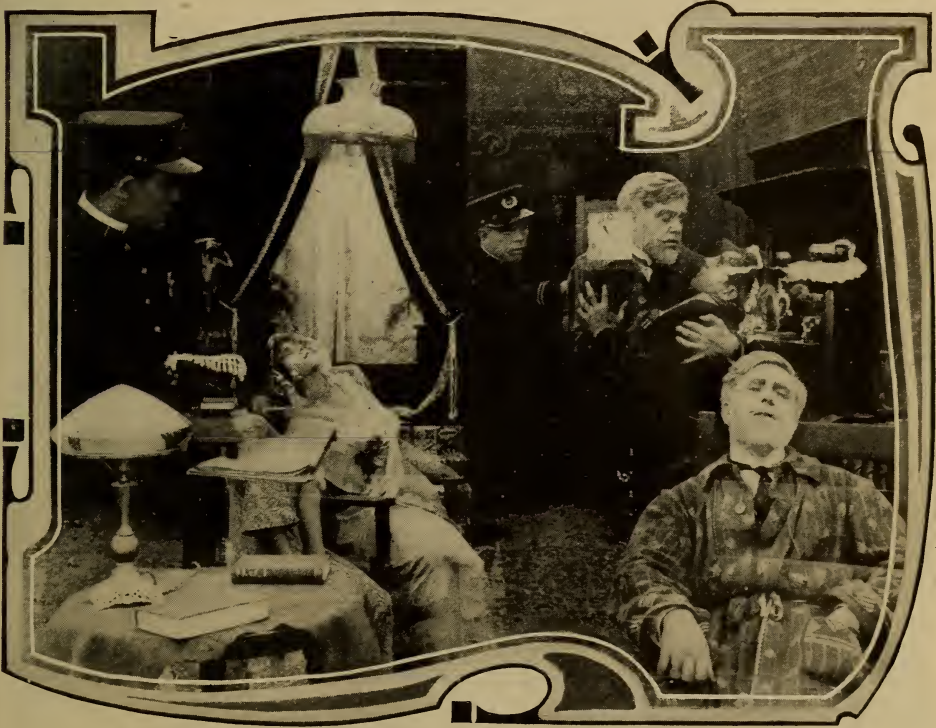
"Not what you think, my friend," he said very quietly; "this time the game is not prosecution, and—the law. I believe that all of us, each and every one, has good within him as well as evil. Some of us have not had such hard battles to fight as others.

mercy to this girl even as he had shown mercy to him. But the words clutched his throat, and it closed like a vise. There was a crucifying moment. The crouching figure at the safe straightened—something gleaming and merciless was pointed at the white form in the doorway—a shot rang out. Then came a silence so profound that the Senator heard his own heart's blood ebb and flow in sicken-

nerve gave way. "My little girl!" he sobbed out wildly. "Oh, my little girl!"

"Daddy!" a voice was whispering in his ear, fright and concern struggling in the tone. "Daddy, wake up, dear—wake up. Your little girl is here—see!"

So powerful had the dream been in its effect that it was some fifteen minutes before the father could assure



THE SENATOR COULD NOT SPEAK NOR STIR, AND IT SEEMED SO REAL

ing currents. Over in the doorway lay something still and white—so still that the father knew no mortal voice could break the dead repose—still, just as Some One in the Far Away had been still, when all his sobbing prayers had not evoked the quiver of an eyelash. Then, and then only, action came to him. There was a brief struggle. The rage of the father made him strong, and he held the murderer while he awaited the police. As once again he watched the criminal go down the street, this time well escorted by officers of the law, his

himself of the very vital presence of his beloved daughter. Never had the warm color of her cheeks been so eagerly appraised—never had so tremulously fearful a hand stroked the wealth of her hair. "My little girl!" he kept murmuring; "my little girl!"

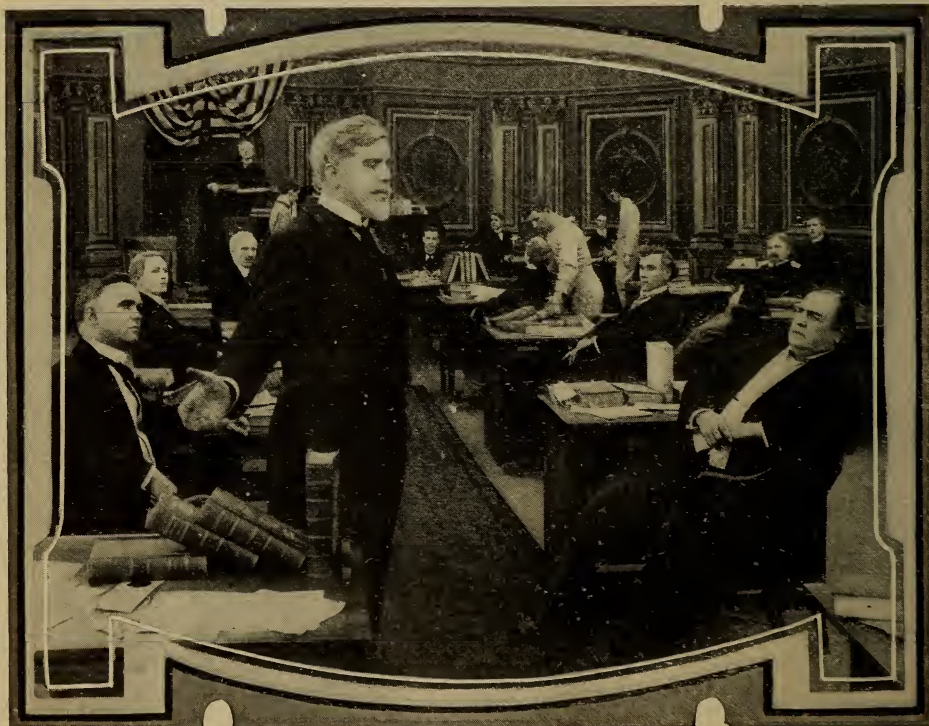
"Why, daddy," the girl laughed, soothingly, "you're like a little boy with the nightmare, who simply can't be reassured that the big, black bear has gone away, never to return. Aren't you 'shamed?"

"Your father's getting old, dar-

ling," the Senator said, with the trace of a smile on his white lips, "and besides—well, you are all the old man has, my little girl, and even the *thought* of losing you is terrifying."

Long after the girl had gone back to her rest and the dream had assumed its relative value, the thought of that still figure in the doorway haunted the man's mind. Suppose there *had* been a still figure there.

hard? What was brotherhood—charity—the helping hand—to *blood*? To the life of one's life? How dared a man live with the innocent blood of a fellow man or woman on his hands? A life for a life! If it had been his little girl's life, what would the answer be? *He knew*. And, as he knew, so must the myriad others know. So must mothers have felt when their sons were killed by some ruthless



SENATOR BRUCE WITHDRAWS HIS BILL

Suppose that it had been his daughter, shot down by that ruthless hand. What then? Would he have watched the liberating of the murderer with a sense of brotherhood *then*? Would he not have hungered, from the very core of his being, for the life of the man who had filched this tender life away? Would not the fact that that man lived, no matter where, no matter how, have been a daily, an hourly torture? Viewing the question less personally, was it *safe*, was it justice to other helpless ones to permit the existence of a wretch so mercilessly

hand—so must men have felt when the very light of their world was quenched by some brutal outer force—so must other fathers have felt. A life for a life! So be it!

Pandemonium reigned in the Senate the following morning when Senator Rodger Bruce withdrew his bill—Rodger Bruce, the implacable, the unalterable, the rock-firm. And, as he left the Senate that morning, crumpling his shattered arguments in his hand, he whispered grimly to himself: "A life for a life—amen to that!"



(NESTOR)

BY Gladys Hall

"You poor, white little thing, you!" The "Cave Man," as Dorothy dubbed him, smiled down at the slim girl at his side with a half-contemptuous, half-hungry pity. "Why, I dont s'pose," he went on, holding the branches back as they followed the wooded path, "I dont s'pose you've ever known a real, honest spring, when the trees are all burstin' with sap an' the bluebird's callin' to its mate. I dont s'pose you've ever *felt* all sorter heady an'—an' ready for your mate, have you?"

"N-not exactly," stammered Dorothy, strangely abashed at the vibrant note in the strong voice. She was unversed, but she knew that mating note. What woman doesn't?

"Nor you've never felt how the moon feels when it floats all soft-like on the lake, have you? Why, it's marryin' that lake—it's wanted to *possess* it for ages an' ages; and when spring comes—it *does*. That's what spring's for—little woman——"

Dorothy laughed nervously. "Why, Pierre," she said, "I'd no idea you were a poet. I believe I've made a true find, back here in the woods."

The man stopped short in his path and wheeled on her suddenly. "No," he said, and his voice was grating and hoarse, "I aint a poet—and I aint a 'find.' But I'm a man, do you hear—a man that wants you—and wants you *now*. You've had a lot of fun with me, practicing your city ways on me and foolin' with what I offer you—now it's my turn. I've had my way since the day I was born, and I've got

it in one way—this!" He held out a brawny arm, and Dorothy gazed, fascinated, at the muscles swelling, knotted and powerful, under the smooth flesh. "Now, will you have me or wont you?"

"I wont!" The girl's face crimsoned with anger at the note of mastery. "You brute—you—you—Pierre, what are you going to do?"

The powerful arms had wound about her, and the wooded path to the station, whither she was bound to meet her mother, was abandoned.

"I'm goin' to *take* you," he laughed triumphantly, "just as the bluebirds take their mates—same as the moon takes the waters after waitin' so many years. I guess we can do without one o' the smug-faced preachers pratin' to us out o' a prayer-book. You didn't see fit to do it that way—so we'll try mine."

Dorothy's first thoughts were mingled ones of rage and helplessness; then, because she was a woman, she felt an odd, irrelevant sense of pride in the easy strength of him as he bore her over the uneven ground. Her upturned eyes, even in their half-fear, could not help but measure the strength of the man who carried her as easily as a child. She drank in the play of the cords in the bronze neck above her, the crisp, thick, blue-black hair, the eyes as clear and dauntless as a stag's.

Back in the city where she had come from there was no man who either could or would dare to love like this. It was primitive, of course—there



THE PROPOSAL

were those who would not call it by such a lenient term—but, at least, it was force, realism, unashamed desire.

"Here we are." Pierre dropped his easy burden to the ground before a tiny hut in the very heart of a pine-grove. Back of the door ran a tiny, bubbling brook but recently released from its long confinement, and far off in the distance one glimpsed the lake wooed at night, no doubt, by the historically amorous moon.

"Guess you'd better go inside till you're—well, we might say tamed," suggested the Cave Man; "you see, I'm sorter prepared for you."

By the side of the one rude room a tiny chamber had evidently been adorned for her inhabiting. The cot was spread with a clean, coarse sheet, and there were a cracked pitcher and basin on a table for aquatic purposes.

"Perhaps," said the girl, facing

him scornfully, "perhaps you'll be so kind as to fill these—preparations—for me and leave me to myself for a few moments?"

"Sure." Pierre extended his hand, and it trembled slightly as the girl handed him the pitcher.

Left to herself, she confronted the situation squarely in the face. It really was tragic—and yet— Does there live still in the breast of woman, super-civilized, adroitly masked, skilled in sex-deceit, the old, old love of the brute in man? Dorothy, city-bred, utterly conventional, had never dreamed of anything more intense than a three-room flat, a handful of rice or two, a few garish presents and a moderately affectionate spouse. Was it not so with all her intimates in the city? Had they not all been wooed and won on the "Can-we-do-it-on-twenty-dollars-a-week" plan?

Were they not all rather sluggishly complacent? Did not a trip to Coney mean their wildest thrill? Perhaps that was why she, Dorothy, had left it all. Perhaps, under her skin, had thrilled the call of the mating bluebird—the lure of the wedding moon on the waters. She thought of the sallow, undersized youths who had paid her court in the city—then of Pierre's splendid girth, the swell of his mighty muscles as he bore her to his hut. "I am worse than he is"—Dorothy interrupted her own meditations scornfully—"and he is certainly a beast. Poor mother will be frantic; perhaps he intends murdering me—who knows? And where on earth is he, anyway?"

It was some two hours later before the Cave Man returned to his hut and his captive woman, and then it was a maimed Cave Man, with a wry look of pain on his face. To secure

the cleanest, clearest spring water for the girl he had made a circuitous, crashing detour to the brookside, and in leaning his full weight against a rotten tree, it had given way and sent him headlong and sprawling to the rocks below.

Pierre lay still and groaned softly. A thousand arrows were shooting thru the doubled-up leg that lay inert and refused to respond to his will. He lay a long while in agony, his eyes half-closed, and the sky swaying and tossing drunkenly above him.

With a desperate effort of will, he gathered his senses into one supreme moment and, reaching above him, inch by inch, succeeded in pulling down a struggling sapling to his side and in breaking it off. With this as a crutch, the giant cripple pulled himself upright and started a slow and painful journey back to his home.

"Looks like some of the blamed interference o' that female they call Fate," he muttered to himself, as he crept into the hut and rested himself on the floor a moment. "Well, she'll have to be a darned sight smarter than any other of the females I've run into to muss this job up—guess I'll have one over the old dame, even with a smashed hoof."

With a gun for a crutch, Pierre dragged himself to the inner room and found his captive kneeling, head on the couch, soundly sleeping. She looked like a little child in the flush of that troubled slumber—the quick, half-caught breathing telling of stress and tears, the angry flush staining her soft cheeks, her smooth brow wrinkled in puzzled anger. Pierre crept softly out again, after raising her to the couch and covering her gently. His eyes had lost their confident gleam—the

leap of his blood subsided at sight of the helpless girl, where it had refused to be quelled by her scorn or his own pain. He remembered how, in his first hunting days, he had snared a little, white rabbit, and the look it gave him out of its terror-stricken eyes. It was the most helpless, soft thing he had ever known. He had never hunted again. The base disadvantage at which the tiny animals were placed had not appealed to him. He liked fair play. From thence on he had wrestled with the giant trees, tamed the ground—now, for the second time, he had taken base advantage. He had snared a creature who was helpless—for whom he should have felt the deep, protective pity of the male. Pierre did not reason this out in so many words, but he knew the pity of the strong for the weak, the



THE ABDUCTION



THE ACCIDENT

conquering for the conquered. He knew, too, that he had done this girl more than physical hurt could ever be. The ethics of the woods are not radically different from those of city codes. And, because they are freer, cleaner, infinitely simpler, they are generally more revered. There is no personal deviation. There can be no misunderstanding. Pierre had wounded the helpless in the most vital spot, and he had offended the high code of morality kept by his fellow-men. He knew the penalty. And yet—he had desired only as all live things desire. His was not a separate, unknown, sinister crime. It was the call of the blood—the insistence of possession. What then? Ethics were very wan of hue when it was spring and the world was young.

Thus the slow night dragged. Fitful slumber on the part of the girl—terror struggling with the urge of

yielding. Obscure moralizing on the part of the man—indeterminate resolutions to atone combating the insistent clamor of his right to his mate. And, with the dawn, the girl crept into the next room, cold, lonely, fearful at the continued silence.

Pierre was stretched on the floor, his broken leg doubled in helpless pain, his cheeks stained with fever, his lips dry and drawn.

"Pierre!" The girl's cry was startled, shrill; tremulous with a swift alarm.

"It's nothin'," the Cave Man whispered huskily. "You keep a way, little woman. Don't go soilin' your hands with the touch of me; I'm a—dog."

"You're hurt," the girl murmured, kneeling and raising his head to her arms; "you're hurt—oh! Cave Man—and I never knew."

The response that his passion had not evoked came now, freely, fiercely, clamorously. The girl held him to her with a tenderness of passion she had never dreamed of. He needed her—he needed her! And she had never known what life could mean until she felt his head against her breast. This, then, was why *he* had wanted *her*! This was the need that had forced him to take her, whether she would or no—this blinding, quivering, pulse-leaping thing. She wondered that he had not done so long ago.

But they were not alone in this forest world of theirs. With the coming of daylight, urged on by Dorothy's mother's frenzied pleadings, a posse of armed and heavy-booted men set out into the woods to bring to quick justice the girl's abductor.

And out of this new heaven—this suddenly new-born world—his voice

recalled her. "Some one is coming," he said; "they're going to lynch me—and you'll be safe—you'll be safe—thank God—safe from me."

The girl sprang to the door. A party of men were advancing—brawny sons of the wood sent by her mother on a searching-party when her daughter failed to materialize at the station.

One of the men shouted and waved his arms, and instantly the posse scattered behind trees and rocks. Pierre, no doubt, had forced the girl to come out as a decoy. His rifle even then was covering them. The girl took a step forward in the bright morning sunshine.

"Go back!" she cried, "go back and say I'm safe. We were on our way to be married when Pierre broke his leg."

There was a rush of flourishing arms and legs, a volley of shouts, and the crowd surrounded her. She eyed the impromptu reception coldly and promptly dismissed them.

Inside the hut, she gathered Pierre into her arms again and met his ques-



THE SEARCHING-PARTY

tioning, startled eyes with a sudden mist in her own. "Didn't you know, Cave Man," she crooned over him; "didn't you know?"



Their Mission

By STEWART EVERETT ROWE



among the wondrous things mankind has wrought,
That make for uplift and for purpose fine.
The Motion Pictures are a priceless mine
From which each day the jeweled gems are brought;
And all of them with precious worth are fraught.
Because they tell us how the world does move—
They picture every line and every groove
Upon the field where life's strange fight is fought.

To scan them calmly, fairly, is their due
From all the world, because they've come to stay,
To tell their story to peoples who
Will be on earth when we are only clay;
Their story of life's struggle thru and thru—
Yes, that's the mission of the Picture Play.

MR. BARNES



(VITAGRAPH)

Broadway feature
to be shown at
the Vitagraph
Theater.



BY *Edwin M. La Roche*

adapted from the novel

BURTON W. BARNES of New York sat eating a sunrise breakfast under the vines of an ancient inn on the beach of the Gulf of Ajaccio. This early rising was unusual for Barnes, who had consistently devoted his twenty-eight years to killing time. Barnes was blessed with riches, had studied medicine and as quickly forgotten it, and was principally known, when he cared to exert himself, as the crack pistol-shot of the New York Rifle Club.

He hardly knew just what had brought him to romantic and rugged

Corsica. Perhaps it was the invitation of Count Musso Danella to shoot wild sheep on his estate; perhaps the soulful eyes and glistening teeth of the Count's ward, Marina Paoli, had some effect on prolonging his visit—who can tell?

At any rate, here he was, on a bright, cloudless, spring morning, eating a barbaric breakfast alone in a citron grove.

A duel was about to take place, and Barnes hoped to delay and prevent it. As he worried down the chestnut-flavored food, his mind reviewed the

OF NEW YORK



and drama by *A.C. Gunter*

unfortunate episode of the past night at *The Circle of Ajaccio*.

Marina's young and handsome brother, Antonio, a sous-lieutenant in the French navy, had bandied words with three English officers about the Egyptian question. The Englishmen were strangers in the club, and their gunboat, the *Sealark*, had dropped anchor in the bay overnight.

Words grew bitter, and Barnes, in an adjoining room, heard the sound of a blow. As he entered, Antonio, with a nasty discoloration below his eye, was being helped to his feet. His

companion, Captain de Belloc, handed cards to the assaulting Englishman. That officer, in return, consulted with his friends, and, without divulging their names, a duel was arranged for the following morning on the beach outside of Ajaccio.

Mr. Barnes of New York affected to be a passive spectator to the whole affair, but, with the officers leaving the club, he hurried at once to Marina and implored her, if she loved her brother, to meet him on the beach at sunrise.

Marina loved Antonio fondly, pas-



THE QUARREL

sionately, with the devotion of a worshiper, and Barnes knew that her influence alone could stop the disastrous affair.

It was now an hour past sunrise, and Barnes heard the murmur of the approaching English officers. His usual resourcefulness did not desert him. In the space of ten minutes he had broken down their reserve, examined their antiquated dueling-pistols and had shown them how to shoot to miss or to hit.

In the meantime, Marina's sorry old horse had gone lame, and she was flogging him to the beach at a snail's pace.

Antonio, pale and erect, arrived with his second and, try as Barnes might, would accept no apology nor delay.

"It was a deadly insult," he half-sobbed; "it is to the death."

As the seconds tossed for position and the duelists took their places on the beach, Barnes, feeling his nerves slipping, panted up the road in search of Marina.

A shot—followed by a second one in quick reply—and silence on the beach again.

Barnes turned back. He will never forget the grim tableau on the dazzling sands of the smiling bay. The three English officers had withdrawn to their small-boat and were being pulled out to the gunboat. Antonio,

white, with his eyes closed, lay in the arms of De Belloc.

"He was shot in the hip," said the Frenchman. "It isn't serious."

Barnes bent over the wounded man, probed the wound with his finger and turned away. He knew that an artery had been severed and that the brother's minutes on earth were being tolled off.

Antonio opened his eyes and looked down at the pistol in his hands, from which the smoke was still bluely oozing:

"Tell Marina—sister—I died thinking of her," he said half-aloud. "I see her—her bright hair—her smile—her kiss. My God! too late to tell her——"

The boy tried to struggle to his feet, but gave it up and fell limply backward on the beach.

A lump rose in Barnes's throat as he covered Antonio with his officer's cape.

Then, suddenly, came a girl's glad voice calling down the road.

"Antonio! I hear you; I am here!"

Marina, thick hair streaming in Corsican ringlets, burst out upon the beach and started running toward the somber group. Her eyes, dilated, fixed upon the huddled cape, and she

THE ENGLISHMEN SELECT PISTOLS
FOR THE DUEL



MR. BARNES SEES A NAME ON
THE PISTOL

set to moaning, even as she ran. Then she came up with them and clasped Antonio's body to her, whispering his name and kissing his face, thinking to pet him back to life.

At last she shuddered, and her eyes turned to Barnes, holding him so strongly that he was frightened for the first time in his indolent career.

"Who did this? You dare not tell me."

De Belloc, pointing to the distant gunboat, said sadly: "An officer on that ship now leaving Corsica."

The girl's eyes fixed upon the distant gunboat as if searching it thru and thru. Her face lighted up with all the fire of inspiration and resolve. "That ship contains my brother's murderer—I will never rest until I have tracked him down and avenged Antonio."

"A vendetta!" said De Belloc, and shuddered.

Then she buried her face in the sands and fell to moaning with a sickening intensity that cannot be described.

As for Barnes, he relieved his feelings by picking up Antonio's forgotten pistol and pretending to examine its mechanism. Across its barrel were scratched some careless letters—a name, "Edwin Gerard Anstruther," it read, and the American knew that a certain courageous and innocent young Englishman, according to the code of the duello,

was very much in danger of eventually losing his life.

Barnes decided to pocket the tell-tale weapon.

The Paris salon, of the following season, contained a picture that, while not a masterpiece, caused a good deal of comment as to the interpretation of its grewsome meaning.

Mr. Barnes of New York planted his easy-going self before it, and it caused a series of chills to course up and down his spine. For, nothing less, it was an exact representation of the duel on the beach of Ajaccio. There was Antonio, with the three English officers withdrawing to their boat, and, bent over Antonio, with a countenance shining with sympathy, Mr. Barnes stood face to face with himself.

Mr. Barnes did not notice the interest that three sharp-eyed men in a corner of the room took in his absorption in the picture. In fact, the first realization that he was in Paris was caused by a voice at his side.

"I think I am taken with that man," the voice said—"the sympathetic one bending over the wounded officer."

Barnes half-turned. Almost touching him stood a young English girl, with masses of coiled, ruddy hair and the level, blue eyes he had continually dreamed about. She was unconscious of his presence and was addressing her remarks to an elderly lady with



ANTONIO REFUSES TO ACCEPT THE
ENGLISHMAN'S APOLOGY



THE VENDETTA

her. Then, in plain hearing of Barnes, the conversation went on about her catching the express for Nice that noon to join her brother.

"Give my love to Mr. Anstruther," said the other.

"Anstruther!" Where had Barnes heard that name before. Then the scrawl on the pistol-barrel flashed before him, and, putting two and two together, he also resolved to take the express to Nice.

It might be thought that Barnes was very impressionable, perhaps soft, but remember that he had been waiting many years, with more or less inconsistency, for just such a looking girl as the one by his side, and now he knew that he must follow her.

Mr. Barnes contrived it, by liberally tipping the guard, that his seat should be in the same compartment with the beautiful young English traveler. She did not appear to notice him at all and lost herself in the pages of a novel.

It is a ten-hour run to Lyons, and Barnes calculated that his vis-à-vis had not eaten her dinner before starting. Even beautiful English girls traveling alone must eat, and Barnes decided that the indifferent one in his compartment must be starved into submission.

By various contrivances the ingenious guard managed to keep her from getting to the refreshment booths at Tonnerre and Dijon. At Macon the tray of delicacies being carried to her slipped from the hands of a careless

boy and was shattered on the platform.

Each time that the fair victim glanced toward Barnes he strove, as nearly as possible, to give himself the attitude of the Barnes she had admired in the picture. This had nothing but a fearful effect on the girl—she was led to believe her seatmate had been drinking.

With the final catastrophe of the dishes at Macon, Barnes sprang his grand strategy. The guard opened the door and brought in a basket-meal that Barnes had wired ahead for. It comprised everything that money could buy, and Barnes set it out on the seat, under the nostrils of the starved girl.

And the next instant, to his polite offer, she had cast modesty aside and was reveling in the land of plenty.

In the midst of a soulful portion of *pâté de foie gras*, her fork paused in midair.

"Please pardon my curiosity," she asked, "but do you always wire ahead for two sets of knives and forks?"

Barnes actually blushed. No words were ready.

"Try some of this Chablis," he suggested, with a hangdog look.

If Barnes had not been urging the great affair of his heart, he would have noticed the sharp-eyed man who



THE VENDETTA RENEWED



A DETECTIVE IS PUT ON THE TRAIL

got off at each platform and watched Barnes's compartment. At Dijon the man sent a telegram addressed to "Count Musso Danella, Paris," and in Nice on the following day, when Enid Anstruther had joined her friend, Lady Chartris, Barnes found the man lurking behind him in the hotel gardens.

Barnes promptly swung upon the fellow and flattened him into a rose-bush, after the manner of the brutal Americans; then as promptly forgot him.

It was after spending an enchanted evening with Enid in the rose-gardens—a rare, scented evening in which the enterprising Mr. Barnes advanced his cause with his usual daring when aroused—that he chanced again to hear the singsong voice of his shadower:

"He followed an English girl here—I heard them speak of the navy. These marks on my face prove he is of the brutal nation."

Barnes sauntered into the adjoining path and came out upon the man with the damaged optic in close confab with Count Musso Danella.

"There!"

The man gripped the Count's arm.

"*Per Bacco!* stupid, you have made a mess of it." And, stepping forward, the Count greeted Barnes warmly and asked him to honor him

with an immediate visit in his rooms at the hotel.

"You are no doubt surprised," the Count explained, locking his door, "to see me here; also to know that Marina is in Nice."

Barnes's affable face twisted almost into a sneer.

"I can surmise only that you are aiding and abetting her in her pursuit of the man who killed her brother."

"Precisely. She ran away to Egypt, after the English attack, and searched the hospitals. I was compelled to follow her, and then I made a compact that if I found the man she sought, she should marry me."

"And she sold herself—for your assistance?"

"If you put it that way—yes. She does not love me now; but when I run her brother's murderer to earth—ah, then——"

"I have a mind to report this to the authorities," said Barnes, unfeelingly. "You are encouraging hate and destruction in this young girl's heart."

"I advise you to call on her yourself," said the Count, coldly. "You will perhaps believe her, at least."

Barnes lost no time in knocking on the girl's door. The affair was growing into a mesh under his very eyes, and he resolved to sift it to its very bottom for Enid's protection; for her brother's; perhaps his own.

Marina greeted him warmly, and he noticed that her serious, haunting look

MR. BARNES TEMPTS HIS HUNGRY
CO-TRAVELER

added an air of dignity to her wild beauty.

"I have waited for you," the girl burst out—"you who received my brother's last words. And how hard I have worked in the pursuit of his murderer. On arriving in Egypt I found out that two officers from the *Sealark* had been killed in the engagement with the forts. Just what officers had come ashore, without leave, in Ajaccio the ship's captain would not tell me. 'Catch me holding my boys open to court-martial,' he said. But I did not despair. I became a nurse in the Egyptian Hospital and helped save the lives of some of the poor, homeless lads of officers.

"All the time I watched and listened, trusting to find the man I sought.

"There was one big fellow, a sunny-haired giant, whom they brought in wounded and whose side I never left. He was so helpless—and when he got better and became to look so like a good—Edwin——"

"Edwin!" cried Barnes.

"Yes. Edwin Gerard Anstruther—I love him. He is beautiful like his sister, whom you love."

Barnes did not stop to consider how she had learnt of his affair. The awful possibility struggled in his mind.

"Great heavens!" The thought staggered him. "If these two should marry, and she should ever know!"

It was after this that affairs advanced so quietly in all directions that Barnes did not attempt to keep track of them. Edwin Anstruther was stationed at Gibraltar, he learnt, and he fondly hoped that the young man would learn to live and die there. Count Danella, too, had gone away on some mysterious mission, and Marina had become a bosom friend of his adored Enid.

Barnes was jealous of her, he admitted to himself. The Corsican girl's love was so straight and true—a pleasanter thing than her hate, Barnes conjectured.

And then the day came when foolish Enid had a try at her fortune in

Monte Carlo, and altho Barnes warned her and looked very severe and fatherly, she became carried away and lost a whole gold rouleau, her quarter's allowance.

When Barnes heard of the prank, he talked to her more than fatherly, and, with the way of a guilty one, Enid flared up, dismissed him and cried herself thru the night. But with the coming of a new day the genuineness of the girl came to the surface, and she sent for Barnes, looking ever so contrite and penitent. And it was at this chastened moment that Barnes took her two hands into his and asked her to be his wife.

"And now, Enid," he said, at the close of their stroll in the rose-garden, "I'm going to surprise you. Tomorrow I'm going to England."

Enid gasped.

"Yes," assured Barnes; "my traveling wardrobe is worn down to a cane and one necktie. Besides, I have important business." He watched her closely. "By the way, can I find a photograph of your brother in London?"

"Yes, at Beechwood—the third in the album."

"In two weeks I will return," said Barnes. "It is heartrending."

Barnes would never have been so flippant had he known the manner of his coming back to her.

A new person came unexpectedly to Nice and innocently laid big hands upon the destinies of Marina, Enid and even distant Barnes. He was no other than Lieutenant Edwin Gerard Anstruther, on leave of absence.

The welcome of brother and sister would have warmed the heart of a hermit, but it was not until toward evening that the big moment came to Anstruther. Walking on the terrace that acts as a sea-wall, his eyes searched seaward toward distant Corsica. Then, slowly turning, he saw her within a few yards of him.

"Marina! At last!"

Even the warm, southern girl blushed at the readable depths of his love that starred from his eyes as he came to her.



ENID LOSES HEAVILY AT
MONTE CARLO

Her love for him shone from her pale face and made her very beautiful. And then they must talk over the old, treasured, sacred days when he lay a stricken giant and she fought, with his child's aid, to win back his life again.

That night, and again the next, and again, he made love to her, thru the strength of their memories and his own knightly devotion. And when he could suppress it no longer and declared his love for her, Marina, wakening suddenly to sordid life, told him of her dedication to the fulfilling of an oath.

But Anstruther, now that he knew she loved him, was like a lion that had tasted blood and must have more. His entreaties, his prayers, beat upon the shield of her thinning resolve.

"Come to me tomorrow," she said, and broke away, running as from a tempter.

That night Tomasso, her old foster-father, brought her this telegram:

I have found the man! He is near us, where we can reach him. Be happy!

DANELLA.

But that night, in prayer and sorrow, joy and pleas for happiness, Marina, the girl of eighteen, buried and put behind her, for love of Anstruther, the vow she had made over her brother's grave.

The day following she must hasten

to Enid and tell her the glad news. What a sistering there was! And Enid must sit down and write Barnes a long letter, telling him of the coming marriage.

And two days later, when Count Musso Danella, the weaver of evidence, opened her door, he saw a woman divinely beautiful, for her great happiness had at last transfigured her face.

Danella took her announcement coldly. Only one flare of passion, one appeal to her oath; then he smiled inwardly, after the manner of men who wait. For he knew he had evidence, damnable evidence from Gibraltar, that put Anstruther completely in his power.

And then, with the enjoyment that Satan gets when he laughs, he proposed that the coming wedding be celebrated at his estate in Corsica.

It all arranged itself very nicely; so Enid got off a second letter to Barnes, telling him of the exact place and date of the wedding.

When Mr. Barnes of New York received Enid's first letter, it was like a blow on the ear, and he sat down, stunned, to think it over. The second letter found him in the same supine position and stung him to action. This telegram was the result:

ENID—Delay your brother's marriage by every means in your power until I arrive in Corsica.

BURTON H. BARNES.



ENID PARDONS MR. BARNES'S
INTERFERENCE

This dispatched, he took to his time-tables and found that he would be just a day late in catching the bridal party at Nice. They were already en route to Corsica, he figured, and Danella had lured Anstruther to the home of the vendetta and, at the crucial moment, would expose him to his wife as the slayer of her brother.

Every precaution had been made in advance by the Count. Fresh horses met the party at the post stations, and their journey thru the beautiful and romantic island was a rapid and easy one.

Danella was in high spirits. He entertained Enid with wild tales of Corsican love of family and the hate of those who wrong their kindred.

At Danella's country seat the lights were ablaze to welcome them, and the peasantry stood aligned in colorful native costumes.

"Too bad Burton isn't here," said Enid, sighing.

"Yes," from the Count; "he missed the steamer at Nice and will be too late."

Even as he spoke the indomitable Mr. Barnes stood on the deck of a rakish felucca and shook a bag of gold in the captain's eyes.

"This if you reach Corsica in eighteen hours!" he cried.

And so it had become a race between Danella and Barnes for the life of Edwin Anstruther.

The morrow—the bridal-day—dawned, and Anstruther, dressed in Corsican costume, led Marina out among the peasantry, who formed a procession, with much firing of guns and throwing of flowers and fruits.

There was a great joy in the girl's eyes, and even in the musty church they shone like stars as her hand lay clasped in the Englishman's.

"Musso, you haven't kist the bride!" cried Anstruther, after the ceremony.

And the Count saluted her quite ardently, tho she wondered why his lips were like ice.

"Anstruther," he said, "according

to ancient custom you must spend the rest of the day giving largesse to the poor people. When you return, may you be happy."

And now, with the wedding-party returned and Marina alone in her room, the time was at last ripe. Old Tomasso, her foster-father, was droning the Rimbecco, the song of remembrance, outside of her door, and it made her highly nervous. She called to him to go away. But, instead, Danella entered and, chewing a cigaret nervously, looked at her in strange fashion.

"Be calm," he said; "don't unnerve yourself at what I am about to reveal. You would not let me tell you what I half-suspected, but tonight an accident has revealed—a secret—that I would have buried in my heart forever."

"You mean—what do you mean?"

"Tonight Tomasso discovered that the assassin of your brother, Antonio, is your husband, Edwin Anstruther."

Marina did not faint. She staggered to a table to support herself.

Tomasso entered the room. In his hand was Anstruther's valise. Quickly he opened it and laid a dueling-pistol on the table beside her.

"The proof," said Danella—"read the name on its barrel."

"My God! my husband's name! My name now!"

The Count murmured to himself: "The bridegroom will be coming soon. *Per Bacco!* What a meeting!"

But Marina pleaded against the testimony of her eyes. "I believe—my husband killed my brother—let me die before he comes."

Danella shook his head, and Tomasso stationed himself at the door, his stiletto gleaming under the lamp.

"Strike twice when he passes thru the curtains," said the Count, and bowed as he retired from the tragic scene.

Dust- and sweat-covered, Mr. Barnes flung himself from his outridden horse and climbed the balcony to where Enid was sitting.

"Hush! not a word. Did you not get my telegram?"

"What telegram?"

"More deviltry! Enid, darling,

tortured, unholy. The apparition of her fallen husband stood before her.

"Edwin! No, no, it cannot be!" called the half-demented bride.

Barnes at once became a man of action. Stepping to the heavy curtains, he twitched them aside. There behind them, glaring at them with face half-grin, half-agony and two great wounds in his breast, lay Count Musso Danella.

Tomasso had thrust scant seconds too soon.

Barnes drew the curtains quickly, as tho closing the portals of another and an eviler world.

"Marina," he said, drawing the shivering girl to her feet, "it is well for you that this horrible mistake was made. I was on the beach on that fatal morning. Edwin Anstruther did not leave the *Scalark*, and, consequently, he did not take part in that fatal duel. The pistols were borrowed. As a witness and a truthful man, I shall so persuade you; and as a



THE FATAL BLOW HAS BEEN STRUCK

your brother's life is in terrible danger. Even at this minute——"

"My God! did you hear that?"

A heart-tearing scream had sounded in the rooms above, winging out into the night.

Mr. Barnes bolted into the house and, three steps at a time, neared the room of agonies.

Inside stood Marina, shuddering on her knees. Tomasso, the slayer, had fled. And from underneath the curtains, in a trickling stream, flowed the telltale blood of his victim. The tragedy had been accomplished.

Quick footsteps again pounded on the stone stairs and, before the astonished eyes of Barnes, Edwin Anstruther burst into the room.

The flaming eyes of Marina grew



MR. BARNES CLEARS UP THE MYSTERY

practitioner," he concluded, turning to Enid and smiling bravely across the tragic scene, "I shall make it my business to nurse Marina back into loving your brother."





The MAGIC MIRROR

BY HARLAN P. BRIGGS

Once in years, now long since vanished,
Ere the dreaded hand of genii
Gave the lamp to an Aladdin,
Or the fabled fairy mother
Brought the handsome, young Prince
Charming

To ill-treated Cinderella,
High above the world suspended
Was a wondrous magic mirror.

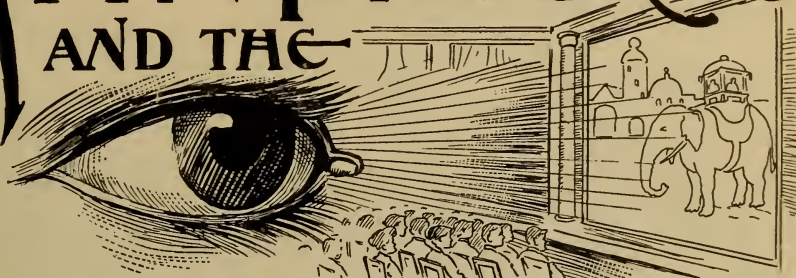
From the time that Adam's sinning
Drove him from fair Eden's garden,
Down thru years when Joseph's brothers
Took his coat of many colors,
And when Cæsar, in his triumph,
Led thru Rome victorious legions,
On the unknown magic mirror
These events were all recorded.

Now in ev'ry clime and country—
England, Spain and distant China—
Kings and queens and ragged beggar,
Heroes brave of past and present,
Scenes both tragic and amusing,
All are faithfully recorded
And revealed to us nightly
By the mighty magic mirror.

No one knew of its existence
Till a wonderful inventor
From the heavens drew the lightning,
And, with hand of skill and genius
Marvelous as a magician's,
Greater far than necromancer's,
Formed a film; in its unrolling
Was restored the magic mirror.



MOTION PICTURES AND THE



BY LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG A.B., A.M., M.D., (JOHNS HOPKINS)

EVERYBODY goes to the movies. Not only are Moving Picture theaters cheap, but the performances are as good, if not better, than you see in the two-dollar houses.

You have the pleasure, the music, the comfort, the entertainment and the instruction in a five-cent Moving Picture theater to a greater certainty than in many "legitimate houses."

The other day I saw James K. Hackett and a Frohman company for five cents in a four-reel photoplay. And again, you may see "Les Misérables," "Hamlet," "What Every Woman Knows" and a thousand other instructive plays intermingled with zoölogy, outdoor scenery, humor and the like in a Motion Picture playhouse. These are better acted and in every way more satisfying than a great many similar productions which cost a theatrical management thousands of dollars weekly.

What harm is there, then, in visiting the movies? Are the eyes injured? Is the health of the patron destroyed? Are the morals of the young corrupted by them?

The answer to all of these queries is an emphatic "No!" Just as the age-old playhouse gradually eliminated all taint of vice from its performances; just as the editors of magazines understand—whatever their personal preferences might be—that the reading public will swallow but a small dose of the wicked, so the photoplay producers have learnt that their public will have none of the suggestive, the vicious nor the unpleasant.

Militant prudes and belligerent moralists who read vice into tea-drinking and whose voices are for war against any pleasures whatsoever, who spit forth their crusading indignation against tobacco-smoking, Sunday walks, the stately minuet or the graceful Boston waltz, have already recognized the trend of the Moving Picture. They have, for the nonce, ceased to censor or to censure it.

Not so with certain amateur physiologists and opticians. This fold, who have not drunk too deeply of the Pierian spring, are convinced that defective vision, sties, granulated eyelids, eye-strain, pink-eye, inflamed lids, crossed eyes and the blind-staggers may each and all develop if you frequent the movies.

Be that as it may, you should feel of good cheer, for Dr. Herbert Harlan, perhaps the best ophthalmologist in the South, surgeon-general of Maryland, as well as envoy of the United States Public Health Service, sent to study trachoma—a dreadful eye malady—in the wilds of West Virginia, has definitely cast out the demons and bugaboos that the teachers of this folly would alarm us with.

Dr. Harlan, with whom I feel upon this matter in hearty concord, definitely asserts that the hour or so spent each day in the Moving Picture shows can result in no harm to the eyes. Really, I go even farther and assert that two hours a day in the dark auditorium of a picture playhouse, spent before the motion-photo screen, is actually a tonic to the tired eyes.

Experiments by Professor Knight Dunlap in the psychological laboratories of Johns Hopkins University convince you that even the slight flicker which occasionally appears on Motion Pictures tones up the eyesight and makes it more acute.

It is unwise, perhaps, for some persons to sew, read or attempt to use their eyes at close range on a moving train, motor-car, fast boat or aeroplane. The flickering lights and shadows from this vibration play high jinks with your retina.

Why? Because the peep-holes, muscles and lens of your eyes must be constantly changing their focus.

This is not the case with Moving Pictures. In the movies the spectator sits from twelve to several hundred feet away from the screen upon which the motion photographs are thrown. At that distance the focus of the eye changes but little, no matter how much flicker there may be. In fact, a little flicker is beneficial, because it keeps the eye-muscles from becoming sluggish, worn out and unadaptable to change.

One scholar maintains that the Germans have become better observers than other nations, and were even ahead of Americans until a short time ago, because the "nickelodeons," or movies, swarmed in all the Teutonic cities twelve years ago, five or six years before the picture parlor furore spread over the United States.

Undoubtedly, children and grown-ups have become more observant and better educated in many respects since the movies have acquired such a vogue. Recent psychological tests made upon children immediately after their exit from the Moving Picture theaters prove that they distinguish colors more acutely, recognize form and shape more sharply and remember figures, sizes, and other visual differences better than they did before they went in to see the pictures.

They surpassed in tests made with children who have not visited the movies, but were nevertheless subjected to the same kind of excitement

by witnessing a melodrama actually performed by players in flesh and blood.

Those instances of weak eyes, astigmatism, near-sightedness, granulated eyelids, and other troubles of the optical apparatus commonly often attributed by careless observers and rash logicians to motion photographs, upon fair and thoro investigation are soon traced to associated ailments of the body in general.

Twitching of the eyelids is erroneously blamed upon visits to the movies. I was recently required, as the chairman of the scientific research committee of a national organization, to investigate and run down the cause of every instance of nervous, twitching eyelids. In a large American city, where there are several hundred Moving Picture theaters and half as many eye specialists, it was soon made clear that *not one* true example of eye-twitching could be blamed upon Motion Pictures. Many of these patients soon discovered that twitching eyelids meant the need of eye-glasses. Others suffered with nervous defects, with which the twitching was associated.

Painful eyes, swollen eyes, reddened eyeballs, watery eyes and sties are often Nature's roadside sign-posts which indicate that the eye specialist should visit the scene and make visual tests. Spectacles and eye-glasses will frequently be found to correct the irritations.

One innocent gentleman, who prefers the movies to grand opera, came and asked if "dark spots which are always dancing before the eyes" are not due to the moving photoplay. Of course, he was misled by hearing all of the hullabaloo about the "movies injuring the eyes."

He was given to understand at once that spots before the eyes are a sign of many different internal disorders, such as blood deficiencies, excessive pumping by the heart, disturbances of the brain and spinal marrow, and the accumulation of microbic poisons in the lymph stream.

(Continued on page 154)



CONTRIBUTORS all—lend me your ears! This department is not for the love-lorn. Those who are amorously inclined may send in their demonstrations of affection, and we will forward them to the adored ones; but—they will not be printed in these columns. Criticise, appreciate, suggest, laud to the uttermost heaven, and all that is possible will be made public herein, but we must draw the line somewhere, and effusions pertaining to love *only* is where the line must be drawn.

There is a mystery of mysteries to C. T. Barr, Martins Ferry, Ohio, and this is it:

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

I do not care to know the cause
Of Lillian's dimpled smile,
Or whether Bushman ever was
A fashion-plate for style.

I've never worried for a day
O'er who makes Johnson's
clothes,
Or just what Anderson would pay
To have a Grecian nose.

To me it's neither here nor there
Why Wallie Van dont grow,
Nor whether Wilbur wears his hair
The way he does for show.

To know these things I do not care,
They're all so commonplace—
But what I'd like to know is
where
John Bunny got that face!

Is any one forthcoming with a solution?

Excerpts from a letter sent us by John Hayes, Springfield, Mass., should be of interest to Claire McDowell, of the Biograph, and to the Biograph itself:

GENTLEMEN—Here's good luck and all kinds of success for Miss Claire McDowell, that sterling dramatic artist of the Biograph. I am sure she will climb the ladder of popularity with the other players by enacting a few more girlish parts. A little more publicity, Biograph. We live in 1914. You people have the material, now get in the game hard.

POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Comes the well-beloved acrostic—this time to Arthur Johnson, of the Lubin Company :



man of parts is he,
R ight well endowed, it seems to me,
T o play the leads.
H owever small or sad the rôle,
U ndaunted, he with all his soul
R egards its needs.

J udiciously he always dresses,
O ffending never by excesses ;
H e doesn't over-act, nor does he pose.
N o dimpling cheeks nor curling hair,
S ome deeper, finer, much more rare
O utshining qualities are there—
N ow dont you think his face with goodness glows?

St. Louis, Mo.

MRS. F. G. LINDSLEY.

Bess Keim, of Dayton, Ohio, is generously impartial—a lovely trait in woman. Therefore we print:

MY CHOICE.



he girls are great—the boys are fine,
And they get better all the time.
Look them over, and you will see
I speak the truth, and we'll agree
That some have beauty and some have wit,
All have talent and all have grit.
And when I choose—I've got a hunch—
By gosh! I'll choose the whole darn bunch!

GENTLEMEN—I have been a constant reader of your magazine for months, and take this opportunity to let you know how much I have appreciated same. I am especially fond of the fine reproductions of players in the first part. How many two-cent stamps for a picture of Muriel Ostriche? There are surely some beauties who grace the screen, but lead me to Muriel every time. Once more I repeat it—how much for her photo? "What good will a picture do?" you say. Yes, I know I have never met, and never will meet, this fair maid of the movies, but, still, I would like a real, smiling photo of her in my den. Look at the way people rave over that ancient canvas entitled "Mona Lisa." How many millions have been offered for the original? Well, you know, no living being has ever seen her, so— Oh! what's the use? Please hunt me up a real, nifty photograph of Muriel. She is my Mona Lisa—that's all!



f all the movies I have seen,
Of all the faces on the screen,
The one whom I would crown my queen
Is Muriel.

I fain would change your name,
You, with those heavenly eyes.
An ostrich is an awkward bird

Of massive size.

Thou art a "bird," 'tis true,
And this no one denies;
But ostrich? No, indeed!

A Bird of Paradise!

WILLIAM P. ROBERTSON, JR.

Mr. Robertson is informed that if Miss Ostriche or the Than-houser Company do not forward him a photo on sight of the foregoing, they are a hard-hearted lot.

POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Miss Atlanta daintily appreciates Norma Talmadge, as follows:

TO ONE I LOVE.



know a maid, a sweet little maid,
Like a violet washed in dew;
Her hair is soft brown, with golden gleams,
And her eyes are brave and true.

When a smile sets her dimples a-twinkling,
Then I share in her joy and am glad;
But when her bright face is grief-shadowed,
Tears come, and my heart grows sad.

And I love this maid, this dear little maid,
Who can make me weep or laugh;
As fresh and as pure as the first spring bloom—
Norma Talmadge, of Vitagraph.

Irma Dawkins, of Birmingham, Ala., inscribes these winsome lines to Rose Tapley:

JUST LIKE A ROSE.

Just like a rose,
So graceful, so fair,
Voice tender-sweet
And manner rare.
Just like her name,

So sweet, so clear,
From the tips of her toes
To her lovely hair.
To sweetest Rose Tapley,
Of "Vanity Fair."

Edna Morgan, of Atlantic City, promises rash acts of daring for the sake of Warren Kerrigan. She makes but one stipulation—a fortunate one:

This is what I would do for Warren Kerrigan:



'd sigh for him, I'd lie for him,
I'd drink Big Muddy dry for him,
I'd weep for him, I'd leap for him,
I'd go without my sleep for him,
I'd fight for him, I'd bite for him,
I'd walk the streets all night for him,
I'd kneel for him, I'd steal for him—
Such is the love I feel for him.
I'd slide for him, I'd glide for him,
I'd swim 'gainst wind and tide for him,
I'd try for him, I'd cry for him,
But—hang me if I'd die for him—

Or any other man!

A plaintive wail is this. Let us memorize and popularize:

THE PICTURE SHOW.

(To the tune of "Suwannee River")



Way down upon a street called Broadway,
There I will go,
For up and down this little Broadway
Lives the Moving Picture show.

CHORUS

All this street is gay and merry,
Everywhere I go.
Oh, mother, let me have ten pennies
For the Moving Picture show.

LAWRENCE LYSTER.

Mr. George A. Lindsay, of Nashwauk, Minn., has had varied experiences theatrically; therefore he lauds appreciatively:

PLAYERS I HAVE SEEN.

You may write about the players, such as Miss or Mr. So and So, But for fifteen years I followed the biz and worked in many a show; I was out with John L. Sullivan, saw Kilrain and Corbett, too; I worked the "Jolly Show Girls," and was also with John Drew. One season with the circus, the next with Parker's one; Followed "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—next season on the bum. Naturally, I've seen many players—had a chance to judge them, too, My opinion may not make much diff, but I'll give it to a few. That, of all the players I have seen, two were the most funny— Miss Flora Finch, with her expressional phiz, and Mr. Johnny Bunny.

We have a contributor to whom the wealth of Midas would be but lunch-money. She has sent us checks to distribute among nearly every photoplayer. Unless they are on the screen for art's sake, they will certainly retire. The following is an illustration of this unexampled liberality:

COMMERCIAL BANK.

January 9, 1914. No. 4
PAY TO THE ORDER OF *Dolores Cassinelli* \$99,000
Ninety-nine Thousand for One Smile DOLLARS
COLLEGE CURRENCY

Lydia B. M.

PER—ATTY.

Luella Sheehy, of Portland, Ore., sends us a letter warmly defensive of Mae Marsh. We assure her that neglect has been unintentional and hasten to print her letter, that we may be vindicated:

I have noticed in your department that you never mention Mae Marsh, and cannot understand it. There is no better emotional actress on the screen today, and she is but a girl of seventeen. One never sees her making useless gestures, constantly raising her eyebrows or acting "stagey." She has few equals and no betters in the line of photoplay and is deserving of more praise.

Three guesses! All who are versed in the silent drama should know:

THE LEADER OF THE SILENT DRAMA.



here is a photoplay actor
Who played in "A Leader of Men";
He once was a good benefactor
And saved a young chap from the pen.

He was good in "A Country School Teacher,"
Better still in "The Endless Night";
He has often scored as a preacher,
And his next is "The Parasite."

So here's to this photoplay actor,
And I wish him the best of success,
For he surely is Lubin's chief factor,
And his name you can easily guess.

GEORGE A. WATSON.

CHATS WITH THE PLAYERS

MABEL TRUNNELLE, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

"No, I dont want to vote. Why should I? I think my husband is perfectly capable of voting for both of us." (Ye shades of Mrs. Pankhurst!)

I stared, breathless, at the dainty little person sitting opposite me, who had dared deal this blow to woman suffrage. She laughed delightedly.

"I have been in Motion Pictures she told me, when I had recovered sufficiently to put another question, much better than stage life. It citing, for there's such a glory about it. Then, too, one has so much home life. No, I dont know that I have any favorite line of work. I like it all."

It is needless to tell you that Miss Trunnelle—pardon me, Mrs. Herbert Prior—is very, very pretty, but any one who has missed seeing her in real life can never appreciate fully her delicate beauty. On the screen one misses the delicate ivory-white of her clear skin, the soft beauty of her brown eyes, alight with youth and the joy of living. She has black hair, and is five feet three and a half inches in height and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. It was useless to ask her if she thought life worth living, but as the question was on my list, I asked it, anyway.

"Decidedly, YES," with as much emphasis as it was possible for one small person to put in an exclamation. "Why, I should feel very much grieved if anything should to it. My favorite sport?" there was tion here. "Automobiling," enthusias-reading. I love to read, tho I dont know favorites. I think some of Hall Caine's and then there are others that I dont like at all. I also like Hichens sometimes. I dont know a thing in the world about poetry, tho I'm ashamed to admit it. But I like the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE above all magazines, and I think every single bit of it is interesting, especially the Answer Man. He's a wonder.

"Yes, I study my parts before rehearsing, and after, and during. In fact, I'm

for three years,"
my breath suf-
"and I like it
is more ex-
rious va-



happen
no hesita-
tically, "and
that I have any
books are splendid.

always studying them. Do I think Motion Pictures will ever outshine the stage? Well, so far as road shows are concerned, they already outshine the stage. But I don't think they'll *ever* outshine a Broadway production," and her voice sounded awfully homesick. "Motion pictures will always cater to a larger audience, tho, and an audience that is much harder to please. I do not approve of the censorship of films. I consider it unnecessary, for so far as the Edison Company is concerned, I am sure Mr. Plimpton knows what is suitable and what to produce. Yes, I enjoy photoplays very much, and like them all—except Indians and Westerns."

The charming leading lady of the Jacksonville Edison Company was born in New York, but refuses to say where she was educated, for she says she does not think the public is interested enough in her to want to know that much about her. She does not believe in the fads of theosophy, mesmerism, and all that sort of thing, altho she considers Christian Science a wonderful thing. She loves swimming and is just

learning. In fact, she likes all forms of exercise except walking, which she detests. She says she's a Democrat, altho she doesn't pretend to understand politics, and hasn't the slightest idea who the greatest living statesman is.

"How many hours a day, and how many days a week do you work?" was the next question, and Miss Trunnelle twisted her pretty face into a droll grimace.

"Well, that depends entirely upon the weather," she answered, "and if we stay in Florida long, we'll have to be retired on a pension." (In explanation, Florida, or at least this part of it, has been experiencing some of the worst weather known to even the "oldest inhabitant," and the three companies stationed here have been working Sundays to get out the necessary pictures.)

"It is impossible to say how many photoplays I have worked in," she continued, "for I have been with Edison two years and with Majestic one year—the old Majestic, I mean, of course. I have worked in an average of one picture a week during the two years with Edison and two a week down at Majestic, so you can count it up for yourself."

She has never been in public print, and when in New York, lives in a hotel.

"There!" she said, as I rose to go. "That's the whole sad story of my life, and I certainly hope the public will be interested enough in me to read it."

And I am sure they will be!

PEARL GADDIS.



MONA DARKFEATHER, OF THE KALEM COMPANY

MONA DARKFEATHER is distinctly different. She is known all over the civilized world, and yet she has never worked outside of Los Angeles. She is recognized as one of the best Moving Picture Indians appearing on the screen, and yet she never set foot on the legitimate stage. She is a curiosity, has never had to travel to acquire a reputation, and yet she stands at the very head of her specialty, Indian maidens, and altho the Moving Picture public associates her with Indian characters, she is really very versatile and will soon be as familiar in Western and society rôles as in Indian characterizations. She was the Indian maiden, however, when I met her at the Kalem studios at Glendale, and was ready to play her part in "The Invisible Vengeance," under the direction of Frank Montgomery. "Contrary to

the general belief," she told me, "I am not an Indian. My parents are Spanish, descendants of an aristocratic family. I was born in Los Angeles and educated there. I was supposed to be destined for the operatic stage and went thru a long course of voice cultivation; but the Moving Pictures attracted me, and I joined the original Bison company at Santa Monica, under my present director, and I suppose I made good at the outset, for I have been with Mr. Montgomery ever since."

"Where did you get your knowledge of Indian lore?" I asked her.

"I have always been interested in Indians," she told me. "There was always a number of them at Santa Monica, and they represented several tribes. I got their interest and good will, and soon learned their languages and customs. Then we visited several tribes and lived amongst them. I was created a Princess by Chief Rising Sun of the Arapahoe tribe after a two years' sojourn with them."

Mona Darkfeather showed me her really wonderful and valuable collection of Indian jewels, costumes and curios, most part presents to her by the ornaments, blankets, dresses, beautiful beadwork. She is very

"I am glad to be back with Mona. "I was with them after I fore I joined the Universal. I was versal Bison Company, by the way. much as I love doing Indian tray other characters now

Mona Darkfeather is accomplished musician which is much enjoyed home. She does not means. She is a daring to see her vault on her

Comanche is almost Darkfeather will tell you than she will about herself, anything he is told to do and told to do. He can lie as dead doors, carry babies, light oh! lots of other things. Co-best friends, but she has lots

acquired by purchase and for the Indians themselves. Solid silver moccasins and marvellously beautiful of her belongings.

the Kalem Company," said left the Bison Company and be-the first one engaged for the Uni-My work is more varied here, for, maidens and squaws, I like to por-and again."

decidedly versatile, for she is an and possesses an alto voice, by visitors to her pretty know what the word *fear* horsewoman, and it is good horse "Comanche."

a human being. Miss more about Comanche for Comanche can do several things he is not as a pickled herring, open fires and gather wood, and manche is one of Mona's and lots of others. R. W.

MARGARET JOSLIN,

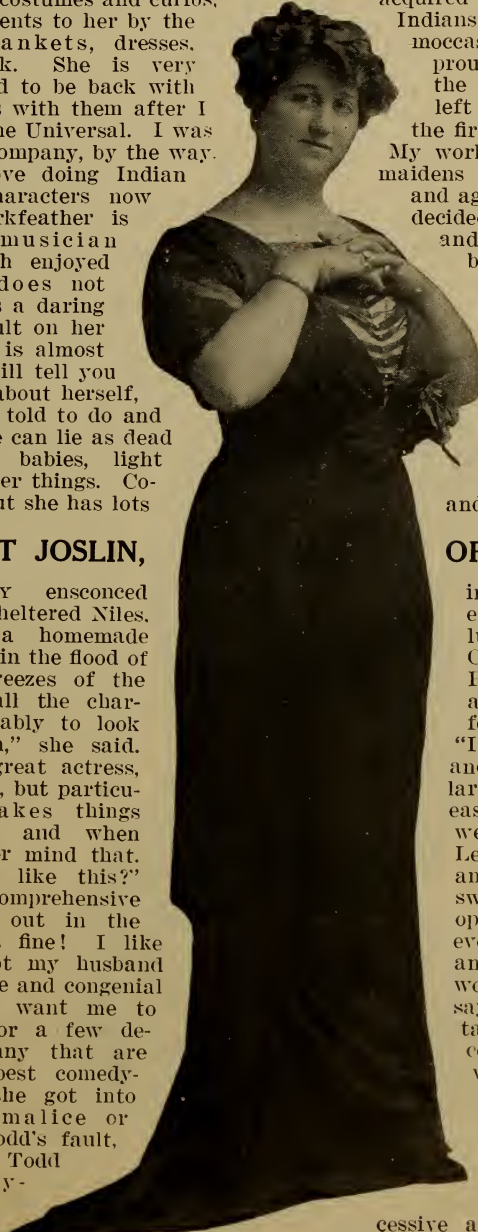
COMFORTABLY ensconced at hill-sheltered Niles, after a homemade of the camera in the flood of ozone-laden breezes of the exponent of all the char-grown pleasurable to look

"Sit down," she said, that I'm no great actress, wherever it be, but particu-

"That makes things her. "Where and when thoughts, never mind that. How do you like this?" in a most comprehensive bathed stage out in the

"I like it fine! I like here. I've got my husband I've got a home and congenial more do you want me to

Pressed for a few declared by many that are one of the best comedy-mitted that she got into chance than malice or It was Mr. Todd's fault, case, Mr. Wm. Todd tion of every-tunate enough did and suc-



OF THE ESSANAY CO.

in her picturesque bungalow enjoying a well-earned rest lunch and a morning in front California sunshine and the Pacific, I found the cheerful acter women that we have for in the Essanay pictures.

"I want you to understand and that I love my home, larly when it's here at Niles." easy," I hastened to assure were you born? On second Let's get down to business. and here I waved my hand sweep towards the sun-open.

everything and everybody and my little girl with me; work thrown in. Now, what say?"

tails, Mrs. Todd, who is de-competent to judge to be women in the business, ad-the pictures rather by anything else aforethought. it appears. If that be the deserves the commendabody who has been for-to follow his wife's splen-cessive appearances on the screen.

"Yes," she mused, "I've been with the Essanay Company three years, all the time playing with my husband. No, I never did anything particular on the regular stage. I'm domestic, and I love my home."

"You said that before," said I.

"And I hope I shall say it many times again," she emphatically rejoined. Here is a clever woman who combines a delightful modesty with real capability, was the very just conclusion to which I was agreeably forced. The pleasure that the other members of this refreshing colony take in watching Mrs. Todd at rehearsals is hardly less than that experienced by the thousands who follow her irresistible comedy work and facial play when projected from a mere machine.

"Whatever I am in this work," said she, "Mr. Anderson made me. The credit belongs to him. The public doesn't know that, perhaps, but it's a fact."

"How much do you weigh?" I asked, at the same time edging toward the door.

The plump lady looked at me half angrily, half playfully, and said not a word. She sighed, then took up some sewing and proceeded to thread a needle. I took up my hat and proceeded to thread my way out.

"You see," she nodded, with a parting smile, "I've very little to say except that I'm domesticated and love my home."

"I believe you!" I exclaimed.

Evidently Mrs. Todd is a bright example of the precept that actions speak louder than words, at home as well as in the movies. A. A. P.



HENRY WALTHALL, OF THE MUTUAL COMPANY

A LONG, shrill whistle rends the still and mosquito-laden air of Bogota, New Jersey, and a handsome young man lifts his head and looks thru his dining-room window to glimpse a trailing smudge of smoke lifting above the trees.

It is the 7:40 local, and star of considerable proportion the Mutual forces under his command. He is drinking a perfectly good mouthful of coffee, his backyard fence and just in time to catch His day's work has

Henry Walthall fashion for quite a down to a science. steps off the ferry and makes a bee-at present located tenth Street and the time this article probably be doing a thorn from his flower-

At the studio all is semblance of it. Busy something that will soon diving into his tiny dress-Walthall proceeds to from a slight-appearing, well-man into a gangster of New leading man of a big gang-that James Kirkwood

Several days summed in taking Walthall mas-the nom-de-Flynn," and he handled by the and a few daubs his face will effray the fact, behold, and trace of the soulful young bookworm, for instance, as seen in the "Fly-Leaf of Fate," his latest success.

Henry Walthall, formerly a Biograph tions and now a shining light of D. W. Griffith, hastily demol-egg, and, grabbing another leaps from the house, vaults streaks it for the station the end of the rear coach. begun!

has started his day in this long time and has it After a short trip, he at Forty-second Street line for the "workshop." at the corner of Six-Union Square, altho by greets the eye, he will Californian morning mara-enfolded home in Hollywood. confusion, or at least the carpenters are setting up be a saloon, and, hastily ing-room upstairs, transform himself dressed young York and the fight picture is putting on. will be con-this picture—of querading under screen of "Porky will be roughly rival gangmen, of red paint on fectually por-He is a sight to there is no



Downstairs to the big studio he goes and slips into what appears to be a very tough crowd of young men. Actors can be very tough on five dollars a day and

plenty to eat, and the way they shove Walthall around is a caution. It is the real thing, and only the soft, muffled click of the camera recalls it is but a play for millions to glimpse on the screen of a thousand theaters.

But our hero fights back fiercely, and at the director's call of "Camera!" the second time, the word is welcome.

"Phew!" he mutters, as he sinks down on an upended beer-barrel. "'Tis hard work for a mere lad like me so early in the morning!"

But he is only just starting, and all morning scene after scene is clicked off, and the weariness of Walthall increases in direct ratio to the footage, but never a sigh he gives. The famous Walthall slow smile crinkles the corners of his eyes, and he is always there, ready for more.

A short rest, a bite of a sandwich, a cup of coffee, and after a renewal of make-up and a slight costume change, Walthall, with the rest, bundle into a big automobile and off they tear across the ferry to Jersey and soon are hotly at it once more. Gangs fight gangs, bottles fly and pistols crack, while the Jerseyites flee in terror at what they think an invasion by the wild gangmen of New York. An old saloon is completely wrecked, as well as the clothes of Walthall and his fellow sufferers and fighters for the cause of Moving Pictures. It is bitterly cold, too, but the hard, "rough-house" work keeps them warm enough.

Seated on a cask, Walthall may well recall humorously an outdoor picture in which he played the leading rôle. It seems that it was a story of the primeval man, and he was supposed to be covered from head to foot with hair. So he took a large can of spirit-gum and poured it all over himself and stuck large handfuls of crêpe hair all over his body, and he was a sight for the gods—primeval and all others! Shivering, after an enforced rest had cooled his blood, Walthall longed for a few more barrels of that same spirit-gum and crêpe hair to help keep warm!

Soon the gang-fights are on again, and after the sun has sunk too far to provide enough light for their purposes, all bundle back into the auto and streak it—not for home, gentle reader of this, but back to work!

A good day's work already, think you? Not for Walthall these days! Back to the studio he goes, and after a bit of supper, taken still in costume, he is soon in the midst of his rôle of gangman and proceeds to allow a girl from the country, portrayed by the winsome Consuelo Bailey, to reform him and lead him into a better pathway and toward a better and more useful life. It takes until midnight to effect this transformation, and it is much after that before "Porky Flynn" is transformed a second time, this time into the debonaire, the slightly weary, film favorite, Henry Walthall.

A short stroll across to Luchow's in the sparkling air of a cold winter's night, a bite to eat and a wee nip, and Walthall wends his way to the Land of Nod—not back to Bogota. 'Tis too late now for that, but to a near-by hotel where he keeps a room when he works so late. And only then is the working day of a leading actor in the movies over!

Not an easy life, you will say. But Walthall loves it, else he would not have deserted the stage footlights for such hard work. But he has his reward, for millions of people, young and old, know his face and love his performances, all over this broad land and Europe; so he does not labor in vain, even tho his laboring extends sixteen hours at a stretch, as it often does.

The movies keep one moving, and Walthall is pretty swift on his feet—he has to be to hold down his job! But as he himself says, "It's all in a day's work," and a long day's work it is, too!

RUSSELL E. SMITH.



A MOVING PICTURE, SHOWING WHERE THE EAST AND WEST MEET



The Refuge

WITH APOLOGIES TO EDGAR ALLEN POE

BY PEARL E. GATES



At the close of winter dreary, spring may find y mind-awearry
O'er the problems you have settled in your office, school or store.
When your nerves are close to snapping, books or work your strength
are sapping,
And your wits seem almost napping, napping, man, to wake no
more—
'Tis some change that you are needing; brains want something more
than reading;
To this sign you should be speeding, "PHOTOPLAY" above the door.



Vainly man has tried to borrow from his books surcease of sorrow—
Sorrow o'er the cost of living. Hark! the wolf howls at the door!
Worry o'er your aches and ailings; worry o'er your neighbor's failings;
Worry o'er the children's wailings as they tumble round the floor.
Now's the time for Moving Photo; *that's* the place for you to go to;
Take the youngsters to the show, too. Dont be raving "Nevermore."



Ah, that jerking, white, uncertain rippling of the picture curtain
Thrills you, fills you with delightful shudders never felt before,
For you sense the coming murder of the big, bad Texas herder—
You imagine you have heard a cowboy's trusty rifle roar;
And the crime is laid on Harry, whom the maiden's going to marry,
Till the sheriff rides to carry proof he's innocent of gore.



Thru the darkness you sit peering; long you gaze there, wond'ring,
fearing,
Dreaming dreams and seeing visions you have never seen before.
Tho the silence is unbroken, ne'er a word by actor spoken,
Yet you catch the clown's broad jokin', see exchange of lovers' token,
And the wish keeps growing stronger that the films had been made
longer.

Could it *ever* be a bore?


Scenes are here of foreign travel, mysteries you must unravel;
Lands of date and palm and desert, aeroplane and mimic war.
Every land has lent a factor; every man becomes an actor;
Will you still be a detractor—still walk past the open door?
There is much that's fine and novel, be it castle, cave or hovel,
And I know you'll get some knowledge—surely this if nothing more.
Then you'll wish you'd gone before.

Do you spend your evenings sitting, never flitting, never flitting
From the common every-dayness of your own domestic door?
Do you say: "I'm time a-saving," "Picture shows are Hades-paving,"
"Critic-friend, I cant be braving, tho amusement I adore, and my
wife, she needs it more"?

Take these thoughts from out thy heart, and take her there, I do
implore—

Be a patron evermore.





Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

THERE is a difference between the classics of literature and modern plays, and this point cannot be better illustrated than by giving the titles of some of each. In recalling some of the classics, the following titles would probably be foremost in the average memory: *Les Misérables*; *Lorna Doone*; *Cloister and the Hearth*; *Vicar of Wakefield*; *She Stoops to Conquer*; *The Rivals*; *Midsummer Night's Dream*; *Hamlet*; *Macbeth*; *Merchant of Venice*; *David Copperfield*; *Don Quixote*; *Vanity Fair*, and so on. Now let us take a few titles of modern photoplays from a current trade publication: *Batty Bill's Honeymoon*; *The Silent Death*; *The Fatal Clues*; *Pickles, Art and Sauerkraut*; *The Harper Mystery*; *Mystery of St. Martin's Bridge*; *Double Crossed*; *Babel's Bare Escape*; *The Society Detective*; *The Race for the Rubies*; *Great Bank Robbery*; *Marriage by Aeroplane*; *The Trap*; *The Governor's Ghost*; *In the Python's Den*; *The Whirl of Destiny*; *The Vortex of Fate*; *Great Lure of Paris*; *Traffickers in Souls*; *The Bells of Death*; *Masked Mystery*; *Gee! But It's Great to Be Stung*; *The False Bride*; *Slim and the Dynamiters*; *Shadow of Crime*; *The Hand-Print Mystery*; *Lunatic's Child*; *Playing for a Fortune*; *The Silent Death*; *Wrecked in Midair*; *Shadow of Guilt*, etc., etc. It must be conceded that these are fair samples of the titles of the plays now being put out by the leading manufacturers. Not that they offend decency, not that they are immoral, not that they are melodramatic (we must have melodrama and comedy as well as high-class drama), but that there are too few tasteful titles and too many sensational ones. When it is remembered that nearly every one of the aforementioned plays is flaunted before the public, that they are illustrated in lurid colors on large and anything but artistic posters that are plastered all over the fronts of the Motion Picture theaters thruout the world, where passersby must see them, it is obvious that the enemies of the photoplay are naturally incensed to renew their attacks and that they are supplied with destructive ammunition. Not only are there altogether too many sensational melodramas produced, but their titles are entirely too undignified, inelegant and unrefined, to say nothing of the disgraceful posters. All these are the remnants of the old days of the showman's business, when every circus, sideshow, shooting-gallery and freak museum was decorated with flashy colors and tinsel, assisted by leather-lunged "barkers," who stood in front yelling for patronage. While there are still some people who are attracted by this sort of claptrap advertising, and who will go nowhere unless ushered in by a brass band, the large majority, and undoubtedly the better element, are not only not attracted, but are driven away by it.

The quality of the plays is steadily improving, and the standard is being raised higher and higher, but we still have this lingering mania for unrefined sensationalism. A play named simply "*Ada Holmes*" or "*Paul Blackmore*" would be just as attractive to most

people as one named "The Kidnapper's Fate" or "The Gambler's Crime." And if instead of a dozen flaring posters flaunted on the front of a theater, a handsome, large frame were placed there, containing the program and the names of the players taking part therein, it is quite certain that many more people would be attracted, and they would be the better kind, and the kind who are now skeptical as to the character of the entertainment within.

That was a good point made by Louis Reeves Harrison in his essay on "The Art of Criticism." In answer to the question, "Are there subjects (for the photoplay) of universal interest?" he answers: "The purpose of existence; the significance of what we are doing; our own artificial creations, such as religion, law and society, for human betterment, and what pertains to *their* betterment; the efficiency and reward of effort; harmonizing achievement with improvement; in what sense ideas rule the world. Q.—"How about war as a subject?" A.—"Its pictured horrors should argue for peace. The struggle for supremacy is as old as the human race; it furnished abundant material for the drama; its visualization, if truthful, must draw attention to war's misery and woe and to its appalling waste of vital energy."

Very well said. But do the photoplaywriters and directors have Mr. Harrison's idea in mind when they give us these stirring war pictures? Or do they think only of producing a thrilling spectacle? Suppose we have Mr. Harrison write and direct a war picture, assisted by Andrew Carnegie and the Peace Society!

The attention of Canon Chase and President Dyer, as well as of their thousands of interested and perhaps perplexed readers, is respectfully called to the following editorial that recently appeared in the San Francisco *Aragonaut*:

Mr. John Collier, speaking before the City Club of Brooklyn, seems to have made it clear enough that self-government is not necessarily the legalized tyranny of a majority, and that unsanctioned agreements may actually have a force and efficacy wholly unattainable by statute law. Mr. Collier's topic was the picture-film censorship. That there is such a censorship we are all vaguely aware. The fact is displayed upon nearly every film that is publicly exhibited. But we are indebted to Mr. Collier for an exposition of the nature of a supervision that is certainly salutary and that acts as a restraint upon a pictorial exuberance that might easily degenerate into a scandal and a nuisance.

The National Board of Censors consists of 150 citizens of both sexes, who sit in judgment upon every film intended for public display. This committee has no legal powers. It cannot enforce any decision that it may make. The law is indifferent to its licenses and its prohibitions, and its actual authority is no greater than that of a social club or a debating society. Nevertheless, this board of censors orders the annual destruction of half a million dollars worth of films, and the condemned pictures go straight to the scrap-heap without protest or resistance. There is no friction, no suspicion of undue influence and no recrimination. There is not a legislature in the world that receives the unquestioned obedience given to the decisions of this group of unpaid and unelected men and women. All the police in New York could not add one jot to its effectiveness or authority. Indeed, we may legitimately believe that law and police force would instantly destroy its value. If this board were organized and sustained by the legislature, we all know that it would become a scandal and a reproach in about a month.

Into the wisdom of the actual censorship there is no need to enter. To some its standards will appear to be



MUSINGS OF THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER.

too broad, while others will think that they are too narrow. Such questions must always depend upon the personal equation. But at least it is neither perfunctory nor time-serving, since it destroys annually half a million dollars worth of property. It would be an unusual law that could do that. But the board has certain definite standards that guide and regulate the idiosyncrasies of its members. All attacks upon religion are barred. There must be no crime for crime's sake; no prurient suggestiveness. And what may be called the news picture must be historically accurate.

But these are secondary matters. The supreme fact is this triumphant exhibition of self-government, and it seems to be about the only example of self-government that we have. Amid a very orgy of coercions and legal brutalities, the National Board of Film Censors seems to be, in very truth, the first-fruits of a rational civilization. Coercive legislation is no more than a thin veneer upon a basis of barbarism. Compulsive laws and police are but a step from savagery, a slight advance over the aboriginal war-club, so astonishingly like a policeman's staff. True civilization is mutual agreement, without sanctions and without force. We are still a long way from it, but the board of censors proves it to be within sight.

There is hardly a social problem that could not be solved in the same way: to place less reliance upon a crude legislation that invariably awakes resentments and resistances, and more reliance upon a public opinion that would be irresistible if it were allowed to grow. There is a certain "sweet reasonableness" in every human being that always responds to the co-operative appeal, that is always inclined to compromise and to agreement. We have been so swaddled in laws that we are almost blinded to the marvelous organizing powers of the race if only those powers are allowed to assert themselves spontaneously and naturally. But at least we have an object lesson.

✽

This is an age of marvelous philanthropy and human sympathy. We seem to be drawing nearer to that Utopian era of universal brotherhood, about which poets have sung and philosophers have preached. We have societies to look after the welfare of the poor; we have charity organizations; we have university settlements; we have societies to care for widows, for orphans, for babies, for all kinds of animals; we have Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and so on, but there is just one that we have not—and it is one that is needed just as much if not more than some of the others—an organization in every community to look after the welfare of *the man over fifty*. Who will give or get the man of fifty a job? The tendency of modern times is to employ the younger men. Men who have grown old in one employ are now thrust out to make room for the young. Who is to look after the man over fifty? And usually he has a family to support. Society today seems to say: "We'll give every baby and youth a good start in life, but after that we don't care what becomes of them." Why not find and develop industries in which the older men can shine? Why crowd our workshops with children and women when the man over fifty is walking the streets begging for work? History shows that much of the world's best work has been done by men over fifty. While we have Napoleon, Alexander the Great, Joan of Arc, Milton and Bryant among those who became famous early in life, there is a long list of those who did their best work after fifty, such as Dryden, Chaucer, Burke, Shakespeare, Landor, Isaak Walton, Demosthenes, Plato, Aristotle, Cromwell, Pasteur, Mahommed, Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, and even Milton and Bryant did their best work in old age. Such men as Solon, Sophocles, Pindar, Anacreon, Xenophon, Kant, Buffon, Goethe, Fontanelle, Newton, Titian, Harvey, Swift, Cowper and Lord Bacon accomplished great things in their respective and varied lines in their old age. Why, then, this mania for youth, and why this neglect of the man over fifty?





Motion Pictures and Young America

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT



THE relationship between Motion Pictures and Young America has been a widespread subject for debate. Particularly have certain so-called reformers donned sackcloth and ashes in behalf of juvenile Americans, asserting that the Motion Picture retards the young. For a short period of time their arguments were weighed, perhaps worthy, but the intelligent have recently turned a deaf ear, because they have realized the true worth of Cinematography in the education of our youth.

The Motion Picture is complete in itself, but it leaves something for the imagination or understanding. A worthy picture stimulates the mind, and the juvenile intellect is not permitted to loaf at a Motion Picture entertainment of the right kind. It has been charged that the children become so engrossed by the Motion Pictures as to give cast and status to their minds. "The Motion Pictures are poor training for the young whose mental qualities are not settled" is an oft-repeated contention. It is true that many are apt to set up pleasure as a guide and to regard it as the sole guide. A parent who does that is very foolish; temperance is needed in the very best things, including the virtues. But in our years of study of the Motion Picture, its influence and its possibilities, we have not been convinced that the theater for children only is a prime essential. Up to a certain age the parents can use discretionary powers as to the programs offered; at a later age the boys and girls are far better employed in the Motion Picture show than in the dance-halls, poolrooms or saloons. If an occasional picture is shown that may be more appropriate for older intellects, nevertheless it is usually accompanied by a strong moral lesson, and a lesson conveyed in such a manner that it impresses. To our way of

reasoning, this is the highest form of educating Young America in the way it should go. Worldly knowledge is too frequently gathered in the streets, the playgrounds, the poolrooms, dance-halls, and their doubtful associates. It might be an excellent idea to investigate these facts before condemning the Motion Picture and its appeal to morality and right living.

Legislation should be in favor of the Motion Picture, and not against it. It is an influence toward sunnier homes, vacated jails and abandoned alms-houses; it promotes humanizing influences; sows the seeds of faith, hope and charity in the breast of Young America. It teaches both temperance and patriotism, right living and domestic happiness.

The tendency of the Motion Picture to diminish the patronage of the saloon, the poolroom and the dance-hall is asserting itself with ever-increasing force. Moralists have expressed their gratification, and editors universally extend praise. Young America is learning that an evening of rational entertainment is better than doubtful and risky pleasures. The animated screen is helping solve the temperance question.

And then patriotism. We are glad to see that the manufacturers are not afraid to show the stars and stripes and other national banners in their films. A Young American without sentiment is as dead as old Nineveh. A person who grows out: "Oh, what's the use?—it will lose us money," belongs to the troglodytes. The same argument is applicable to all other countries having a flag. The Motion Picture has created reverence for the banners of other nations and has also taught respect and love for the starry banner of Young America. There is a great lesson written on the old flag; and Young America needs and is given, thru the Motion Pictures, the

(Continued on page 156)



What Improvement in Motion Pictures Is Needed Most?



To those interested in the development of Motion Pictures, outside of the pleasure they afford, this contest should prove interesting and valuable reading. It is only occasionally that the playgoer, who is rightly the Court of Appeals in Picturedom, has an opportunity to hold a convention of ideas, and the purport of what he has to say applies to the roots of the business—manufacturer, director, actor, exhibitor and lawmaker. “Judge Public” dons his robes, sadly, too infrequently to suit us, and his duty is delegated too often to careless or hidebound servants. Therefore, we pray you to harken to his mandates, as expressed by thoughtful letters from the countrywide, and, outside of their entertainment, who knows but that some day many of them will become comfortable laws of your own making. The \$10 gold prize is still open to the best answer in 200 words or less. “Oyez. Oyez! the court is open.”

Ruth Shoemaker, Bethesda, Md., says: “In the photo-dramatization of novels, the thread of the story should never be changed; or, if so, the producer should state that the play is founded on the novel, not a dramatization of it.”

Numerous contestants are special pleaders for the children, believing that the photoplay is a significant educational factor. Mrs. Charles H. Doyle, Gloucester, Mass., writes interestingly as follows: “Can we not have something special for the children? There are many things at the photoplay ‘little ears’ should not hear, and ‘little eyes’ should not see. Why not reserve Saturday afternoon as ‘Children’s Day’? All the fairy tales and charming stories of children’s books, together with educational, Pathé’s Weekly, and perhaps performing-animal acts, would be quite appropriate and charming to the young on ‘Children’s Day.’”

Alec W. Watkins, Fresno, Cal., believes that “the only sane way of improving the public understanding of the drama is to give the public an opportunity to exercise its judgment in such matters. The effect of censorship, in the past, in all countries, has always been to encourage the ordinary and the mediocre, and to stifle the originality of genius.”

A. V. Calderwood, Astoria, Ore., is out for “a few less tragedies involving the woman who wears a black shawl, and dies of a distressing fit of coughing; a few less massacres of Indians by superhuman cowboys. More educational, more dramas of the better class, more historical films are highly praised by the audience.”

Edwin D. Comer, 310 South Eighth Street, San José, Cal., wants and hopes for truer life portrayals:

The photoplay actor seems to have fallen into a rut in the matter of portraying certain emotions and feelings. For instance, he wishes to convey the idea that the character he represents has become wounded. His hand invariably goes to his heart. No one ever gets wounded except in the heart! A character is taken suddenly ill—hand to heart again! Heart trouble is quite prevalent—but my!

Then we have the deathbed scene, *à la mode*, with clutching at the throat, gasping for breath and rolling of eyes. Vivid enough, but not generally true to life. The one *quint* death scene I ever witnessed was tremendously effective and was favorably noted by every one within my hearing.

These are but two examples of a great number of “bromides” of acting to be seen in almost every film. “Ah!” the producers will say, “but we exhibit to all classes, and must make incidents very plain.” True enough, but is clearness dependent upon absurd repetition?

We have perfected the studio and the machine; now let us make the pictures *real pictures of life*, and the American audience will be quick to recognize and to appreciate.

Thomas C. Barbour, Gonzales, Texas, suggests camera improvements that, if perfected, might revolutionize the silent drama:

In my opinion, the greatest improvement needed in Motion Pictures at present is to try to make stereoscopic Motion Pictures. I mean Motion Pictures that would show the distance clearly, as seen in pictures thru a stereoscope. I do not know much about Moving Picture cameras or the laws of optics, but it seems that a Moving Picture camera could be built with two lenses and shutters, with the shutters connected in some manner so that they will both operate at the same time, and take a series of stereoscopic pictures such as are taken by a stereoscopic camera. Or perhaps they could be taken with a single lens and shutter by using an attachment similar to the Ingento stereoscopic attachment, with which stereoscopic pictures may be taken with an ordinary camera having only one lens and shutter. I suppose a special machine or attachment would be necessary to show the pictures on the screen. I feel pretty certain that the idea could be worked out, but it would require a great deal of expensive experimenting to do so.

Frank M. Spalding, Flushing, N. Y., thinks the time for a severe literary uplift has arrived:

You ask "What improvement in Motion Pictures is most needed?" The prime need, I think, is a higher standard of literary and dramatic taste for both the scenario writer and the producer. Only such an improvement will eliminate many of the inane photoplays now being produced, lift the photoplay above mere slush and make the producer something more than a Punch-and-Judy showman.

Moreover, such a standard would warn both writer and producer of the folly of presenting, in an atmosphere that is obviously American, photoplays that are based on foreign customs and traditions. The presentation of English, French and Italian photoplays by American actors in American environment is a crudity altogether too common. Hardly less objectionable is the tagging of English names on characters in photoplays that are patently Italian or French.

And, best of all, a higher standard of literary and dramatic taste for the writer and producer would make impossible the utterly absurd photoplay "comedies" in which the "humor" consists mainly of grimaces, caricatures and other slap-stick tactics.

A number of improvements are suggested by A. M. Knapp, of St. Louis:

An invention that will compel operators to run the reels at the proper speed. I suggest an electrical device. Too many operators hurry thru the pictures towards the end of the evening, thus spoiling the actor's hold upon the spectator as well as the latter's pleasure.

Educational pictures should have a light story or plot connected, thus holding the attention of people to whom "scenery" is "too slow," thereby compelling them to acquire an education in spite of themselves.

It seems to me, according to the papers, that not enough precautions are taken to preserve the players from bodily injury.

Too many appropriate "comedy" actors and actresses attempt "dramas." In many cases they are too young to have experienced the real sorrows and deep joys of life.

There are too many "burlesques" shown. They should be kept in their proper places, at the cheaper theaters, where the children and young people are not admitted. They are very impressionable and think the things they see are real life. If this condition were removed, Motion Pictures would gain the good will of the people who object to pictures because of bad influence.

Many of the passionate love scenes should be eliminated for the same reason, as they are particularly bad for children of the adolescent age.

Both of the conditions of the above can be removed if special children theaters were started, and admission to minors denied at the others.

Too many of the multiple reels seem stretched, the scenes too long.

The scenario readers are prejudiced, or something is wrong. I have been shown scenarios that have been returned in which the plots were stronger than many pictures I have seen, in my estimation equaling "The Vengeance of Durand." It seems the companies have too many contract writers and don't pay enough attention to beginners.

The pictures should be shown in public schools, admission free of charge. Special evenings or lessons should be devoted to the teaching of sexology. The spawning of fishes could be shown to the little tots, and a lecture given in connection to teach them the truth of birth and eliminate the curiosity that so often means the ruin of health and morals. It might help the Chicago schools in their work. The results of vice could be shown to the boys and young men. The girls could be shown the results and conditions of the fallen.

The possibilities for good are, to the Motion Pictures, unlimited, and I for one fail to see why the companies waste so much time and money on the worthless ones mentioned above.

THE BALLAD OF THE NANCY GREEN

BY RALPH BACON

Once I found, all alone, at rest on a stone;
A grizzled old man by the sea,
And I thought - If I halt, perhaps this old salt
Will tell of some ship's tragedy.

So I sat down beside the old man, and I plied
Him with questions of what he had seen;
He listened a while, then he said, with a smile,
Here's the tale of the Nancy Green.

Now, the Nancy Green, she coasted between
Frisco and points on the Sound,
And some of that sea was the worst that could be
Encountered the whole planet round.

There was one special spot where a huge rock upshot,
Like a castle, out of the sea,
And the N.G. went right it, for on the shore by it
Was the home of the lovely Jane Lee.

And the good Captain Grey and the first mate O'Day
Were both enamored of Jane;
Each trip when they spied her they ogled and eyed her
In spite of the treacherous main.

And so the time fled, till one day the Cap. wed
Miss Jane, which made the mate sore;
When the Captain first told him, the skip wouldn't hold him
And he most piratically swore.

With a belaying-pin he waded right in
And did up the good Captain Grey,
Then he roped him up fast to the fore-castle mast
In a most undignified way.

"So the Nancy sped on, till one black foggy dawn
She hove near the home of fair Jane;
Says the first mate O'Day, 'We'll let Mrs. Grey
Watch the Nancy go down in the main'.

Then he stepped to the wheel, and he headed her keel
For the spot where the rock ought to be,
And he rang for full steam - but brave Jane in a dream
Had been warned of the dire tragedy.

"She saw the ship's plight, and that very same night
She took a small boat in her sleep,
And she pried out that stone, and before she went home
She sank it, miles out in the deep.

"And so saved her Cap. Grey!" Did they jail that O'Day?
"Really" he said, "I dunno,
For the ship Nancy Green was a film I had seen
One night at a photoplay show."



GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS
FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

WILLIAM BAILEY and "Smiling Billy" Mason have left the Essanay Company.

Billy Quirk, formerly of the Biograph, Pathé and Solax companies, is now with the Vitagraph Company.

Wedding-bells rang on January 25th for J. W. Johnston and Ouida Foster, at Bisbee, Arizona. Congratulations!

Marshall Neilan is now directing for the Kalem Company, in Carlyle Blackwell's old studio, Ruth Roland and John Brennan being his principal supports.

Not to be outdone by Romaine Fielding, Edwin August, *et al.*, Ben Wilson (Edison) is now an author-director-star.

There are about 6,000 new photoplays produced every year.

"Standing room only" has been the rule at the Vitagraph Theater lately, particularly at evening performances.

Henry Walthall shows that his former associations with Harry Carey (Biograph) have made a successful crook of him in "The Gangsters of New York" (Reliance)—another proof of "evil associations."

Little Kenneth Casey, formerly the Vitagraph juvenile, is now on the vaudeville stage in England.

W. A. Brady, eminent theatrical manager, is the latest to enter the picture field, and his new company starts with the mere trifle of \$1,000,000.

Edna Maison has been chosen to play opposite that popular star (or shall we say lighthouse?), Herbert Rawlinson.

Anita Stuart has made a name for herself by her clever emotional work in "A Million Bid."

The Thanhouser Company has engaged Cyril Chadwick, who was successful on the stage as a portrayer of English "swells."

Edith Storey is still working at the Western Vitagraph studio—when weather permits. It rained nearly every day for the first month of her visit.

Robert Thornby, formerly of the Western Vitagraph, has started a school of acting in Los Angeles.

Director W. Griffith has taken three Reliance companies to Hollywood, Cal., including Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish, Robert Harron and Henry Walthall.

"Brewster's Millions" is the latest novel to be filmed, the Lasky Company being its sponsor.

Dont forget the "Great Artist Contest"! Let's make this decisive! See pages 128, 129.

The great Andrew Carnegie is playing opposite Norma Phillips, "Our Mutual Girl"—at least, he did for a moment in one play.

The Essanay Company has another "Alkali Ike" in place of Augustus Carney—Eddie Redway, well known on the legitimate stage and in vaudeville. Another recent addition is Rapley Holmes, who formerly supported Nat Goodwin.

The winner of our gold prize for the best story this month goes to the author of "The Price of the Necklace," and the second prize to the author of "A Bunch of Flowers." Last month the first prize went to the author of "The Dilemma," and the second to the author of "A Turn of the Cards."

Charles P. Morrison announces that his name is not James, but that he sometimes answers to "Chick." He is more or less responsible for the rodeo that was put on at Santa Barbara by the "Flying A" cowboys, which proved a big success.

Lottie Briscoe has been chosen among many by artist Albert Shore to pose for an exhibition painting entitled "Thoughts Afar."

Benjamin Franklin's fame is in danger. He once received a letter from abroad addressed simply "Ben Franklin, the World." Mary Fuller has just received from Australia a letter addressed "Mary Fuller, U. S."

And still we can say that the last word in Motion Pictures is Hall Caine's "The Christian" (Vitagraph). When you see it, you will not wonder why this paragraph was written.

Not to be outdone by the Screen Club and Photoplayer Club, Rosemary Theby, Lubin star and ardent suffraget, is organizing a club for the women players only.

Pauline Bush has made a decided hit in a six-reel adaptation of "Richelieu."

Mack Sennett's latest achievement is the sending of a high-power automobile thru a brick building, in a Keystone play soon to be shown.

To quote the Answer Man's stock statement, G. M. Anderson is not dead. But he came near it when taking "Broncho Billy's Bible." In the struggle between Anderson and Church, on the brink of a precipice, the former fell over the cliff, and just saved himself by clinging to a projecting root about four feet below. By the way, Mr. Anderson wishes it to be known that he prefers that his admirers vote for his leading woman, Miss Clayton.

Marguerite Clayton says she doesn't like to be called Mary Pickford the Second, and prefers Marguerite Clayton the First.

Lois Weber has written one scenario a week for the last three years. Can Gene Gauntier beat that record?

Edwin August has come East and will be located in the Universal studio at Coytesville, N. J.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne led the grand march at the Exhibitors' Ball in Milwaukee, the mayor and his wife following.

The admirers of John Bunny are trying to start a movement to get him the nomination for President in place of Woodrow Wilson in 1916. They say he is better known and more popular than Wilson and Roosevelt ever thought of being.

Since Frederick Church left the Essanay Company, Emory Johnson is a candidate for the beauty prize at Niles.

And now comes Henry W. Savage into the film business.

Carlyle Blackwell says that he will acknowledge all letters, but that he cannot enter into regular correspondence with any one.

Joseph Kaufman, fresh from the stage, has joined Harry Myers's Lubin Company.

Mona Darkfeather has recovered her automobile, which had recently been stolen from her.

Fritz Wintermeier has joined the Essanay Company at Niles, Cal., to assist Mr. Anderson.

Richard Travers, M.D., says that bicycling makes girls taller, and that is why diminutive Ruth Hennessy now has one.

Alice Washburn (Edison) has received an admirable grotesque bonnet from an admirer, to add to her large and curious collection.

The Thanhouser studio now has an elaborate greenroom, and the players may now enjoy their waits in luxurious ease.

Crane Wilbur is the latest star to appear and talk at the Motion Picture theaters in person. Tom Powers is doing likewise in England.

Hazel Buckham has left the Broncho Company and joined the Rex.

Elsie Janis and company were the guests of Robert E. Cleary recently, at his Pittsburgh photoplay theater.

The race for first honors in the Great Artist Contest between the two Marys is getting exciting.

To add weight to the matter, the Vitagraph Company have decided to make a comedy containing John Bunny, James Lackaye, Hughey Mack and Kate Price.

Gene Gauntier is building a new studio and has added Marian Nichols, John Maurice Sullivan and W. A. Howell to her company.

The Keystone Company recently sent one of its seven companies 10,000 feet up in the air to get proper snow scenes for a picture. Had they been around Brooklyn at the time this is being written, they would not need to have climbed Mt. San Antonio to get mountains of snow.

Earle Williams has had troubles lately, chief of which was a hot pursuit by a crazy woman who came on from the West and who kept the telephone and telegraph wires and mails busy for a week trying to make dates.

Helen Case has invented several new dances, and recently gave a successful exhibition of them to her admiring friends.

Cleo Madison plays opposite Warren Kerrigan in "The Acid Test," which the latter assisted in directing.

Jean Darnell has recovered from her recent illness and is expected back shortly at the Thanhouser studio.

Wilfred Lucas (Criterion) plays a real double part in "The Outlaw." He stepped in and played the part when it was half-finished, necessitated by an accident to the leading man, and they say nobody will be able to tell who's who.

Photoplaywrights and studio editors now have a club, the Ed-Au, which meets informally at Keene's Chop House, New York City, and discusses the pros and cons of everything helpful to author and editor. Phil Lang, of Kalem, fills the president's chair, and at the last meeting listened to remarks from Gene Gauntier, Jack Clark, F. Marion Brandon and Edwin M. La Roche. Glasses were turned down for Roy McCardell and Epes Sargent, now vacationing.

Charles Seay (Edison) has invented a happy way to save the usual subtitle, "Two Months Later." He has a bewhiskered Father Time appear and cut off two months from a calendar with his giant scythe.

THE GREAT ARTIST CONTEST

AMID AN AVALANCHE OF VOTES AND UNUSUAL ENTHUSIASM
THE BATTLE OF THE BALLOTS GOES MERRILY ON
NOT A SENTIMENTAL OPPORTUNITY, BUT ONE FOR THE USE OF INTELLIGENCE

OVER a million votes have been cast in The Great Artist Contest.

The gratifying growth of the worldwide poll is indicated at the bottom of this page. When the editors started this contest, they were advised by a Motion Picture manufacturer that it would not be a great success. He said: "The public admire a player for his good-looks and the appeal of the rôle he assumes. I will agree to take the most ordinary actor and, by giving him appealing parts, create his popularity in a few months."

This is a sad commentary. Some of us are deluded into believing that a pretty face and an attractive personality make the true worth of the player, but most of us know that art counts for more than looks. The contest has been running a short two months, but its results have outdistanced our happiest optimism.

The picture public *do* think; they appreciate fine acting; they disregard the *part* in favor of the *man* and his *real ability*. They distinguish talent from mere glamor. These interesting results are already proven by the mass of intelligent votes and comments we are receiving with each mail.

Reputations are made in a day; characters are earned only after

years of intelligent performance. The Booths and Barretts, the Charlotte Cushmans and the Mary Andersons of the stage live on forever, not thru their transient popularity, but thru the genius—the master touches—of their work.

This is what we are aiming for in the Great Artist Contest, and we are aiming high. There are a good many Motion Picture actors, popular today, who think that they have earned the stamp of public approval. They are satisfied with their portrayals, and do not try to improve them—to advance with the art of photoplay. You, the public and the judges, may discover among the newer players in the field, talent and artistry that outshine the fixtures of the silent stage. And we urge you to disclose it, to preach it, to cast your vote for merit and talent alone.

Who is the greatest artist, for whom you pay out the gold coin of your intelligence? And whom will you ask to play opposite him or her in the great prize photoplay? Does the result given below suit you? Or will you help to amend it? An appeal to reason has always brought out the best in mankind. Help us to make this the greatest and most reasonable contest ever carried to a finish.

THE GREAT ARTISTS AND THEIR VOTES TO DATE

Last month the leading team was WILLIAMS and PICKFORD, with KERRIGAN and FULLER second, and JOHNSON and JOYCE third. This month the count shows WILLIAMS and FULLER in the lead

Earle Williams (<i>Vita</i>)	64,545	Lillian Walker (<i>Vita</i>)	8,100	Beverly Bayne (<i>Ess</i>)	4,170
Warren Kerrigan (<i>Victor</i>)	63,270	G. M. Anderson (<i>Ess</i>)	7,295	Leo Delaney (<i>Vita</i>)	4,035
Mary Fuller (<i>Edison</i>)	50,705	James Cruze (<i>Than</i>)	6,680	Ben Wilson (<i>Edison</i>)	4,025
Mary Pickford (<i>F. P.</i>)	50,165	Norma Talmadge (<i>Vit</i>)	6,650	Jessalyn Van Trump	
Arthur Johnson (<i>Lub</i>)	38,750	Pauline Bush (<i>Univ</i>)	6,620	(<i>Majestic</i>)	3,850
Alice Joyce (<i>Kalem</i>)	36,960	Ethel Clayton (<i>Lubin</i>)	6,485	Rosemary Theby	
Crane Wilbur (<i>Pathé</i>)	28,785	Ormi Hawley (<i>Lubin</i>)	6,395	(<i>Lubin</i>)	3,810
Carlyle Blackwell (<i>Kul</i>)	28,760	King Baggot (<i>Imp</i>)	6,315	Anna Nilsson (<i>Kalem</i>)	3,630
Edith Storey (<i>Vita</i>)	24,725	Florence LaBadle		Wm. Shay (<i>Vita</i>)	2,830
Francis Bushman		(<i>Thank</i>)	6,285	Dorothy Kelly (<i>Vita</i>)	2,740
(<i>Essanay</i>)	21,240	Harry Myers (<i>Lubin</i>)	6,090	Irving Cummings	
Clara K. Young (<i>Vita</i>)	24,040	Owen Moore (<i>Rel</i>)	4,970	(<i>Pathé</i>)	2,730
Marguerite Clayton		Marguerite Snow		Guy Coombs (<i>Kaem</i>)	2,635
(<i>Essanay</i>)	16,485	(<i>Thank</i>)	4,730	Ruth Roland (<i>Kalem</i>)	2,490
Lottie Briscoe (<i>Lubin</i>)	14,855	E. K. Lincoln (<i>Vita</i>)	4,640	Gertrude McCoy (<i>Ed</i>)	2,490
Maurice Costello (<i>Vit</i>)	14,410	Mabel Normand (<i>Key</i>)	4,620	Jack Richardson (<i>Am</i>)	2,480
Blanche Sweet (<i>Rel</i>)	12,945	Pearl White (<i>Crystal</i>)	4,575	Henry Walthall (<i>Rel</i>)	2,475
Romaine Flelding		Tom Moore (<i>Kalem</i>)	4,430	Frederick Church	2,370
(<i>Lubin</i>)	12,660	Leah Baird (<i>Imp</i>)	4,415	Marc MacDermott	
Anita Stuart (<i>Vita</i>)	12,075	True Boardman (<i>Ess</i>)	4,270	(<i>Edison</i>)	2,355
Florence Lawrence		Augustus Phillips		Kathryne Williams	
(<i>Victor</i>)	8,815	(<i>Edison</i>)	4,260	(<i>Selig</i>)	2,265
Vivian Rich (<i>Amer</i>)	8,240	Edwin August (<i>Univ</i>)	4,245	Mary Maurice (<i>Vita</i>)	2,080
		Julia S. Gordon (<i>Vita</i>)	4,225	John Bunny (<i>Vita</i>)	2,045

Great Artist Contest

EACH READER IS ENTITLED TO VOTE ONCE A MONTH, ON THE PRINTED COUPON, FOR THE

GREATEST MOTION PICTURE ARTISTS

Each vote must contain the name of a male player and the name of a female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity, good looks, personality, etc., and they may excel in drama, tragedy, comedy, villainy portrayal, or anything you please. A good critic can recognize artistry in a comedian or in a villain just as in a player who plays heroic or emotional rôles.

While no valuable prizes will be given, the winners of this contest will be awarded the highest honors that can come in the theatrical profession—the stamp of public approval.

At no time will there be offered any extra inducements to the voters in the way of votes for subscriptions, etc., nor will there be any coupons printed different from the one that is printed in this issue, on another page. The winners will receive a handsome, engraved certificate, but nothing more; hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players or companies.

The first prize for ladies will be awarded to that female player who receives the largest number of votes, and the first prize for men will be awarded to that male player who receives the largest number of votes. Furthermore, we intend that the most popular "team" shall play in a great drama to be written especially for them by our readers. This will be accomplished in this way: it will readily be seen that the winning female player may not belong to the same company as the winner of the male prize, and it might be impossible to bring them together; hence, we may have to select the second player of the winning team from the same company in which the winner plays. Thus, if Earle Williams is declared the greatest male artist, the female player of the same company having the greatest number of votes will be elected to play with him in the

One Hundred Dollar Prize Photoplay

in which the winning team is to play. After this contest has run for two or three months, we shall offer a prize of one hundred dollars for the best scenario, and the story of the same will be published in this magazine.

Do not send in your scenario yet! Due announcement will be made concerning this phase of the contest, which is in reality another contest entirely. You may vote, whether you compete for the scenario prizes or not. We shall select, say, twenty of the best scenarios and submit them as "Prize Scenarios" to the different companies, offering them at "usual rates," in which their players who receive the highest number of votes shall play, and the amount received will be awarded to the writers of the scenarios. Thus, there will probably be twenty prizes or more instead of one. The Photoplay Clearing House and the Scenario Department of the winning company will act as the judges. Thus, if Ormi Hawley and Arthur Johnson should win first prize, the Lubin Company are to have these players play in the prize play. And if James Cruze and Marguerite Snow should be next highest, the Thanhouser Company may have second choice out of many thousand selected scenarios, and that company may choose a play at its own price in which to feature those players.

But, just now, you are concerned only in the contest of determining who are the greatest Motion Picture artists.

Not only will a specially selected and admirable play be used as the medium to present the Greatest Artists as such to the public, but the studios, the newspapers at large, the theatrical reviews and the *Motion Picture Magazine* will unite properly to feature them and to perpetuate a record of their talent.

Please send in your votes at once. Find the coupon on another page, fill it out and mail it to "Great Artist Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y." You may enclose two or more coupons in one envelope, provided each is signed by a different person. **Nothing but coupons will be counted!**

Remember that you may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, or any other kind, and it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. If any of these win we shall see that they get leading parts. Don't forget that a great play could be written for such unlike players as John Bunny and Alice Joyce, or for Yale Boss and W. Christie Miller! Send in your votes now!

For result up to date, see page 128.



BILLIE RHODES



MARGUERITE
RISSER



LESLIE
ELHOFF

FLORENCE
LAWRENCE



FLORENCE LEE



BOULDEN,
THE CANDY KID



BEN WILSON



MARGUERITE
COURTOT
(MALENS)



HARRY
CAREY
(BIOGRAPH)



WILBUR



WALLIE VAN



BUNNY



KATE PRICE



JOHNSTONE



MARY PICKFORD



--MARGUERITE
SNOW--

--A POPULAR
THANHOUSER
LEADING LADY--



MARIE
ELINE

"THE
THANHOUSER
KID"

THANHOUSER

MARGUERITE
SNOW--

in a scene from
a recent
THANHOUSER DRAMA--



MAUD
FEALY

in a
CHRISTMAS
DRAMA

FLO
LABADIE



HARRY
BENHAM



FUTURIST
SKETCH OF



MARIE ELINE
IN ACTION



MIGNON
ANDERSON

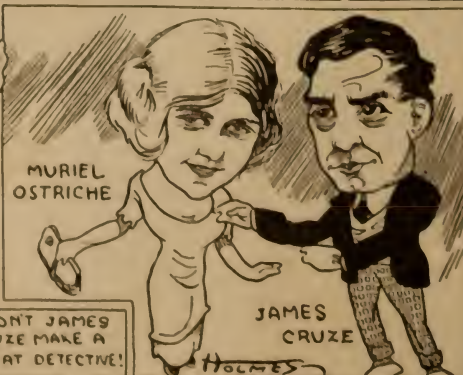


FLORENCE
LABADIE

JAMES
CAUZE



WOULDN'T JAMES
CAUZE MAKE A
GREAT DETECTIVE!



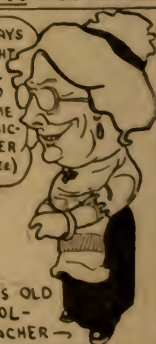
MURIEL
OSTRICHE

JAMES
CAUZE

HOLMES

HAVE YOU EVER MET HER

I ALWAYS
THOUGHT
MURIEL
WOULD
BECOME
A MUSIC-
TEACHER
(YEE-HEE)



THE
STAR'S OLD
SCHOOL-
TEACHER



ANSWER DEPARTMENT

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

WALTER C.—James O'Neill had the lead in "The Count of Monte Cristo" (Famous Players). Haven't that Lewis-Pennant cast. Arthur Houseman was Beau Crummel, and Elsie McLeod was the bride in "Beau Crummel and His Bride" (Edison). Most of those plays are written in the studios. Clara Williams is with Nestor, Marguerite Snow still with Thanhouser, but Mildred Bracken was with Kay-Bee last.

LITTLE WOMAN.—Harry Myers is directing and playing leads also. Clara K. Young in "Love's Sunset," and Edith Storey in "The Christian," both masterpieces. Never fear, I always have time to read your letters; they are a luxury.

RAE, 18.—That was Guy D'Ennery in "Madeline's Christmas" (Lubin). Violet Reid and Thomas Fallon had the leads in "The Birthday Ring" (Biograph). "Caprice" (Famous Players) was taken at Red Bank, N. J. No, I am not Fair, Fat and Forty.

WEE WILLIE.—Anna Nilsson and William Dunn in "Perils of the White Lights" (Kalem). William Dunn was formerly with Vitagraph. Better write Vitagraph.

BOOKIE, MASS.—You lose. Wallace Reid did play in "The Wall of Money" (Rex). Also Marshall Neilan. The latter is now with Kalem.

P. I. C.—Louis Fitzroy was the sheriff in "Patsy's Luck" (Nestor). Charles West in "For the Son of the House" (Biograph). Guy D'Ennery was on the stage last. Dixie Compton was the girl in "A Woman Scorned" (Pathé). Gertrude Short was the child in "The Secret of the Bulb" (Vitagraph). Robert Burns was John, Jack Ridgway was Marks, and Walter Stull was Walter in "Collecting the Bill" (Lubin).

OLGA, 18.—Congratulations! You have it right. In other words, youth, idols; manhood, ideals; old age, idleness.

DOROTHY K.—No, verses do not count in the contest. Edwin Carewe was Jim in "The Story the Gate Told" (Lubin). Alkali Ike is playing now for Universal.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Why dont you write to the circulation manager? Haven't the present whereabouts of Dwight Mead.

VESTA.—Francelia Billington had the lead in "For His Loved One" (Majestic). William Scott was the husband in "The Destiny of the Sea." Thanks for your letter.

RENE, GREENSBORO.—Vivian Chester was the little girl in "The Price of Jealousy" (Pathé). Lillian Gish is now with Reliance. Dorothy Gish played in "Her Mother's Oath" (Biograph). A picture of James Morrison soon.

JENNIE M., WASH.—A. Moreno in "His Father's Home" (Biograph). Frank Smith was Jarvis in "King, the Detective." E. Southard was leading man in "Redemption."

DOROTHY McW.—Cannot give you that address here. Gertrude Robinson.

MARY V. S.—P. Standing was John in "His Wife's Child" (Victor). Harry Milarde was the husband in that Kalem. The player you mention has left the Vitagraph, due to the fact that there is many a slip between the cup and the sip.

SNOOKIE OOKUMS.—Henry King was the lover in "When He Sees" (Lubin). Gertrude Robinson and Marshall Neilan in "Wedding-Gown" (Biograph). Yes, that's the original Anthony. That's right, keep busy. The mind grows uneasy when the chains are taken off. There's no trouble so great that can stand up in a busy brain.



N. M. M.—Thank you for the postals. I wish I could express my appreciation in some other way than this—thanks. They are all beautiful.

H. M. F.—The contest has not been decided as yet. Dont think there is much chance for an inexperienced player nowadays, altho Director Griffiths prefers them.

LOTTIE D. T.—Maidel Turner was Constance, and Lionel Adams was Jim in "The Two Cowards" (Lubin). L. A. Turner was Joe. George Larkin was the pincushion in "The Fickle Freak" (Kalem). Fred Church and Eleanor Blevins in "The End of the Circle." Vera Sisson was the waif, and William Garwood in "The Ten of Spades."

A. J. D.—Anita Stuart and E. K. Lincoln in "Agnes" (Vitagraph). Yes; Crane Wilbur and Earle Williams both have deep-set eyes, which means that their foreheads stand well out from their faces—a sign of intellect.

LAUNCE.—Never heard of Guy Coombs being paralyzed. Evelyn Selbie was Mrs. Gregg in "Broncho Billy's Reward" (Essanay). Brown and blue. You seem to prefer a well-formed woman to a well-informed man.

LITTLE DICKENS.—William Duncan was Texas Pete, Myrtle Stedman the mother in "The Taming of Texas Pete." Miss Pierce and Frank Newburg in "Slipping Fingers."

WILL H.—Yours are very helpful. Yes, I guess Vitagraph has the best Lincoln and Napoleon in the business. "Tangled Threads," not "Tango Web." They say a fool can ask more questions than a philosopher can answer, and I find that the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

FRANK W. M., LEADVILLE.—The Correspondence Club has a new secretary, Leah Morgan, 831 Main St., Stroudsburg, Pa. Harold Lockwood in that Selig. Edgar Jones is playing and directing for Lubin at Betswood.

MRS. W. E. T., CHICAGO.—Adrienne Kroell was the girl and Thomas Carrigan the boy in "The Unseen Hand" (Selig). Please dont ask if he is married, for he is. I would not say this except that it is a matter of common knowledge.

EDYTHE.—George Larkin was the human pincushion in "The Fickle Freak" (Kalem). Whitney Raymond was with Famous Players last. William Russell was the young millionaire in "Peggy's Invitation" (Thanhouser).

LOTTIE D. T.—You bob up serenely every month, dont you? Lillian Orth and Charles Murray in "The Somnambulists" (Biograph). Edwin Carewe and Orni Hawley in "His Chorus-Girl Wife" (Lubin). John Ince and Blanche West in "The Hills of Strife" (Lubin). Tom Mix and Myrtle Stedman in "The Escape of Jim Dolan" (Selig). Marguerite Risser and Paul Panzer in "A Phony Alarm" (Pathé).

SWEET ONE, MUSCATINE.—Violet Mersereau was the mountain girl in "The Stranger" (Imp). Yes; Leo Delaney. You refer to Mr. Graybill in "The Painted Lady" (Biograph). James Cooley and Frances Nelson in "Diversion" (Biograph). No; A. W. Thomas is not connected with this magazine in any way. Jane Fearnley is with Vitagraph.

DIXIE W.—Gertrude Robinson was Maybelle in "The Wedding-Gown" (Biograph). All of your comments are appreciated.

AUBURN HARK.—I dont care to pass my opinion about the tango dances, etc. Blanche Sweet has been ill with typhoid fever.



"What's the matter, little girl?"

"Me kid brother swallowed me dime, and now we cant go to the movies!"

TOLEDO O. M.—William Stowell was Absalom, and Adele Lane was Hilda in "Father's Day" (Selig). Al Garcia was the actor in "An Actor's Romance" (Selig). That was Louise Huff in "The Inscription" (Lubin).

FLOWER E. G.—Thanks for the buttons, but I don't wear that kind. John Stepping has been with Biograph, but now with Universal. William Stowell was Jim, and Al Garcia was Crag in "With Eyes So Blue and Tender" (Selig). Ada Gifford was the girl in "Local Color" (Vitagraph). I enjoy all your letters.

LULU B., CHESTER.—James O'Neill had the lead in "Count of Monte Cristo" (Famous Players). Marshall Neilan in "The House of Discord." Martin Faust was Phil in "His Best Friend" (Lubin). Lubin's large plant is at Philadelphia. Romaine Fielding's plays are released by Lubin thru the General Film Co. Thanks.

VERNON L. K., NEW ZEALAND.—Pauline Bush was the elder sister in "Woman and War" (Bison 101). James Vincent was Dick in "Out of the Jaws of Death" (Kalem). Harry Benham was the father, Mignon Anderson the mother and Leland Benham and Helen Badgely the children in "A Pullman Nightmare" (Thanhouser). You have "Rosie's Revenge" correct. Mildred Manning and Elmer Booth were man and wife, and Al Paget the ex-convict in "An Unjust Suspicion" (Biograph).

LITTLE MARY.—Mary Pickford has golden hair. Alice Joyce is in Jacksonville for the winter. Alfred Vosburg, formerly of Kay-Bee, is now with Vitagraph. Belle Bennett playing leads for Balboa.

DAVID B. F., WELLINGTON.—The Correspondence Club was started to exchange postals and letters. See address above of the secretary. My grateful thanks are yours.

MRS. WOLCOTT.—Permit me to differ with you, madam. But I agree that young girls should not write love-letters about or to the players, and I try to discourage it. I appreciate your kindly criticism. Others agree with you that Alice Joyce would not do some of the things that Keystone requires Mabel Normand to do. The pictures you ask for will soon be forthcoming.

KATHERINE MC.—How you do talk! Walter Miller is with Biograph. Most players furnish their own street costumes, but not always their evening gowns. Charles Eldridge will now be seen in Imp plays. He was formerly of Vitagraph.

C. L. W.—Myrtle Stedman was the girl in "A Rustler's Reformation" (Selig). Don't know whether Romaine Fielding has the degree of M.D. or not. Wilfred Lucas is directing for International Feature Co., Jeanie MacPherson playing leads.

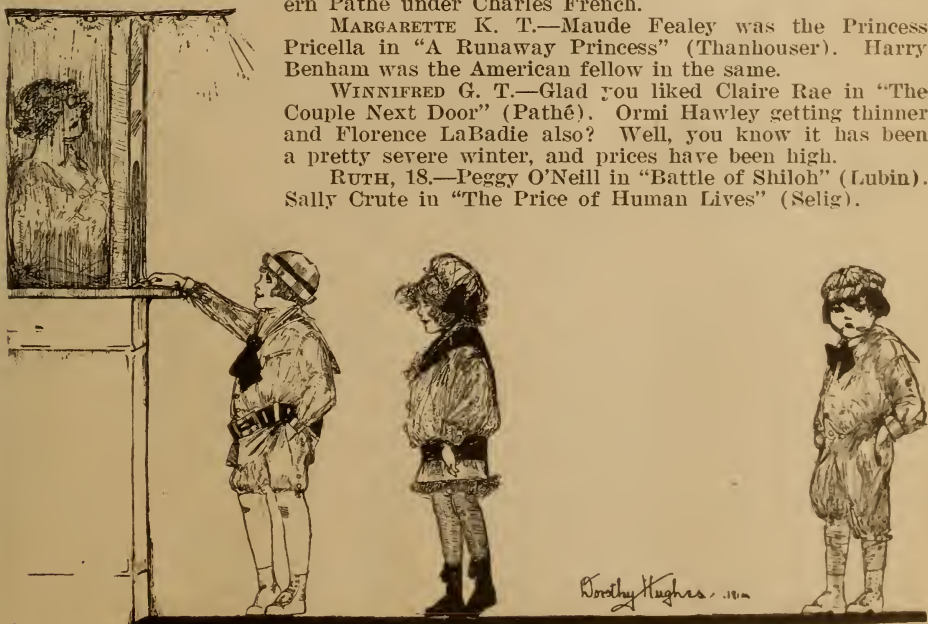
M. F. R., CHATTANOOGA.—You mustn't play peek-a-boo with my private life; you mustn't try to look behind the curtain. Your verses are good.

SWASTIKA.—George Stevens was the butler in "The Cure" (Vitagraph). Owen Moore has left Famous Players, not Kalem. You refer to Tom Moore. He is with Kalem. Licensed and Independent plays can be seen at the same playhouse. I see about 35 plays every week. Tom Foreman and Myrtle Van are playing leads in Western Pathé under Charles French.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Maude Fealey was the Princess Pricella in "A Runaway Princess" (Thanhouser). Harry Benham was the American fellow in the same.

WINNIFRED G. T.—Glad you liked Claire Rae in "The Couple Next Door" (Pathé). Ormi Hawley getting thinner and Florence LaBadie also? Well, you know it has been a pretty severe winter, and prices have been high.

RUTH, 18.—Peggy O'Neill in "Battle of Shiloh" (Lubin). Sally Crute in "The Price of Human Lives" (Selig).



"AIN'T IT FIERCE TO BE POOR!"

A. G. A., BERMUDA.—You ask if films can be duplicated any number of times. Yes. The original is called a negative, and from it they may make as many "positives" as they wish. The positives are what are used to throw the picture on the screen. In the negatives, the colors are reversed, i.e., black is white, and white is black. When you guess that I am E. V. B. or J. S. B. himself, you show that you are a poor guesser. Neither of those busy B's is me.

AMANDA K.—Owen Moore in "Caprice" (Famous Players). Mary Fuller in "Romance of Rowena" (Edison). Gwendoline Pates in "The Exclusive Kiss" (Pathé). Lillian Christy in "The Greater Love." Robert Harron in "A Yaqui Cur."

E. D. M., BUFFALO.—William Duncan had the lead in "By Unseen Hand" (Selig). I believe that was taken at Tucson, Ariz. Yes, that magazine is trying to sell stock. It looks like the last expiring effort, but we sincerely hope not.

J. P. S., NEW ORLEANS.—Welcome to our city. I am as glad as you are that you have discovered this magazine. Will be pleased to hear of your tour.

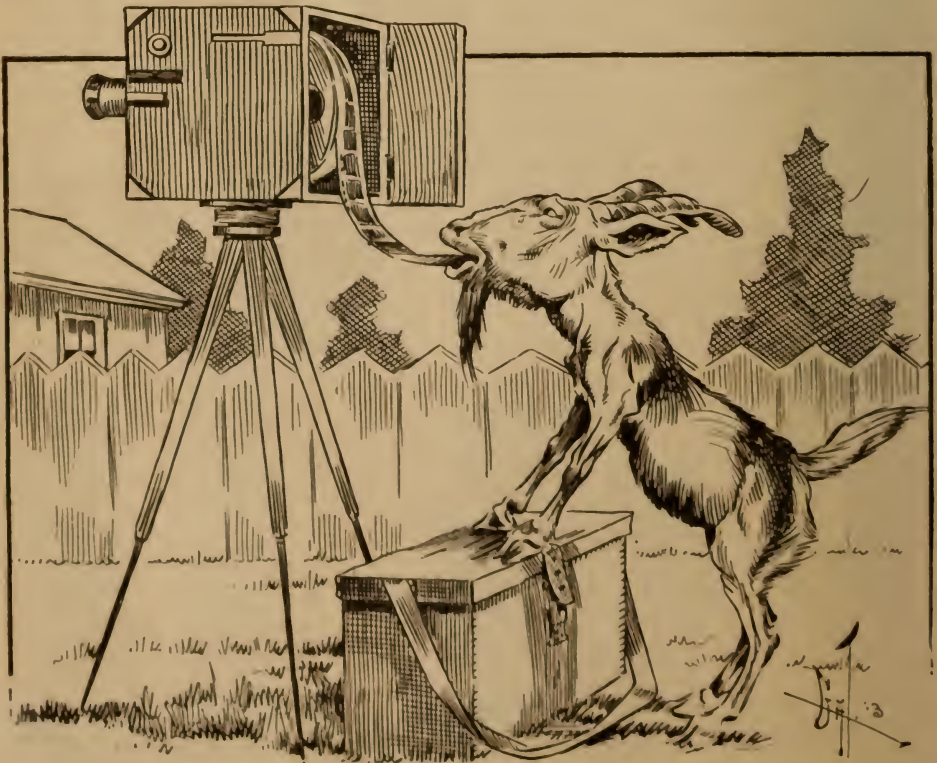
SIS AND SIS'S SISTER.—Jane Carter and L. Von Ottinger were the two girls with Florence Lawrence in "His Wife's Child" (Victor). Bessie Eyton was the girl in "The Master of the Garden" (Selig). Thanks.

CLARENCE S. V., SARATOGA.—Harold Lockwood was Bob, and Amy Trash was Cicely Moore in "Hoyden's Awakening" (Selig). Dell Henderson was the husband in "Blame the Wife" (Biograph). Charles Murray was the tramp in "All Hail to the King."

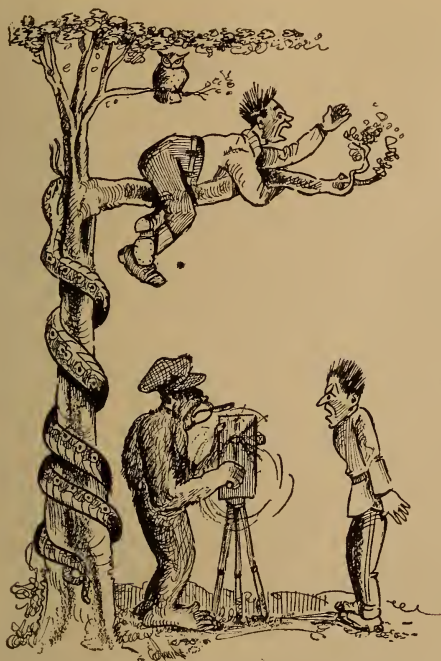
EMILY VAN R.—I can't tell you where you can see "The True Bridesmaid" (Edison) again. It is getting old now, and it is too bad that there is not some way for you to find out where it is to be shown. That is one of the defects in the business. You say you saw this play and want all your friends to see it, yet you cannot tell them how.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—It may not be proper to write personal letters on the typewriter, but the Answer Man prefers them every time. Gertrude Robinson in that Biograph. Claire McDowell in "The Mirror" (Biograph), also in "The Stolen Loaf" and "The Crook and the Girl" (Biograph).

MAISIE.—Tom Carrigan is not with Selig at present, but on the stage. Selig is simply a man's name. It is pronounced *Sec-lig*. That was Jessalyn Van Trump opposite Warren Kerrigan in "The Passer-by" (Victor). I did not see "The Devil's Servant" that you disliked so much. Beverly Bayne played opposite Mr. Bushman in "Dear Old Girl." Your verse is very good.



TAKING IN THE MOVING PICTURES



PEWEE, 18.—"Conquered Hate" was a foreign Pathé, and we have no cast. Bessie Saukey is playing on the stage. That "little, round, fat, oily man" is John Brennan.

E. B., NASHVILLE.—So you are tired of seeing Warren Kerrigan die in the pictures. I thought he dies very nicely. That, no doubt, was Mr. Kerrigan's own handwriting. Pictures of the players you ask for will appear soon.

PANSY BLOSSOM.—The girl was Alice Joyce in that Kalem. Carlyle Blackwell was chatted in July, 1912. Chester Barnett is with the Warner Features.

SAHAH K. P.—Ruth Stonehouse opposite F. Bushman in "The Man and the Hour."

FRANK MCG.—Yes; Florence Barker is dead. Harry Millarde in "Her Husband's Friend" (Kalem). Anita Stuart was Agnes in "Agnes" (Vitagraph).

Mrs. E. D. R.—E. H. Calvert was Harvey in "The Great Game" (Essanay). Norma Talmadge in "The Blue Rose" (Vitagraph). Warren Kerrigan was chatted in May 1913 issue.

PATRICIA OF K. C.—Alfreda Hansworth opposite Tom Moore in "The Atheist" (Kalem). Harrish Ingraham was the revenue officer and Octavia Handworth the gypsy girl in "The Smuggler" (Pathé). Our circulation for March was 260,000 copies. Tom Moore has not been chatted.

M. A. D., NEW YORK.—Marguerite Clayton seems to be Mr. Anderson's permanent leading woman. You think that Leo Delaney "is growing a nose too much like Anderson's, which prevents him from getting the benefit out of a kiss." Your poetic defense of Mr. Costello is excellent. Will see that he gets it.

D. H. K., OAKLAND.—House Peters is with Famous Players. We shall try to have a picture of him, also a chat.

HAROLD D.—Francelia Billington in that Majestic. She also played in "God of Tomorrow" (Majestic). Vera Sisson in "The Ten of Spades" (Majestic) as Jess. That was Mabel Normand in the Keystone.

FANNY S., SCRANTON.—Marshall Neilan was Billy in "The Wedding-Gown" (Biograph). Mrs. Taylor was the wife in "In the Days of War" (Pathé). Phyllis Gordon was the girl in "Shiloh" (Bison).

JAMES A. R.—Alice Hollister in "Ireland, the Oppressed" (Kalem). Ethel Phillips was the girl in "The Electrician's Hazard" (Kalem). Our March magazine closed the last forms on the 24th of January, and your letter came in on the 26th.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Marin Sais in "Trapped" (Kalem). James Cooley in that Biograph. Yes; Rosemary Theby in "A Question of Right" (Lubin). Yes; Kempton Greene and Harry Myers.

FRITZ, DUNEDIN.—Will see about your list. No; Julia Gordon did not get bitten by the lion. Mabel Trunnelle and Elizabeth Miller in "Starved Out" (Edison). Thanks for your eulogy.

BESS K.—Haven't heard from you in a long while. Earle Foxe in "The Girl of the Woods" (Victor). Also in "Unto the Third Generation" (Victor). Now with Mutual.

G. E. H.—William Humphrey in "The Flirt" (Vitagraph). Most of the players really speak the words when acting, at least the more important words. I don't know the gentleman your sister asks about. Thanks.





EVENTUALLY

are no reliable statistics anywhere, but my computation is as follows: Number of M. P. theaters in the U. S., 18,000; in N. Y. State, 1,750; in N. Y. City, 914. Average daily attendance in U. S., 7,200,000; in N. Y. State, 700,000; in N. Y. City, 365,000.

MELVA.—Lila Chester was the wife in "Baby's Joy Ride" (Thanhouser). Carey Hastings was the thief. Oscar Larson was Darkcloud, and E. Keller was the colonel in "From Dawn Till Dark" (Bison). No, I am not so bald that I don't know where my head leaves off and my face begins, nor do I keep my hat on when I wash my face. Have your little joke, if it is any pleasure to you. I have become hardened.

BARBARA V.—Charles Ray had the lead in "The Quakeress" (Broncho). Ethel Davis and Edwin August in "His Own Blood" (Powers). Matt Moore was Sidney, and Jane Gail was Agnes in "The Big Sister" (Imp). Marie Hall and William Shay in "His Hour of Triumph" (Imp). Harry Von Meter opposite Vivian Rich in "In the Mountains of Virginia" (American). Belle Bennett and Lamar Johnstone in "Vengeance" (Majestic). Russell Bassett and Lee Moran in "Their Two Kids" (Nestor).

IRWIN J. C.—We do not get Crystal casts. Don't know what Augustus Carney will be called in his new plays, but certainly not Alkali Ike.

Mrs. C. M. B. L.—Thank you so much for the box of fudge. No, I didn't have any on hand, so yours came in very handy and it went right to the spot. Many thanks.

WOMAN-HATER.—I hope you will yet be captured. Anybody who can find so much fault with Alice Joyce, Clara Young, Marguerite Clayton and Ormi Hawley ought to be content with a Flora Finch, who has brains if not beauty. This story of Creation ought to suit you:

He laid him down and slept, and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charmed, he called that woman "bride,"
And his first sleep became his last repose.

J. E. F., CUMBERLAND.—Your applauding verse is appreciated. The puns on the players are clever. So you have joined the throng who want my picture published. The editor says he is considering it, and that he is sorry I am not better-looking.

ALEX, CHARLOTTE.—That was Earle Foxe in the Victor. The picture you enclose is of Harry Beaumont. Gertrude Robinson in that Biograph.

C. E. K., BATH BEACH.—You might write to Alice Joyce for her picture in return for the work you did for her.

D. H., ROCK HILL.—George Field was Terror in "Ashes of Three" (American), and he was the captain in "The Ghost of the Hacienda" (American).

JOSEPHINE W.—Raymond Gallagher was the detective, and Velma Whitman the girl in "The Death-Trap." That is the only mine we know.

BRUCE, MEMPHIS.—George Larkin was the roommate in "Only One Shirt" (Kalem). Thanks for the fee.

Mrs. J. M., NEWARK.—Darwin Karr was the villain in "Love's Sunset" (Vita-graph), if there was a villain.

GERTIE.—Florence LaBadie was Mary in "The Star of Bethlehem" (Thanhouser). Several of the "Adventures of Kathlyn" have been released. Yes; Thomas Santschi is playing for Selig. Avast, there, shipmate! Hide nothing from thy minister, physician, lawyer, and Answer Man. Be frank, and so will I.

ELIZABETH W.—James Cruze's picture in May, 1912, and April, 1913. Yes; Irving Cummings in "Ashes" (Reliance). No. While I never tried it, I am convinced that marriage is *not* a failure, in most cases.

A MAORILAND GIRL, NEW ZEALAND.—Arthur Johnson received your pretty book of views, and he wants me to thank you, for he has enjoyed it very much.

GRACE.—Jack Hoxie was Fleetfoot in "The Big Horn Massacre" (Kalem). There



PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL

C. G. H., CINCINNATI.—Anthony Byrd was Zeb, and Joseph Outen was Zack in "Zeb, Zack and the Zulus" (Lubin). Yes; Jessalyn Van Trump in "The Passer-by" (Victor). Lionel Barrymore was the grocer and Dot Gish his daughter in "The Lady and the Mouse" (Biograph).

CARRIE E. S.—Bessie Eyton was the girl opposite Thomas Santschi in "Alone in the Jungle" (Selig). Lillian Hayward was the mother and Frank Clark the father.

KLEO G.—Please dont send me any of your father's live-stock. I have no place for it. That was Bessie Eyton in the Selig, and Clara K. Young in the Vitagraph.

JESSE A. S.—The picture you enclose is of Lottie Briscoe. Yes. William Stowell in "Eyes So Blue and Tender" (Selig). Lillian Walker in November, 1913, chat in July, 1913, and picture on last month's cover.



PUT THEM ANY PLACE, AND YOU'LL GET THE CROWD

MARGUERITE T. W.—O. A. C. Lund and E. Roseman in "Partners" (Eclair). No doubt that player would answer you if you didn't write him a love-letter.

VESSA H.—Ethel Phillips was the wife, and Stephen Purdee was the invalid in "The Fatal Shot" (Kalem).

KAPPA EPSILON.—That Pathé was foreign, and we have no cast. Carlyle Blackwell has left Glendale and is now in Hollywood, Cal. We will print Isabel Rea's picture just as soon as Pathé send us one.

NEVA A.—The picture you enclose is of Arthur Johnson. Billy Mason is with Essanay. Why dont you read the back numbers? Alkali is taken from the Arabic *al*, the, and *kali*, the plant from the ashes of which soda was first obtained, but there isn't much alkali in Ike. Alkali Ike is with Universal.

MISS B., DETROIT.—Please give name of company whenever possible. Mary Pickford is called Little Mary, I believe, because she is so diminutive.

SUNSHINE, CHICAGO.—William Shea was the father in "The Street Singers" (Vitagraph). Yes, it was a very interesting picture. You are away off; London, New York, Paris, Berlin and then Chicago—not third, as you say.

LINCOLN, 17.—Florence Dye had the lead in "The Silver Grindstones" (Selig). Rosetta Brice and John Ince in "A Servant to the Rich" (Lubin). William Taylor was the son, Bertie Pitcairn the nurse in "The Secret of the Bulb" (Vitagraph). Adele Lane in "Father's Day" (Selig).

E. M. B., LONDON.—William Dunn was Harvey Livingston, and Harry Morey was Dan Harwood in "The Line-up" (Vitagraph). Never heard of that company. That's one thing I cannot do—keep track of the new companies that are springing up every day like mushrooms, and doubtless many of them will live about as long.

OLGA, 17.—Harriet Notter was the girl, William Stowell the sweetheart and Al Garcia the villain. Joe Hazelton was the father in "With Eyes So Blue and Tender."

PORTLAND TWINS.—Edwin August played in "When Kings Were Law" as the cousin. Know of no studio at present in Oregon. Billy Quirk is with Vitagraph now.

H. M. C. W.—William West is with Kalem, and there is a William West with Edison, and a Charles West with Biograph. Different manufacturers have different ways of making their titles (leaders or subtitles, as they are called). If printed type is used, the letters are cut out of cardboard and laid flat on a table. The camera is then placed overhead, pointing down, and pictures of the letters are taken at the rate of sixteen a second for about ten seconds.

PAULINE, 18.—In October, 1911, Mary Pickford was with Majestic, and her husband, Owen Moore, was directing. No to that Costello question.

Z. X. F. T. C.—Edward Dillon and Grace Lewis in "The Noisy Suitors" (Biograph). Frances Ne Moyer was Dot in "Detective Dot." Your letter was fine.

J. S. B., OCEAN GROVE.—E. H. Calvert was the man in "Master Thief" (Essanay). You refer to the Nash sisters. The price of film is from four to ten cents a foot.

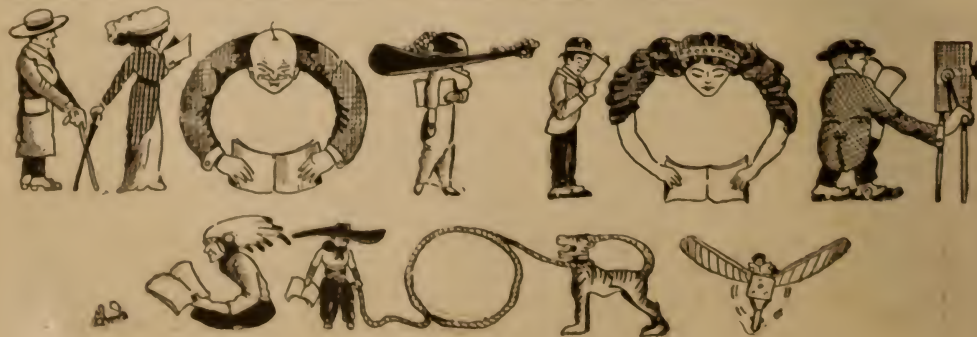
SHERLOCK HOLMES.—Gertrude Robinson and Marshall Neilan in "The Wedding Gown" (Biograph). George Cooper was Steven in "The White Feather" (Vitagraph). Earle Foxe opposite Florence Lawrence in "The Influence of Sympathy" (Victor).

DOROTHY F., CHICAGO.—Thomas Santschi in "The Adventures of Kathlyn" (Selig). Charles Clary is the Hindu Prince. Send it to the Clearing House. Marshall P. Wilder says that laughter is the salt of life and keeps the whole dish sweet.

BRIGHTON.—I have no objections to chewing gum in the picture theaters. I think it is rather a nice habit. Yale Boss was the bell-boy in "Archie and the Bell-Boy."

W. T. H.—Your *Monthly* should be issued weekly. I agree with you as to the excellence of the acting of Harry Morey. Certainly that was Jack Standing in the Path(6). We all pronounce Sals *Sah-ecce*, but some call it simply saas. I accept your correction as to the size of Clara Kimball Young's eyes; they are 24-karat brilliants.

ERNIA D.—Gene Gauntier was the girl in "Come Back to Erin" (G. G. Co.). Stephen Purdee and Anna Nilsson in "Telltale Stains" (Kalem).



PANSY.—Fred Truesdell was opposite Mildred Bright in "One of the Rabble" (Eclair). Ford Sterling in the Keystones. Nearly all my correspondents are kind and generous with me, and I appreciate it. Only a few are disrespectful.

JULIA E. S.—Harry Beaumont was the major in "The Witness to the Will" (Edison). Harry Millarde in that Kalem, Wallace Reid in the Rex, and Marshall Neilan in the Biograph.

MARGARET M.—Crane Wilbur in "The Mad Sculptor" (Pathé). No cast for the Selig. I would like to answer your question, "Is divorce justifiable?" but I refuse to say yes or no unless I can give my reasons, which space and policy forbid.

M. B., CHARLOTTE.—Matt Moore opposite Florence Lawrence. Yes.

ERNEST P. M.—Thanks very much for the postal cards. William Duncan was Jim, and Tom Mix the Chief in "By Unseen Hand" (Selig). Yes; Herbert Rawlinson in "The Acid Test" (Selig). Robert Drouet in "The Inspector's Story" (Lubin). John Smiley in "The Engineer's Revenge" (Lubin). Gladys Brockwell in "The Counterfeiter's Fate" (Lubin). Louise Huff in "The Hazard of Youth" (Lubin).

MADLINE.—Thanks for the present that accompanied your vituperous letter, but remember what my old friend Josh Billings said, "Munny will buy a pretty good dog, but it won't buy the wag ov hiz tale."

ROSY GIRL.—Velma Whitman and Ray Gallagher in "The Death-Trap" (Lubin). Julia Brunns and A. Moreno in "No Place for Father" (Biograph). Utahna La Reno was Dorothy in "Dorothy's Adoption" (Selig).

MICKEY THE II.—Mary Pickford was Lena in "Lena and the Geese" (Biograph). Mae Marsh was the real princess in the same. You will find this department broader than it is deep, I fear, and longer than it is longed for.

HESTER H., DENVER.—James Horne was Edward in "Perils of the Sea" (Kalem). Guy Coombs is in Jacksonville. Write to Leah Morgan, 831 Main St., Stroudsburg, Pa.

MERRIE, SPRINGFIELD.—Harry Myers in "The New Gown" (Lubin). Gertrude Robinson in that Biograph. In one sense all plays are dramas. In the better sense, plays are divided into two classes: comedies and dramas. Tragedy is a form of drama, and farce is a form of comedy.

TRACEY W.—Louise Huff and Kempton Greene in "The Hazard of Youth" (Lubin). Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby in "A Question of Right" (Lubin). Paul Hurst in "Trapped" (Kalem). Yes; Paul Kelly is back with Vitagraph.

DIXIE W.—The Great Artist contest will probably run several months yet. Plato was tall, handsome and had very broad shoulders. He was temperate in sleeping, eating and drinking, but approved of occasional intoxication, so you lose.

MRS. M. R.—Juanita Dalmorez was Sybil in "The Love-Lute of Romany" (Essanay). Al Jacoby was the sheriff in "The Circle's End." Mary Ryan has left Lubin.

ERNEST S.—I do not live on grape-nuts nor work twenty-three hours a day. Lillian Gish and Walter Miller in that Biograph. Your dad evidently believes in whipping his child to make him smart.

LEONARD E. C.—Lamar Johnstone in "The Wedding Write-up" (Majestic). Laura Sawyer has been with Famous Players for some time. David Hartford was Captain Kidd, and Cleo Madison was Peggy in "Captain Kidd" (Bison). E. K. Lincoln's picture appeared in September, 1913.

IDA R.—Your prediction is clever, my lady. A woman's guess is generally more reliable than a man's certainty. Carlyle Blackwell and Louise Glaum in "The Invisible Foe" (Kalem).

ROBERTA G.—Warren Kerrigan had the lead in "The Girl of the Manor" (American). Harrish Ingraham and Octavia Handworth in "The Smugglers" (Pathé).

MABEL S.—Harry Gripp was Mr. Lillybool in "The Girl in the Middy" (Edison). Marshall Neilan in that Biograph. Like most girls, you prefer an Achilles to a Narcissus, and a Bonaparte to a Beau Brummel. That is why you admire G. M. Anderson in preference to those others you mention.



MARY JANE.—Lottie Briscoe in "The Parasite" (Lubin). Avaunt! Stand a little back—good news! John Bunny, G. M. Anderson and Maurice Costello are not dead yet, nor expected to die. This is in answer to several heartrending appeals.

ADELE.—Your letter is really a *bonne bouche*. Your questions have been answered.

ELSIE H.—Who can tell her where Joseph Holland is at present?

RUTH MACLE.—Minor S. Watson was Charles in "Dollars, Pounds, and Sense" (Essanay). Yes; Vedali Bertram is dead. Eleanor Dunn was Nell in "The Inspector's Story" (Lubin). Marie Hall was the wife in "His Hour of Triumph" (Imp). George Stewart was the lame boy, and Adelaide Lawrence the beggar girl in "The Highborn Child and the Beggar" (Kalem). Baby Garriety in "Thru the Storm."

FLOWER E. G.—You say "Money does not always bring happiness. A man with \$10,000,000 is no happier than a man with \$9,000,000." I don't know, because I never tried it. Of course I missed you. Yours, of course. Ray McKee was the sweetheart in "An Interrupted Courtship" (Lubin). Ray Gallagher was the detective in "The Death-Trap" (Lubin). Lester Cuneo was the brother in "By Unseen Hand." I agree with you that one egg on the sideboard will give a home a cozy air of prosperity, but that three is nothing but a vulgar display of wealth.

SINGAC FARMER.—Charles Murray was the hero and Lillian Orth the girl in "The Fallen Hero" (Biograph). "The Mad Sculptor" was taken in the Adirondacks.

ELSIE ALBERT writes that she played the part of Beauty and Douglas Gerard the Beast in "Beauty and the Beast." Cleo Ridgely was Beauty in the Rex play.

CLARA K.—Miss Starr in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Wallace Reid was leading man in "The Spirit of the Flag" (Bison). Richard Travers in "The Great Game" (Essanay). We expect to interview Harry Northrup soon.

HELEN L. R.—Thanks. Charles Clary was the prince in "The Adventures of Kathlyn" (Selig). George Stewart the little boy in "A Shot in the Night" (Kalem).

LE DAUPHIN.—Ormi Hawley was Clara in "On Her Wedding-Day" (Lubin). Write to our Circulation Manager about the M. P. Club of America. Tom Powers is not with Vitagraph. Lionel Barrymore the husband, Miss Radinoff the sister and Marshall Neilan the lover in "The House of Discord." That was Betty Grey in "The Bartered Crown" (Biograph).

EDNA, 17.—Don't get discouraged. Harriet Notter and William Stowell had the leads in "Hilda of Herron Love" (Selig). Bessie Eyton was Hope in "Hope" (Selig). You are my friend, and I am yours.

BLONDIE.—Harriet Notter in "Eyes So Blue and Tender" (Selig). Velma Whitman and Henry King in "The Magic Melody." Ruth Stonehouse in "Two Social Calls."

E. C. LYNN.—Ruth Stonehouse and Francis Bushman in "The Man and the Hour" (Essanay). Myrtle Stedman in "The Schoolmarm's Shooting Match" (Selig). Yes, there is something classic about the features of Carlotta de Felice, and she was known as one of the Vitagraph beauties. She is not playing with them now.

GRACE, 17.—You can see Florence Turner in "The Harper Mystery," or "Jean's Evidence." A. Blinkhorn, 110 W. 40th St., N. Y., is the U. S. agent. Keep your secret, for nobody else will—not even a woman, nor an editor.

LEE, MOLINE.—Peggy O'Neill is not with Lubin; she is on the stage. The Green-room Jotter is correct. His department goes to press after mine, and therefore he gets the later news. This department closes on the 20th this month.

BESSIE H.—It is true about Gladys Field. Ethel Grandin is with Imp. I prefer Brooklyn every time to where you are, 40 degrees below zero.

JOHNNIE FISHER.—They might have been real tears on Blanche Sweet's face in "The Painted Lady." The picture of the kittens is very nice; thanks very much. The reason that some of the answers here appear stale is that many readers read old numbers and then make inquiry. An old copy is almost as interesting as a new one.



TAKING THE "SHUN" OUT OF MOTION PICTURES

ESTA, L. G.—Letters like yours, mostly nonsense, are promptly thrown in the basket.

HERMAN.—This department was started by the editor to supply information about the Motion Picture business, but you people seem to think that it is a sort of Farmers' Almanac or encyclopedia from which you can get anything you want, from how to cook doughnuts down to how to make hair grow on bald heads. Well, if that's what you want, you may go as far as you like, and I will go as far as I can. Plymouth Rock is a famous ledge on which the Pilgrims are said to have landed when they first stepped from their boats in the harbor of what is now Plymouth, Mass. Part of the rock is still there.

MRS. GEO. K.—Brinsley Shaw in "The Education of Aunt Georgiana" (Vitagraph) as the burglar. William Scott in "Destiny of the Sea" (Selig). Ralph Ince was Bill Murphy in "Why I am Here" (Vitagraph).

O. H., GALVESTON.—I dont hear much about King Baggot in this department, but it may be because he is so well known that people do not inquire about him.

TOODLES TWO.—Earle Williams in "The Vengeance of Durand." Peggy O'Neill was the girl spy in "The Battle of Shiloh" (Lubin).

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA.—I have received and read the copy of "Practical Cinematography," which you kindly sent me, and I find it exceedingly interesting and useful to the advanced professional as well as to the amateur. Handsomely illustrated, \$1.50. There should be a big demand for this book.

KATHE DE S.—Kenneth Casey is appearing on the stage in England. The play "Agnes" is being released by Vitagraph under the name of "A Million Bid."

NETTIE.—Lillian Wade was the child in "The Mysterious Way" (Selig). He is an artist with an art, yet he is artless. Pearl Sindelar is one of Pathé's leading women.

LOUISE M., TYLER.—Your letter was very interesting. Write to Tom Moore, care of Kalem. He will no doubt answer you. Thanks.

TOODLES.—Joseph Belmont was Jim in "His Last Gamble" (Crystal). Robert Grey in "The Regeneration of Worthless Dan" (Nestor).

THE JOLLY BUNCH.—No. Dont ask if he is married, nor about theatrical companies. *Adieu* is French, meaning to God I commend you.

GRACE B. E.—Your questions were answered. Edith Storey is now playing in California for the Western Vitagraph. Flora Finch is not Mrs. Bunny.

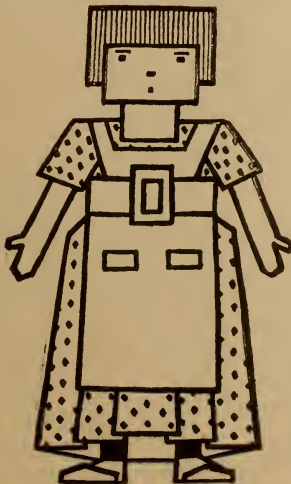
GERTRUDE L. H., CHICAGO.—Charles Clary is Umballah. We have no casts for most of those Independent features. Western Vitagraph at Santa Monica. Dont be alarmed if you have thirteen at table at your party; that is a groundless superstition founded on ignorance. The only time it is unfortunate to have thirteen at table is when you have food enough for only twelve.

L. W. L., DENVER.—Harry Carey in "The Fireman's Conscience" (Biograph). Roscoe C. Arbuckle is the fat boy of the Keystone. Dont know his exact weight.

BROWN C.—Alice Joyce, Marguerite Clayton and Anna Nilsson have had no previous stage experience. I cant tell you how to become a player. Harold Lockwood is now with Famous Players. She is not pretty off the stage. Painted beauty is only skin deep. Cannot tell you the ages of those players.



Harvey.



Peare.



IN SQUARETOWN

THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE—Now that we have had a square meal, let's go to a square picture theater. I know of one just a square away.

EMMA L. B.—Your letter is fine, but you don't ask the proper questions. I am sorry for you if you are an old maid. Marriage is the natural state for grownups. I did not attend the Screen Club ball on Jan. 31, so you did not see me there.

ALICE D.—Justina Huff was the girl in "Thru Flaming Paths" (Lubin). Yes. So you don't want this department cut down. Lots of you are saying that. Thank you.

E. A. S., IND.—But you must not all ask where to write to the players for their pictures. Send all your letters to the players in care of their company, and if you don't know the address of the company, send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list.

GENEVIEVE H.—Thomas Santschi was Bruce in "Kathlyn's Adventures" (Selig). Myrtle Stedman is with the Bosworth films. So is Al E. Garcia and Charles Ray.

BRIGHT EYES.—Irene Howley and Irving Cummings in "The Rosary." Harry Morey was the husband in "The Wreck" (Vitagraph). Gladden James was the stepson. Marguerite Courtot and Harry Millarde in "The Octoroon" (Kalem). Marguerite Clayton and Evelyn Selbie as the Indian girls in that Essanay.

KERRIGAN KID.—The Screen Club is located in New York City, and nearly all the photoplayers belong to it. If it is true that the world does not require so much to be informed as to be reminded, let me remind you that this is no matrimonial bureau, and that I do not want to receive love-letters about the players. I will print praise but not mush. I am always glad to hear from my intelligent, sensible correspondents, who are in the large majority, but not from the silly minority.

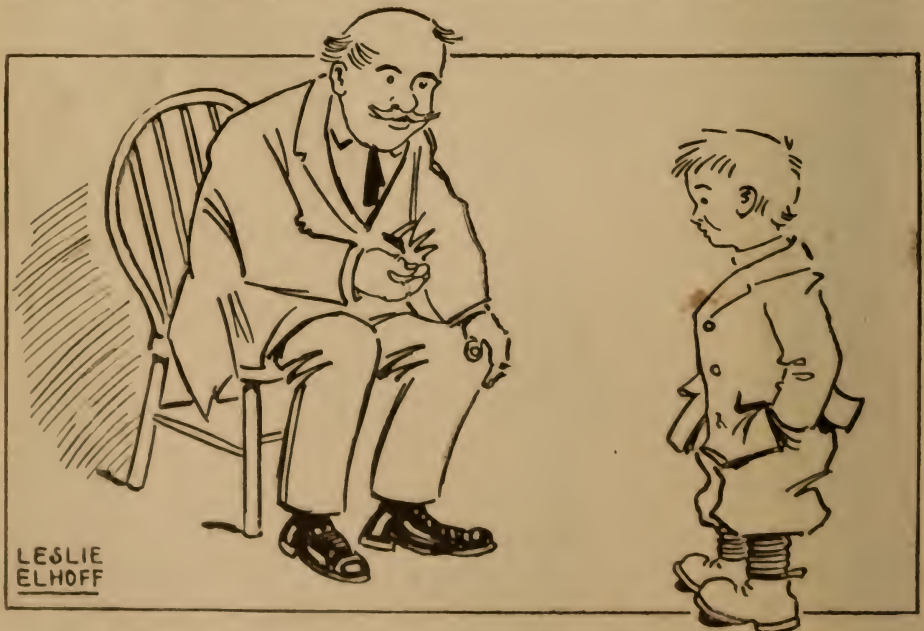
MARY L. S.—Thanks for your picture. Don't think there is much chance for you in the pictures. I say the same to everybody.

DORCHESTER.—Richard C. Travers was the husband in "In the Hand That Rocked the Cradle" (Essanay). Harry Mainhall was the secret service fellow. Octavia Handworth was Crane Wilbur's wife in "The Mad Sculptor" (Pathé).

PAUL V. C.—Alice Hollister was the girl in "The Primitive Man" (Kalem). Adele Lane in "Father's Day" (Selig). Louise Huff in "Before the Last Leaves Fell" (Lubin). We still have back numbers on hand. Anita Stuart's interview in December 1913 issue. You are the fifth person that has said Marguerite Clayton is a second Mary Pickford. She is coming along nicely.

DICKERY T.—Harry Beaumont was the villain, and Benjamin Wilson and Gertrude McCoy had the leads in "The Witness to the Will" (Edison). Jack Richardson is still with American. Mabel Normand is still with Keystone. Your letter was interesting.

ERNEST M. P.—George Gebhardt had the lead in "Poisoned Stream" (Pathé). Larry Peyton was the doctor in "Trapped" (Kalem). I am not allowed to conduct this as a health department, but I will take a chance in slipping this in: An onion a day, they say, will keep doctors away—and everybody else. Yes, they are good for you.



PA—Do you feel too tired to go to the movies, Willie?

WILLIE—No, siree!

PA—Then you can take a walk around the corner and get me a paper of tobacco.

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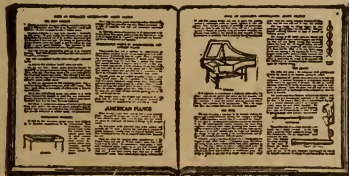
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"MOVING PICTURES"

Edison for their character impersonations and the Biograph for their superb staging. Harry Myers was the lead in "His Best Friend" (Lubin). Marin Sais in "The Chinese Death-Thorn" (Kalem). Carrol Hallaway was the wife and Justina Hnff the sweetheart in "A Son of His Father" (Lubin).

RALPH S. G.—I should judge you were a female from the half a face you sent me. If you become a subscriber you will get the magazine a day or two in advance of the newsstands. I think a majority of my correspondents are young people.

OLGA, 18.—I am surprised at you, Olga, calling me Miss. I am anything but lady-like. Certainly I am an admirer of Woodpile Wilson; he is making as good a President as I would myself. Everybody is taking off his hat to him now.

GERTRUDE H.—The pictures you ask for soon. Eleanor Caines died in Philadelphia. Reliance release those films. I should say that person knew little of literature. Grass.

CHARLES A. W.—Charlotte Burton was the girl in "In the Firelight" (American). James Cruze had the lead in "The Plot Against the Governor" (Thanhouser). Irving Cummings with Pathé. Mignon Anderson in "The Beauty Parlor Graduate."

CEIMROSE F. S.—Thanks. I received the calendar. Ada Gifford opposite Ned Finley in "Local Color." That's right, keep cheerful, for a light heart lives long.

POCAHONTAS.—Helen Costello is the younger. "Magic Melody" (Lubin) was taken at Los Angeles, Cal. Dolores Cassinelli was Dorothy in "Cupid and Thee" (Essanay).

POLLY ANN.—Thanks very much for the clippings. The Q in Anna Nilsson's name stands for Quirentia. We have had no other complaints about the standing of the players in the Great Artist Contest.

BEVERLY V. S.—Grace Chard was Dolores in "The White Vaquero" (Bison). Phyllis Gordon was the sweetheart in "The War on the Cattle Range" (Bison). Gladys Field is not playing. She lives in California. That Bison was taken in California. Howard Crampton was the doctor in "The Return of Tony" (Imp).

EUGENE E. J., HELENA.—Kathlyn Williams and Thomas Santschi in that Selig. Most of the companies give the casts on the screen now.

MELVA.—You did wrong to try to teach the tango to the minister's daughter—particularly since she weighs 190 pounds.

M. M. G.—Yes; Princess and Apollo are both under the management of Thanhouser. Mignon Anderson is still with Thanhouser. If Biograph do not accept your play, send it to the other studios. Lots of plays go the rounds and are finally accepted by some wise editor. Best to try them all.

DOROTHY B.—Doris Hollister was Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Kalem). Glad you have found your favorite, Florence Lawrence. Write to the companies for pictures. Would be glad to hear from you again.

ALICE MURIEL.—You say you like Thanhouser best of all, Kalem next. You like Lubin for their clearness and originality, the Kalem for their power of appealing to the emotions, Vitagraph for their sublime imitation of social life.



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MRS. F. F. P.—Mario Bonnard was Satan in that play. John Halliday was the lead in "A Mother's Love" (Lubin), and Arthur Macklin in "Mother-Love" (Lubin). Marie Weirman in "Home, Sweet Home" (Lubin).

C. B. M. P.—Henry King was the lead in "Life, Love and Liberty" (Lubin). Velma Whitman was the girl. Mary Pickford had appendicitis. E. K. Lincoln was the son who was killed in "The Wreck" (Vitagraph).

TEDDY.—Harold Lockwood in "Northern Hearts" (Selig). You think the make-up of some of the women players "frightful"—well, so do I. They can't seem to get it into their heads that powder and paint must be used sparingly in the pictures.

EL PASO.—Do not recognize that play. Was it a Motion Picture?

GLORIA.—Kathlyn Williams was the foster-sister in "The Flight of the Crow." Your suggestion about the coupon is good, and I have passed it along to the Editor.

SIDNEY D.—A. B. stands for American Biograph. Gaumont is not producing in America; nor is Ambrosio. "Quo Vadis?" and "The Last Days of Pompeii" were both released in this country by Kleine.

GENEVA T.—Florence Hackett was the other girl in "The Blinded Heart" (Lubin). Clara Kimball Young and Crane Wilbur are the other two on the February cover. Did you not see their names in the Table of Contents?

JESSE S.—Paul Willis was Little Kaintuck, Daisy Smith the mother and Karl Formes the storekeeper in "Little Kaintuck" (Vitagraph). Clara Young and Darwin Karr in "Betty in the Lion's Den" (Vitagraph). Maurice Costello is still with Vitagraph. Edison studio is at Bedford Park, Bronx, New York City.

OLGA, 18.—Adelaide Lawrence in "The Haunted House" (Kalem). Dorothy Gish and Henry Walthall in "Her Mother's Oath" (Biograph), Jennie Lee the mother.

J. W., READING.—Richard Neill as Terrence in "The Witness to the Will" (Edison). Lillian Orth in that Biograph. Muriel Ostriche in "Cupid's Lieutenant."

BINA.—William Lord Wright was with us last month. Kenneth Casey has not been chatted. There are two director Johnsons with Lubin.

BEVERLY V. S.—Anita Stuart in that Vitagraph. J. B. Sherry had the lead in "Heritage of Eve" (Broncho). Florence Hackett was the other girl in that Lubin. J. J. Clark was Jerry in "Come Back to Erin."

MRS. ARTHUR A.—Alfred Russell Wallace, who recently died, was the co-announcer with Darwin of the theory of the origin of species by natural selection, which is still a stoutly disputed theory. Carlyle Blackwell had the lead in "The Fight at Grizzly Gulch."

KEWPIE'S TWO.—Charles Clary in that Selig. Harold Lockwood in "Northern Hearts" (Selig). Yes; James Morrison is still with Vitagraph. We will chat Tom Moore and Crane Wilbur soon.

UNEDA BISCUIT.—James Cooley was the husband in "Diversion" (Biograph). S. Rankin Drew was the doctor in "A Game of Cards." Who would have thunk it?

SILVER BELL.—Robert Grey, and not Romaine Fielding, in "From the Portals of Despair" (American). Anna Nilsson had both parts in that Kalem.

DEAN, HOBOKEN.—Tom Carrigan in that Selig. Owen Moore was Jack Henderson, and Ernest Truex was Wally in "Caprice" (Famous Players). You are barking up the wrong tree. I wear no muzzle, bell, halter or collar. I say what I please, and if I could not, I would not. I try to praise the good and to condemn the bad.

R. H., BRONX.—J. W. Johnston was Rob Roy, and Nancy Avril was his wife in "Rob Roy" (Eclair).

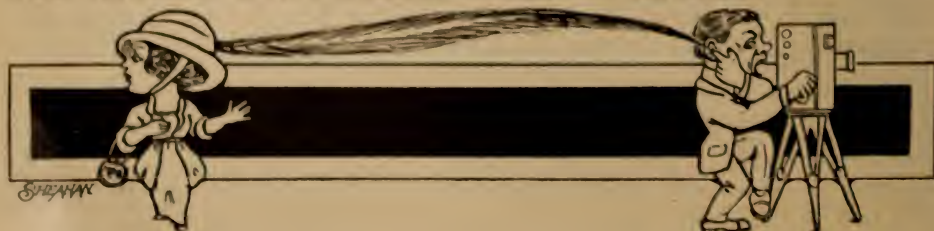
T. R., HOUSTON.—Many thanks for that book of 100 pages in pen and ink. Some patience have you! Your kind words were appreciated.

DELPHINE.—Robert Grey had the lead in "Thru a Neighbor's Window" (American). Octavia Handworth was the wife in "The Yellow Streak" (Pathé). Of course we accept stamps, 1c. ones preferred. Norma Talmadge in "The Blue Rose."

PRINCESS.—Billie Rhodes was Lightfoot in "The Cavemen's War" (Kalem). We all like plays containing heart-throbs. Your letter was fine.

JEAN H., YONKERS.—Blanche Sweet in that Biograph. Yes, you have him placed correctly. We have not yet chatted Harry Beaumont, of Edison. We will not chat any more Biograph players for the present.

D. P. R., ERIE.—Beverly Bayne was Susie in "Thru the Storm" (Essanay). Lois Weber was Leah in "A Jew's Christmas," and Ella Hall was Eleanor.





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"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it, and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before."

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age, and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. I took only two boxes of Sargol. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

Full address of any of these people if you wish.

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AGNES, BRONX.—Address Billy Mason at the Essanay Company, Chicago. Too many death scenes? But we must have the storms as well as the sunshine, for without the one we could not appreciate the other. And remember that death is only the soul's change of residence.

ELFRIEDA B., GREEN BAY.—Nancy Avril and Betty Gray in "The Price of Silence" (Pathé). Anita Stuart, Clara Young, Norma Talmadge and Dorothy Kelly are the Vitagraph quartette of beauties, but there are others.

BILLIE, 17.—Jack Johnstone had the lead in "Over the Cliffs" (Eclair). Ethel Clayton in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin). Robyn Adair is now with Mutual. Yes; Director Griffith and Lillian Gish, Robert Harron, Blanche Sweet, Donald Crisp, Henry Walthall and Dorothy Gish have all gone to California to make pictures.

HATTIE S.—You act like a chicken with its head cut off. You do a lot of fluttering, but don't accomplish much. I don't care whether Helen Costello keeps a diary or whether Lillian Walker is engaged to Earle Williams, and don't purpose finding out. Please ask sensible questions. Then yours will be more welcome.

MRS. S. P.—C. H. Mailes was the oil magnate in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Robert Gaillard was Jim in "The Pirates" (Vitagraph). Chester Withey and Edward Coxen in "The Trail of the Lost Chord" (American).

S. P. V., PATTERSON.—Don't know where that player is from. That's right; always mention this magazine when writing to our advertisers, for it helps us. Advertisers patronize that magazine which brings them the most returns.

GERTIE.—W. E. Parsons was Black Barton in "The Brute" (Vitagraph). Yes. That's just a stage secret. Yes; Anita Stuart is a lovely young girl. Miss Olga told me about him. Our covers are now designed months in advance.

LOTTIE D. T.—Beverly Bayne and Richard Travis in "The Death Weight" (Essanay). Billy Betts and Marguerite Ne Moyer in "Giving Bill a Rest" (Lubin). William Brunton and Helen Holmes in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). Edgea De Lespine and John Pratt in "Runa Plays Cupid" (Reliance).

SUNSHINE GIRL.—Bessie Sankey had the lead with Broncho Billy in "The Squatter's Daughter" (Essanay). Henry King and Dolly Larkin in "The Outlaw's Gratitude" (Lubin). Frances Ne Moyer and George Reelm in "The Female Detective" (Lubin). Beverly Bayne in "Thru the Storm" (Essanay).

ELEANOR Z.—That was Lottie Briscoe in the center of the stars. Frank Newburg was the lead in "Slipping Hands" (Selig). Edwin Carewe was Robert in "His Conscience" (Lubin). I hope you live the poetry you sing.

MARY ELEN, ST. LOUIS.—William Stowell was the son, and Adele Lane was Hilda in "Father's Day" (Selig). Lee Maloney and Helen Holmes in "In Peril of His Life" (Kalem). Clara Kimball Young in the lower righthand corner. Vera Sisson in "The Ten of Spades" (Mutual). Norma Phillips is the Mutual Film Girl. Yes to your Gene Gauntier cast. Yes, write to him.

SOCKARAMOOCHA.—Gertrude Bambrick was the girl in "His Hoodoo" (Biograph). Lionel Adams was the artist, and Edna Luby was Evelyn in "Shadows" (Lubin). You are as witty and droll as Bill Nye.

A. M.—I accept your correction regarding "Toney," the snake. I thought he was a tame one, but you say he was imported from Mexico and then had his fangs removed. Sorry Toney is dead. Mr. Fielding seems to have a liking for the gruesome.

ALTA A.—James Cooley, Frances Nelson and Claire McDowell in "Diversions" (Biograph). Vedah Bertram is dead. Your wishes are numerous; you wish that Edith Storey were more beautiful, that Ormi Hawley were less stout, that Allee Joyce were more vivacious, that Mary Fuller were less affected, that Anita Stuart painted less and dressed better, that Sarah Bernhardt were younger, that Mary Pickford were larger, that Lillian Walker laughed less, that Mabel Normand was more stationary, and that Clara Kimball Young had some of Kate Price's flesh. The player that suits you would be worth \$1,000 a week to any company.

LILLIAN G.—Francella Billington and Lamar Johnstone in "The Gods of Tomorrow" (Majestic). Maude Fealy and Harry Benham in "An Orphan's Romance" (Thanhouser). When the outlook is not good, try the uplook.

H. T. B., BUFFALO.—The famous Mary who had a little lamb was a real character. She was a Massachusetts girl, and her lamb was one of twins dispossessed from their pen by its cruel mother, just as it was later dispossessed from school by the heartless teacher. A young riding-master named Rowston was present on that immortal day, and he wrote those verses that have made him more famous than Dante and Milton. There is no sign of Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnson playing opposite each other, nor Allee Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell.

GIRLIE U.—Rex and Eclair films are under the Universal brand. William Stowell was leading man in "His Guiding Spirit" (Selig). Harriet Notter was the girl. Harold Lockwood with Famous Players.

HELEN C., SPRINGFIELD.—Harry Beaumont in "The Witness to the Will." The verse is good, but I haven't room for it here. Myrtle Stedman in "Mother Love vs. Gold."

R. W.—Thomas Santschi in the picture you enclose, not William Clifford.

BE A WRITER *of* MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

EARN BIG MONEY AT HOME IN SPARE TIME



You Will Be Interested in This Story!

One night last Spring a Young Man dropped into a Moving Picture Theater with a friend. A "Blood-and-Thunder" Western story was being shown—you know the kind. "Pshaw!" said the Young Man, "I could write a better story than that." "Why don't you?" asked his friend. That started the Young Man to thinking and he investigated.

Here Is What He Found!

He found that twenty million people attend thirty thousand moving picture theaters in the United States every day. "Surely," he thought, "it must require quite a number of motion picture plays to entertain all these people." So he investigated further.

He found that the demand for good moving picture plays exceeds the supply—that there are more moving picture plays bought each month by producers than there are stories by all the high-class magazines in the

United States combined—that the producers pay from \$15.00 to \$100.00 for good plays, and carry standing advertisements in the magazines inviting writers to submit their work.

He found that many men and women—clerks, teachers, stenographers, students, housewives—people in all walks of life, with no literary training whatever—were making money in their spare time writing these plays.

This was enough for the Young Man. He took up the work himself. He found to his delight that his lack of literary training was no handicap, no descriptions or conversation to supply—just IDEAS developed into plays under the simple rules required by the producers.

In six months he was earning more than his regular salary writing plays at home in the evening. His job interfered with his writing, so he quit his job. More than this—he is his own boss now. Remember, this Young Man is no genius—he had never written a story in his life—he simply saw an opportunity and GRASPED IT.

You Can Succeed in This Work

Your Ideas Are Worth Money

You have had ideas which you thought would make good moving picture plays—better than some you have seen on the screen. If you haven't, suppose you give the matter a little thought. Go to the theater tonight. Note how simple the stories are—yet these simple little plays brought their writers \$25.00, \$50.00 or \$100.00 each. How about that incident at the office or in your home, or that you heard or read about? Don't keep it bottled up—write a motion picture play around it and sell it for \$25.00 or more.

LET US TEACH YOU TO TURN YOUR IDEAS INTO DOLLARS

You can make \$50.00 to \$100.00 a month in your spare time

Others are doing it! You have the ideas! Let us teach you how to use them in this new and profitable work. Our simple and interesting Course will teach you everything you need to know to succeed, how to write and how to SELL your plays. Our Course has been prepared by a WRITER OF NATIONAL REPUTATION. You probably have enjoyed many of his plays on the screen. He will give you his PERSONAL HELP AND ADVICE throughout the Course. He will teach you his methods, by which he SUCCEEDED.

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If you are possessed of Imagination—and who is not?—if you are ambitious and can use more money than you are making now—if you have tried to become a story writer and failed because of insufficient literary training—THE MOTION PICTURE PLAY OFFERS A SHORT CUT TO SUCCESS! Think of seeing YOUR OWN IDEAS on the screen in your own town, before your friends! This is to experience a satisfaction that cannot be described.

Learn all about this fascinating spare-time work

There is MONEY and FAME to be gained in this new profession, if you start NOW! We have prepared an interesting catalogue which tells all about the wonderful possibilities of this work and describes our easy and fascinating method of teaching. Suppose we send you a copy? It is FREE.

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I am interested in learning how to write MOTION PICTURE PLAYS. Please send me a catalogue and particulars regarding your method of teaching.

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COUPON—CUT OFF AND MAIL TODAY

VIRGINIA.—Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe in "The Higher Law" (Lubin). Hope you pass your exams. About 34 per cent. of the world is Christian, and the other 66 per cent. is divided among Mohammedans, Brahmins, and 9 per cent. heathen.

M. G.—Have never heard of the player you mention. Perhaps she plays minor parts, and her name is not cast.

LILLIAN L., GREENSBORO.—William Shay was Will in "The Watch-Dog of the Deep." It was probably your own fault. Every person is the architect of his own misfortune.

JEAN B.—Ethel Clayton with Lubin; Mona Darkfeather with Kalem; Violet Horner with Lup last. Andrew Carnegie was at the Edison studio last month.

WALTER E. G.—Anita Murray opposite G. M. Anderson in "The Ranch Feud" (Essanay). Those pictures of birds and wild animals were taken from nature. The utmost concealment is necessary to secure wild life under natural conditions. Sometimes the cameraman has to wait days to get his subjects where he wants them.

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—Fred Church has left the Western Essanay. Harry Handworth directs mostly. Doubt think he has played in many films. Director to number 5.

Mrs. E. M. M.—You're wrong. Billy Mason the policeman in "Looking for Trouble."

E. L., DETROIT.—Valentine Paul was Val in "The White Squaw" (Bison). Leah Baird and King Baggot had the leads in "Absinthe" (Imp).

UNEEDA BISCUIT.—Ray Gallagher was Joe in "In Mysterious Ways" (Lubin). Minor Watson had the lead in "Day by Day" (Essanay). Players don't "pose" for Motion Pictures; they *play* or *act*. They *pose* for "still" pictures.

Mrs. G. P. C.—Your letter was very interesting. The editor will, no doubt, use a picture of George Cooper soon. Wrong; the Pacific Ocean is twice as large as the Atlantic, and then some.

NORAH E.—Leah Baird was the girl in "My Lady of Idleness" (Vitagraph). Billy Quirk is now with Vitagraph. No, I never directed a picture. All the directing I have done is to direct Mr. Fryer not to make any more cartoons of me.

ROY W. H.—So you never make an engagement on the 15th of the month, but save that night for the magazine. I fear the young ladies in your town will learn to hate the magazine as a formidable rival. The longest day of the year in this locality is about fifteen hours long; in Montreal, about sixteen. Mary Fuller is first.

MARIE.—Anita Stuart was interviewed December, 1913. She has never had stage experience. Only about one-half of the answers appear in the magazine.

MARY W., BETHLEHEM.—Earle Foxe in "The County Fair" (Kalem). Lamar Johnstone was John in "The Man of the Wilderness" (Majestic). That was a grievous mistake of yours.

GERTIE.—Paul Willis was Kaintuck in "Little Kaintuck" (Vitagraph). Daisy Smith was the mother. Guy Hedlung was with Eclair last. Various myself. I like all varieties, and, therefore, I like you.

BLOODY.—Anna Q. Nilsson had the lead in "Perils of the White Lights." We don't get the casts for some of the features that are produced by the various companies.

FLORENCE L. C.—That Vitagraph was taken in Egypt. Henry Klug in "A Mexican Tragedy" (Lubin). Margaret Prussing and Palmer Bowman had the leads in "The Way of Life" (Selig). Joe King and Ethel Davis in "The Missionary and the Actress."

E. H., CHICAGO.—Edwin Carewe was the husband, Orni Hawley the wife, and Ernestine Morley the girl he fell in love with in "His Chorus-Girl Wife" (Lubin). Claire McDowell and Harry Carey in "His Fireman's Conscience" (Biograph).



In recognition of numerous requests for a portrait of The Answer Man—here he is!

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F. M., CHICAGO.—Harry Beaumont in that Edison. Beverly Bayne in "Thru the Storm" (Essanay). Brooklyn has 1,634,351 inhabitants, including myself.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Ethel Grandin was the girl in "The King of Detectives" (Imp). Fritz Brunnette was the wife in "The Militant" (Imp). Larry Peyton was the doctor in "Trapped" (Kalem). Romana Langley was the woman. Russell Bassett the fellow. Rose Furniss the daughter, and Lee Moran the sweetheart.

ORIEL, 16.—Pauline Bush opposite Warren Kerrigan in "The Restless Spirit" (Victor). Carlotta de Felice was the girl in "Mrs. Upton's Device" (Vitagraph). You dont like to see Arthur Johnson with a baby in his arms, and are afraid he will drop it? Ah, no, child, he is used to it. Florence Hackett.

LINCOLN, 17.—Lillian Orth was Flossie in "The Barber Cure" (Biograph). Violet Reid was the girl in "The Madonna of the Storm" (Biograph). Ethel Clayton in "The Scarf-pin" (Lubin). Frances Nelson was the rich man's wife in "Diversion" (Biograph). Adele Lane was Marion in "The Old vs. the New" (Selig). That was Rosemary Theby in "The Pale of Prejudice" (Lubin), and the play was written by Emmett Campbell Hall. Miss Theby did not show us much of her face.

F. M., BUFFALO.—G. M. Anderson was the real gambler in "The Three Gamblers" (Essanay). Marriage information forbidden. The picture was taken in California. The average annual temperature in New York is 52, in San Francisco, 55; but the lowest in New York was 6 below, while the lowest in San Francisco was 29 above.

SCULLY STEEL.—Your letter is not clear, and you did not sign your correct name. Cannot tell you who the princess was until I know the title of the film.

Mrs. BRUCE Mc.—Sorry, but you will have to look it up yourself, for it would take me a day. America has two famous art galleries—the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, and the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington.

DOROTHY S.—Muriel Ostriche is with the Princess films. February, 1911, was the very first issue, but there was a dummy before that which was not sold. Elsie Greeson is with the Majestic now. John Bunny appears personally at the Vitagraph Theater.

LOTTIE D. T.—Hazel Buckham and Robert Leonard in "From Father to Son" (Rex). Herbert Rawlinson and Mary Ruby in "One of the Bravest" (Gold Seal). Grace Cunard and Francis Ford in "The Mad Hermit" (Bison). Miriam Nesbitt and Charles Vernon in "The Necklace of Rameses" (Edison). William Shay and Leah Baird in "The Doctor's Deceit" (Imp).

J. L. T., BOSTON.—Right you be. Words are inadequate. Half the time we cannot express our thoughts in mere words. We can feel and think what we cannot say. Remember what Rene Donnie says? "The principal merit of pantomime is that it dispenses with words." Lois Weber was Portia, and Phillips Smalley was Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" (Rex).

ELFRIEDA.—That's the wrong title for the Lubin. Lillian Wiggins and Virginia Chester in "The Price of Jealousy" (Pathé). Dont know where that Warner was taken.

WILLIAM G.—Betty Gray in "The Bartered Crown" (Biograph). Tom Moore played in both of the films you mention. You have to purchase the players' pictures direct from the companies, unless you want those that we advertise as premiums. Ethel Phillips was Lil in "The Electrician's Hazard" (Kalem). Anita Stuart in "The Million-Dollar Bid" (Vitagraph). Carlyle Blackwell was Schnyder in "The Man Who Vanished" (Kalem). Lottie Briscoe was Cissy, and Arthur Johnson was the rube in "Just Cissy's Little Ways" (Lubin). Irene Howley was Mildred in "His Inspiration."

A. J., HARTFORD.—Belle Bennett the girl in "Thru the Sluice-Gates" (Majestic).

MARCUS T., NEW ZEALAND.—Your telegram puzzle was correct, but a little late. You had better stay with your mother. Mexico has 767,274 square miles, while Canada has 3,729,665. There is not much chance of our annexing either one.

(Continued from page 166)

There are, then, no other dangers to the eyes from frequenting Moving Picture theaters than are to be encountered in any theater, conveyance, church, street, or other gathering place of the people. Contagions, of course, are, of a truth, picked up by the eyes as well during Moving Picture performances as in school or church. But these are by no means common, and with the revised safety and protective regulations, now enforced by the city building inspectors,

the ventilation arrangements and hygiene of the movies are superior to those of schools, churches and other public gathering places.

Finally, it may be said that if the Motion Picture habit has done nothing else than remind people of their eye deformities and sent them post-haste to an oculist, it has done more good for the human eyes than all of the photodrama's hasty, misinformed and maligning accusers. Short-sightedness is both mental and ocular.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

WATCH OUT for the MAY NUMBER

Another "The Best Yet"

Always better, always bigger, always more interesting—that has been our motto for many months, and we do not intend to let our May number be an exception. Here are just a few of the features that will appear in our next:

The Final Word on Censorship

By JOHN COLLIER, General Secretary of the National Board of Censorship.

You have heard from Canon Chase in three issues, and you know he says that the present system of censorship is inadequate and inefficient. You have heard from Mr. Dyer in three able articles in which he practically says that all forms of censorship are dangerous. Perhaps you have made up your minds, but you should not pass final judgment until you have heard from Mr. Collier, who is perhaps the best known and ablest of Motion Picture writers, in his line, in all the world. Having been shown by Canon Chase why official censorship is necessary and by President Dyer why it is *not*, it seems very fitting to have a man like Mr. Collier sit in judgment, as it were, and tell us wherein, in his judgment, the two great debaters are wrong, and wherein they are right. At any rate, we can assure you of a very interesting and important supplement to the Great Debate, from the pen of Secretary Collier. Everybody should read it. It is an able summing up. And then we have a unique, illustrated article by Edwin M. La Roche, on

A New Profession for Women

Life Stories, Pictures, and the Daily Work of Leading Photoplay Editors.

It is not generally known that women are "holding down" the highly responsible position of "Scenario Editor" in many of the leading studios. In fact, the author of the article to be published in the May issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE recently attended a club meeting of photoplay manufacturers and directors, and they themselves did not know how strongly women were entrenched in this new and fascinating field.

It is big and important work, requiring endless patience, versatile literary knowledge, "no nerves," dramatic training, a "camera eye" and all sorts of other things. And many women are now doing this unique and responsible work of the scenario editor.

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, thru one of its writers, has secured a story telling all about who these heretofore mysterious women are and just what they are doing. It is highly interesting reading, and we will take great pleasure in offering it to our readers.

Old-Time Marine Figureheads

By MARY TAYLOR FALT.

Do you wonder at such an article in a Motion Picture magazine? Well, all nations have tried in symbolic ways to endow inanimate objects with life, and figureheads is an example, while Motion Pictures are the evolutionary triumph in that respect. This article is nicely illustrated with rare photos of figureheads, old and new.

Among other good things we have in store for you is a series of

Extracts from Players' Diaries

Did you know that most of the leading players kept diaries? Well, they do, and we have secured access to some of them, and assure you that it will make interesting reading. Then, we have a new puzzle contest coming, and a good one. Everybody is interested in a puzzle, and it is a pleasure to try to work out one, even tho success does not crown your efforts. These are only a few of the items of interest to appear in the May number, to say nothing of all the fine pictures, stories and usual departments. Better place your order now. The edition will probably be 275,000 or 280,000, but that wont begin to satisfy the demand.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

175 Duffield Street

Brooklyn, N. Y.

When answering advertisements kindly mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

LINCOLN C. P.—Louise Huff was Barbara in "The Hazard of Youth," and she played the lead in "Between Dances" (Lubin).

PINKIE.—Vivian Rich was opposite Warren Kerrigan in "The Scapegoat" (American). Mary Charleson in "The Mystery of the Silver Skull" (Vitagraph).

JULIET.—Jack Standing in "The Depths of Hate" (Pathé). Harry Millarde in "Her Husband's Friend." Earle Metcalf was the detective in "The Question of Right."

HAROLD D.—Crane Wilbur and Mr. Bunel had the leads in "The Second Shot" (Pathé). Méliès are releasing a new brand of films, "General," and they will be dramas and comedies. They are done with foreign educationals.

JOSEPH K.—You may ask all the questions you like, and they will be answered, if they are not against the rules. The sea-otter is the most costly fur.

ARIZONA.—Send ten cents to our Photoplay Clearing House for a sample scenario. A. Moreno was the sweetheart, and Dorothy Gish was the girl in "The House of Discord" (Biograph). Eclair are located in Arizona.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—Dout. Em Gorman is known as the Biograph Baby. She played in "Oil and Water" (Biograph).

GOLDBYE, 17.—I am no relation to Bert Leston Taylor, of the *Chicago Daily Tribune*. Thanks for the clippings. A ton of gold would measure about two cubic feet.

BESSIE R., BATON ROUGE.—Ethel Clayton is still with Lubin. It is more blessed to give than to receive—my address is 175 Duffield Street.

ELAINE H. W.—Francis Ford and Grace Cunard in "The Battle of San Juan Hill" (Bison). J. W. Johnston in "The Reformation of Calliope" (Eclair). Alec B. Francis in "For the Honor of Lady Beaumont" (Eclair).

MARIE, BRONX.—Clara Kimball is not Mrs. Costello. Yes, send along the soap if you wish, and I will try it. Francis Bushman was chatted in February, 1912. In marriage, one and one are supposed to make one, but the trouble comes in determining who is that one. That is why they call a marriage a feast in which the grace is better than the dinner. Omit marriage and love from the films? Zounds!

G. A., ONTARIO.—Joseph Singleton was Dr. Lynn in "Michael Arnold and Dr. Lynn" (Rex). Matt Moore was Tom in "The Romance of a Photograph" (Victor). Norma Talmadge's picture appeared in March, 1913; June, 1913, and December, 1913.

BONNIE SWEET BESSIE.—You think Ford Sterling is the best comedian, but there is nothing small about Bunny? I agree with you. Rosemary Theby is with Lubin. Yes.

C. W., QUEENSLAND.—Your letter is very interesting. Always glad to hear from you. The play is too old to be resurrected.

EDITH B. B.—Motion Pictures are not usually taken at night, but interiors are sometimes. Perhaps Pathé Weekly will take those scenes.

PERCY T.—Harry Gsell was Norman in "A Grateful Outcast" (Crystal). O. A. Lund in "Into the Wilderness" (Eclair). Julia Stuart was Mrs. Fitzmaurice in "Into the Wilderness." Lindsay Hall was his classmate in the above.

PATRICIA OF K. C.—Helen Holmes and Lee Maloney in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). Noah Beery was the crook, David Gallery was Bat, Marin Falls his wife, and Adelaide Lawrence his child in "A Child's Influence" (Kalem).

MARTHA F., SCRANTON, O.—Irene Wallace had the lead in "Bleeding Hearts" (Imp). Marguerite Snow was She in "She." Yes. That's the wrong title for that Kalem.

MARY JANE.—Marguerite Courtot was the girl in "The Octoroon" (Kalem). Very nice letter you write about her. Her picture in September, 1913. Frank Bennett, of Western Vitagraph, has come East. Harriet Notter was Elsie, and Ethel Pierce was Marie in "An Equal Chance" (Selig).

(Continued from page 120)

refreshment of the memories that lie within its precious folds.

The members of the boards of education throuthout the United States are encouraging Young America's love for Motion Pictures. Educational Motion Picture work is promised in the public schools. At present there is not a definite course of Cinematographic instruction to supersede or supplement the text-books, but systematic effort will soon overcome this condition. While educational pictures are few, they will increase, and

our producers are even now considering educational departments.

Even Uncle Sam is adding to the educational quota of films. He has, among others, an educational film showing the progress of honey manufacture, from the time the bee leaves the hive in search of blossoms until it returns and deposits the nectar in the comb.

Motion Pictures and Young America—both are essentials to the future development and broadening of the country.

Kalem "Fans," Here's the Alice Joyce Pennant

It's the very thing you have wanted for that empty space on the wall of your den, or cross-stitched on a sofa pillow.

This Alice Joyce pennant is worthy of filmdom's best-loved star. Thirty inches long, made of fine blue cloth with letters in white, and Miss Joyce's likeness done in colors, it is an ornament to any room.

Get your Alice Joyce pennant to-day. It is only 25c., postage prepaid. Better send for it before the supply runs out. Address Dept. B.

Send for your Kalem Fob

The "fans" who have received their Kalem fobs tell us that they are worth double the price we ask. You will say so, too, when you get yours.

The fob is heavily silver-plated, with center of genuine blue, French enamel. Strap is best quality, black, grained leather. Sent, post-paid, for 25c. Address Dept. B.



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PANSY.—Yes, the *News* is fine this month. I haven't as yet read the rules. Yes, that was some chat with me—a sort of "Imaginary Conversations." Thomas Santschi and Charles Clary in that Selig. Helen Weir and Ethel Sykes were the two girls in "Into Society and Out."

SOCRATES.—A trade journal is a paper that announces the different releases, advertising and notes of the business. Crane Wilbur has not left Pathé. Norma Phillips is the Mutual Girl. Yes, to Alexander Gaden. Yes, subscribers get their magazines first. Of course I destroy the letters after I answer them, because I do not run a storage warehouse. It is easy to be critical, but hard to be correct.

YRGRNYA.—That Eclair is not on the cast. Your letter is quite dreamy. No, I never picture myself in love-scenes, "rich in detail and lavish in phrase." I am not prepared to take up your proposal as yet. Haven't enough money saved up.

HEDWIG DEM.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan in "The Rustler's Reformation" (Selig). You are wrong about Kathryn Williams' husband. Georgia Maurice was Miss Cutler in "The Taming of Betty" (Vitagraph).

KATHERINE S.—Ernestine Morley was Madge in "The Story the Gate Told" (Lubin). Gladys Brockwell had the lead in "When Mountain and Valley Meet" (Lubin). Eddie Lyons and Laura Oakley in "When Courage Failed Him" (Nestor).

T. L. MEMPHIS.—Cannot tell you about that Edison. Thanks for your kind words. Yes; Humpty Dumpty has had another fall—and eggs are cheaper, thank the Lord, but the price of beef looks as if the cow jumped over the moon.

JANET S.—Henry King was leading man in "His Last Crooked Deal" (Lubin). Thomas Santschi in that Selig. Harold Lockwood in "Young Mrs. Eames" (Selig).

KEWPIE, IS.—Winnifred Greenwood opposite Ed Coxen in "When the Road Forks" (American). Lillian Wiggins was the gypsy, and George Gebhardt was the villain in "The Blind Gypsy." Joe King in "The Missionary and the Actress" (Selig).

H. M. L. GREENFIELD.—Myrtle Stedman was the girl. Rex De Roselli, Lester Cuneo and Tom Mix the cowboy suitors, and William Duncan the husband in "Physical Culture on Quarter-Circle V Bar" (Selig). Max Asher was Max, Silvion De Jardins was Rube, Lee Morris the sheriff, and Billy Bennett the soubrette in "The Great Towel Robbery" (Powers). Larry Peyton was the colonel, Frances Kimbel the daughter, and Jack Messock the Indian chief in "When the Blood Calls" (Nestor). Art Ortega and Mona Darkfeather in "Her Indian Brother" (Kalem).

E. F. H., NEW ZEALAND.—Your program contains up-to-date releases. I am glad you voted for Sunday pictures. The theaters in New York are open on Sundays. Thanks for your nice letter.

LESTER C. W.—Will see about chatting Francis Bushman soon. Dear me! that same old question—who are the twenty-five greatest men in history? Say Moses, Homer, Pericles, Alexander, Plato, Aristotle, Archimedes, J. Caesar, Jesus, A. Caesar, Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, Leonardo da Vinci, Dante, Copernicus, Galileo, Shakespeare, Bacon, Cromwell, Newton, Napoleon, Beethoven, Goethe, Franklin and Edison.

KATHERINE J.—Flo LaBadie in "Beauty in the Shell" (Thanouser). Warren Kerrigan in "The Husband's Mistake."

LOTTIE D. T.—Dont you ever get the writer's cramp? Sidney Drew and Anita Stuart in "Why I Am Here" (Vitagraph). Jessalyn Van Trump and Jack Richardson in "An Assisted Elopement" (American). Florence LaBadie and William Russell in "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" (Thanouser). E. Sullivan and Sue Balfour in "The Judge's Vindication."

E. B. B., NEW ORLEANS.—Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe in "Her Husband's Awakening" (Lubin). Your letter is bright, breezy and binocular—binocular because you have two eyes, one to see the good in things, and one to see the bad.

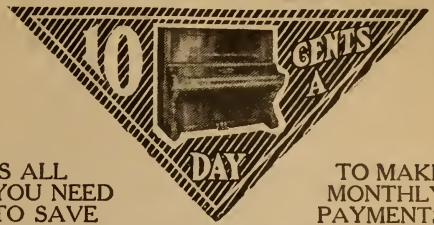
EVERYBODY.—Dont you know that when affixing a stamp on your letter you should not paste the corner? The proper way is to touch the tip of the tongue to the center of the stamp. In that way it can be taken off without tearing it.

G. S.—Your letter is very fine. Sorry we cannot print it. All you say of Wilfred Lucas is true.

CEL.—You refer to Marguerite Clayton in the Essanay. That was Gertrude Robinson in that Biograph.

THE PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE TELEGRAM PUZZLE

1. Madam Barton, 1944 Benson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2. H. Arthur Koehne, 945 Circle Ave., Forest Park, Ill. 3. Mrs. Erementa Ions, 106 Glenmaure Ave., Pittsburg, Pa. 4. Edward A. Fleming, E. 1523 Bridgeport Av., Spokane, Wash. 5. Mrs. James F. McKinstry, Gainesville, Fla. 6. Francis Altstock, 469 E. Stark St., Portland, Ore. 7. G. A. Johnson, 1358 Girard St., Washington, D. C. 8. Lillian Kampel, 111 W. Elder St., Cincinnati, O. 9. Elsie M. Lake, 1057 E. 12th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 10. Frank W. Hilt, 611 Ludlow St., Hamilton, O. *Honorary Mention*—Mrs. Meta Schneider, Mrs. Milton H. Seitz, Elsie Marcus, Lydia H. Tressler, Harry Lundgren, C. A. Reinboltz, Edythe Schaefer, Robert R. Bucher, Gretchen Miller and Mrs. H. L. Arnold. N. B.—There really should be about fifty more names added to this list, but the judges named only the foregoing.



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FIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER

B. S. B.—Louise Huff and Edgar Jones in "Before the Last Leaves Fell" (Lubin). Alma Russell and Jack Nelson in "The Conspirators." Maurice Costello is married. Glad you enjoy reading the ad. pages: sweet are the uses of advertisements.

SUNFLOWER, 17.—Warren Kerrigan in "The Passer-by" (Victor). Florence Hackett as the other girl in "The Blinded Heart" (Lubin). Jane Wolfe in "The Masquerader" (Kalem). Rosemary Theby in "The Moth" (Lubin).

VELMA V. G., 18.—The expression "off scene" means out of the zone covered by the camera—in other words, exit, as they say on the stage. Vera Sisson was Helen in "Helen's Stratagem." Mary Pickford is about twenty now. How the tempus does fugit! Silver threads among the gold soon.

W. R. B.—Louise Huff was Nell in "The Inscription" (Lubin). Edgar Jones was John. Adele Lane and Edward Wallock in "Conscience and the Temptress" (Selig). Beatrice McKay in "Dr. Crathern's Experiment." Jane Bernoudy as Lasca in "Lasca" (Bison). Yes; Edwin August is with Powers.

M. M.—Warren Kerrigan in that Victor. Tom Carrigan and Adrienne Kroell in "The Fifth String" (Selig). I don't like your letter at all. I have weighed you in the balance, and found you wanton.

ANNETTA K.—Jane Novak in "Deception" and "The Return of Jack Bellew" (Vitagraph). The maid in "And the Watch Came Back" (Kalem) is not cast. Louise Huff in "Between Two Fires" (Lubin). Peggy O'Neill in that Lubin.

LORD C.—You should not write in such a tone. We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly. Otto Lederer, George Kunkel, Thomas Colmesin and George Cooper in "The Face of Fear" (Vitagraph). Thanks for the clipping.

EDNA E. M.—Send us a stamped, addressed envelope, and we will send you a list. Florence Hackett in January, 1914, and Arthur Johnson in December, 1913. Yes; Lottie Briscoe was the stenographer in "A Leader of Men" (Lubin).

A. T. M.—I am looking up the answers to those difficult questions of yours.

KATHRYN R. C.—Harry Beaumont on page 45 of February. Jack Standing and Vivian Prescott in "The Wiles of Cupid."

GEORGE R.—So you lost all your money in New York? Well, that is the finest place in the world in which to lose money. A fool and his money are soon spotted! Mabel Normand in August, 1911, and June, 1913.

MABEL S., NEW YORK.—Thanks for naming the Photoplay Philosopher and me "The Heavenly Twins." Lillian Orth in "The Janitor's Revenge" (Biograph). Alan Hale had the lead in "The Capture of David Dunne" (Biograph). Peggy O'Neill in "The Man in the Hamper" (Lubin). So you are glad Ormí Hawley is getting thin?

C. T. Z., BRUNSWICK.—Edna Luby was Evelyn, and Lionel Adams the artist in "Shadows" (Lubin). Bessie Sankey was the sister in "Broncho Billy's Sister."

ERNESTINE.—Your suggestion has been gone over by the editor many times, and he does not approve of it. Ponce de Leon, discoverer of Florida, was Spanish, not French. The Fountain of Perpetual Youth.

L. G. N., N. Y. C.—Kempton Greene was Adrian in "The Hazard of Youth" (Lubin). Louise Huff was Barbara. Charles Fearley was the governor, and John Smiley was the convict in "The Inspector's Story" (Kalem). Kempton Greene and Justina Huff in "Between Dances" (Lubin). Ethel Clayton in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin). Rosetta Bruce and John Ince in "The Servant of the Rich" (Lubin). Henrietta O'Beck was the child in "Angel of the Slums" (Lubin). Francis Carlyle was engaged to the angel first. Al Paget and Miss Nelson had the lead in "The Chieftain's Sons."

C. R. D.—We have never printed nor used a chat of Ethel Davis. She is now with Selig. Back numbers are available; address our circulation department. When it is noon in New York, it is about 5 P.M. in London, and 10 A.M. in Denver.

LOTTIE D. T.—Howard Davies was the father, and Eugene Pallett was Jack in "The Bravest Man" (Majestic). Sidney Ayres and Vivian Rich in "The Occult" (American). Your last two are forbidden.

ANNA M. Mc.—Maude Fealy and Harry Benham had the leads in "The Runaway Princess." Yes, every day is a fresh beginning; every morn is a world made new.

WINFIELD ST.—Please sign your name. Mary Pickford and Lottie are sisters. Your letter was very interesting. We expect to get Broncho casts hereafter.

OLGA, 18.—You are away off on that information. If you persist in asking scientific questions—look out! Now, the chief property of cold is that it contracts bodies, while heat expands. Hence, in summer it is hot, and the days are long; while in winter it is cold, and the days contract and become very short.

HAZEL AND CHALLYS.—You say you are my friend, yet you want to get me into politics? Your letter is very interesting. That was Marshall Neilan in "The Weaker Brother" (American).

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—Robert Walker was Alice Hollister's husband in "Her Husband's Friend" (Kalem). Thomas Santschi is playing opposite Kathryn Williams. No, one of those scenes was taken in the studio, and not in India. Bright letter—what do you use, sapolio?

LOTTIE D. T.—Edna Flugrath was Belle, and Herbert Prior was John in "Saved by the Enemy" (Edison). The chickens were not cast. Yes; James Young was fine in "Beauty Unadorned" (Vitagraph).



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—I see by your last *Notes* that you are taking subscriptions to buy me a \$60 loving-cup. I am truly touched by this token of regard, and wish I were more deserving. My cordial thanks.

H. S.—There isn't much chance at present. Perhaps in three or four years from now things will change. "The Invisible Foe" (Kalem) was taken at Glendale, Cal. Wouldn't it be fine to see Harold Lockwood and Herbert Rawlinson in "The Hairpin Duet"?

AN OHIO GIRL.—Leo Delaney and Maurice Costello are not brothers. Richard Travers and Irene Warfield in "Grist to the Mill" (Essanay). Florence Hackett was the wife in "The Sea Eternal." Billie West was the girl, Robert Grey opposite her, and George Field the father in "She Will Never Know."

LOTTIE D. T.—Jack Richardson and Jessalyn Van Trump in "An Assisted Proposal" (American). George De Carlton and Mrs. De Carlton in "Tony's Sacrifice" (Reliance). Charles De Forrest was the lead in "Binks and the Chorus Girls at the Beach" (Imp). William Wadsworth was the hero in "Why Girls Leave Home."

MERRILL P.—Marguerite Clayton was the doctor in "Snakeville's New Doctor" (Essanay). Yes, she is a fine little player. Octavia Handworth in "The Yellow Streak" (Pathé). But look what you get by being a subscriber.

STANLEY, THE FIRST.—We expect a picture of Mary Pickford soon. William Worthington was the doctor, Jessalyn Van Trump the girl, and Edith Bostwick the lady in "The Dread Inheritance" (Victor). Carlyle Blackwell was Wentworth in "The Fight at Grizzly Gulch" (Kalem). Charles Arling was Clarence in "When Clarence Looks for a Job." Glad you had a good time at the theater-party. There's no time like the pleasant.

Two Bos.—Chester Barnett was Wallace, Pearl White was Aline, and Harry Gsell was Ralph in "The Heart of an Artist" (Crystal). Mlle. L. Guinchi was Lydia in "Quo Vadis?" (Kleine).

SUMMIT HILL.—You will have to write to the companies direct for that information. Eugenia Clinchard was the child in "Broncho Billy—Guardian" (Essanay). Haven't Larry Peyton's whereabouts. Sally Crute was the pretty girl as Beth in "The Price of Human Lives" (Edison).

MELVA.—That is a great mistake. Of course any one would feel insulted if he turned his back when talking to you, but the directors don't think so, for it adds to the naturalness of scenes and looks less theatrical. Marin Sais in "The Girl and the Gangster" (Kalem). James Horne was the brother. That is the American Biograph trademark.

COLLEGE GIRL.—Your letter was mighty fine, and every word was interesting. You failed, however, to ask questions.

JOSEPH K.—You refer to Mabel Normand, now with Keystone. Daphne Wayne is Blanche Sweet, now with Reliance. You ask if I believe in clubs for women? It depends on what kind of clubs you mean. Courtenay Foote with Reliance.

BILLY AND BEN.—Don't forget this—happiness is the ability to recognize it. Have you seen "The Blue Bird"? No cast for foreign Pathés. Mabel Van Buren and Joe King in "The Touch of a Child." (Selig). True Boardman and Evelyn Selbie in "The Cowboy Samaritan." Anita Stuart and E. K. Lincoln in "The Moulding" (Vitagraph). Gladden James was Jack in "A Home-spun Tragedy" (Vitagraph). Octavia Handworth was Crane Wilbur's wife in "Across the Chasm" (Pathé). Harry Benham in "The Proposal by Proxy" (Thanouser). William Russell in "In the Nick of Time" (Thanouser). That was Harry Benham in "The Head of the Ribbon-counter."

FLOWER E. G.—I was not at the Screen Club Ball; I was in bed when they started. Lester Cuneo was the brother in "By Unseen Hand" (Selig). Glad Ben Wilson's overcoat suited you. That marriage in the aeroplane was an example of high-tied.

DORIS, WASH.—Charles Clary in that Selig. Herbert Rawlinson is with Rex now. Bryant Washburn was the bridegroom in "Nearly Married" (Essanay).

JAMES M. D.—Henry King is with Pathé. Your letter is interesting.

OLGA, 17.—James Cooley and Frances Nelson in "Diversion" (Biograph). April? This is a dangerous month to get married in. The others are May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December, January, February and March.

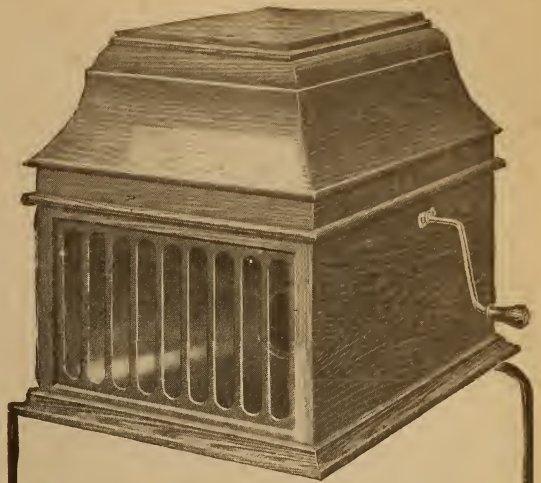
KATHRYN L.—Lillian Orth had the lead in "The Barber Cure" (Biograph). Edward Coxen in "Fate's Round-up." He was with Kalem. Boyd Marshall and Muriel Ostriche in "When Paths Diverged" (Princess). Maude Fealy and James Cruze had the leads in "The Woman Pays."

GUSSIE.—Thanks for the picture. Warren Kerrigan is in Los Angeles. Kempton Greene in that Lubin. Harry Kendall was the cracksman in "Violet Dare, Detective" (Lubin). Harriet Nottor and Ethel Pierce in "With Eyes So Blue and Tender" (Selig). Kempton Greene in "Treasures on Earth" (Lubin).

PINKERTINE.—See about Telegram Puzzle in this issue. I believe Romaine answers his own mail. Remember that there is nothing that need be said unkindly.

ALLAH H. A.—Velma Whitman and Ray Gallagher in "The Death-trap" (Lubin). Bliss Milford in that Edison. Walter Stull was the husband in "Going Home to Mother" (Lubin). Ed Coxen in "The Shriner's Daughter" (American).

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YANKEE BLONDE.—Anita Stuart, Julia S. Gordon, the mother; E. K. Lincoln, the doctor, and Harry Morey, Mr. Marsh in "A Million Bid" (Vitagraph). From the standpoint of emotion, we are all alike, only some of us are more demonstrative.

E. B., ST. LOUIS.—Ruth Roland was the Indian maid in "The Indian Maid's Warning" (Kalem). Anna Nilsson was the detective girl in "The Telltale Stains" (Kalem). Lonise Glamm in "The Invisible Foe." Edwin Mallock the young doctor.

HELEN B. K.—Charles Wells in "Playing for a Fortune" (Kalem). Stella Razetto in "The Heart of Maggie Malone" (Selig). Yes, she was a fine character. So you think Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton make the best team?

MERRIE, SPRINGFIELD.—Marin Sais was the girl of the slums, and Harry Peyton was the doctor in "Trapped" (Kalem). Mae Marsh was the girl in "The Girl Across the Way." Mildred Manning was the cousin. Harry Millarde was Montejoy in "Breaking Into the Big League."

RAE, IS.—Harold Lockwood and Bessie Eyton in "Until the Sea" (Selig). Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "The Inscription" (Lubin). You find fault with me because I don't do enough kicking. Why. I thought I did too much. Yes, I am a reformer, but not a chronic complainer.

Mrs. G. A. S.—Harold Lockwood in "Until the Sea" (Selig). Marguerite Ne Moyer was the girl in "A Sleepy Romance" (Lubin). Peggy O'Neill in that Lubin. You think Arthur Johnson the most natural player we have?

PANSY.—Welcome. Mr. Barzage was John Brown in "A New England Idol" (Broncho). Miss Mitchell was Rose in that. Vera Sisson was Helen in "Helen's Stratagem" (Majestic). So you still admire Warren Kerrigan as your bean ideal?

GEORGE.—Harold Lockwood in "The Fighting Lieutenant" (Selig); also in "The Young Mrs. Bames" (Selig). Thomas Santschi was John Burns. He has never been chatted. None but a fool is always right. Fleet Street and the Strand are London's most famous streets.

ALMA B.—Edgar Jones in that Lubin. Dolly Larkin and Carl Von Schiller in "Her Atonement" (Lubin). Peggy O'Neill and Robert Drouet in "The Battle of Shiloh" (Lubin). Robert Patterson was Paul, and Marguerite Conrot the daughter in "The Octoroon" (Kalem).

THE TWINS.—Grace Comard, William Clifford and Victoria Forde in "The Battle of Bull Run" (Bison). Audrey Berry was the child in "The Ancient Order of Good Fellows" (Vitagraph). Ray McKee in "The College Cupid" (Lubin). Kempton Greene, Clarence Elmer and Justina Huff in "Between Dances" (Lubin). Rex Downs was the rancher in "Against Desperate Odds" (Rex). Robert Ellis was Jack in "Perils of the White Way." Wilfred Lucas and Jeannie MacPherson are playing in Criterion Features.

LOUISE, OF ST. LOUIS.—Thanks for the clippings. Always glad to get them. I do not write the Wills Department. Our readers contributed to it, and the players had nothing to do with it.

KLEA G. STERLING.—F. Nelson was Hasson. Mildred Gregory was Mildred in "The Doctor's Romance" (Lubin). Earle Metcalf was the sweetheart. Mary Charleson was Grace in "The Golden Pathway" (Vitagraph). George Larkin opposite Ruth Roland in "Emancipated Women" (Kalem). Ruth Ritter was Dixie King, and John Brennan was Harry Fisher in the above.

HERMAN.—So you want *me* to get up a puzzle? That is the function of the editor. But here is one just for you: If a hard knot can be tied in a cat's tail, which way, how long and with what success will she run after it? Also, who tied the knot? Also, how old is Ann? Rosemary Theby in "The Moth."

RUMMY RUTH, RENO.—Kempton Greene in "The Cry of Blood," and also in "The Special Officer" (Lubin). Richard Morris was Richard in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin). George Field was George in "The Shriner's Daughter" (American).

EVELYN C. J.—"The Diver" was taken at Niagara Falls, on the bridge where you go over to the islands. Lillian Mulhearn was Rose Tapley's sister. I have been to Lewiston.

KITTY C.—What! Name the new companies? Nay, for they are as numberless as the sands of the seashore. Ethel Davis, Iva Shepard and Edwin August in "Into the Lion's Pit" (Powers). Later, Ethel Davis has left Selig for Powers. Gertrude Robinson in the Biograph. Marie Hesperia was Zuma in "Zuma, the Gypsy" (Kleine). Billy Mason was the boy, and Ruth Hennessy was the stenographer in "Hello, Trouble!" (Essanay). Jessalyn Van Trump in "The Passer-by."

LILLIAN E. C.—Why dont you try? William Stowell was the artist in "The Port of Missing Women" (Selig). Louise Glauum opposite Carlyle Blackwell.

A KENTUCKY LASS.—James Cooley was the rich husband in "Diversion" (Biograph). You say I am as slow as a snail in answering your questions? Not so! By actual measurements, a snail travels one mile in fourteen days, and since your answer was sent within five days from date of receipt, you can hardly call that a "snail's pace." Owen Moore in "Caprice."

FRANCES M. H.—Francis Bushman was the hermit in "The Hermit of Lonely Gulch" (Essanay). Earle Metcalf in "The Momentous Decision." Ethel Grandin was the girl in "Love vs. Law" (Imp).

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C. F., JERSEY CITY.—Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe in "The Parasite" (Lubin). Kathlyn Williams in "The Adventures of Kathlyn" (Selig). Thanhouser produced "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," with James Cruze.

NETTIE, JERSEY CITY.—Guy Oliver and Madeline Post in "The Spree of the Primeval" (Selig). Irving Cummings is still with Pathé. Marshall Neilan in the Biograph. No; Marguerite Clayton did not leave Essanay. Yes, they say that the Vitagraph Theater is the handsomest of its kind in the country.

HELEN L. R.—Your friends, William Bailey and William Mason, have left Essanay. You have made them quite popular of late. You are quite a jokesmith.

NELLIE M. R.—Thomas Sautschi was Bruce in "Kathlyn's Adventures" (Selig). He also played in "Alone in the Jungle" (Selig). We don't spell debt *det*, as some do. Those who spell it that way probably have two reasons for it: 1. It is according to the Simplified Spelling Board; 2. They don't want a *be* in debt!

EVERYBODY—Following are the casts for this month's stories: Robert Leonard and Betty Shade in "The Senator's Bill" (Rex). Rosetta Brice and Percy Winters in "A Cruel Revenge" (Lubin). Dorothy Davenport and Wallace Reid in "The Way of a Woman" (Nestor). Adele Ray was the girl, Harry Benham was Jack, and Sidney Bracy the father in "The Miser's Reversion" (Thanhouser). Norma Childers, Maurice Costello and Mary Charleson in "Mr. Barnes of New York" (Vitagraph). Rhea Mitchell was the princess, Gretchen Lederer was Annette, and Gertrude Claire was the Widow Prue in "A Barrier Royal" (Broncho).

E. D., KANSAS CITY.—Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Man from the West" (Lubin). Rosemary Theby was the girl, and Earle Metcalf the last young man in "The Moth" (Kalem). Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe in "The Blinded Heart" (Lubin).

LAFAYETTE W.—"Custer's Last Fight" was produced by Broncho. Joe King and Guy Oliver in "Unto the Third and Fourth Generation" (Selig). Myrtle Stedman in "By Unseen Hands" (Selig).

KRAZY KAT.—Thomas Mills was the adventurer in "Two Girls of the Hills" (Reliance). Henry King is now with Pathé. Robyn Adair was Bob in "The Weaker Mind" (Lubin). Courtenay Foote was Daniel. Charles Kent was Daniel in after years, and Julia Gordon the woman in "Daniel" (Vitagraph). E. K. Lincoln in "Diana's Dress Reform" (Vitagraph).

HELEN B., OHIO.—Norbert Myles and Ethel Phillips in "The Electrician's Hazard" (Kalem). Norma Talmadge in "The Blue Rose." Our general health is a speedometer that tells how fast we are living. Be sure to keep within the law, or you'll have a breakdown.

FOR THE ERA OF REVIVAL

We recently asked for an expression of opinion as to what plays should be revived, and we herewith give the result, in correct order, each of the following having received ten votes or more:

Tale of Two Cities (Vita), Red Barrier (Vita), For Auld Lang Syne (Vita), A Blot in the 'Scutcheon (Bio), Mender of Nets (Bio), Vanity Fair (Vita), The Love of John Ruskin (Vita), The Professor's Ward (Lubin), The Broken Locket (Lubin), Pippa Passes (Bio), Duke de Ribbon-counter (Lubin), The Slavey's Affinity (Lubin), Enoch Arden (Bio), Blind Princess and Poet (Bio), Vengeance of Durand (Vita), His Trust (Bio), His Trust Fulfilled (Bio), Waiting (Pathé), Aunt Jane's Legacy (Lubin), You'll Remember Ellen (Kalem), Match-maker (Lubin), Lady of the Lake (Vita), Female of the Species (Bio), Mrs. Henry 'Awkins (Vita), Lena and the Geese (Bio), Blind Deception (Lubin), The Hoyden (Lubin), That Awful Brother (Lubin), The Maniac (Lubin), A Rural Conqueror (Lubin), One on Reno (Lubin), The Convalescent (Lubin), Divided Interest (Lubin), How She Triumphed (Bio), Ranch Widower's Daughter (Essanay), Town Hall Tonight (Essanay), Widow Jenkins' Admirers (Essanay), An Old Sweetheart of Mine (Edison), The Broken Cross (Bio), Love in the Hills (Bio), The Failure (Bio), Battle Hymn of the Republic (Vita), The Church Across the Way (Vita), His Last Burglary (Bio), The Sky Pilot (Vita), The Vagabonds (Selig), Brotherhood of Man (Selig), Romona (Bio), The Golden Supper (Bio), Sins of Fathers (Lubin), Girlish Impulse (Lubin), The Gypsy (Lubin), Life-saver (Lubin), For His Son (Bio), Mustang Pete's Love Affair (Essanay), The Wrong Glove (Essanay), Taming a Tyrant (Essanay), The Two Flats (Edison), Making a Man (Bio), Cloister's Clutch (Bio).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WE regret that we have not room to publish *all* the letters we receive, but, since we receive on an average of a thousand a month, that is impossible. Some of these letters contain interesting and valuable criticisms, some are in praise of plays and players, and some are just kind words for this magazine and its makers. We are always glad to hear from our readers, even if we cannot print their letters. Every letter is read thru by more than one of us, and we have received many helpful suggestions thereby.

Miss Margaret J. Austin, of 349 Norfolk Avenue, Buffalo, says that this magazine is her Bible, and that the photoplay is her chief recreation.

Mr. C. McClairan, of the same city,

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sends us a photograph of himself in his
den, surrounded with magazines and
photos of the players. We regret that we
cannot reproduce this interesting picture.

Miss Jean Darnell, of the Thanhouser
Company, sends us the following, from
Temple, Tex.:

MY DEAR PHOTOPLAYER FRIENDS AND MOTION
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Thru the kindness of Mr. Brewster and
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abled to thank each and every one of you for
your kindness to me during my prolonged ill-
ness. I have received so many letters, gifts
and flowers, etc., that to try to thank you
personally would be an endless task, so I
take this opportunity to do so.

I am spending a most delightful winter in
Southern Texas and have almost entirely re-
gained my health, and just as soon as the
weather in New York permits, I shall return
to my work in the Thanhouser Company.
Again I thank you tenfold, and my best wishes
for you always. I remain,

Most sincerely,

JEAN DARNELL.

Mr. C. C. Nelson, of Cleveland, Ohio,
sends this interesting letter:

Before taking my first step on the roadway
to eloquence, I wish to inform you that altho
I have had the pleasure of reading your fine
magazine for a period of more than two years,
this is the very first product of my idea to
write a letter, altho I have seriously con-
templated doing so numerous times in the last
two years. I therefore beg you will graciously
pardon any liberties which I may use in vi-
olation of rules in communicating with your
worthy selves. Feeling assured you will grant
my request, I will commence my journey.

I am only eighteen years of age, but have
been a real, live Motion Picture fan for a
number of years, and have had the good for-
tune of reading and comparing both favorable
and unfavorable comment on the ability of the
photoplay to reach far out, grasp, and HOLD.
During these years I have been a self-chosen
champion of the photoplay, among several of
my so-called religious prudes, many of which
are within the scope of my acquaintance, who
at once condemned the picture play as immoral
and, as one termed it, "the highroad to the
devil and hell." And in supporting such a
"filthy, contaminating instrument of his Satanic
Majesty" I have received from my so-called
"protectors of my soul" the reputation of an
unbeliever, and a heretic, altho I have re-
peatedly announced to my judges that it was
my honest opinion that when I came to be
judged by the Higher Court, it would not be
brought to bear against me that I had been
favorable to the photoplay. But this is neither
here nor there.

I looked on with favor the suggestion some
time ago that the photoplay public should vote
for their most popular actor, and I had all
the coupons cut out of the magazines for about
three months, when I lost them. Alack the
day! However (my opinion not being in the
least influenced by the result of the vote), I
would have cast all of my votes for one Mr.
Fielding, and I am herewith enclosing ten
votes for that greatest of all photoplayers. I
surely believe that you cannot imagine the
consternation I was forced to wade thru in
choosing my favorite, as for a long while my
graces were all tendered to Mr. G. M. Ander-
son, who is only a hairbreadth behind Mr.
Fielding. How much easier it would be if it
were not embarrassing to some players to
choose the least popular player, and the vote
would not be distributed among more than a
half-dozen players at that. I am of an opti-
mistic nature, and I have always found the
work of most photoplayers agreeable to my

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taste, and it was the hardest task of my life to choose one which was greater than the other, until one Sunday afternoon I was lucky enough to see Mr. Fielding in "The Power of Silence." That was about a year ago, I believe, and since then he has been the undisputed ruler of the photoplay, in my sight and, I have noticed, also in the sight of just something over a million people. There are possibly about that many who did not cast their votes last election, too. But in justice to the other players, and not withdrawing any credit from Mr. Fielding, when a person has a field of contestants to choose from, such as Anderson, Williams, Kerrigan, Blackwell, Bushman, Johnson, Costello, Coombs, Panzer, and others among the men, and the Misses Fuller, Joyce, Storey, Pickford, Walker, Cassinelli, Nilsson and Nesbitt among the gentler and fairer sex, would any one doubt further when I make the statement that I had the job of my life to pick one to place first? No matter if he is playing the villain, hero, or both, Romaine Fielding's work ranks just about as high as the ability of mankind can reach, and the work of Miss Mary Fuller, who goes about her work as if unconscious of the presence of the camera, is just on a par with that of Romaine Fielding, with the work of the other exponents of photoplay as mentioned above very little below. So you see I am not troubled greatly about the quality of pictures I will see, no matter into which theater I enter.

I have compared very carefully—I might say just as carefully as anything could be compared by an eighteen-year-old boy—the arguments on the matter of public censorship, and after weighing both sides of the argument, I am fully convinced that the people should censor pictures. I note the gentleman who takes the position against censorship by the public wishes pictures to be censored by a board of censorship, to protect the children most. It is a noble and great cause, and he is to be commended for his position, and I think every broad-minded man will appreciate that he is doing as his conscience tells him and commend him for his action. On the other hand, I am of the opinion that ignorance is the cause of much of the present trouble of today, and pictures showing the true side of life, such as exposing the dangers of a great city and the methods of a recruit in the army of white slavers and the practices of a burglar, will, to offset the possibility of one person being influenced towards the evil by these pictures, profit about a score or more. Of course, such pictures as actually tend toward making evil, with not a redeeming feature, should of a necessity be repressed and the manufacturer and exhibitor punished. You cannot repress wrongdoing by punishing or putting the ban on the wrong itself, but by striking at the cause. Therefore the manufacturer should be dealt severely with, and not the picture alone cast aside and the manufacturer allowed to go on making evil films.

Will write soon again, when I will use brevity.

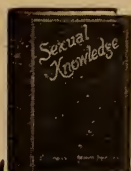
An unknown friend sends us an interesting letter about censorship of films, and she says that since the reformers are after the National Board of Censors, and the officials are after the reformers, and the manufacturers are after the officials, it reminds her of the old jingle:

There's a cat in the garden laying for a rat,
There's a boy with a catapult a-laying for the cat;
The cat's name is Susan, the boy's name is Jim,
And his father round the corner is a-laying for him.

Arthur Fletcher, of Attleboro, Mass., writes us as follows:

Your magazine is fine—keep up the excellent work, and success and prosperity to you!

D. R. HALL'S



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FREE Send for large folder right now. ADVANCED THOUGHT, Dept. 966, 168 N. Mich. Ave., Chicago

Your staff of writers is bulky, and the Answer Man's a bear! He wades right into the work and handles it magnificently.

We must all have our little say, nevertheless, and here is mine.

I might suggest regarding educational pictures that our town and vicinity get all we can of them and then cry for more. "The Hub of the Jewelry World" is an excellent field for the "somewhat different" educationals. Even "Knives of Fire" (Edison) and "Abalone Industry" (Keystone) are not to be sneezed at.

There are also more religious subjects wanted for Sunday afternoon services, generally, for the men who don't care for church at night. More comedies like "Walk, You, Walk" (Kalem) and "Feeney's Social Experiment" (Reliance). Boost Universal for more good plot plays. Joker should keep up the good work. My favorite films for acting and clear photography are the Lubins, followed closely by Pathé. There is no advantage in changing films every day in a town of our size (20,000). Three times weekly for three theaters (General, Mutual, and Universal) are satisfying the patrons. The managers of our theaters are all very obliging, getting films advertised as features for any patrons who suggest them.

I wish your magazine even more success and popularity in the future.

The following was addressed to the Answer Man, and comes from a gentleman who wishes to be known by simply "Gentile":

I wish to compliment you on your most excellently conducted department. I enjoy reading the questions and answers very much. It is really amusing to see what questions some people will ask. The magazine generally is a hummer, and I can assure you it is about the last one I would dispense with.

I am a great friend of the movies, and I am extremely glad to note the steady improvement in the class of pictures being shown. I also know of several of my friends, as well as myself, who have "gone on the water-wagon" thru the movies. We used to go uptown in the evening, and while waiting for some one would go in and "have a few," often to the detriment of our ability as navigators. We now go in and wait at the Motion Picture shows, see some good pictures, keep our appointments, and go home sober. I believe in movies.

I am enclosing stamped envelope for a list of film buyers.

You will find on separate sheet a few lines dedicated to one of the sweetest girls on the screen. Will you kindly hand them to the proper person and oblige?

"N. T. R.," a veteran of New York, has some harsh but perhaps deserved criticism of some director, whose name is withheld:

I attended last week a Motion Picture exhibition which was the most distasteful I ever witnessed. It would be classed as a war story, but there was neither plot nor story, but only a few scenes scandalizing the Northern troops in the Civil War. A detachment of the men in blue arrive at a Southern home. They are represented as a lot of drunken bums. The men loaf outside while the officers enter the house and insult the ladies. One officer, with staggering steps and a leer upon his face, invades the private apartment of one of the ladies, who was in bed. This officer proceeded to enforce his attentions upon her in a manner indescribably brutal. At a critical moment the heroes (men in gray) arrive and rescue the ladies, the Union men making their escape. If such a play were produced in a Southern city, with the sides reversed, I believe it would cause a riot, and properly so.

I served in the Union Army from '61 to '65 and seldom saw during that time drunken sol-

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dlers and never heard of such acts as described. As the war ended nearly half a century ago (49 years), it is surprising that any Southerner can find it in his heart so scurrilously to misrepresent the Union Army and especially surprising that such a thing can be exhibited in New York.

Happily, no one in the audience manifested any sign of approval.

Mr. F. H. Pillsbury, of Barton, Vt., sends us a clipping pertaining to censorship and writes the following comment:

Enclosed find an interesting slip on film censorship. Now there isn't a film manufacturing company in the United States who is putting out films "for men only," that is, among the real companies.

To be perfectly frank, some fool exhibitor, thinking to increase his patronage, has done this sort of thing and thereby given the advocates of "no censorship" one more hard knock.

There is hardly a question but that these women are perfectly sincere in wanting a censorship. On the other hand, there is not a company in business who can help feeling indirectly the result of such an action.

When our exhibitors cut from their programs the almost obscene vaudeville acts, which many still persist in running, then, and then only, can the writer of scripts hope to be able to write many things that ought to be welcomed on any screen instead of censored.

This one is from a photoplayer, who writes from 45 Station Street, Enmore, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia:

Many thanks for your kind letter. You said you would like to hear from me again. I would have written sooner, but you addressed your letter "Miss Mial Macwell" instead of "Miss Una Maxwell," and as I have been traveling a lot since it has only just reached me. I enjoy your magazine immensely. As people get better acquainted with the fact that the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is on the Australian market, I am sure there will be a tremendous sale for it here. I receive books and magazines from all over the world, and in my opinion your book surpasses all, for the engravings are really beautiful.

Mrs. Eugene Moffitt says some things in the following which should attract some attention:

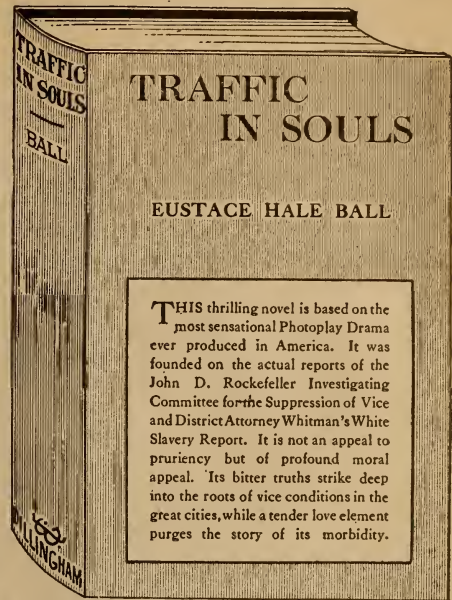
You have invited criticism and I am going to take you at your word, having your sincerest interest at heart. Why do you have so many tramp films?

About seven of "our crowd" of girls went to a picture place yesterday and got up and came out. "The Tramp Dentist" was on. Disgusting from start to finish.

Mr. Howard (showman) asked why we came out. We told him and asked why he had so many tramp stories. He said: "Some people like them. We have to cater to all sorts of taste," etc.

You, then, are catering to vulgar taste. Why not elevate such taste, not encourage it?

The best and most refined people of the land, old people, children and ministers, lawyers and physicians, visit, encourage, nay, love, you and your charming people. Why put them thru twenty minutes of nausea and disgust catering to your lowest patrons? I write not only of my own desire, but all "my crowd" of girls asked me to. I heard those girls tell Mr. Howard if they ever had to sit thru such a film again they'd never come there any more. Now, we represent the leading society of this town, so I trust you will give this a thought.



TRAFFIC IN SOULS
EUSTACE HALE BALL

THIS thrilling novel is based on the most sensational Photoplay Drama ever produced in America. It was founded on the actual reports of the John D. Rockefeller Investigating Committee for the Suppression of Vice and District Attorney Whitman's White Slavery Report. It is not an appeal to prurience but of profound moral appeal. Its bitter truths strike deep into the roots of vice conditions in the great cities, while a tender love element purges the story of its morbidity.

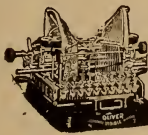
THIS powerful story is illustrated with photographic scenes from the play. Popular price, cloth-bound edition, by mail 60 cents. Special terms to Motion Picture Exhibitors.

G. W. DILLINGHAM CO.,

18 East 22d Street, New York

Most of the high-class, well-regulated Motion Picture theaters (both Independent and Licensed) keep this magazine on sale for the convenience of their patrons. If it is not handy for you to buy from your news-dealer, please ask the girl in the box-office to supply you every month. The magazine should be on sale at all theaters on the 15th of each month.

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WRITE STORIES FOR THE MOVIES. Producers pay \$25 to \$100 each. Interesting and fascinating. No experience necessary. Work in spare time. Full particulars free. **JEWETT MERCHANDISE CO., Dept. 33A, 716 Broadway, Bayonne, N. J.**

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HOW TO WRITE PHOTOPLAYS is a brand-new volume on the subject of motion picture playwriting. Contains a complete model scenario, a list of 30 scenario buyers, and ALL instruction and information necessary on this subject. Endorsed by scenario editors and several prominent writers. Price 25c in coin postpaid. **THE PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO., 3348 S. Lowe Ave., Chicago.**

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STAGE SUCCESS Send 2c. postage for FREE Illustrated Booklet giving advice on how to start in Show Business. Stage Studio, Dept. 4, 249 W. 38th Street, New York.

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WANTED Pianist to send for my 50-page booklet, "What and How to Play for Pictures." Price \$1.00, or send for sample leaf. **E. A. AHERN - Twin Falls, Idaho**

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS WANTED. Send us your scenarios. We sell them. We have big demands for all kinds. For \$1.00 we will examine and arrange your scenario in correct form and place it with our regular companies for their acceptance. Always enclose stamped return envelope. Send it now, and you may receive a check for \$25.00 or \$50.00 within a few days. **SCENARIO SALES CO., Mansfield, O.**

WANTED—Men 18 to 35 as Government Railway Mail Clerks. \$75 month. Examinations everywhere soon. Schedule and sample questions free. Franklin Institute, Dep't D 122, Rochester, N. Y.

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I WANT PHOTOPLAYS, WILL PAY FROM 25 TO 100 DOLLARS FOR GOOD TALENT. SEND SCENARIOS TO B. TUTTLE CO., COLUMBUS, MONT.

WANTED to hear from owner of good moving picture show for sale. State price. **Western Sales Agency Minneapolis, Minn.**

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\$SELL your picture show. That's our business. Bargains everywhere—inquiries daily. Send description. "NISCO" Dept. XDK, Cincinnati, O.

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in all parts of the country. The work is easy and profitable. There is a very rapidly increasing demand for our magazine. Whether you are a man or woman, you can make big money by taking advantage of our proposition. Write today for particulars. Address, Department C, Motion Picture Magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

\$ SPARE : TIME : MONEY \$
Report news, names, etc., tous. We have established markets. No canvassing. Enclose stamp.
"NISCO"—HDK—Cincinnati, O.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES MAKE SHIELDS at home, \$10.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. **Eureka Co., Dept. 19, Kalamazoo, Mich.**

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PATENTS PROCURED OR FEE RETURNED. Official drawing free. Send sketch for free search. Expert serves. The Patent Exchange, Jordan Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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WANTED—All lovers of good music to send ten cents, coin or stamps, for a copy of my latest sentimental march ballad, "All That Is Left of Her Soldier Boy." Pianists will find this song very effective for motion pictures. Frank S. Wildt, Music Publisher, Lancaster, Pa.

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DOUBLE YOUR INCOME by collecting names and addresses for business and mail order firms. Parcel post has increased demand. Some clear over \$100 monthly. Proof and booklet for stamp. **INFORMATION SYSTEM, 731, Marietta, Ohio.**

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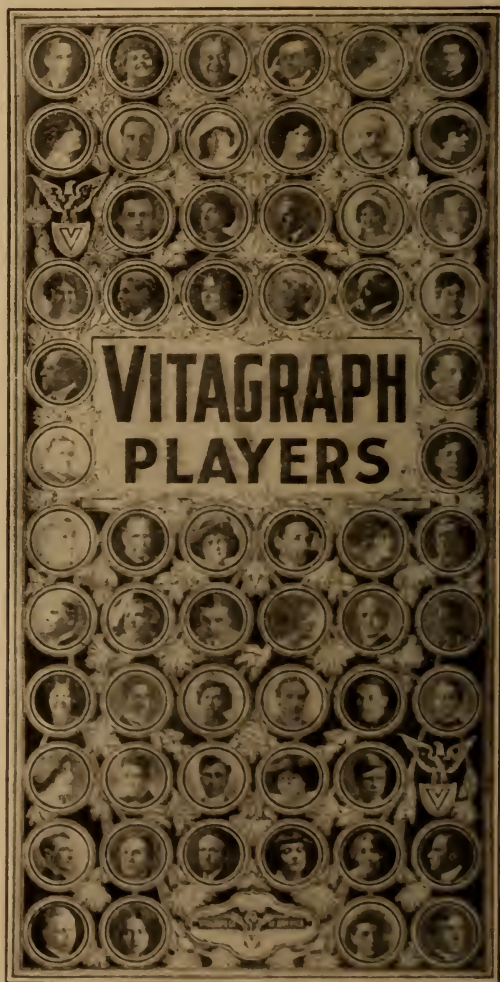
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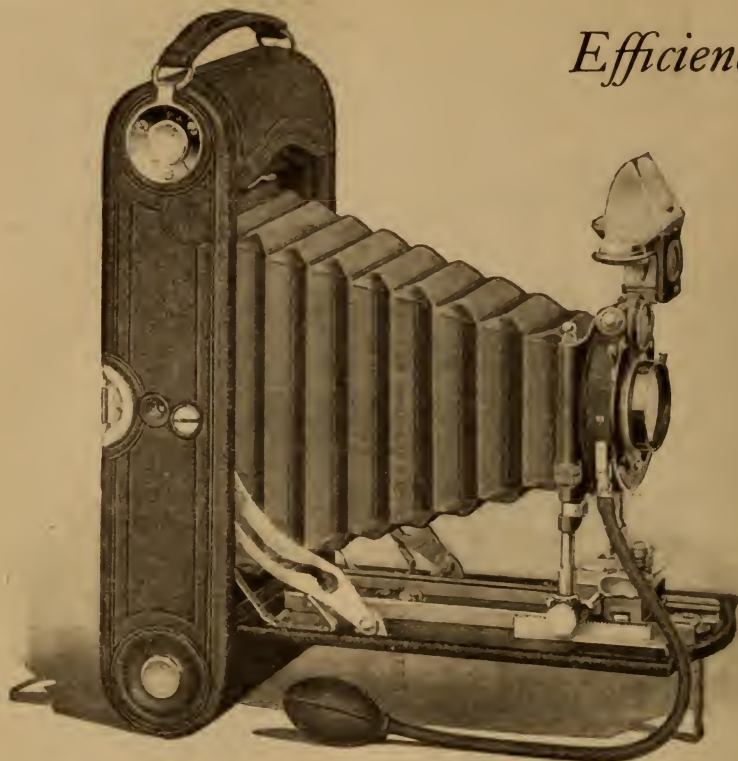
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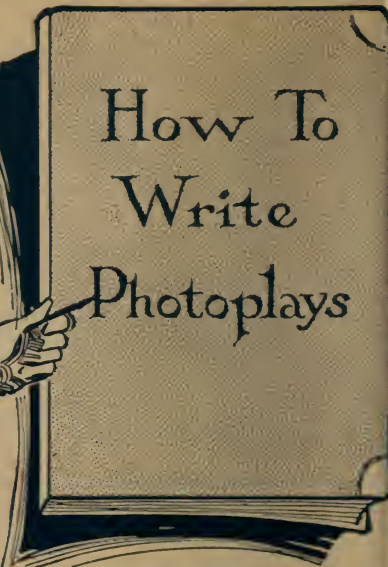
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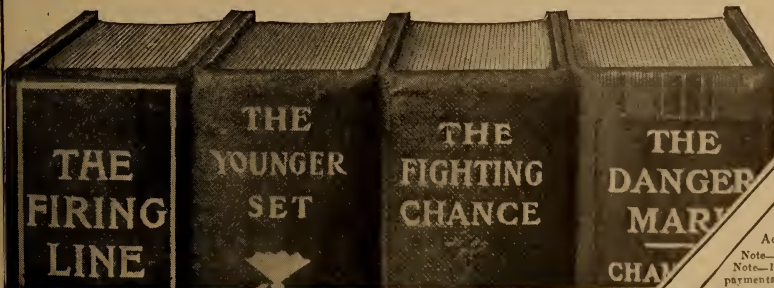
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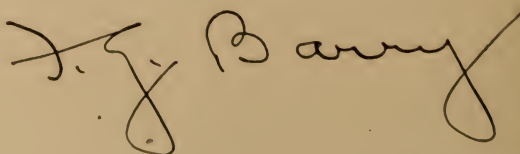
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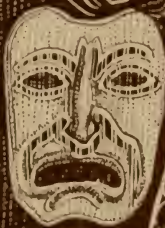
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The Sins of the Father

(Nestor)

By RODOTHY LENNOD

From the Photoplay by WALLACE REID

OH, aye, the Good Book puts it rightly, madam, when it says: "The sins of the father shall be visited on the sons." I mind me there was Jessalie Gordon and her man—but 'tis a long story, with tears in the ending o' it, and like enough would weary a lady like you. No? Well, take this chair, madam—'tis easier to set, and I'll spin you the yarn.

The prettiest lass i' the township was Jessalie—Brown was her name when I first knew her, the matter of twenty-five years ago, lack a day. I did plain sewing for her lady-mother, so I saw a mort o' the child. Eighteen I should say she was, and with hair like floss and the bonniest blue eyes; and I wasn't the only one to think her bonny, be sure, for half the lads in the town were in love with her; and such a ringing o' door-bells, and such boxes o' flowers, and such a sighing and sweethearting you never saw the like o' it. But Jessalie wasn't of a mind to hurry in choosing a husband—lassies as can have their pick o' 'em never are. "I'm going to be sure instead of sorry," she would

smile; "I'm too young to be tied yet awhile."

Aye, aye, poor Jessalie.

Have you ever noticed, madam, that the rudest, blackest bee chooses the sweetest flower? Time and again I've seen it. 'Tis strange, but no stranger than the rest o' this queer world. So it was with Jessalie Brown. I suppose his own mother must 'a' been fond o' him, but it's sure no other woman loved his glum looks and close-scowling brows, before Jessalie saw him. Leslie, his name, I remember. It always put me in mind of those stage-villains—Leslie Gordon. He was a wealthy man's only son, and very silent and stern. Maybe 'twas that very thing that brought them together, for a woman thinks more of a man that's hard to win. And so they were married. Alack the day! the prettiest, happiest bride!

Folks said she'd be sorry before the honeymoon waned. But folks were wrong. A year went by, and then two of them, and no wife ever seemed more content with her lot than Jessalie Gordon. The big house she was

mistress of was always ablaze with lights, for she was a social body, and made him almost so too. Now and again I was sent for to help in the sewing-room, and I'm telling you true, madam, I've seen them often together; her smiling up into his face, and him looking down so proud-like, and I never saw a hint o' the storm brewing.

One summer, the third year it was, Jessalie came into the room where I



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

was hemming sheets, with a roll of soft lawn and cambric in her arms, and her face like a rose. She came and knelt down beside me—I'd known her so long, you see, I was 'most like her mother—and I marked the blue eyes of her were soft with tears.

"Look, Selina—look!" she whispered, and never a word more; but I understood her meaning and was glad. For a child in the house ties the wife to the husband more than the priest or the marriage bond. I'm a mother of five—all dead, rest 'em—madam, so I could feel for the pretty young thing. 'Twas a winsome, wee nest we feathered for the babe—hand-

made; the little frocks with embroidery work and lace like a cobweb for fineness. And the boy, when he came—bless him!—was too big for the clothes, after all.

But they served for his sister, a year later. The boy was dark like the father, but the girl had her mother's eyes and smile. You'd have thought, now, wouldn't you, madam, that with two babes to tender their hearts to each other there'd have been no grief in the world could part them; but 'twas not so. No one ever knew what the quarrel was over. Oh, aye, o' course ill tongues wagged and ill thoughts were spoken, but none *knew* save God and theirselves.

And one day the big house was dark, and the wife and mother was gone with her little girl. The boy she left with the father. Some say she never had cared for him over-much, but I don't believe it. I think that down below the anger and the bitterness of the quarrel, she loved her man too deep to leave him all desolate. But however that may be, the big house was dark thereafter, and they tell me the little Gordon boy was never known to laugh and play like other children.

The point of my story, madam, lies twenty years later, and in a small fishing-village by the sea. 'Tis not my tale from here on, as you may imagine, for I've bided all my life in this very town. Here I was born, and wed my man; bore him five children; buried 'em—you can see their graves yonder thru the trees—but this o' mine is not the story of Jessalie Gordon, is it, madam?

I'll tell you the balance o' the tale as 'twas told to me.

They called her the Widder Brown in the village. 'Twas her sober dress and sorrow old look that named her a widow, and the wee girl staggering at her heels. As for herself, she was never one to talk much, they said—just did her work of net-mending well; brought up her child, and walked, alone always, on the cliffs at sunset, looking out over the sea with drowned blue eyes. Not that she

need have lacked for followers even then, but she lifted her eyes to no man, and so the years slid by.

I've seen the girl myself, madam, Jessalie's girl—the breathing image of the mother who bore her, with no more of the father to her than sunshine has of a storm-cloud. But it's God's strange truth, that sunshine makes shadows and is never without them. When I saw the girl, alack the day! she walked patiently beneath a shadow that would never pass away. The pity of it—golden hair, eyes that were meant for joyous seeing, and lips for laughter, and the look that was sadder than sadness over all.

For this is the story of Jessalie's daughter Marie as well.

The fisher-lads of the village all courted her, but she would none of their rude ways and coarse, cracked hands. Bare of foot as the other maids, she was different, and she knew it, as a beauty rose knows 'tis not a wild one, and holds its head high with the knowing. One day, two strangers came to the village and lodged at the inn. The older man was taken ill there and kept to his room, but the young fellow strolled about the beach and tried to kill the time of waiting. The girls about the nets cast glances at him, for he was a fine set-up city fellow, and few such came their way; but one did not look up from her mending, and so he must needs glance a second time at her.

Two nights later a belated fisherman, pushing his prow up the sand, discovered a pair of lovers in the shadows of the boats. He'd hardly have given them a second glance, for as long as the world goes 'round there must be sweethearting; but as he passed them he noted that the moon-

light touched the head resting on the young man's shoulder and set it aflame with gold.

This is the note she, the mother, found, a day or so later, pinned to a ragged net:

Mother, dear, I love him. We are going to be married at Quimby this afternoon. His name is Leslie Gordon, and you must



ARRIVING AT THE FISHING VILLAGE

love him, too, for my sake. I am so happy, mother. Your daughter,
MARIE.

You see it now, madam—the pity of it all!

They tell me there was a stage-play written once, about a king who married his mother unbeknownst. Maybe you've heard of that play, madam? *Cædipus Rex*, you say? Aye, it may well be; I've no head for names. At

any rate, 'twas a terrible thing they had done, these poor innocents, and the mother's heart near broke; but she knew she had no time now for grieving. Folks in the village tell me she looked a corpse in her black gown, with the young, yellow hair and the set, cold face of her, riding to Quimby on the carrier's cart.

The day was nigh dead when she reached there, and, as I'm a true woman, at the steps o' the little church by the sea the four came face to face. The man and woman met as sad ghosts must when their old grieving and quarreling lie too far behind for tears. Silent they stood, madam; but when the girl-bride ran to her mother, joyous in her new happiness, the man gave one great cry and raised his hands above his head as one distraught.

"This is—our girl? Oh, God in Heaven, what have we done!"

The boy stood looking from one to the other, and the smile on his lips froze till 'twas awfuller than tears. Then he laughed—aye, laughed out.



THE SINS OF THE FATHER

madam, shrill and high, a cackling sound like a laugh gone mad. When the poor girl ran to him, laying a hand on his arm, he shuddered away from her and turned to the father with a black curse on his lips and murder in the poor, wild eyes. But the man's face was stricken beyond human reproaching, and lifted as tho to God Himself for judgment.

It was evening, and the sunset was faint on the sea. The son took his father's hand.

"Come," he said quietly; "come."

The mother and her daughter clung close, awed into silence. I think, madam, they knew it was meant to be that way, and maybe 'twas best after all. The waves came up to meet the old man and the young man, reached out gentle fingers and drew them to rest. You've maybe seen how peaceful-like the sea looks sometimes? Well, I like to think that maybe they found peace there.

But Jessalie and her daughter—aye, aye, 'tis a sad tale. Tears in your eyes, lady? You must forgive an old woman for running on so long.



Burns' Wish Fulfilled

By GLENN E. CURTISS

Two lines of Burns have lost their force
Thru modern science's striding course:
"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us."

No more can bards like he lament.
For now the power has been sent:
Our modern Thespians on the screen
Can see themselves as they are seen.



BY
ALEXANDER
LOWELL



This story was written from the Photoplay by PAUL POWELL

LIMITLESS stretches of wide, gray sea—touched now and then by the transient birth of the snowy foam, or caressed by the swift touch of a lone gull's wings. They say—wise ones who know—that the sea will not give up its dead—that it is jealous of the peopled land, and holds tenaciously to the booty snatched therefrom. Yet how abundantly does it yield up our memories! How deep we dream as we probe its mystery—how deep!

Anna Marck was dreaming now as she stood on the almost deserted deck of the America-bound liner—dreaming as she had not dreamed these many years. And her eyes were veiled with a sea-gray mist, and her red lips faintly smiled. Life with Christian Marck had been work and a certain mundane comfort, and nights spent in the deep sleep of the physically weary. There had been no time for dreams; no time to keep alive the warm flames of her heart's

youth. The lover had become the plodding husband; she, perforce, the assisting wife. And now—the mother! It was because of their parenthood that they had decided to leave their fatherland, Germany, and go to the untried land of riches—that Amelia, the little one, might know ease and comfort not to be filched from phlegmatic German soil. But it was not of the future that Anna dreamed as her eyes probed the gray seas—not of their coming life—not even of Amelia, but of a time now five years past; of a slim girl with starry eyes and goldy hair; of two importunate suitors, the one a nobleman's son—the other, Christian Marck, the blacksmith. She lived again the terror of her stern father's despotism—the desperation of her soul when she knew that he was forcing her into marriage with the nobleman's son—that Christian, her lover, was being taken from her. He had not been phlegmatic and plodding *then*. The whole flame of

his life had kindled under her gray eyes, and leaped to meet the flame in her. She felt her heart contract now as it had contracted then, when they planned their elopement—felt the thrill of terror at the news that Christian had met the nobleman and assaulted him on the street in return for some insult—knew again the terror of the moment when her father, jeering, flung the order for Chris-

tian, the beloved. Then came the flight—the marriage. Anna drew herself up with a great sigh. She had not re-lived those days before; she had not had the time. Well, it had not been all the tenderness and romance she had dreamed—much had been commonplace—much had been mean. Sometimes she wondered—very vaguely, for her soul was inherently loyal—what life might have been if



MADE PRISONER

tian's arrest in her face. She re-lived the moment of her inspiration, born on her very wedding-morn, when she had realized that the changing of one tiny word on the arrest summons would mean an order of release—and her resolve to make that change, and set Christian free. She saw herself in her wedding-gown, fair and slim and white. She remembered the roses blooming in her cheeks as she escaped to meet her bridegroom—and not the wealthy Ludwig for whom the nuptial festivities were beginning—but Chris-

she had married Ludwig Ridder. Poverty *did* take the color from things—did rob the flowers of their perfume, the skies of their blue—and Ludwig could have shod her feet in velvet. And, too, he had loved her. The ship gave a perilous lurch—the seas were rising, and some one caught her arm in swift support. She turned abruptly—to face Ludwig Ridder! It was unneanny. And, for a moment, she held his eyes to hers, still a-mist with the sea-dreaming. Then the quick color stained her cheek.

"Herr Ridder!" she exclaimed.

"Anna," he whispered, as one unbelieving; "Anna—you—here——"

"I—we—are going to—America," she announced, as if stating some informative news.

"I, too," said Ludwig, ignoring her evident embarrassment; "but I did not think to have such—heavenly—company, Frau Marek."

Somehow he said her name in a way

I suppose you will think I have little right to expect indulgence, but the fact is, it would be better, much better, if Christian did not know who you were. He—he is very jealous. He would make it hard for me——"

"But how, then, are we to see anything of each other?" queried the rejected bridegroom, whose sensitiveness the five intervening years had apparently healed. Anna looked puz-



ORDERED FROM HOME

that rendered it distasteful. And it suddenly came to Anna that it would be well for Christian to remain in ignorance of who this man was. He had not known him in the flesh in the old days—only as "the other man"—he need not know him now. His was a violent temper—the passionate, jealous temper of the patient man. And Anna knew that the lion was better sleeping.

"Ludwig," she said suddenly, and she did not see the quick light in his eyes as she used his name; "Ludwig, I—I have a favor to ask of you. I—

zled. Many months later she marveled that she had not questioned the necessity of their seeing each other at all. Now, somehow—the sea, and the great untried loneliness of the new land—the memories—the dreams—well, she smiled up at him.

"That is for you to discover," she whispered.

Ludwig Ridder had in him the indomitable patience of the German peasant and the glamorous romance of the Rhine, and the sensuousness and music of Berlin. All these elements had been roused in him by

Anna, daughter of the burgomeister, five years before, and he found her no less desirable now as the woman, the wife, the mother. In fact, she was more to be coveted than in the past, for she was *The Unattainable*. The slight, inevitable *gaucherie* of the girl had blossomed tenderly, exquisitely into the luxuriant woman, and Ludwig desired the fulfillment even as he had desired the earlier promise. He set about gaining this desire, and the means of attainment was Christian Marek, who might be seen smoking his satisfactory *meerschau*m on deck at all hours of the day, with no apparent thought for the sea's gray mystery or his wife's gray eyes. He seemed all husband now—the lover decently interred.

Christian Marek did not find America gold-paved to his hand. Thus has many a far-sea voyager turned his saddened eyes homeward, but Christian did not do that. Two things sustained him in his flagging hope: his trusty *meerschau*m, and his trusty friend, Ludwig Ridder. For, from the day when Anna had faced him with her dreaming eyes, Ludwig Ridder had sedulously sought, and patiently won, the friendship of Christian Marek. And, with the almost passionate attachment for a compatriot in a far land, Christian turned to the German and made him ever welcome.

Times were very hard. Christian's trade of smith seemed superfluous in a land of limousines and motor-trucks, and the old-time anvil fire had been almost entirely replaced by the more modern, decidedly pungent garage. The little shop he took in a small town adjoining the big city was dismally exclusive, and the only visitant was to the tiny rooms over the shop, where they lived—that visitant, Ludwig Ridder.

And there, over the unused workshop, Ludwig brought the dream back to Anna's tired eyes—filled her heart with a new vision—fired her blood afresh.

"Why must you live like this, *liebchen*—you and the little one?" the

crafty one inquired; "it is not meant for a woman—this ceaseless grind—this dirty work. Come with me, and I will teach you to live again—I will show you life without the mop and pail."

Anna was very weary of the mop and pail. Her pretty hands were reddened. Her back felt bent and tired. She saw herself growing faded, loveless, old. She saw the little Amelia growing into the same cheerless repetition. And she shuddered.

"I will go," she whispered to Ludwig the following night; "I will go, Ludwig—I and my little one—and may the good God forgive us."

Romance is a fragile god—a transient, fleeting thing of mist and dew. And only when we place his wraith-like, rosy feet on the firm pedestal of friendship, endurance and respect, may we hope for his abiding. To Anna Marek he had come twice, and twice had he died. The first time thru the onslaught of poverty, mundaneness, stolidity; the second time he had been ruthlessly murdered by poverty and drink—not merely mundane, but distressful, tainted, shamed.

When Ludwig Ridder had achieved his inglorious desire, the one tenacious cord in his fluctuating nature loosened and snapped. Gambling, to avoid the scandal of which he had come to America, asserted its sway. What funds he had come supplied with dwindled away, and were not replenished, and, in his weakness, he turned to alcohol. When he died, broken, dissipated, wretched, Anna and the little Amelia faced a world that turned its bleakest back. Her health was ruined by the ravages of repentance and despair, and she knew that she, too, was treading the last decline. The arrangements for Amelia to enter an orphanage were completed on the last, heart-breaking day.

"My little one," she gasped, as the kindly matron came to take the child before the end should come; "oh, my little one, your wicked mother is going away, and she prays God not to blame you—not to put my sins on

your tiny shoulders. May He bless you, my baby, my liebchen."

Perhaps, when God took the soul He had made, He healed the grievous sores. It is in such hope humanity gropes on.

An old, old man tapped the ashes carefully from an old, old meerschau pipe, and entered the darkened auditorium, leaning against the rear wall and facing the screen. He had but recently arrived in Los Angeles, and had that day obtained the position of general cleaner in the studio down the block, where these visions of the screen plied their art. The manager of the nickelodeon, whose rear wall the old, old man now ornamented, had munificently granted him standing room for the evening's performance. He was rheumatic and bent, and somewhat worn as to feature and attire—and perhaps the Irish-setter look in his eyes had moved the manager to the standing-room liberality. However, the new general cleaner was not accustomed to getting something for nothing—not even standing-room. The world begrudges even those dubious honors to such as he. His had been a life stricken at its young beginning. His had been the heartache that knows no assuaging. A long, dusty path his feet had traveled, and no sweet spring had bubbled up to meet him. Sometimes, when the ache became too bitter, he forced himself to remember that he was only a plain, old German peasant after all, and not exactly calculated to be a magnate for life's sunshine.

Tonight his eyes sought the screen avidly. Of a sudden they began to gleam. Well that the theater was dark, well that none of the auditors turned his way, for the gleam was phosphorescent in the dark, and the furrowed face was appallingly white.

A slim figure moved on the screen—a girl-figure, palpably, subtly young, with soft, goldy hair and a pair of sea-mist eyes. Soft lips smiled down on him—lips like ones he had kist in a dim, distant past—lips, ah, God! that had turned away

from his. And Christian Marek knew, as he looked, that the sweet spring water had bubbled at his feet at last; that Anna had pitied him, wherever she might be, and had sent him this true image of herself.

Deep, deep under the stolid, peasant exterior of Christian Marek—far, far deeper than dream-filled, girlish eyes had ever probed—beat a faithful, mighty heart. She had left him—his love, his wife; she had taken away with her the tiny, dimpled thing who had held his innermost being in her chubby hand; but he had loved them—gigantically, as such a man would love—and his sad life had never known another tender touch. As he looked on the face of this child of his love's—and his—as he noted her proud poise, her graceful bearing, her fine raiment, he felt the incongruity of his parentage. He sensed the shame she would feel should he enforce his grotesque right.

When the play ended, the general cleaner did not wait for the next. The munificently accorded standing-room held no further charms. He had tasted the wine of memory, and he found it poignantly bitter-sweet. He wanted to live over the past exquisite moment when he had looked on his baby's—their baby's—ah! most precious of all, *her* baby's—face again. That there was any doubt as to the identity of the actress, had not occurred to him. However, for the joy of corroboration he stopped at the door and asked the doorman the name of the star of the last film.

"That's Amelie Reine," the man obliged; "some little eye-raiser, aint she, Germany?"

"Germany" did not heed the last. He had only heard the name—Amelie Reine—Reine; then—doubt touched him, clammily. Then a thought struck him. He walked the block swiftly, and came to the studio, scene of his labors and shelterer of his rest, as he inhabited a loft under the roof. Why not sweep out her sanctum tonight? There, in that intimate place, he might discover some clue. A mass of paper was under her dressing-table



FATHER AND DAUGHTER

as he pushed open the door and lit the lights, and he decided to carry that out before returning with his broom. As he stooped to gather it, something sharp cut his finger. It was a battered tintype in a faded pink cover. Three faces looked dimly out at him: his own, his love's, and the little Amelia's. A hoarse sob scraped his throat. "Liebchen," he sobbed, huskily; "ach, mein liebchen, mein liebchen!"

The following morning the general cleaner felt another overweening desire for the perfect cleanliness of the dressing-room marked "Amelie Reine." As if coerced, his rusty boots creaked thither, and he paused, broom in hand. A voice smote his ear—an imperative, fearful voice:

"I tell you to go, Ricardo," it said, "and I mean it."

"Kiss me—once—and I will——"

Suddenly it seemed to Christian Marek that he had heard that voice before—those same tones, vibrant, persuasive—Ludwig Ridder. A mist

swam before his eyes—an ugly, blood-red mist. The male in him, cheated, defrauded, swindled, rose, dominant. He burst open the flimsy door, and faced a white-faced girl and a gross-eyed man.

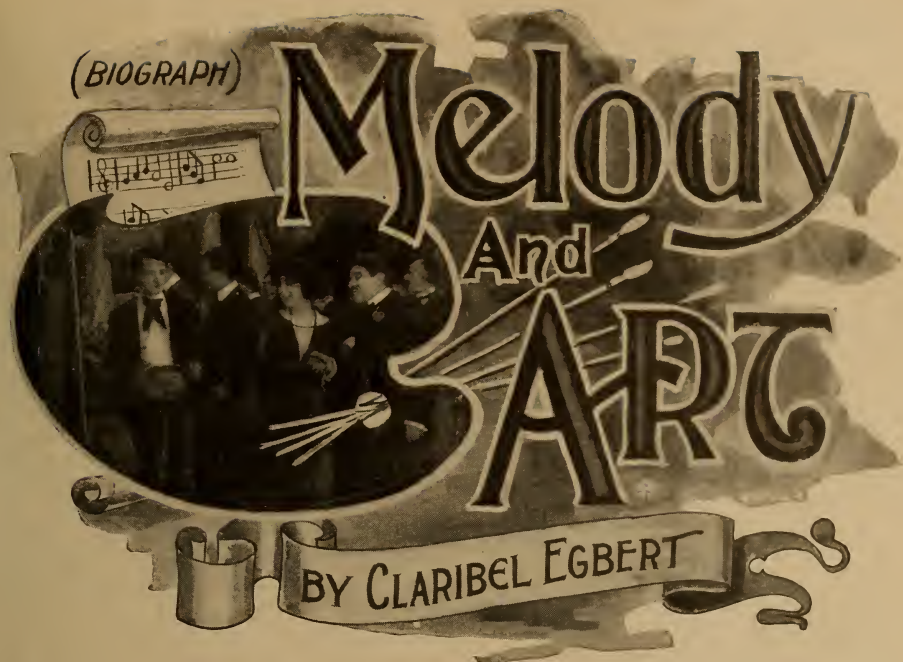
"Leave the room!" his mighty voice boomed forth, and his sinewy, blacksmith's hands rose—and fell on the oiled head of the intruder, clutching an earthen vase. Dazed, the pursued one made good his escape, and the father, suddenly very weak and old, faced his daughter.

"Oh, thank you," she said sweetly, impersonally it seemed to the straining heart of the old man; "thank you very, very much."

A great yearning filled the sunken eyes of Christian Marek—the shade of a great need—then he smiled. And the door closed, gently, behind him. Amelie Reine felt that smile plumb the well of tears. She couldn't have said why.

Ricardo Venacci was not of a forgiving nature. Moreover, his manly

(Continued on page 156)



THEY were very young, scarcely out of their teens, indeed, these two young enthusiasts. From what section of the country they had come Heaven alone knows, blown by the winds of Destiny to the great metropolis, there to win name and fame. Others, known to the whole world wide, had done it, and why not they? So ran John Haywood's thoughts as he drew his bow, with the touch of a mystic, across the sensitive strings of his violin. "But one touch on these and Paradise opens," he murmured, "and all woe forgotten!" And it seemed even so, for out on the young evening air there stole a melody so hauntingly sweet that the little vagrant children stopped in their play in the old Square to listen. But, in the room above him, there stood the very personification of a tempest, in the form of a young girl in a tangle of midnight hair, painting furiously at an easel.

One blot of paint after another she applied with frenzied stroke to the tender evening sea, that seemed rising and swelling beneath her brush.

"That's right!" she cried at last, dashing her hand across her eyes, leaving a streak of cerulean blue in its wake along the whiteness of her cheek. "That's right, Boy o' Dreams; break my heart with your singing streams, and whispering trees, and all the slumbry prayerful things of night! Keep it up!"—and she stamped her foot in a frenzy. "But you cant do it," once more applying her paint, this time with care and thought. "The more you play your home-sweet-homey things, the harder I'll work right here in this old South Washington Square house of blessed memory, until some one does buy my lovely pictures. I wont go home to Cairo—I wont go home to Cairo!"

Oh, heart of youth!

Both were students—young Haywood working under the careful tutelage of an old music-master of "Royal Orchestra" fame, and Hester plodding away at the National Art Students' League. And both seemed marked by the gods for things worth while.

Young Haywood, however, was beginning to feel the tedium of his aloneness, for he had not the com-

panionship Hester found at the League, and often in his boyish simplicity he would turn entreating eyes upon her at some of their chance meetings on the old landing. But always Hester passed him with high-tilted chin. One happy day, however, happy for the lonely boy from the hills, good Mrs. Bilton, their mutual landlady, "made them acquainted" at a chance meeting of the three in the hall, and after this it was easy sailing for John.

"Boy o' Dreams, guess what happened today when I was getting some oils in at Hartmann's," exclaimed Hester, one Saturday afternoon in late October, when their intimacy had grown to an assured footing.

"Am no guesser"—depositing his recent purchases from the neighboring delicatessen on the deep window-seat. "Tell us yourself," urged young Haywood, as he ripped open a can of baked beans.

"Well, you know Starking, the great seascafer."

"Yes; what of him?" and John lifted his eyes and looked sharply at Hester.

"Mr. Hartmann introduced me to him today"—placing the beans on the gas-plate. "And oh, boy!"—turning to him radiant eyes—"he has asked me to his studio-tea Thursday, and I'm going! They're horribly swagger, you know."

"Yes, I know," he admitted, lowering the flame under the coffee-pot; "but the man has a shady reputation. Why, I shouldn't want my sister to go within gunshot of his daubs!" he blurted, in tragic conclusion.

"Well, I'm not your sister, and, furthermore, I'm quite capable of taking care of myself, and I expect to go arrayed in my best."

"Hello, in there, Boy o' Dreams!" exclaimed Hester, the following Thursday, as she tapped on Haywood's door for admission and then poked her radiant little face into the aperture. "Saw you at the Starking function this afternoon."

"Come on in, Artful One, with an accent on the 'ful,'" called Haywood, laying down his "music-box," as she termed his violin, and reaching for his pipe.

"What were you doing there, anyway, I'd like to know?"—Hester coming gingerly inside and seating herself still more gingerly on the side of a chair near the door.

"Oh, I was doing the reporter stunt"—puffing away on Old Faithful. "You dont mind," he questioned, pointing from the curling smoke to her brave little toggery, donned for the swagger affair she had just left.

"Never!" she replied, with a frown between her blue eyes and a shrug of her young shoulders.

"Farley couldn't get it in with all the other 'hash' he had to grind out this afternoon," Haywood went on, "so I gave him a lift."

"I didn't know you added the art of letters to your other numerous accomplishments. Where'd you get your orchid?"—bending her frowning eyes upon the fragile flower he had placed in an old pitcher on his return from the tea.

"Oh, some kiddies in Starking's neighborhood bribed me with it. The old organ-grinder left them in the midst of their Castle-walk, and when they saw me come out with my case under my arm they fell upon me, and I had to stop and jig them a bit, you know." And Haywood laughed as he saw her angry little face in the doorway.

"Your orchid all right, Hessie"—looking at the bunch at her corsage. "The little kid said, 'The beautiful purple lady gave it to me,' which tags you all right, I'm a-thinking."

"Humph!" was all that Hester again vouchsafed, as she passed out of the door and closed it with a bang.

"So the charming Miss Strong is aiming for the Great Career—capital 'g', capital 'e'," mused Hartley Starking, as he stood in the midst of his studio's disarray after his guests



THE "POETRY" OF MUSIC

had departed. "Well, old Hunter says she has a smashing technique and an imagination from the skies; guess we'll have to look in on her after dinner"—getting into his topcoat and hat and passing out to the elevator.

Later in the evening, as Hester was looking over some sketches for her next day's work, Mrs. Bilton tapped and put her face in at the door.

"Mr. Starking to see you, Miss Strong"—and, even before she could remonstrate, Mrs. Bilton was gone and Starking was entering.

"Don't say a word, Miss Strong, please don't"—approaching, with his most engaging smile, where she stood in the middle of her little room with indignant eyes. "You know for Art's sake we mustn't stand on ceremony, and ever since our little chat this afternoon I have been obsessed with a desire to see your work."

At this Hester relented a little, for her art was her weakness, and she said a little less coldly:

"That's very nice of you, Mr. Starking; wont you sit down?"—indicating a chair as she turned to gather up her sketches. "You see, living alone here, I'm rather particular about having men bouncing in," she added, with girlish frankness; "and Mrs. Bilton has never broken my rule before."

"Oh! but that was because I was so insistent, Miss Strong; I told her

I had come especially to see your pictures. And now you will let me, wont you?" Starking asked, turning to her in his best manner.

"I shant mind if you dont stay too long," she assented, still perturbed. "This is something I finished today"—placing a canvas on the easel.

Starking turned, then started perceptibly. "What! You did that? Why, where did you get that stroke? It's wonderful, and the luminosity is beyond belief," he went on, as she placed one canvas after another. "Why, the girl's a genius!" he muttered under his breath as she brought another oil from her wardrobe.

"Listen, Miss Strong," he finally said, looking at his watch; "I just must tear myself away, for I'm booked early this evening. But I do want you to let me help you. You have great ability, and I want you to come to my studio and let me give you a few pointers, wont you? It wont cost you anything"—looking about the plain little room.

"Oh! but I couldn't think of doing that"—turning indignantly upon him. "I always pay up for everything, and my work at the League takes all I can make in odds and ends of ways."

"Well, then, why not be my model for a time? That will give you a neat chance to square things up. I'm in need of your type just now."



A CALL FROM THE GREAT ARTIST

They regarded each other steadily a moment; he masking his real intent, she wholly absorbed in the thought of the significance of this help in her beloved art from this great man.

"Shall we say Monday at ten?"—as he saw the yielding light grow in her eyes.

"Yes," she said, with a defiant little frown, as she thought, "I'm perfectly able to take care of myself." And so he left her.

"Gad! but I must get her off that stroke of hers in short order, or in five years' time my marines won't be in the running with hers. I'll trail



MELODY SURPRISES ART

her off on another scent entirely, until she loses it altogether. These young things are very plastic," he mused, as he entered a taxi, giving an address. "She'll listen to the great Starking all right, all right. Wouldn't be any loss to make love to the little peach to help the good cause along, either"—stepping from the taxi into his club.

"Well, how's the career?" called Haywood, as Hester passed him in the morning, coming in with eggs and rolls for his breakfast.

"Oh, great!" she called back, speeding down the stairs. "I'm going to Starking's now for some pointers he's going to give me."

"How's that?" questioned Hay-

wood, leaning over the banisters toward the bobbing plume in the lower hall, the rolls bursting the bag and tumbling gaily down the stairs.

"Oh! he was in last night, and is crazy over my canvases"—and she flashed out of the door and was crossing the square before he could blurt out any remonstrance.

"Gosh! but I'd like to spoil his face, coming here when he knows she's living alone, and then setting a trap for her in his studio"—and Haywood dumped his breakfast on the table, with never a thought of eating it. He went over to his window and stared moodily out across the square, hands plunged deep in his pockets.

"Little spitfire! I'll bet she'll take care of herself, tho; scratch his eyes out if he touches her"—and he chuckled at the thought. "Holler, too, and not care who hears.

"Rotten that I haven't a dollar to marry on, nor any decent position, or I'd waltz her to the Little Church Around the Corner so quick she wouldn't have breath to say 'No.' Of course I love her!" he exclaimed wrathfully, getting into his hat and coat; "and of course she loves

me!" still more wrathfully, "tho she'll never own up, with this Great Career forever in the foreground of her days. But, manifestly, I can't trust to her power to scratch and to holler; I've got to hike for the Starking lair and watch out for the little paint-lady."

And it wasn't a bad idea, either, for as he paused a half-hour later in the hall outside Starking's studio he quickly placed his ear to the door at the sound of rising voices within.

"Dont dare touch me!" he heard in Hester's voice, shrill with fury, and he knew by instinct that her sharp little fingers were seeking his face. He waited for no further developments, however, but plunged headlong thru

the door—by some strange good fortune left unlatched—and hurled himself on Starking.

"You—you hell-hound!" Haywood choked, forcing him back against the wall—Hester standing white to the lips, her eyes wide with fury, yet alight with a strange shame as she looked at Haywood.

"How dare you come into my studio unannounced?" blubbered Starking, shaking himself free of the hand that trembled at his throat.

"Oh, cut it, Starking!"—and Haywood laughed a crackling laugh, as he looked at the abject man beside him. "You're nothing but the pup that your reputation has you. I'll come in here in any way I like, understand—especially when I hear the girl I'm going to marry scratching your soulful eyes out. Hester"—and Haywood turned to the girl, who still lingered anxiously in her model's garb of Egyptian water-carrier—"get into your togs and we'll go home."

"John Haywood, you—you——" she commenced, clinching her small hands.

"Come on, you'd better," interrupted Haywood, quietly, as Starking stood looking on with a leer. "I'll wait for you at the door." With a half-defiant flash of her eyes, Hester entered the dressing-room. As she came out, Starking was standing where she must pass to reach the door.

Starking made a low, mocking bow as she approached, and extended to her a fresh, crisp greenback. "For mademoiselle's services and a most delightful hour spent with her." She paused, paralyzed for an instant; then, suddenly recovering herself, she smiled and took the proffered note, but instantly tossed it in his face.

"The only price set upon my service as model was a few pointers in seascape, and those I gladly forego under the circumstances"—and she

moved, in all her girlish dignity, toward the door, where Haywood waited with an approving grin across his face.

"Well, I'll give them now," shouted Starking, cad that he was, goaded by their young scorn of him: "you cannot paint, and never will!"

For a moment she paused, startled, for this touched her at her vulnerable point. But one glance into his shifty, infuriated eyes told her it was only a bluff to humiliate and discourage her, and, with a relieved little catch in her breath, she went out with Haywood.



A FIRE BREAKS OUT

Not a word passed between them on their way to the old house in Washington Square, and when he unlocked the door and let her in, she went directly to her room.

"Oh!" she cried, with a long shudder, as she stood in the middle of her floor, where the sunlight lay in a long bar on the figured carpet. "Oh!" she repeated, "how vile his hands felt! And to think that I ever thought that he could teach me anything!" And she lifted her face and looked at the brooding sunset sea on her easel.

"That is the one on which I was trying to catch *his* stroke. How hateful it looks now!"—and suddenly seizing her palette-knife, she plunged it in girlish frenzy into the center of

the canvas and ripped it to the top, to the bottom, from right to left, and then burst into heart-broken weeping, as it fell with a crash to the floor. And deep, deep down in her being she knew she was ashamed before the man who loved her. Did she love him? She didn't know. Oh, dear!

Below, Haywood, sitting with unlighted pipe, heard the crash and started in his chair.

"Poor little kid! more high jinks, I suppose"—and he slouched lower in his chair, accustomed as he was to her tantrums.

A sudden scurrying of feet on the floor above, however, and more toppling of furniture, made Haywood plunge suddenly from his room and up the stairs.

"Trouble for fair this time, I guess," he muttered as he pounded on her door, and then quickly burst in as he heard her call for help.

And not a minute too soon, for the little room was choked with smoke from the overturned lamp.

"Where are you, Hessie?" he gasped, plunging thru the smoke, tearing at burning draperies, and moving aside flaming furniture, with frantic haste.

"Oh, little kid, sing out! cant you?" he groaned, in an agony of search.

"Here!" came a frightened voice.

And there, under a blanket, which she had dragged from the bed as she fell, he found her unharmed.

How he escaped with her he never knew, tho he often tried to think it out there in St. Vincent's Hospital, in the days he lay with eyes turned toward the future, his tortured hands lying bandaged on the immaculate coverlid before him—hands that would never play again, the doctors had told him.

Daily Hester had come to see him, with bright little stories of her day's work, full of cheer. Lately there had been a splendid commission, with abundant promise of more work, for she had suddenly sprung into prominence thru her recent League exhibit.

And now he was back in his old

room again—how good it seemed, with the grass freshening in the spring sunlight in the old Square!

Suddenly he turned and swept a faded orchid from the table into the hollow of his other bandaged hand, and bowed his pale face mutely over it.

Thus Hester found him as she descended the stairs on her way to deliver a fresh consignment of place-cards and favors.

"Well, Boy o' Dreams, it surely seems good to see you in that old chair again"—and down she dropped



"I JUST CANT BE DEPENDENT ON YOU"

her bag, standing behind his chair, looking with tear-filled eyes on the helpless hands trying in vain to hide the faded orchid.

"And it's sure good to be here, Little Pal. And yet—" He paused, looking out across the Square; his suffering spirit eluding his eyes.

"Now, no 'and yet's,' John Haywood," blustered Hester, stealthily wiping away the shining tears and bustling about the cupboard. "You know Doctor Homer said there was decided hope when you left yesterday." And she brought out the coffee and pot and soon had the aroma filling the room.

"Yes, but in the meantime—"

(Continued on page 158)

The Return of the Twins' Double

(Universal)

Being extracts from the Scrap-book of ELLIS BRONSTON

(From the *Morning Star*, October 1st)
"LADY RAFFLES"

SENTENCED!

FAMOUS FEMALE CROOK GETS FIVE
YEARS

"LADY RAFFLES," the cleverest woman in the Rogues' Gallery, long known to the police, but hitherto uncaught, was sentenced yesterday, in the special sessions, to five years at Sing Sing. The capture and conviction of the woman for robbing Mrs. Alexander Colt-Smith of her jewels, while in her service as a maid, was brought about by Phil Kelley, New York's star thief-catcher. She will be taken up the river tomorrow in the custody of a special officer.

On many former occasions "Lady Raffles," who is a most attractive young woman, as well as a clever one, has eluded capture. Five feet tall, slender, soft-voiced, and shy and timid in manner, she has nothing of the thief about her appearance, and has thus often been able to delude her captors, cloaking her bold and daring personality under the shield of her sex. This time the precaution of handcuffs will be resorted to, and she will travel to Sing Sing securely chained to her escort.

For the next five years her romantic tho hazardous career bids fair to be interrupted.

(From the *Morning Star*, October 1st)

JAMES DWIGHT GORDON BUYS
\$500,000 NECKLACE

The Rienzi necklace of two hundred perfectly matched pearls has at last found a buyer. James D. Gordon and

his daughters, Nell and Jo, the beautiful Gordon twins, returned to this country yesterday on the *Mauretania*, bringing the necklace with them. It is said to be the only one of its kind in the world.

(From the *Record*, October 2d)

TERRIBLE WRECK ON
THE ALBANY ROAD!

HEAD-ON COLLISION AT TARRYVILLE—
SIXTY PEOPLE BELIEVED DEAD

Two Mogul engines, going full speed on a single track just outside of Tarryville this morning, crashed into each other, reducing five cars to kindling-wood and derailing ten others. The wreck immediately caught fire from the engines, and the bloody glare of the flames added to the shrieks of imprisoned sufferers, and the terrible aspect of the wounded, who ran about frantically seeking their friends, gave the scene the aspect of an inferno.

As the dead and injured were removed from the wreck, they were laid upon the bank beside the track. Thirty bodies have been found at present writing, but it is believed that at least twenty others perished, and were consumed in the flames.

Among those who are believed to have been killed is "Lady Raffles," the famous woman-burglar, who was on her way to Sing Sing, escorted by plain-clothes officer George Blake. Blake's body has been found with the steel chain dangling, broken, from his wrist; but the woman must have been pinned down in the wreckage and burned. A partial list of identified dead follows.

(From *Times-Herald*, October 15th)

EXTRA! EXTRA!

**JAMES DWIGHT GORDON
FOUND DEAD IN HOME!**

CIRCUMSTANCES IN DEATH OF MULTI-MILLIONAIRE POINT TO MURDER—FAMOUS PEARL NECKLACE STOLEN—NELL GORDON, DAUGHTER, HELD AS SUSPECT.

October 15th.—The butler of the



LADY RAFFLES APPEARS IN DISGUISE

Gordon residence, Fifth Avenue, going into the library this morning at seven o'clock, was horrified to discover the body of his master lying across the desk, with a wound in the forehead. A doctor being called, said that Mr. Gordon had apparently been dead for six hours, which would make the time of the crime about one o'clock. The coroner took charge of the body, and the best detectives in the city are working on the case.

The room shows no sign of a strug-

gle, so the theory of burglars may be discredited. Whoever killed the millionaire must have entered the room as a trusted friend. On the other hand, the Rienzi pearl necklace is missing from the safe. Yet, if robbery were the real motive, it is difficult to see why other objects of value were not also taken. Mr. Gordon had a large sum of money in his pocket and wore valuable jewelry.

The theory upon which the police are working is that Gordon was killed in a moment of fury after a quarrel, and the necklace taken as a blind.

The Gordon twins, Nell and Jo, came home from the theater at twelve. Jo went at once to her room as her maid testified, but Nell paused at the library, saying she had something to ask her father before she retired. The housemaid says that when she passed the door a little later she heard sounds of quarreling within, and recognized Miss Nell's voice, raised in anger. At about half-past twelve the girl joined her sister. She appeared violently agitated, but gave as a reason that her father had bidden her break her engagement with Philip Kelley, the detective. It is known that the old man objected to the match. The girl is held without bail as a suspect, pending a thoro investigation.

(From a letter received the same morning by Phil Kelley)

DEAR MR. KELLEY:

To inform you that by the time you read this I shall have in my possession the Gordon necklace. It will doubtless relieve your stress of mind to know that I was quite uninjured by the wreck, and am well, going about, and *busy as usual*.

Sincerely yours,

LADY RAFFLES.

(From report of Harry Jones, city detective, October 15th)

Reported for duty at eight o'clock, and was sent to Gordon home to investigate death of millionaire. Found Phil Kelley also on the job as private detective for the twins. Kelley and I searched the library for the weapon. Wound made by long, fine, steel instrument that penetrated to the brain, but apparently drew little or no blood. Found a dagger hatpin on the floor, which maid identified as one Miss

to me. Tho, one thing puzzles me: Where is the necklace? I advised Kelley to make a thoro search of the house for it, but he said it would be useless, as it was not there. Seems positive. He is certainly hiding something. Nell arrested this afternoon and taken to Tombs. Asserts innocence, but admits quarreling with father.

(From personal in the Morning Star, October 16th)

LADY R.—You know the truth of



NELL GORDON IS ACCUSED

Nell wore in the picture hat she had on at the theater. Questioned both girls. Kelley furious at the suspicion that Nell killed the old man. He seems to have a theory of his own and to be hiding something. Jo says her father had no enemies; was subject, however, to heart failure. Query: How account for the wound? The necklace is gone. The twins knew the combination—no one else.

Kelley insists on Nell's innocence, but it looks like a pretty clear case

the affair. Dont let innocent suffer. Tell all, and it shall be to your advantage. Communicate. Kelley, Box 104, Office.

(From letter received by Phil Kelley, October 17th)

DEAR KELLEY,
Box 104, Office:

You once said to a certain lady that, clever as she was, she had met her match. How about it now? Do you think a five-year sentence to Sing

Sing a good beginning to asking a favor? Poor man, you are rather helpless, aren't you? Show the letter you received on the morning after the robbery to the police. Do you think they will believe it likely that a thief would write her intentions to a detective, or likelier that a man would forge such a letter to save his sweet-heart from trial? You see the point?

Of course, you hardly believe I killed him. You may remember that a certain lady is five feet, slender and weakly. She certainly has not the strength to reach up on tiptoe and stab a strong, six-foot man so forcibly. Unless, perhaps, you think I stood upon a chair, and he held still for me to do it. Sweetheart Nell is just about my size too, isn't she? But the police are such fools! Poor detective Kelley! And maybe I do know something, too.

L. R.

(From Telegram, October 18th)

FAMOUS FEMALE

CROOK NOT DEAD!

MYSTERIOUS "LADY RAFFLES"

ESCAPES CAPTURE AGAIN

The remarkable career of "Lady Raffles" was not terminated by the Albany wreck as reported. The police became suspicious, from an examination of the chain on officer Blake's wrist, that the young woman had freed herself, instead of being torn from it in the wreckage. Detectives have since been on the watch, and this morning, evidently relying on the circulated report of her death, the young woman was seen on Madison Avenue by Detectives Jones and Kelley, returning from their work on the Gordon case. Jones immediately placed the young woman under arrest, but once more fate was kind to her. Passing over an uneven grating in the walk, Kelley stumbled and fell heavily against Jones, breaking his hold on the prisoner. When the two men picked themselves up, she was gone.

(Personal in Morning Star)

PHIL.—Thank you for your opportune help. Tell Nell not to worry. I will tell all.

L. R.

(From Times-Herald, October 20th)

EXTRA! EXTRA!

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE

AT GORDON TRIAL!

"LADY RAFFLES" TURNS STATE'S EVIDENCE AND CONFESSES ROBBERY—MULTIMILLIONAIRE A VICTIM OF HEART DISEASE—NELL GORDON IS FREED.

October 20th.—When the trial of Nell Gordon, for the murder of her father, opened this morning, the most remarkable scene in the history of criminal law took place. The weeping prisoner had just completed her tale of the quarrel with her father on the night of his death, regarding her engagement to Philip Kelley, and had joined her fiancé, who was endeavoring to comfort her, when a small, slender woman in black, with her face screened by a black veil, was brought to the witness-stand by the lawyer for the defendant. He announced to the jury that his client had been promised immunity as a State's witness, and asked her to raise her veil. As she did so, the familiar features of "Lady Raffles" were disclosed.

Amid an intense hush, this remarkable young woman told her story. She related how, at about twelve-thirty on the night of October 14th, she had entered the library of the Gordon mansion by means of the great French windows on the south. Hidden in the curtain enclosure, she had seen Mr. Gordon turn from the door into the hall with an angry expression, and stand by the library table, apparently in thought. Suddenly he had put his hand to his heart as tho in pain, swayed and crashed forward onto the table, his head striking the sharp point of a letter file.

"I ran forward to help him," ran



"LADY RAFFLES" IS INDUCED TO CONFESS

the testimony of the witness; "but he was already dead when I had removed the instrument from his forehead."

"What did you do then?" asked the Court, sternly.

"Why," replied "Lady Raffles," ingenuously, "it was getting late, and as I am in the habit of sleeping eight hours every night, I just got the necklace and went home." She leaned across the rail of the witness-box and

handed a parcel to Nell Gordon, with a charming smile.

"Here is the necklace," she said; "it's very lovely, but I am so dark that I never could wear pearls!"

(From Morning Star, two months later)

Married.—December 20th, Philip Kelley to Nell Gordon. Rev. William Arkwright officiating.

A Modern Rome

By GEORGE B. STAFF

In olden day when Roman sway
Controlled the world from east to west,
And Cæsar fought his gallant way
Across the frontier lands to wrest
From fighting tribes their northern home,
'Twas said all roads led into Rome.

In modern days when photoplays
Draw thousands to their changing scenes,
When this new form of drama sways
New patrons daily to the screens,
We well may say, as thus they grow,
All roads lead to the photoshow.



NO one, to my knowledge, has yet writ a treatise on the physiognomy of inns. There is something about the outward expression of one that attracts or repels you at first sight of the lights in the eye-like windows, the cant of the door, like a tremulous mouth, and the smell of cookery that curls down with the chimney-smoke in the shape of a church-warden's pipe. Even the thatch of the roof is cut in gentleman fashion or stands in disarray like the hair of a snarling dog.

There was something about "Ye Lion Inne," perched on the King's road, with its cellar damp from the wash of the sea-tide, that both attracted and repelled. One could see it had formerly been a gentleman inn, with claret-colored chaises drawn up in its courtyard, and its parlor full of merchants and rich colonials. Now it had fallen to be the rendezvous of sailormen and sutlers, poor coast-wise fishermen and adventurers in shabby finery, with a shady past and a future waylaid with misdoubts.

There is a tradition that Captain

Kidd dried his sea-cloak and cocked his Spanish leather boots before the great back-logs in "Ye Lion Inne's" fireplace. Rufus Moore would always shake his head when the question was put to him. But, with the passing of the famous captain on Tower Hill gibbet, there came, infrequently, less worthy successors to take his place in the low-ceiled parlor.

Trade went from bad to worse. The gentlemen in frayed greatecoats, who put ashore in a great hurry, or who rode from out of the night on borrowed horses, swaggered into the parlor, called for Rufus Moore's best, put their heads together in whispered confabs, and made off at break of day without a thought of recompense.

It is true that in his press for money, young and respectable Gabriel Whitten had taken the taverner up to Captain Ezra Whitten's house on the wind-swept hill and that a mortgage had passed between him and the bed-ridden, retired sailor. Captain Whitten had paid him in Spanish doubloons, and the fishy-faced man,

with the salt of dissolution gathering in his eyes, appeared quite happy to be rid of the heavy gold.

Joan, the will-o'-the-wisp sweet-heart of Gabriel, carried the bag of chinking gold pieces back to the inn, and her feet danced to the music of the money. Gabriel trod alongside of her, his head down, scholar fashion. He told himself he was joyed to share his inheritance with the father of the tripping, blithesome girl, and yet, he had another reason, a stronger one, that even there, in the sparkling light from the sea, brought the pallor to his cheeks.

It was five years since he had clapped eyes upon Peter, five years and a day. And the night of his coming and going from the port haunted him like a black curse. It had been a sun-clear day like this one, with a speck of a cloud in the far east. At nightfall the wind veered, and settled a bank of clouds, with a thin, shivering drizzle, along the coast.

He remembered the wind crooning and rocking the house on the hill, and his father drawn up to the fitful fire. Then the door had clattered open, and a towering man in sea-boots, with a scarf wrapped up to his eyes, had flung into the room and stood before Captain Whitten.

There was a quick demand for money, the tottering compliance of the captain, and, with a snarl at Gabriel for standing in his way, the stranger had gone again. This was his brother Peter—a consorter with fashionable gentlemen in Boston, an adventurer, gambler, rake.

After that rumors wafted to them of his falling into evil company, and that Peter Whitten, the wit and dandy, had been seen in consort with certain unsavory sailormen, who put off of dark nights in small boats to ships that did not fly the King's ensign and that landed illicit cargoes.

They were well rid of him, and the money were safer out of the house.

Gabriel looked toward the sea. A haze was creeping down the coast, threatening a thick night. It was summertide, and he had thought

fondly of a stroll with Joan along the moonlit beach. The better part of prudence were to leave her at "Ye Lion Inne's" door and to hasten home.

So he sighed, pressed the girl's slim hand, and set his back to the sinking sun. Even in the hour of his absence, old Captain Whitten had failed with startling rapidity. The doctor's chaise was at the gate, and he shook his head solemnly as Gabriel entered.

"He wont last out the night—the heart has given out."

"Ah!" Gabriel sighed back the word. Presently the white-faced Captain drew the curtains of his bed and beckoned his son to him.

"It's there," he whispered laboriously—"back of the fireplace—my money and yours. As for Peter, dont"—the words came with a hoarse shriek—"dont give him a farthing!"

He clutched Gabriel close. "There's more," he rambled on; "much more. I've been a venturesome man in my day—come close—I was a shipmate of Billy Kidd—we buried the stuff—closer, closer—ah, too late!"

Captain Whitten's eyes set in a fishy, unmeaning stare, and Gabriel, with a sigh, drew the bed-curtains.

The wind had risen with the doctor's going and sobbed in the heavy chimney. A drizzle of rain tapped against the oiled windows.

Gabriel sat in the chair he had used as a boy, with no company save his thoughts, a heavy sorrow for the dead Captain in his curtained bed, and the haunting memory of such another wild night.

The muffled steps of sea-boots on wet sod, as they neared the house, thrust grief aside, leaving only fear in its place.

Gabriel opened the door and peered against a wall of blackness. Within two paces of him stood a tall figure with a scarf wrapped to its eyes.

"Ah! little brother!" said Peter, stepping forward; "a rough night—a very rough night."

"It's strange," said Gabriel, half to himself; "I've been expecting you."

"A kind little brother," mocked Peter, shaking the rain from his great-coat; "a remarkably considerate Jacob to leave at home."

"No taunts," said Gabriel, bravely for him; "your father lies dead, half from the loathing of you."

Peter's lips smiled, but his hard eyes belied the play of his lips.

"I wont stay long; it's a question of money."

"Money, money!" cried Gabriel,



JOAN AND GABRIEL

bitterly. "You think only of money, with your father scarce cold."

"My boat is waiting—the men are getting tipsy at 'Ye Lion Inne'—come, out with it! Where did the old one hoard his guineas?"

"You'll never know from me," said Gabriel, stoutly.

The man in frayed finery came close, and his damp hands, with their clammy wrist-bands, closed over the youth's wrists. "I have no time to shilly-shally," he said; "needs must, if you drive me to use force."

Gabriel's heart forsook him. A wild fear fluttered in his wordless throat. He wrenched his hands free and ran

to the door. With a kick and a twist it was open, and he faced about.

"Little good may it do you," he cried. "Woe, woe has fallen upon our house."

"You young raven," said Peter; "then it is here. I'll take my chance of finding it."

Gabriel ran blindly toward the inn, while Peter turned to a survey of the room. The bed-curtains fluttered softly in the back-draft from the chimney, and Peter's face whitened ever so little. But he tapped here and there on the walls with the point of his stick until, above the mantel, a hollow sound came forth. In a jiffy he had unclasped his heavy sailor's knife and set to ripping at the paneling.

When Gabriel, Joan and Rufus Moore entered the room, they found him bent above the contents of a ship's box, a few gold pieces scattered on the table, and documents littering the floor.

"Come in," said Peter crustily; "it seems my honored father was more of a money-lender than a provider for his sons."

"I am in his debt," said the inn-keeper, "if that is what you mean."

"But the guineas," mused Peter; "devil take it! Where are the golden beauties?"

"Here is the Captain's will," said Rufus, picking up a crumpled document.

"Ah! let me read it."

Peter's eyes darkened as he scanned the hand-writ scroll.

"It seems I am cut off," he said, with a laugh, "and that Jacob here is the heir to dole out pence when he pleases. As for the guineas, there is a chest of them buried, according to this instruction and chart, in the sands of Wendham Island."

A silence fell upon the company.

"You see I am honest about it," Peter confessed, his brow clearing; "no blubbing over spilt wine."

"If the gold is in the sands of Wendham," said Rufus, with cold comfort, "I fear there is little chance of recovery. It is well known by

sailormen to be a quicksand—a fearsome place.”

Then Peter did an unexpected thing. With one hand he took that of Rufus, and with the other that of Gabriel.

“Tomorrow,” he said solemnly, “we set out upon our journey, my little brother and I. And may the gold bring him a blessing on top of my cursed luck.”

“Amen,” said Rufus, heartily.

Two men landed from a yawl on the sands of Wendham Island. It was a barren, waste place, covered with waving sea-grass and given over to gulls.

“This way, brother,” directed Peter, who seemed to have a certain familiarity with the place; “the chart names yonder dune of sand to be the place.”

Presently he came to a halt, left off his pleasant whistling, and summoned Gabriel to dig in a spot that he marked with his stick.

After the roots of the grass were struck thru, the warm sand spaded fast, and, with a thud, Gabriel’s spade struck a solid bottom.

“Softly,” said Peter, his eyes sparkling; “let me help you with your inheritance.”

In a trice he had jumped into the hole and pulled forth the iron-bound chest. Its lid gave way before the strokes of the spade’s edge, and there, sunning under the blue sky, lay a shining heap of gold.

Gabriel held back, but Peter ran his fingers thru the treasure.

“Doubloons, pieces of eight, Portuguese moidores—no common man’s collection. I’ll wager our lamented parent levied toll on the high seas to gather such as these.”

“Do you think he was a pirate?” asked Gabriel.

“You spike him there, little heir,” said Peter, pleasantly. “And now, as the sun is falling, up with your bag till I fill it.”

Gabriel shouldered a well-filled bag and started back to the yawl.

“This way,” called Peter, jerking

his thumb to a spit of wet sand up the beach; “’tis better water for a heavy boat.”

Gabriel floundered toward the moist sand, and Peter followed slowly. At the edge of the dimpling sand, Gabriel paused.

“Take to it,” called Peter, cheerfully; “’tis a better footing.”

Gabriel started to cross the spit of sand. Peter came to the end of the dry sand and, sitting down on a



PETER RIFLES THE CAPTAIN'S
STRONG-BOX

hummock, waited. Gabriel’s feet began to sink. Peter smiled the ghost of a smile.

Gabriel sank deeper—up to his knees. Then, unable to lift his legs, he turned his head and cast back imploring eyes to Peter.

“I think you’ve stumbled upon the quicksands,” said Peter; “a fine place for an inheritance.” And he leaned back on his elbows and smiled at the thought of his pleasantry.

“Help me; help me, brother!” called Gabriel.

Peter smiled, looking up lazily into

the sun. Gabriel sank to his waist. He still held on to the bag of gold.

"Man's covetousness," mused Peter. Then he sang out: "Drop the burden, brother; it is weighing you down."

Gabriel did not answer, nor again call for succor. He knew now he had been gulled on to his death.

As the sun was dipping back of the

saw nothing of the brothers, tho the gossip of their search for the treasure, and of Peter's disinheritance, dripped from every tongue.

Then, one fine afternoon, a wine-colored chaise came spanking and bobbing up to "Ye Lion Inne's" door, and Peter, in fine, new clothes of a fashionable cut, alighted from the car-



GABRIEL AND PETER UNEARTH THE CAPTAIN'S TREASURE

island, Gabriel had sunk to his arm-pits. Peter arose, brushed the sand from his clothes and turned to go.

"I can't deny myself one last look, little brother," he said. And as Gabriel shut his eyes, he felt the thirst of the long stare that swept his face.

When Gabriel opened his eyes, the dimpling, smiling sand had cupped his chin. Peter had gone.

For the span of a week the village

riage. Lace dangled from his wrists, a brilliant shone on his finger, and a jabot of Meehlin set off his clear complexion.

Peter was a handsome, straight-standing man, and knew it as he strolled, smiling, into "Ye Lion Inne," jingling the gold in his pocket. Joan, in the parlor, gasped at the fine show of him.

Peter's face saddened and he went to her. "There was a tenderness be-

tween you and Gabriel," he said quietly, "and it hurts me beyond measure to carry the news I bring."

The girl shrank back as he took her hand.

"I lost the joy of my inheritance when he went down in the sands of Wendham."

Joan gave a little cry and her eyes closed.

"I have come back"—the deep, sad voice went on—"to tell you, and to close the house on the hill."

Joan's heart called out in an agony, but her lips did not move.

"I never knew what a fine heart the lad had, and how brave he was."

"Why did not you save him?"

The question was flung full in his face. Peter's fine lace handkerchief dabbed at his eyes.

"There was nothing to do," he said, in such despair that she was half-convinced; "I lay on the sands till the sun went down, and my life was no better than his."

"Send for Rufus," Peter resumed, and she noticed that his voice had gone cold again.

Old Rufus Moore listened to the tale, with the tears starting and his chapped hands trembling like a palsy.

Peter was dignified, sorrowful, a soft light in his eyes. Then, suddenly, a paper flashed from his pocket, and he stared hard at Rufus.

"It's going to be a thick night—perhaps a storm," he said, "and I've a mind to stay over. Not up on the hill"—a look of half-fear shot across his fine features—"but with you. We might as well come to a settlement on this mortgage business."

"The Captain intended," stammered Rufus, "that it should be renewed—a period——"

"Period fiddlesticks!" said Peter. "I'm not to be cozened out of my money by a dead man's word."

And he took a couple of guineas out of his pocket, and set them to spinning on the table. "Perhaps we had better have brandy," said Peter, finally. "It will put a heart and perhaps a promise into you."

Peter sipped his drink toothsomely,

then tossed off a second without pretense. Time went by, night came, and Peter still drank, holding Rufus over against him by the glint in his eye.

The wind had risen outside, setting the surf to pounding on the bar, and whining thru the trees on the road.

"It's coming up for a wild night," said Peter; then he laughed with the fancy of the thing. "I wonder if little brother is cold, off there on the sands of Wendham."

Rufus shivered; and even as he sat there under the gloating eyes, a stranger had entered "Ye Lion Inne," and stolen to Joan's side.

She screamed, and would have swooned had he not caught her.

The man in sodden, bedraggled clothes, whose grave lay wet and writhing on Wendham sands, was Gabriel, with the death-stamp still damp on his white brow.

He drew her to the fire, and in its shadow told of his hour of torture, his brother's perfidy, and his timely rescue by a fishing-smack.

"The gagging sand was even in my mouth, as I called, and they believed me a strange creature of the sea."

"You have come back—to me?"

"Yes; robbed, murdered a'most, without a roof."

"You are as a child before him."

"I tremble and fear even at the thought of him."

Joan took his hand in comfort, and her round eyes warmed him. Late into the night they whispered, and he knew that he would risk death again for the coming back to her.

Joan held the candle as Peter lurched his way to the east room door. Even with a candelabrum on the table, it was a place of lurking shadows, that folded the heavily curtained bed in gloom.

Peter set his pistols on the table and listened to the soughing of the wind in the elms. A flash of lightning across his window showed him the teeth of the snarling surf in the bay. The floors and rafters of the inn spoke with strange, creaking voices in the strain of the storm.

Peter watched the dance of the window-curtain, and stole forward to clasp the loosened window. As he did so, a gust of wind flitted over the curtains of his bed.

Peter shivered. Surely his eyes deceived him when they framed the shape of a man's legs moulded in white drapery on his bed.

The window relaxed in his hand,

It came, and with it the heavy report of the pistol, filling the room with a choking smoke.

The hands of the thing on the bed moved. In the shadowy candle-light, its shape started slowly to rise from its winding-sheet.

Peter's breath came in a roaring, stifled shriek, and he bolted to the door. His boots pounded in the pas-



PETER FLEES FROM THE GHOST OF HIS BROTHER

and fresh from the sea the storm swept thru the room, raising the bed draperies like the curtain of a stage.

Good God! A shape *did* lie in his bed—a slender, sunken shape, close wrapped in white cerements.

As the lightning filled the room with a brilliant glow, the face, with its waxen forehead, lay composed upon his pillow.

It was the tortured, the supplicating face of Wendham sands!

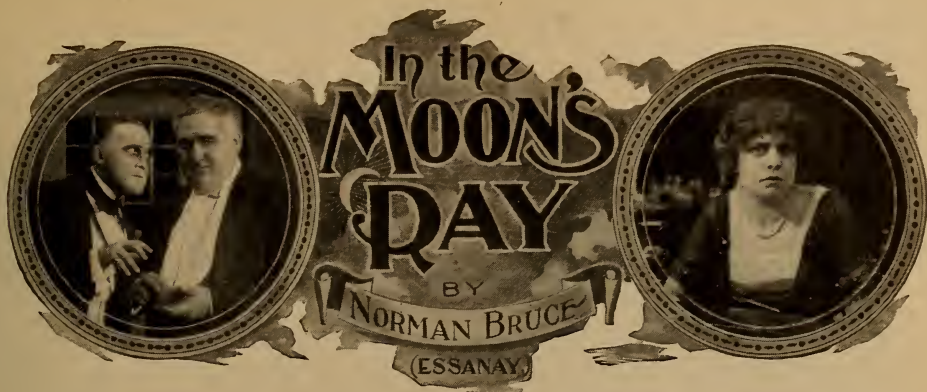
Peter drew himself toward the table. His hand closed over his pistol and he raised it with a dreadful effort of will. With fixed arm, he waited for a recurrent flash of lightning.

sageway, and, half-slipping, half-leaping, he landed at the foot of the stairs.

He gave one backward look. The thing was even then gliding down the stairs.

Out into the night ran Peter, into the teeth of the storm; his eyes set and staring, his brain gone mad with his vision.

In the morning Gabriel and Joan found him in the house on the hill. He lay across his father's bed, the gold pieces dribbling from his pocket, and in his fixed eyes the sneer that had swept his brother's face on Wendham sands.



From the scenario by EDWARD T. LOWE, JR.

"NIX on de highbrow stuff, boss," complained Spider Flynn. He gestured with a soiled, prehensile thumb. "Wot, f'r de love o' Mike, is dis scarab guy, anyhow?"

"It's a bug, Spider"—his companion lighted a gilt-belted cigar daintily, flinging the match away with white, manicured fingers—"an aged bug three thousand years old."

"T'ree t'ous—say, youse is guyin'. D'youse take little muh f'r a bat, or jus' a simp? A bug woirth pinching—garn!"

"Is ten thousand dollars worth pinching?"

Spider's small eyes gleamed. He leaned forward, bringing the front legs of his chair to the floor with a crash. "Is it?" he whispered, awed. "Say, lead muh to it. If dere's a bug on oirth good f'r ten t'ousand iron men, I'm on."

Meredith Blake got impressively to his feet. He was entirely impressive, from his glittering patent-leather toes to the irreproachable derby which he was now placing upon his head. He was, indeed, so well plated with the outwardness of gentility that he might almost have passed for a gentleman. He had to be. It was his stock-in-trade.

"Then, that's settled. Now, get wise to the name—Hamilton, Four Hundred and Nine West Seventy-sixth Street. The reception is tomorrow night, and trust little Willy to be among those present some way. Hang around that joint, Spider, and keep your eyes peeled. When you get an

earful of news, report. Get me? Yes? Well, s'long."

Spider Flynn looked after his leader as a Boswell after a Johnson. The cellar door, that led down into the room from the street, opening at that minute to admit a pale, pop-eyed youth with a permanent leer, he delivered himself of his feelings.

"Say, Squint, de boss is soitenly some fly guy, b'lieve muh! Wid dat dude mug o' his'n an' de Fift' Av'noo scenery he wears, he's woith more t' dis game dan you 'n' me togedder. Say, wat d'youse t'ink? He's buttin' in t' a swell blow-out tomorrer night—fizz, spiels and skoits—me doin' de outside woik, t' pinch a scarab woith ten t'ousand cool!"

"Wot," demanded Squint, wonderingly, "wot in h—is dat scarab stunt, Spide?"

"W'y, Squint"—Spider's tone held grieved surprise—"your ign'rance gives me a pain. A scarab is a potato-bug t'ree t'ousand years old!"

"Say, gov'nor."

"Yes, Spider?"

"Dat glim up dere's awful bright f'r a job like dis"—he indicated the moon disparagingly over one shoulder. Meredith Blake settled back on the taxicab cushions with a tolerant smile.

"Bless you, old man," he said, "this is no rough-neck stuff, y' know, but a fancy job. Instead of sneaking in a rear window with a jimmy, I enter the front door with a swallow-tail, thanks to your luck finding that invitation dropped in the gutter.



BLAKE EXPATIATES ON THE VALUE
OF POTATO-BUGS

Couldn't be a better night, old man. Nix on that yellow streak."

"Jus' de same, I t'ink dere's some-t'ing on de blink—it's *too* easy. W'en I makes a haul I likes t' do hones' woik, wit' de diamond'-cutter, de putty an' de bull's-eye. I'm leery o' dis sassiety biz——"

"'Fraid I'll give you away by eat-ing with my knife? Now, Spider, stow that whining and listen to me. I go in as a guest, get a glimp of the scarab, beat it upstairs, hide, and snitch the stone after the house gets quiet. I got the detective badge in case of trouble. You hang about with the car—lucky you're a regular chauffeur, Spider, so we dont have to pay taxi-hire! I come out, get in—there you are—simple, not?"

"Sounds O. K." admitted the pessimistic Spider; "but de tire often gets busted where youse dont see no glass. Here we are, anyhow. Gee! but dat moon soitenly is gay!"

Blake got out of the car, leisurely, tipped his chauffeur, and joined the stream of top-hats and opera-cloaks entering the blazing hallway. Spider, watching, with reluctant admiration, his easy air of at-homeness, had to admit that his partner looked the rôle of gentleman.

"But where dere's skoits present I dont trust him," he sighed. "He'll cop th' game by some fool stunt, b'lieve muh."

He cranked his car, whirred noisily away, around the block, and thence softly back, drawing up the taxi in the shadow across the way. Prudence told him to keep away until needed, but Apprehension, shriller-voiced, advised him to wait and watch. Thru the French windows he could see the guests greeted by a tall, gray-haired man, with the air of belonging to his clothes, and a girl in a rainbow gown. At the sight of the girl's face Spider's heart dropped to his boots. "A looker! some fair dame!—gee! when Blake gives her th' once over——"

Groaning, he watched affairs shape themselves; saw Blake himself enter the room; saw the butler look after him, puzzled, then draw the host confidentially aside. Spider ground his teeth impotently. He was meditating flight and a month's lay-off in safe hiding as Mr. Hamilton crossed the floor and, touching Blake apologetically on the arm, drew him into the window recess. The thief in the dark watched, breathlessly. Then he drew a long breath.

"Say, you'se got t' hand it t' dat feller f'r noive!" he admired. "Passes



BLAKE IS ROUGH BUT PERSUASIVE

himself off as a detective and gets away wit' it, too. But wait till he lamps de goil!"

Spider, indeed, seemed to have grounds for his fear, for Blake was undeniably struck with the beauty of Miss Judith Hamilton. He seemed to have eyes for nothing or no one else—even when the host drew forth a case from his pocket and, opening it, exhibited to his admiring guests what Spider rightly guessed to be the famous scarab itself. Indeed, Spider was on the point of throwing up the whole job in disgust and leaving Blake to his fatuous fascination, when he saw his partner shoot one lightning glance at the scarab, over Miss Judith's fan. A moment later he was making his adieu to the young lady and her father, and was gone.

Ensued for Spider an endless dullness of waiting. One by one the guests took noisy leave, but some few persisted in lingering to the point of exasperation. Spider yawned, pinched himself, awoke and shivered. The night was colder, and even the moon seemed to exhale cold. He felt her bright, unwinking stare uneasily, and swore aloud. Wot th' devil was she looking like dat at him f'r? A clock in a near tower moaned out two strokes as the door opposite finally closed upon the last visitor. Spider fumed. Never had he seen servants so slow about turning out the lights. He registered a profane resolution to stick hereafter to the legitimate line. That porch yonder—he could have climbed that with the greatest nonchalance, but any other method of entrance seemed needless daredeviltry. Spider Flynn was extremely shy of front doors.

A light pricked the darkness above the porch. Mr. Hamilton's tall form was silhouetted a moment against the white shade. The chauffeur waited impatiently—still the light. Spider, whose method of retiring for the night was to remove his hat, felt indignant.

"Say, aint dey got *any* heart, keepin' us poor guys up s' late?" he mourned. "Ah-h! dere she winks! Now f'r Blake! An' say, w'en youse

catches Spider Flynn out stealin' bugs on a bright moonlight night again! I must 'a' been nutty. Dis gets my goat."

Ten minutes later he said it again. Then he clambered resolutely over the side of the car.

The moon shone coldly bright, as a policeman's helmet, over the silent house, waiting.

Was that a scream? The shuffle of feet? The thud of a limp body? Silence again as before, and the cold rays of moonshine staring like blind, awful eyes thru an open window. Then a hand like a white, *knotted* blot on the dark sill.

The man in unruffled evening dress reached back and pulled vigorously. "D—n you, Spide! do you want to get us all pinched? Come along. Here, give me the girl—easy. There! Now beat it for the car—*beat it, I say!*"

Spider Flynn did not look at his chief, nor down at the limp burden he carried. His eyes, distended with awful fear, were turned back into the room. His breath splashed noisily up from his lungs, and he spoke in a throaty, horrible fashion.

"Gawd—I—I—*croaked* 'im. Lookee dere—on de bed—*Gawd!*"

One ghastly finger of moonlight, pointing thru the parted curtain, showed a face, white, still, unsupported in the darkness. Blake suppressed a shudder, and seized the paralyzed Spider by the shoulder, shaking him like a rat. "It's you for the electric chair if you dont come along."

"Ah-h-h—!" gasped the wretch, and came, staggering, swaying on loose limbs. At the taxi door Blake hesitated, then he deposited the girl in the seat and pushed Spider after her. Climbing to the chauffeur's seat, he started the machine. It darted swiftly along the side street, by dreaming windows and out into the white stretch of the Avenue. Within, on the cushions, Spider Flynn huddled, his face hidden in his hands. Now and then he shuddered from head to foot. Opposite, the limp

figure of the girl stiffened with returning consciousness.

Further down the Avenue, in the club zone, a midnight stroller was loitering toward home. Richard Neal, private detective, had no impetus to hurry. His bachelor quarters demanded no account of wasted moments, and tonight the moon companioned him, leading his Benedict thoughts romance-ward. He found



THE STRUGGLE

himself thinking of a girl as a man thinks on the eve of a proposal. So deliciously deep was he in his cloudy reflections that he did not notice the taxicab whirling toward him. A sharp rap on the side of his head brought him to earth rapidly. Dazed, he looked about for the cause—around, down, stooped and picked up—a slipper!

"What in the name of Pete!" he gasped, rubbing the stinging spot, incredulous eyes on the small, dainty silken thing. "A slipper and no foot! Do disembodied spirits of chorus-

girls wear shoes, I wonder——" Then he made his discovery. Scrawled across the pink side of the slipper in ragged letters, frantic with haste, were the words:

Help—Purple Taxi Co. Machine No. 3184 X—hurry. JUDITH HAMILTON.

The private detective thrust the slipper into his greatcoat pocket with a hand that shook. "Good Lord!" he said aloud, as a man to whom has happened the unbelievable. For the name on the slipper was that of the girl whose lovely image he had been visioning in the moonlight a moment ago!

"Who's the chauffeur of number three thousand one hundred and eighty-four X?"

The sleepy clerk yawned himself into a sitting position, and glanced indifferently across the desk.

"Three thousand one hundred and eighty-four X? Le's see—h'm—Flynn's the name."

"The stand for the machine is——"

"Eighty-fourth Street, corner Madison."

"Thanks."

"The scarab was——"

"In the *escritoire*."

"And Judith?"

"Writing letters in her room across the hall."

"I am tiring you, I'm afraid. One question more only. This is the window here?"

"Yes—it looks out on the porch. Be careful—there are pails of paint all over the roof where the workmen are repairing."

"Paint? Then"—a moment's pause for investigation, then a yell of triumph—"heel-marks—now we have 'em! Plain as day."

"My God, it can't be too soon—my poor little girl!"

"Don't think of it, sir. You've had a terrible night, but it's daylight now, and we'll have her back safe before dark. Listen—I have a scheme. . . ."

"Do as you think best, Mr. Neal. It sounds plausible. I—cant think—myself——"

"Then expect us at ten, and have things arranged as I told you."

"Taxi!"

"Yessir—where to, sir?"

"Mr. J. C. Hamilton's, Seventy-sixth Street."

Spider Flynn started violently and

the house and to the drawing-room of the night before.

"Sit down there," directed Neal, "and I'll be back in a jiffy." He disappeared thru drawn curtains at the further end of the room. Left alone, Spider looked about him, shuddering—upstairs—what—his weak legs drew him up and carried him toward the door, but avarice stayed him—his fare. He glanced back and the short, stubby hair rose on his head.

The drawn curtains were parting slowly. Beyond was a room pitch-black but for one spot—a white face turned up with slack jaw and fixed eyes, and an unwholesome ray of light upon it, thru drawn window-curtains.

"De face," shrieked Spider, and stumbled forward upon his knees; "de face in de moonlight—my Gawd!"

Like a steel trap, Richard Neal was upon him, and others whom the cringing wretch on the floor knew for plain-clothes men. Last of all, a tall figure entered, gray head bound about with bandages, seeing whom the conscience-harried thief gave another cry. It was Hamilton himself, more terrible alive than dead.

"Quick, you thief and scoundrel—where is my daughter?"

Spider Flynn flung out

his empty, grimy, eloquent hands.

"Aw, say, wot's de use? Come on wit' muh. Dere aint no guy livin' can down de t'oid degree."

It was plain his nerve was broken. As the taxicab whirled out again amid the city traffic, Richard Neal, sitting watchfully beside Spider at the wheel, heard him mutter heavily, "If dat moon hadn't a-been on de beat—gee!"

In the outskirts of the city slums, the machine halted before a dilapidated shack on the river-bank—a



NEAL STARTS HIS SEARCH FOR JUDITH

turned pale. "I—I—dat is—all right, sir. . . ."

"How much?"

"Two dollars."

Richard Neal thrust a hand into his pocket and drew it out empty. "Hold on," he said vexedly; "I've left my pocket-book at home. You'll have to come in here with me, my man, and I'll borrow the money."

Spider Flynn shrank back uneasily, but no excuse came to his unready mind. He shuffled draggingly into



JUDITH IS THREATENED

seem as of evil doing coated the boards, and the crazy door squawked dolefully under their impatient touch.

"My little girl," groaned Hamilton, as the rescuers felt their way down the slimy stairs—"here!"

Neal said nothing. With set jaw he flung his shoulder against the door at the foot of the stairs, and, as it gave, sprang into the room. The anemic youth, lounging against the table, fell back in terror from the onslaught, his cigaret dribbling loosely from one lax corner of his mouth. Hamilton sprang upon him, shaking him viciously like a captured rat.

"My daughter!" he roared; "where is she?" Terror robbed the youth of his tongue, but Neal had already seen the door, and was upon it with the force of one-hundred-and-eighty pounds and a lover's anxiety. It gave. A single glimpse of a white-faced girl shrinking away from the amorous advances of Meredith Blake, and Neal had knocked him down. The struggle was short and sharp. At its zenith, Judith herself ended it by tripping the abductor. In a trice he lay, cursing and panting, but safely bound, upon the floor.

Neal turned to the girl. She met his wild, questioning eyes with a faint, reassuring smile.

"Thank God!" he cried brokenly, and caught her in his arms.

Blake smoked a cigaret, saying nothing. The shining things on his wrists were familiar jewelry.

"Say, I put it t' youse straight," complained Spider Flynn bitterly, as the officers led him away; "I wouldn't 'a' minded gettin' sent up f'r a real job, but aint it tough on a hones', self-respectin' burglar t' have t' do time f'r pinchin' a potato-bug t'ree t'ousan' years old?"

Music at the Movies

By FRANCES MORRISSEY

Thru the dark the pianist plays
 Tunes that fit with the storied screen—
 Ragtime new for the comic films,
 Love-songs old for the sweethearts' scene.

Childhood songs for the childhood prayer,
 Roll of cannon for battle's roar,
 Hurrying hoofs for the Western chase,
 Crashing chords when the tale is o'er.

Gladly we recognize a tune,
 Laugh when its fitness does not fail.
 Is it all in your dreams at night,
 Maker of music to suit the tale?



(EDISON)

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

A PRINCESS OF THE DESERT



This story was written from the Photoplay by MARY FULLER

Woe to them who speak the great names of kings lightly and make a mock of the majesty of the Lord's anointed. Thorns shall be their bed and the bitter food of the ape their food. Desolation shall stalk in their fields like the ghost of a dead camel and after they are dead the urn that holds their ashes shall crumble away into nothingness.—KORAN.

IN the days ere Suleiman, the King of Kings, had passed to his reward—Allah magnify him!—it chanced that a scourge ravaged the desert, making it a dread and a peril to all men who journeyed there. From Gishon to the yellow flood of Onaleb, no caravan was safe from this scourge. The petty trader, with his single camel heaped with sacks of coarse salt, and the wealthy merchant, boastful of his score of beasts loaded with rich silks, plump wine-skins, figs and dates, and marvels of craftsmanship, faced this scourge alike, brothered by misfortune. Swifter than the simoom whirling across the brazen sands, more deadly than the Great Thirst, as sure as Death itself—Allah be merciful!—such was Abdullah Dhu, outlaw, robber, the Scourge of the Desert in the reign of Suleiman, King of Kings.

Men trembled to whisper even the dreaded name, lest the one who heard it might hap to be of the thievish band, for it was known that Abdullah had as many followers as the mid-summer heavens have stars, but who they were, or where they dwelt, none knew. The story went that the outlaw himself was of royal blood—an ill-born child, some said; others, a prince who had brought shame upon a high name—they pictured him as an old man, a patriarch in sin; an uncouth savage, rude of beard and dress; a courtly nobleman, proud even in his exile. Wild rumors all, for no one, not even those whom his band had assailed and despoiled, had ever seen him. And year by year he grew more fearless in his outlawry, until it reached almost to the proud gates of the royal city itself. Then the merchants of the land rose and came

in a body to the palace to obtain justice of the King.

"The King lives forever!" they cried, bowing their heads on the steps to the throne. "Praise to the name of the King! His people come hither to beg a boon."

Suleiman, the King, was a very old man, so old that Allah had made him wise as mankind goes, and well feared as wise men are ever feared by fools. He listened in silence to the tale of the merchants' wrongs, of myriad caravans stripped of fruit and stuffs and jewels, of servants robbed, and slave-girls stolen. At the end he said, lifting one withered hand above his frosted head:

"Go in comfort, for the King hath heard thy petitions. And when next thy caravans are molested, bid the marauder cease in the name of Suleiman, the King, who henceforward forbids the outlaw, Abdullah Dhu, to harm so much as the hair of one of his subjects' beards, under the pain of his wrath."

"The King is mighty in the land," the merchants cried joyfully, and went away to load their caravans, feeling certain that there could be no one in the length or breadth of the land who would dare to defy him.

The next month's moon was on the wane before Abdullah Dhu was heard from again. Then, out of the desert, limped a wayfarer in torn and travel-dusty robes. His face was unshaven and crisped by the sun, his lips parched and muttering. Thru the squares of the city he staggered, by minaret and mosque, by shop and bazaar, and no man knew him or greeted him by name. Yet a sen- night ago they had watched him depart at the head of his rich-laden caravan, the wealthiest merchant of them all. A sunset glamor, like the kiss of a rose, glorified the city, and countless muezzins were calling the world to prayer as the traveler entered the palace and came before the King.

Suleiman gazed upon the panting wretch, and bade him speak.

"The King's servant desires suc- cor," gasped the man, who knelt

before the throne. "I am Selim, the merchant, O King!"

"Thou *Selim*?" cried the attend- ants in surprise, gathering closer. "Nay, Selim was a goodly man. He had jewels and fine raiment. Thou art not he."

The tattered stranger rent his gar- ment and flung out his arms woe- fully. "Ask Abdullah of the Desert where are now Selim's jewels and robes, his forty camels and hundred bales of crimson dyes," he wailed. "Thus hath the outlaw done to me and mine, O King!"

The bent form of the ancient mon- arch straightened; under the shaggy brows, the eyes blazed.

"Didst thou not tell Abdullah my command?"

The stricken merchant laughed.

"Aye, most surely," he replied, "and the outlaw sent a slave to me with this answer. 'Tell thy King, O fool,' he said, 'that the King rules the city, but Abdullah Dhu the sands. Tell him that until the desert blos- soms as the rose-tree, Abdullah de- fies him, and fears the sting of the tiny brown lizard more than the wrath of the King.'"

A mutter arose among the attend- ants at these dire words, but the old King said naught.

The burden of his years was upon him, crushing. He knew that he was old and powerless, and the bitter knowledge was Death. One withered hand covered his breaking heart, but the other stretched toward the part of the great hall where the women were. One of these, a slender young thing with feet like flowers, rose from her cushions and bounded to the side of the King. The frail draperies wreathed her round limbs like mist, and the twin breasts beneath the jeweled girdle heaved as lotus-flowers in a desert storm. This was Nelia, the Princess, sole bud of the royal stem. She bent above the old King.

Thru the solemn hush of the hall her cry came, wild and weeping.

"Dead, my father! *Aie, aie!* Allah be merciful! Dead!"

The women set up a shrill wailing.



"BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET, I SWEAR"

The men fell on their faces, beating their heads upon the mosaic pavement stones.

Nelia arose and stood erect by the dead King. She raised her arms to Heaven.

"Hear me, O Allah!" she cried very terribly. "By the beard of the prophet, I swear that Abdullah Dhu shall pay with his life for the life of my sire, and the red blood of his heart shall wash out the black insult of his lips."

The year warmed into beauty as a maid turns to a woman, and even the heavens flowered in pale tints of rose and amethyst. The days were drowsy with fierce lights and glamor, and the nights passionate with perfume from myriad gardens abloom. In the lanes of the city nodded the merchants beneath their awnings, their wares of rugs and lacquer, of tobacco and fruit unsold. The shadows of the beggar-women were sharp on the cobbles, and the noonday voice of the muezzin floating from his tower—Allah be

blessed!—rose languidly to the Gates of Paradise.

In the palace, Princess Nelia sat alone. She had beautiful raiment and jewels like lustrous eyes, ebony slaves, silken cushions for her soft body, rosewater and myrrh for her bath, and dainties of many kinds upon her table, and—she sat alone. Beyond the latticed casement, Life went by; straining her ears, she could hear it panting, breathing, laughing, weeping, but only echoes like the sad shadows of ghosts crept in to her. All day she sat silent, brooding, but at night she dreamed. And her dream was wonderful. The desert—the vague, far places misty with unimagined wonders—a lonely date-palm, black against the burning desert moon—a strange, subtle scent among the roses; the odor of vastness, adventure, and the sound of feet coming swiftly across the creaking sand. Beyond that she had never dreamed.

One night, waking, the Princess Nelia thought she heard a voice cry out to her at the breaking of her



"THOU, AT LAST, O MY MOST BEAUTIFUL"

dream. She sat up among her pillows, straining her ears. Nothing—only the muffled breathing of drowsy guards beyond the door; the twang, afar off in the city, of a guitar. She listened wistfully to the throbbing strings, woven across at last by a deep voice singing in the distance:

O love, my love, awake; come down
from thy white abode;
Bring me thy sweet, pale hands, O love,
and thy lips' red fruit to me.

Something trembled in the Princess's virgin heart.

"Now, Allah be watchful," she said aloud. "I shall go out into my garden. Perchance the air will cure this strange unrest that is upon me."

Lightly as a shadow she arose, donned a white robe and sandals, and crept by the sleeping slaves, out into the throbbing night. In the moon-glow the roses drooped, heavy-headed, and a nightingale was singing. The Princess went to the wall. She was a prisoner here with her roses and royalty. Beyond the garden lay the desert—vague—far-reaching; a scent

came suddenly to her nostrils—the smell of baking sands, of vasty earth and immensity of sky, of emptiness and adventure. She raised her head, and her heart began to beat painfully. Footsteps! She heard them coming across the creaking sands—nearer—at the very wall. Then the sound of sandaled feet climbing upon the stones.

"Allah be merciful!" whispered the Princess, and hid her face in her white hands. When she raised it again he stood before her. He was tall, beyond the manner of most men, mighty of muscle, with great limbs and a strong, fierce face, shaded by the white turban. She would have fled, fearing him, but for his eyes. Never in all her dreaming had the Princess visioned the look of them—deep—dark, with a light in them like the moonlight in the waters of a black pool. They drew her, trembling, and she felt his strong hands upon her shoulders, and his breath swift and hot against her hair. She looked up, forgetting to be afraid.

"Thou!" said the stranger, after

a very long while; "thou, at last, O my Most Beautiful!"

"Who—" she whispered, "who—art—thou?"

The stranger laughed low and lifted her face to his.

"Look well," he answered. "Dost not recognize me, O girl o' the garden? Why, as soon as my eyes found thee my heart knew thee. Thou art my Dream awakened; the Bread I have long hungered for; the Wine for my thirst; thou art the Prayer I have often prayed."

The Princess began to tremble.

"What is it that hurts me—*here?*" one small hand pressed over her heart. He laughed again, tenderly, but did not answer her. And so they stood silent while the stars swung by overhead and the roses shed their petals in sweet death upon the grass.

"Thou art not of the city?" she asked him then, noting, for the first time, his garb of the desert nomads.

"I am a son of the sands," he answered proudly. "Now, tonight, am I for the first time in my life within a wall."

"Why camest thou hither?"

His voice thrilled her. "Something drew me. I thought it was a dream, but it was Thou. Now know I that Allah is indeed good, for He hath led me to thee."

The moon-shadow lengthened; the goldfish in the fountain hung motionless in the blue depths; a dawn breeze, wandering across the garden wall, caressed the frail folds of her robe. The man stirred uneasily and gazed up at the sky.

"Dawn cometh," he said; "I must be gone. Tell me, O Rose Girl, lives the old King Suleiman yet?"

"Nay," the Princess faltered in surprise; "his daughter, Princess Nelia,

reigneth. Why asketh thou of him, Son of the Desert?"

"A whim." The stranger suddenly bent down and caught her white hands to his breast. She felt the great heart pounding beneath them, and her breath came quick and short: "Shall I not see thee another time? Say whether it be thy will or no."

She looked up into his face as the rose looks up at the moon. Now, indeed, had Life touched her in passing, and made her a woman.

"It is my will, O stranger," she whispered.

Their lips met above twin hearts.

"The Princess Nelia lives forever!" The slaves knelt about her, plying great fans; merchants, bowing abject knees, displayed their wares for her pleasure, flinging largess of crimson stuffs, vivid scarfs and filmy veils upon the floor. Scarcely she saw or heard for the sweet of her own



"IT IS MY WILL, O STRANGER"



FOR SHE WAS A PRINCESS FIRST OF ALL

thoughts. Then a name crashed thru the rainbow web of day-dreams. Two of her servants knelt before her.

"May it please the Princess to judge a prisoner found at dawn without the city walls?"

"Who is the man?" said Nelia.

"Abdullah Dhu."

Abdullah Dhu! The Princess started to her feet. Abdullah Dhu! Outlaw, robber, slayer of her father, the man whose death she had vowed! In a voice like the tinkle of ice she cried, "Bring him in."

He stood before her, bound hand and foot, and her proud heart stood still. (*The desert—the strange scent of far spaces—footsteps over the creaking sand—*)

"How pale she is, the Princess," whispered one slave-girl to another. "It is hatred that eats her."

"Aye, she hath sworn the outlaw's death," answered another, with a secret look at the prisoner; "but he is not ugly to look at——"

The eyes of the outlaw and the

Princess met, locked. She did not stir, tho in her heart pain held carnival.

O night—short night of Life and love—O rose that would never bloom again—O waning moon!

"How, O Princess, shall this man be punished?"

If he would but turn his eyes away! —never to hear the deep voice again —to feel the strong hands never, nor his lips burning on hers!

She was a Princess—but a woman, too. Allah would forgive a broken oath. Her father in Paradise would forgive. After all, life was hers, and life was sweet. She drew a long breath.

"Away!" she said, slowly; "and to-night at moonrise put him to death."

For she was a Princess first of all.

"The Princess lives forever!" chanted her slaves.

But, ah, the dream that was broken—the desert in the moonlight, and the strong footsteps across the sand!

Allah be merciful!

THE RIDERS of PETERSHAM

BY GLADYS HALL



(VITAGRAPH)

"THE Pirates of Penzance," gloated the young man on horseback, his eyes eager upon the stagey, scenic effect of mountain and valley shadow before him—"comic opera setting—third act—everything ready for the chorus to jig on and sing about moons and Junes and spoons, and no chorus, by Jove, no white-haired old father, no lovely heroine; Romance is dead"—he gave a preliminary flap to the lax bridle-reins; "wonder what Uncle Julius finds in a little cooped-up hole like Petersham worth his while. I'll wager," he shook his head disgustedly, "the liveliest moment of the day is mail-time, and they still talk about the Civil War, and *that* with all these mountains and cliffs and caves going on right around them—no, Romance is certainly dead—Hullo!"

The somnolent horse started violently, dislodging a fly dozing on one ear. A moment later the hill ground fell swiftly away under his flying hoofs and the valley rose to meet them.

The girl looked up dazedly from the clump of rhododendrons, whither the tilting of the carriage had flung her. Behind the bright veil of loosened hair she flushed sunset pink as the handsome stranger bent over her.

"Not hurt—I *think*," she answered his alarm; "I haven't taken a complete census of my bones yet. But I reckon my carriage has sprained its hind wheel." His hand drew her up strongly, and, woman-like, her first instinct was toward her hair. Richard

Coke's eyes followed the white gleam of her fingers into the thick woof of it, with the admiration his Northern tongue hesitated to word. But he spoke businesslily.

"I think it will hold together for a mile or so more at least," he said, after a swift investigation of the carriage. "It was a stone that threw it out of place. If you drive slowly, and it isn't far——"

"There's a blacksmith yondah," said the girl, slurring the words in the pleasant, slipshod, Southern way. She climbed daintily into the seat. "I'm on'y going to Petersham."

"Why, so am I," cried the stranger eagerly; "if you will permit——"

"Oh, suttinly," she smiled.

The carriage crawled gingerly forward, moaning in every outraged nut and screw. His horse, drawn close beside, dozed again, bored with their youthful confidences. And Romance, watching from a pink-and-purple cloud overhead, chuckled aloud.

"Dead!" she sneered—"dead am I? *I'll show him!*"

The blacksmith, in the door of his shop, glanced up and, to Richard's amazement, scowled openly into his companion's charming face. The shadow of the black look crossed her eyes. She glanced at her escort entreatingly. Puzzled and angry, Richard explained the dilemma of the loosened wheel, and stood by while the smith went resentfully to work.



AND "ROMANCE" CHUCKLED ALOUD

A tiny tot of dimpled, sexless age appeared around the corner of the shop, dragging a very dirty Teddy-bear by one limp paw.

"Miss Em'ly, I 'ikes 'oo, does 'oo 'ike me? Does 'oo 'ike Johnny-bear? 'oo tan tiss Johnny-bear. Does 'oo 'ike——"

"Totty, run into the house this minute!" growled the smith. "What did I tell you, eh?"

The bear and ehild disappeared tearfully, and, the wheel being mended, Richard helped the girl again into the carriage. In the dusking light he saw her lips quivering.

Before them, in a cup among the hills, lay Petersham, the late sun bronzing the roofs and flashing from the window-panes in jeweled fires. He surveyed it absently, pondering the strangeness of the incident just closed. Suddenly the girl turned toward him.

"Did—did you see how Joe Brown looked at me?" she laughed drearily. "The sins of the fathers get visited on the daughters. Folks here in Petersham hate my father."

"But why—" hesitated Richard—his Uncle Julius, now—surely not he.

"He's John Burnay, editor of the *News*," she told him, sadly; "and he's trying to clean up Petersham—that's why."

Richard nodded. "But the leading citizens—they must sympathize——"

She shook her head. "You see it's the leading citizens he's after!" she said. "Father suspects they're owners and managers of an illicit still back in the hills, and he prints just what he thinks, my father does."

In the dusk he saw her cheeks whiten to sudden pearl. She leaned forward, her eyes wide and terrified. "Sometimes I think," she half-whispered, "that only fools are brave. Oh, you eant know what it is to live on *the edge* all the time. I'm not brave at all, you see, and—I—I am afraid, afraid!"

The low words wrung from her, mysterious and unexplained, fathered a strange bond between them. He held out his hand.

"Well, Miss Burnay," he said heartily, "I am a leading citizen of Petersham myself, while my guardian, J. B. Coke, is tying up my inheritance with red tape, and as such I, for one,

intend to stand by your father and help him clean up the town."

The carriage creaked to a standstill before a ramshackle building, half house, half shop. She looked at him sweetly, and the blood thrilled and sang in strange turbulence thru his veins.

"This is home," said Emily Burnay. "I know my father will be glad to see you soon."

"And you?"—boldly.

"I?" she smiled, and he could not know that just then her pulses, too, were swifter. "Oh, yes, suttinly—but I dont count. It's father that edits the *News*! Good-night, and thank you, suh."

As he rode to his uncle's house, thru the fragrant dusk of the South, Richard Coke smiled and hummed a line or two beneath his breath, and smiled again. But he did not know that he was smiling or that the verse on his lips was a lavender-sweet old love-song about a lady's eyes.

"Well, Dick, my boy!" his uncle slapped him bluffly on the shoulder. "So you're twenty-one at last, eh? And anxious to shoulder the Atlas load of wealth!"

Richard Coke laughed boyishly, surrendering his single bag to the care of the negro butler. "Well, uncle," he said cheerily, "no gladder than you will be to get rid of it, I expect. It must have been an awful bother to you all these years, and I'm no end grateful."

The handsome face opposite changed subtly, tho not a feature moved.

"Yes—of course—but we'll talk of that later." He led the way across a beautifully fitted living-room, his nephew following with ill-concealed glances of surprise. Why, Uncle Julius must be *rich*—strange, he had always thought somehow that he was almost poor. The dining-room, luxurious as the other, was a further revelation—flowers, plate and glasses that glowed and burned in amber.

"Brandy—'42," said the older Coke, lifting his glass with a bow; "your health, my boy."

It was late when they returned to the living-room. The clock on the mantel yawned midnight, and the butler appeared, carrying two candles, in quaint old silver sticks, which he lighted at the open blaze. The older man went to a huge walnut secretary and drew a tin box from a locked compartment.

"Here, my dear Dick, are your securities," he said pleasantly. "Be careful of the box, for if it should be *lost* we'll say, your wealth would be gone also. Tomorrow morning we'll go over them together. Good-night. I hope you will sleep well."

"Good-night, uncle." Richard Coke tucked the box under one arm and lifted his candlestick. "I hope you dont want to get rid of me at once, even when my affairs are wound up. Somehow, I have a feeling I'm going to like Petersham."

The man, left alone in the great, darkened room, looked after the boy until his receding shadow flared across the upper walls and disappeared. Then he drew a long breath and, in the wavering candle-light, a something sinister twisted the handsome face. "Yes, nephew," he said aloud, and shrugged his shoulders; "yes, I hope you are going to sleep very well tonight."

It seemed to Richard only a moment after he had closed his eyes before something drew them open again. He lay blinking into the impersonal darkness, sending out his senses like prying tentacles seeking the cause. There it came—a stealthy rub-rub against the woodwork near the head of the bed. Thru the open window the sound came plainer and plainer, nearer. He strained his eyes toward the indistinct square and, breathlessly, reached out to the table beside him and secured the dagger paper-knife he had noticed there. Suddenly he felt his heart leap to his throat in sheer nervous horror. His fingers, grasping the dagger, had nearly brushed against a hand! He stared, fascinated. In the pale moonlight the hand showed on the table, white, motionless, as if a severed, breathless

thing. Then, inch by inch, it moved. Richard watched, paralyzed. *The thing was holding his box of securities!*

"Uncle—Uncle Julius! Wake up, for God's sake!"

The figure on the bed started upright. "Who—what the dev— Oh, it's *you*, Richard—"

"I've been robbed!"

"Robbed!" Julius Coke repeated; "my dear boy, you are dreaming!"

Richard fumbled on the dresser, blundered onto the matches, and lighted the candle with fingers that stammered his excitement. Then he turned to the bed, holding out a curious object in one hand.

"I didn't dream this, sir!" he panted. "And it's the strangest thing—"

This was a strip of suiting impaled on the point of the paper-knife—a strip wrenched evidently from a coat-sleeve. Coke gazed at it impassively for a long moment; then he spoke, dryly:

"What is the strangest thing?"

The young man's brows met in his effort to remember.

"Why, just that I think I've seen that very suit somewhere lately, but for the life of me I can't say where."

"Pooh!" his uncle was skeptical. "Best go back to bed, Dick. It's too late to do detective work tonight. Without doubt, tomorrow we shall find your securities."

Unfortunately, Julius Coke was too sanguine. A week—two—three of to-morrows filed by, and the tin box in which lay Richard's wealth seemed to have dropped out of the world. Yet, for some reason, the young man appeared resigned. It would turn up—could be traced. Meantime he would hang around Petersham a bit—pleasant place, Petersham. The rambling, Revolutionary office of the *News* knew him more and more frequently, tho whether it was old John Burnay, stubborn-jawed and steeped in printer's ink, that was the attraction, or Emily's bright hair that drew him magnet-wise, Richard did not attempt to analyze. Life blew about

him like a whirlwind raising a cloud of dust and obscuring the relative position of objects. Julius Coke looked on, frowning, and Romance, saccharine goddess, peeping over the edge of her cloudy lookout, smiled and smiled.

Truly, if he had been an epicure in adventures, Richard could hardly have asked for more than were befalling him now.

Soon after the robbery, he entered the sitting-room office of the *News*, to find the entire force, Burnay, his daughter and the staff—a lanky, clever youth named Elmer—discussing a scrap of dirty brown paper that was pinned to the window-sill. The editor passed it to Richard, who read aloud:

JOHN BURNAY—Beware how you attack reputations, or you will find how we defend them.

THE NIGHT RIDERS OF PETERSHAM.

"Joke?"

Burnay shook his head grimly—"Fact."

Richard caught the girl's look of terror, and his heart swelled with the male joy of protection. "What are you going to do, sir?" he questioned eagerly.

"Do?" thundered the old man, bristling—"do? Why, just nothing whatever, suh, nothing whatever. A pack of d— dirty scoundrels, suh—your pardon, my deah—kaint keep John Burnay from speaking out in the holy cause of Truth, suh!"

"No, they can't frighten father, but they can—*kill* him." It was an hour later, and Emily and Richard were strolling, as the sunset hour often found them, out along the turnpike road of Romance, where they had first met. His hand, bolder by a month than then, patted hers reassuringly.

"I wonder whether he is right—I mean in his charges," he said thoughtfully. "Uncle Julius says—"

She flashed him a quick look. "Oh, *your Uncle Julius*—". There was something unsaid in the words. Perhaps, if she had finished the sentence, the succeeding chapters of events

might never have followed; but even as he was turning, wonderingly, to question her, a child's scream rang out, blotting the words. It was followed, after a tense instant, by a man's cry:

"Totty—Totty—my God, don't let her die!"

"It's Joe Brown's little girl—hurry!"

Emily broke into a swift run, the answer of a woman to a child's need of her. Lumberingly, he followed. Joe Brown lifted a white face barred with soot from the heap of tiny limbs. His great, grimy hand, master over steel and iron, shook helplessly as he attempted to lift the baby form.

"Her head—she—she hit it——" A great finger indicated a jagged piece of scrap-iron on the grass. Emily bent over, touching, probing, investigating swiftly, while Richard stood by, awkward with masculine helplessness. At last she turned.

"Joe, saddle your horse and ride for Doctor Carlton."

The man gave a hysterical sob. "An' leave my li'l gal—no, I kaint. Oh, Lord, save her—Lord——"

"Then, *you* must go."

Richard nodded. He bent over the writhing father, roughly kind. "See here," he said, "I'm going to take your horse to get the doctor. You help Miss Burnay take the baby into the house. She's only stunned, Joe; brace up!"

The big man, crouching on the ground, caught a fold of the girl's skirt, and looked up into her face with tortured eyes. "Save my Totty," he begged; "save her, and I'd give my life for you."

Midnight saw Richard turning from Emily Burnay's door, after an evening's successful battle for the child's

life. He was conscious as he said good-night in the intimacy of the porch shadow, and felt the perfumed presence of her so near—the gentle woman-spell—that sleep was distinctly unlikely if he returned to his uncle's at once. A late moon frosted the valley, fairying it. It was an elfin night of frail, sharp shadows and still glow. A world of unreality stretched at the end of the village street, up



"JOE, SADDLE YOUR HORSE AND RIDE FOR DOCTOR CARLTON"

thru the hills, calling his restless, tremulous young ardor to dream among them for an hour. Up yonder, where every tree and flower and outline was softened, sweetened by the gentle light, he would find her again—the part of her he carried in his heart—and he would tell her what his lips had not yet dared put to the test. So, his shadow a-trail at his heels, the unconfessed young lover mounted to the hills.

What he found was unexpected—



"YOU-ALL BETTER LE' ME GO . . . I KNOW YOU"

and disconcerting. It was a discord in a perfect nocturne. Yet it, too, was Romance in a way.

"And to think I supposed such things happened only in books," Richard told himself, challenging his eyesight. Thru the lattice of holly-twigs, he watched the strange figures at their stranger work, like a convention of goblins initiating a lost soul. The lost soul's back, toward the holly-bush, presented a familiar patch on the seat of the trousers to Richard's view. He started violently, and crept with breathless caution a shade nearer, straining eavesdropping ears. For the prisoner in the evil and sheeted band was Elmer, the staff of the *Petersham News*.

His shrill falsetto, reedy with anger, pierced to Richard's ears. "You-all better le' me go," he was panting. "I know one—two of you, anyhow—you thar, an' you yondah with the whiskers. You-all 'll be right sorry if you dont let me go!"

The masked and hooded mummers drew together, muttering and gesturing. In the grip of two of them, the captive snarled defiance, and spat out

venomous threat, the more disturbing because vague and indefinite. The simple moonlight, toying with the sinister figures, gave them ghostlier menace, like unclean fungous growths in the charmed circle of a fairy ring. Richard's eyes, probing surfaces, vainly sought the respectable identities beneath. At some length, the seeming leader turned to Elmer's guards with a muttered order, and the procession moved out of the glen. As the last white robe winked out of sight, the young Northerner followed, dodging from shadow to shadow like a healthy young hound on the scent of ghosts.

Morning was winking and yawning across the cloven sky as the two of them limped into the yard of the *News* and rapped significantly upon the door. The light, keeping vigil behind a shutter, moved—hesitated—and came finally toward them, down the hall.

"Who's thar?" Burnay's voice demanded, keyhole high.

"Elmer and Coke."

The hinges creaked a welcome.

"Come in, boys. Didn't know but it might be some more darn tomfoolery from the Night Riders."

In the office the veteran editor faced them angrily, waving a scrap of paper in their faces.

"Another billet doux," he snorted grimly. "Came this evening. Listen:

JOHN BURNAY—Print another edition of your scurvy sheet, and we'll burn you out of town.

THE NIGHT RIDERS OF PETERSHAM.

Say, aint that rich, eh? Night Riders, huh! There's no such thing. Some kid's work. Hullo, boy, what's the matter?"

For Elmer, wet from sole to crown, had slid from his chair into a swooning puddle upon the floor.

"The matter," said Richard, coolly, as he stooped to the fainting youth, "is simply that our young friend here has spent an uncommonly exciting evening, winding up with a trip down the river, tied to a raft, and headed for the rapids. I appeared, fortunately, just in time to rescue him. I guess, sir," Richard smiled grimly, "that you'll have to admit the reality of the Night Riders of Petersham."

The old man stared down at his assistant, his jaw rocky under the leather of his skin.

"Humph!" he said at last; "trying to hit me thru him—eh? Well, young fellow, get my printer here into shape soon's you can. I'll be needing him, I reckon, to get out the next edition of the *News*."

Joe Brown's hands relaxed, freeing a clatter of iron.

"You-all goin' t' sell those papers?" his jaw was sagging with unwilling admiration. Richard nodded matter-of-factly.

"Of course—why not?"

"But the Riders—Lord, suh, you dont dar! Your uncle, he——"

"What's that, Joe?"

"Nothing—on'y I reckon, suh, you're goin' to have a right lively time!"

"And you're going to help us?"

Emily leaned swiftly forward, one small hand out, entreating; "aren't you, Joe?"

The big smith's eyes wavered from her pleading face to Totty, playing languidly near-by. He wiped his grimy palm on his leather apron, inspected it, and shook the little hand.

"I'll get some of th' boys," he promised, "and tonight——"

"Tonight, then; thank you, Joe."

In the shuttered room the minutes, weighted with apprehension, panted heavily by. The men were silent, save for their heavy breathing and an occasional nervous shuffle of feet. Thru the dusk glimmered, where the scraps of moonlight found them, the cold menace of steel rifle-stocks, oddly contrasting with Emily's housewifery of pans, hung above. Stillness—strained listening—a creak somewhere——

"Who's there?"

Before she answered, the stir in Richard's pulses told him. She crossed the shadows and moon-patches to where her father's white head showed beside his desk.

"Emily!" he reproached her in fond anger, "I told you to go ovah to the parson's. Why are you foolin' around hyah?"

"Dont scold, daddy," she whispered, "I—I couldn't bear to leave—you."

The tiny hesitation flashed its telepathic message across the room, and Richard's heart swayed toward her. The words he had never told her lay tonight very near his lips, but the cold feel of the rifle-barrel in his hand shivered across his mind, reminding him of his purpose in being here tonight. No, there was man-work to be done, and wooing must wait.

"Hark!"

Their tense nerves twanged. The room held its breath, listening—aha! muffled sounds—voices, steps outside, a harsh shout, throaty and disguised, at the barred door:

"John Burnay!"

The old editor raised his head defiantly, a fierce old lion bearded in his lair.



THE DEFENSE OF THE PRINTERY

"Who has business with John Burnay?"

"The Night Riders of Petersham!"

Emily, in the taut pause, crept nearer Richard. He groped, and found her hand, cold, tremulous. "Emily," he whispered, "*dear!*" but she did not seem to hear. Her father had risen, was speaking.

"The Night Riders, eh? A cowardly cloak to shield cowards," he snarled. "An excuse for our leading citizens—bankers, lawyers, merchants, fathers—to become marauders, whisky-distillery lawbreakers, *murderers* for all I know. You've come for an answer to your dirty demands? Then, here it is. As long as John Burnay lives, he is not afraid to speak or print the truth, no matter how high the name it tarnishes. And, further, thanks to my assistant here, I know now who some of you are, and by tomorrow the town shall know it, too!"

A hoarse mutter of voices answered from the yard. Then a red flare stained the room sinisterly, leaping over set faces—Joe Brown's, Richard's, Burnay's—the others' like the shadow of blood.

"Smoke the old fox out!"

"Burn his lying sheet!"

"Spy! Blackmailer!"

Richard Coke leaped to his feet, boyishly, eager for fight. "Come on, boys—we'll show them. But, remember, *fire high!*"

Emily Burnay, shrinking into the corner where the ancient hand-press reared, heard the roar of surprise, dismay, anger that greeted the unbarring of the door; saw the wild crimson glow pant and waver upon the walls as crisp shots peppered the startled air. "Richard!" she shrieked aloud—"Oh, God, don't let Richard be hurt!" Her last thought, as she fainted quietly away, was one of shame that she should not have cried, "Father!" in place of the stranger name.

Outside, in the tansy-scent and quiet moonshine, two men met face to face. The white mask, furiously awry, spoiled the Rider's aim, or Richard would never have lived, for he shouted, "*Uncle—you!*" that betrayed his shame. It was Joe Brown who came between them, before a Cain-crime could stain either's hands.

The struggle was brief. In five minutes the yard lay, tansy-scented,



"SO IT WAS YOU—CAIN!"

uncle's porch, bounded upstairs in the gloom, and seized upon the cringing man as he tried to crawl under his bed. "So it was you—Cain!" Richard seized upon the skirts of his uncle's disguise, and shook him until his teeth rattled. There was no other sound from the spent creature athwart the bed.

Then, suddenly, a nausea of the whole proceedings gripped the young man, and, like a cool, gentle breeze, came the thought of Emily. She was yonder, he here, and there was much to be said between them. The glory of the world lay beyond the warped old door, and his lips knew the open sesame. Treachery—thrift hatred—poof! They were like the useless brand, crumbling out to harmless ashes in the wide, white, all-gentling light of the lovers' moon. The tender thought of her

moon-etched and serene. Only, here and there, a smoking pine-brand lay smouldering to death, harmlessly. Richard, standing a little apart from where the group of defenders reviewed their victory, felt his heart heavy with kin-shame—not so much that his uncle had been caught red-handed in a deed of lawlessness; not because of the illicit still somewhere yonder in the Kentucky caves; *but because the scrap of cloth upon the dagger paper-knife, torn from the thief's sleeve, had matched the torn coat that his uncle had worn tonight!*

A thief!

Hot anger flamed across his heart, scorching it with plans for revenge, for prosecution.

With quick leaps he reached his

healed him. And so, a smile upon his lips and in his heart, he left the house of shame and went to Emily.





JETHRO POOR had always been close-fisted. When he was a boy on the farm, the story ran that he hoarded even peach-stones, rusty nails and dead field-mice. At farmers' picnics and county fairs he drank with his eyes only, and partook of the goodies from some one else's basket. What happened to his wages was a mystery. Jethro grew up shabby, pinched-looking, strictly without the habit of spending money.

Years after he had stolen his way into the city on a box-car, the village heard that he had married, had begotten a daughter, and was selling stuffed birds and animals in New York.

"Jest suits Jethro," commented the postmistress. "Land sakes! I wonder how he ever afforded to pay the minister."

But all this was years ago, and Jethro's town folks had mostly died off. He remained in business just where he started, in the basement of a run-down house hemmed in by tenements.

No one who peered into the dust-stained little window that displayed two stuffed owls and a wildcat glowering, glassy-eyed, from the fork of a stunted tree, could suspect that the parchment-faced old man inside of the taxidermist shop was wealthy—rich as a captain of industry.

Jethro Poor very seldom attended to the details of his chosen profession any longer. His hands had twisted and stiffened too much to execute the delicate operations of skinning and stitching his specimens. This work was done by a corps of assistants,

whom he kept on board-wages in a near-by cellar.

Jethro's daughter, May, kept his stock in order, ran his books, looked after customers and, in what time was remaining, cooked the old recluse's meals and tidied him up as much as he would permit her.

May's mother had passed away, willing the girl only her cheerful disposition and good looks. She was a song, a fragrant bloom in this stuffy and dim place. From the shelves, the coils and flattened head of a great python and the perpetual grimace of a stuffed baboon disturbed her not.

Nor had she ever had a love-affair until the past month. One day, it seems, a dapper young man had come to the shop about renting some beasts and birds for the properties of a Masonic initiation. His rather untamed eyes measured the girl, were struck with her beauty, and recalcitrantly refused to dwell on the stuffed images about her. In consequence, he consumed the best part of an hour in making a stupid selection.

Three days afterwards, he called with a package containing the remains of an extremely aged and emaciated dock-rat.

May looked at the specimen with wonderment. "You see," he explained glibly. "I'm president of the Society for the Extermination of Unnecessary Rodents. This Methuselah here must have raised at least a thousand offspring, and my society will view his capture and death with no small pride."

May booked his order and, never suspecting that she was the attraction,

received a call from the industrious president upon each succeeding day. Jethro rarely left the living-room back of the shop, but the quantity of stuffed rats attracted his attention.

"A rare collector, eh?" he said, rubbing his bent hands. "Every man according to his taste."

Jack Torrance found many excuses to satisfy his assumed mania. There were mounts and poses to be discussed, the bringing and fetching away of specimens, and many appeals to May's judgment in matters of taxidermal artistry.

They became friends, and from friends, lovers. And, in the meantime, Jethro Poor had never clapped eyes upon his best customer.

"Isn't it about time, dear," suggested that worthy to May one late afternoon, "that I have the honor of speech with your male parent?"

"Oh! Jack, yes—but be very, very careful."

Jack was ushered into the mysterious back room, and its comforts surprised him. His eyes met great shelves filled with rare books, two or three fine bits of sculpture, and before a cheery, open fire sat a seedy old man deep in a volume of Darwin.

"Father," May introduced, "this is Mr. Torrance, the president of the Society for the Extermination of Rats."

"How do you do?" said Jethro, scarcely looking up; "very fine weather, sir."

As it was raining hard outside, Jack felt that he had not made a decided impression.

"I feel that I must discard my titles, sir," he said sweetly, "in addressing May's father, the eminent and illustrious——"

"Did I understand you to say 'May'?" asked Jethro, dropping his book.

"Yes, you heard correctly," said Jack, valiantly, "and I've come to ask for her hand."

Jethro sat bolt upright and made choking noises.

"I might have smelt the rat," he



MAY WAS EVER ATTENTIVE TO HER
THOUGHTFUL OLD FATHER

said ironically. "All this pretense of yours was a mere sham."

"Exactly," confessed Jack, "but we have journeyed a little ahead of your accusation. We are now in love with each other, and I want to ask your consent to our marriage."

"You confound me, sir," glared the retired taxidermist. "I have never heard anything quite so impudent."

He succeeded in lifting one bony finger and in leveling it at the lover. "No man can marry my daughter, sir," he fairly screamed, "unless he can match his gold against mine. All my seventy years I've scrimped and starved and screwed. I've cheated every one, even myself, of pleasure. I've throttled smiles, held back tears, frightened little children. *I've never lived*, I tell you, and now you demand my one cherished possession."

"Just think," persisted Jack, "of the little flat, and the canary bird, and the grand welcome home—how much it means to me."

"Girl," commanded Jethro, his voice trembling, "bundle up all this young man's rats and pitch them into the street. I'll pay for them," he added, with an effort. "And you, sir, take your dismissal—the quicker the better."



THE REMARKABLE STORY OF MAN'S
DESCENT FROM THE APE TIP-
TOED ON HIS BRAIN

The aged man picked up his barrier book again, and the routed lover passed out of the room into oblivion. The shop, with its stuffed animals, was an eyesore to him now, and he ruminated sadly on the cantankerousness of misers.

"I suppose," he soliloquized, "that he is rich—rich and insulting; they seem to go together. Does he suppose I've carried dead rats about all summer for nothing?"

The outer door shivered itself shut, and the young man went on his way, vowing to return that night and to pick May up and run off with her, if the occasion demanded it.

Night closed down, and May locked the front door and busied herself with Jethro's evening meal. It was simple, mostly crackers and milk, with a species of long-lived cheese.

The old man ate hungrily, as if he had passed an appetizing afternoon, and soon was deep in the pages of his Darwin again. He could hear May's quick footsteps in the room above, and the thought of her single-heartedness cheered him.

And then, gradually, the "Origin of Species" danced dreamily before his eyes—in and out the strange and remarkable story of man's descent from the ape tiptoed on his brain.

Some time later he heard the shop-bell ring, and it took possession of him to hasten out to answer it. It did not perplex him that it was already broad day, perhaps afternoon, and that three strangers, dressed in the full costume of India, were walking into the shop. One of them loomed taller than the others, with indolent, deep-welled eyes above a perfumed, silken beard, and from his turban a blood-red, winking ruby shone.

"Sahib Poor," said the young stranger with a decidedly Irish cast of countenance, "permit me to honor you by introducing you to his highness, the Gaikwar of Majarah."

Jethro nodded, and, with one accord, the three strangers executed a beautiful, sweeping bow. May had come into the shop, and the young Irishman transfixed her with his full eyes. He smacked his lips and whistled almost rudely.

"His highness has come to America," the young man resumed, "to demonstrate the marvelous power of his elixir of eternal youth."

Jethro frowned.

"I assure you, sahib, this is no patent medicine; his highness is fabulously wealthy and is a profound chemist only by avocation. In the meantime, he would be pleased to purchase some of your finest tiger-skins."

Jethro immediately became interested and whispered to May to display the best pelts in his shop.

"Ah, a real Bengalese!" exclaimed the young interpreter, at sight of a beautiful skin. "But, 'pon my word! your clerk interests me more."

May blushed, and Jethro scowled at his impudence. The attractive young man bent close to him.

"To tell you the truth," he said hurriedly, "I am an Irishman, from Londonderry, and the Gaikwar's right-hand man. Is the captivating young person inclined to a flirtation?"

"She is my daughter, sir," said Jethro, indignantly.

The Gaikwar was busy with the tiger-skins, and the young man continued: "I am susceptible, sir, very susceptible. I can't say when a young woman has so struck my fancy." He lowered his voice. "What say you to a bargain? I can put you in the way of ten thousand dollars, if you will countenance my attentions."

Jethro could not believe his ears. The young man caught his coat-sleeve familiarly. "Meet me at the Grand Central Palace at eight this evening," he said knowingly. "You shall see what you shall see."

In another moment he picked up the skins his highness had selected, offered a bill running into four figures in payment, accepted his change and followed his principal thru the door.

The sight of so much money convinced Jethro, and at precisely eight o'clock he stood in the lobby of the Palace. Many people were passing in, and the old taxidermist noticed that they were mostly men of a scholarly and scientific cast.

Jethro entered and took a seat near the platform at the rear of the hall. The Gaikwar's attendants were testing an intricate piece of machinery with tubes and coils and a large dial affixed to a retort in its center.

Presently the young Irishman turned, caught Jethro's eye and stepped to the front of the platform.

"Gentlemen," he announced, amid expectant throat-clearings, "his highness will now perform the experiment, the secret of which has been handed down to him by his renowned ancestors. Only the lack of adequate mechanism has heretofore prevented him. I speak of his ability to rejuvenate the most decrepit subject to any required degree of vitality."

A hum of interest arose from the assemblage.

"Mr. Jethro Poor will kindly step upon the platform."

And before he quite realized it, Jethro shambled forward, mounted the steps and was seated in front of the apparatus.

"You will take pains to notice that the dial now points to eighty, this being the age of the subject. From left to right it reads seventy, sixty, fifty, and so on down to twenty, the ages the Gaikwar has under control. The experiment is highly dangerous," he concluded, "but the professional reputation of his highness is at stake, and he offers ten thousand dollars should his theory be disproved."

"And what becomes of the subject?" a scientist shouted.

"Ah! that is a delicate question," said the Irishman, "and can best be answered by being avoided. Science risks all to gain an ell."

A murmur of approval arose, and Jethro realized that he was the focus of all eyes. His life, then, was worthless, or he would emerge from the test a youth again. He gritted his four yellow teeth and waited, resignedly, for what was to follow.

From out of nowhere the Gaikwar appeared to come, carrying a large, graduated glass of smoking, foaming liquid. Placing his finger alongside a mark, he ordered Jethro to drink just so far, and no farther.

The aged adventurer closed his eyes, gulped down his emotion, seized the glass and drank. The elixir of life tasted curiously like a Seidlitz powder, and he set it down hastily.



INTERESTING THE FOREIGNERS IN
HIS SKINS

Then the mechanism back of him began to rumble, the hand on the dial began to turn, and Jethro felt as if hot irons were searing him. There was no doubt about it: the wrinkles in his skin were smoothing out, his bent frame was filling, his hair was turning a dull brown. Before the critical eyes of science, the transformation to a man in his prime was gradually taking place.

Jethro permitted the savants to crowd around him, feel his pulse and pinch his now firm flesh. With the blood of youth coursing thru him, he felt the equal, in strength, of any ten of these dried-up fogies.

The Gaikwar, too, came in for his share of attention, and soon the enthusiastic scientists crowded around him, quite neglecting the subject.

Jethro saw the opportunity he had been waiting for. The dial indicated that he was now a man of forty. One more good pull at the elixir, and he could just as readily be a boy again.

Jethro seized the glass and, uptilting it, slowly drained it to the bottom. The mechanism started buzzing again, and the Gaikwar, with a cry of horror, pointed to the empty glass. It was too late. Jethro had imbibed enough for a dozen subjects.

Slowly the hand revolved, and the dial pointed to ten. Jethro sat beneath it, a leggy, awkward boy; then, with the moving hand, an urchin—a toddler—an infant.

The savants held their breath to see what would come next.

Jethro's tiny features coarsened, hair grew on his spine and chest, his forehead receded, and he started to grow in stature again. He became large, powerful, brutish.

When the investigators realized what crouched before them, headed by the frightened Gaikwar, they jostled each other in the doorway and fled from the hall.

No one but the young Irishman remained.

"D—n me if I'll take an ape for a father-in-law!" he said, and he, too, fled.

Jethro looked down at his legs.

They were naked, except for masses of coarse hair; his body, too, was covered with hair, somewhat worn bare across his stomach and sides.

He started to cry out, but only a whining gibberish came from his lips. It was strange, tho; he could think and reason with all the old cunning of Jethro Poor.

He was alone—miles from home—a naked ape!

It was exhilarating, the way he could run, with great, loping leaps and bounds, and he raced thru the empty hall and down the stairs.

A motor-truck, half-filled with posters, lay drawn up at the curb, and Jethro waited until the busy street was free from passers-by. In two leaps he had bounded into the rear of the truck and lay there, trembling.

Presently its motor buzzed, and Jethro realized that it had started. By the greatest of good fortune, it was headed downtown—perhaps to the paper district within a block of Jethro's shop.

Jethro's fiery, red-rimmed eyes peered out until the truck came opposite his street. There was a flash



THE POLICE INTEREST THEMSELVES
IN THE STRANGE CREATURE



THE CREATURE TRIES TO MAKE ITSELF
KNOWN TO MAY AND JACK

of brown, sprawling limbs; a leap in midair, and Jethro landed on all fours on the sidewalk.

In a flash he picked himself up and started running.

Crack! A shot sounded back of him, and a bullet cut into his corded arm. The thud of a policeman's heavy shoes and the shouts of the gathering crowd warned him that the chase was begun.

Men started up in front of him, waved arms, took one close look and melted away.

He was hideous, he realized, and took a savage joy in it. But the terror of being caught, or being caged, perhaps, winged him on and on.

The president of the Extermination Society had his wary hand upon Jethro's front-door knob, when something big and precipitate hurtled against him, crushing his hat far down over his eyes.

Jack Torrance had just time to pick himself up and to uncover his eyes, and in that moment he saw a huge, naked ape rush thru the door and into Jethro Poor's shop. Then a mob of pursuers turned the corner and panted by, crying out and disappearing into the night.

Jack's blood froze to a pasty jelly. The pursued and maddened animal had evidently been attracted by the

wildcat in the window and had entered this supposed lair. Before long he would discover his mistake, come upon the sleeping taxidermist and his daughter, and——

Jack already thought he heard their futile cries for help. It was too much. He turned the knob and groped his way into the darkened shop.

There came a scream—another—a prolonged, girlish shriek, chorused with unearthly gibberish.

Suddenly the living-room door was flung open, and May, her hair streaming in the wind of her passage, dashed out into the shop. Jack's indistinguishable shape caused her to start back.

"It's me," said Jack, "the president of the——"

"Oh, Jack!" she almost sang, "there's something horrible in there. It came in, stared at its beastly face in the mirror, shattered the glass, then fell to digging up father's treasure, under the fireplace.

"When it heard me scream, it turned and made terribly human, imploring gestures, and, Jack, I thought



THE STUFFED BABOON IS NO LONGER
IN FAVOR WITH THE OLD MISER

I saw tears come into the thing's eyes. Then I picked up my skirts and rushed out—to you, my savior!”

“Not yet,” admonished Jack, as she crept into his arms. “I’ve never exterminated anything bigger than rats. Great Scott! What’s that?”

From the living-room came the crash of a heavy, fallen object, and myriad tinkles like broken glass.

“It’s the ape—it’s found father’s strong-box!”

In each other’s arms they waited. Low, incoherent, cuddling moans oozed out from Jethro’s room, and the chink of handled coins.

“Listen! it’s counting father’s money!”

The two stood spellbound, unable to move. There was a silence, the soft pad of naked feet, and the ape stood in the doorway, glaring toward them.

Then a pounding came upon the sidewalk, a blown whistle clove the still shop, and the door was violently rattled.

“Police!” gasped Jack—“thank Heaven for that!”

The shop filled with blue-coated, heavy men; some one lit the gas; and Jack stepped forward, pointing to the living-room door.

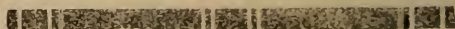
A rush—a volley of curses—a half-human cry, and, amid the wreck of things, a coil of rope was thrown around the intruder and its arms pinioned to its sides.

Then, with Jack and May standing aloof, with hate and terror on their faces, the police started to drag it away.

At the door the ape turned its head, and it actually stared at them in supplication, the tears coursing down its cheeks.

“May, is that you?—give me your hand, quick!”

Jethro Poor reached out and, like



THE WEDDING-DATE IS SET

a drowning man, seized upon the girl’s hand. The president of the Extermination Society was compelled to let go of her other one.

In the slight scuffle Jethro noticed him, and a wan smile cut across his leathery face.

“You needn’t go, Mister—Mister—president,” he said; “I don’t remember names.”

“May,” Jethro confessed, as Darwin slid to the floor with a sound slam, “I’ve had a most excruciating dream—so confoundedly real.”

The stuffed baboon crouched on its pedestal over the mantel, and in the uncertain firelight Jethro could have sworn that it winked at him.

“I don’t believe in dreams,” he added defiantly, tossing the simian thru the window—“haven’t any heart to take them to. But you and your young man can make up your minds to set a wedding-date.”





A New Profession for Women

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE



THE other night the writer attended a sitting of the Ed-Au Club, an informal gathering of the Motion Picture studio-men who deal in the artistic phases of the business.

When the dinner-things had been cleared away, and discussion and cigar-smoke wrestled pleasurably for supremacy across the mahogany, the writer suggested that he was working up a magazine article dealing with women scenario editors.

"Why," replied the best-known editor in film stageland, "I myself know of only two, and I've never met either of them. Where are you going to find the others?"

I smiled enigmatically, and this little article is my answer. I am going to send him a copy, and hope he reads it.

As a matter of plain fact, most scenario editors, consciously or otherwise, hide their personality behind pen-names, barred doors and printed, unsigned acknowledgments. Modesty may be the handmaiden for this veil of mystery, but not the *confidante*. The real reason is utilitarian, if anything. When one stops to consider that, to most of the audience, studio people are creatures set apart in a sort of charmed, Arcadian existence, and that admission to the studios is about as difficult as storming a fortress, there is no wonder in the flood of letters that besiege both actors and editors.

Letters are an easy weapon to fling, but not so easy to avoid. The average scenario editor receives about five hundred photoplay scripts per week, each with its barbed personal letter affixed to the dramatic shaft. There are questions and entreaties, rising young hopes and maiden avowals, stern exhortations, and confessions that the author's dramatic soul has at last come into its own. All this without realizing that photoplays are bought strictly upon their merit, not

on the "selling wind" that flutters them in inchoate swirls onto the editor's desk.

Good old Dame Experience teaches that women in professional life have to be more circumspect than men. The personal note *will* creep into correspondence; tradition runs that blandishment captivates the sex. Hence, at every turn and dark literary alleyway misinformed cavaliers are lurking to waylay the fair scenario editors with intermingled guile and dramatic offerings.

Professional women are not prudes. It is a convenient armor, and they wear it in self-protection.

And now to the meat of my story. In the Vitagraph studio yard is a little frame cottage, set apart, and about and around it, like the walls of Jericho, film armies tramp and fight their way into the all-seeing eye of the camera. It is a distracting, nerve-racking atmosphere for a literary atelier, but Miss Marguerite Bertsch has grown used to it, and seems to thrive, Laocoön-like, in the coils of film.

Efficiency demands that a scenario editor must be in instant touch with the studio world—actors, directors, property men, wardrobe mistress, and even the scene-painters. The script must be interpreted from every point of view. Miss Bertsch is, therefore, at many times the poles of a mimic world. The working script is the plans and specifications of the photoplay structure, and each and every principal, cast and all, must consult as to its interpretation.

Then there are hurried changes to make—a thousand and one minutiae—for reasons of policy, market, production, dramatic emphasis, changes in the cast, "featuring," export or foreign interpretation, alterations from exterior to interior, or contrariwise, and so on with endless variety.

The Vitagraph Company looked

over the field broadcast, and when they settled down on Miss Bertsch, they cooped her in the yard cottage, supplied her with a corps of assistants and told her to go ahead. She goes ahead, and has been going ahead ever since she realized that a scenario editor's shoes are not mere dancing slippers.

When Miss Bertsch was eighteen, Mrs. H. C. De Mille was attracted to her by a bit of work—a



MISS MARGUERITE BERTSCH

three-act drama written for the regular stage—and offered to coach her in dramatic production. Other work, school-teaching, hurried Miss Bertsch by the alluring dramatic lane, and it was not until she took up scenario writing outside of school hours that the Vitagraph Studio came to know the cut of her worth. First associate editor, then editor of the Vitagraph Company, is her editorial record.

Some of her personal creations are well known: "A Prince of Evil," "The Wreck," "The Shadow of the

Past," "The Flirt," "The Butler's Secret," are good examples, and she has picturized countless others—"A Million Bid," now running at the Vitagraph Theater, New York, being her latest multiple-reel product.

From the outskirts of Brooklyn to the mazes of commercial Chicago is a far hike, but every photoplay lover knows that the Essanay Company helped to put Chicago on the map.

The writer has not the honor of knowing Mrs. Louella O. Parsons personally, but our business correspondence has been thick and heavy during the past years.

Just after graduating from Dixon College, Mrs. Parsons decided upon a newspaper career. Her first experience was as assistant city editor of a small daily paper in Dixon, Illinois. She tells me she covered everything from society to police news and obituary. When the coroner of Dixon gave her copy he was a nice, kind man, and when he didn't, she hated him.

Dixon grew too small for Mrs. Parsons' rushing ambition, and, when she married, she started in doing magazine stories. Chicago editors were attracted to her work, and she got an assignment to do Sunday "features"

for the Chicago *Sunday Tribune*. Then the call of the city came to her, and she packed up and journeyed on to the portals of the Essanay Studio. She has been the Essanay scenario editor for three years, and the work fascinates her. She knows the craft of script-writing from "cut-back" to "fade out," and, with the weaponry of educated emotionalism, and a broad literary training, takes a keen and masterful delight in her work. She is not reserved, buoyant rather, and her life-loving brown eyes hang no



MRS. LOUELLA O. PARSONS

signals of wear and tear. A friend and adviser of beginners who show talent, Mrs. Parsons holds an endeared place in the photoplay world.

Picturesque, staunch-looking, well-featured is the little lady who presides at the Essanay desk away out in Niles, California. Half the time a chair is too tame a saddle for Miss Josephine Rector, and she is out in the open—riding, posing, climbing, “bucking” her cheeks to the color of Oregon apples. For Miss Rector is also one of G. M. Anderson’s leads, and plays before the camera when she isn’t writing or editing. She *ought* to know and feel the real pulse of the West. The first things she remembers were the rush over Chilkoot Pass, the long, frozen trail into Dawson, and the scramble for gold in the creek beds of Yukon. Then back to ranch and mining Montana, where she grew up with just “horse” and men with the bark on.

But she wanted to learn the other world, and cut adrift, to go to ‘Frisco—to learn how to “speak” the things she knew.

Her virile Western stories attracted G. M. Anderson, and she shortly afterward joined his company, then at San Rafael, California. Thence to Niles, their present location. Miss Rector confesses she is swinging a lariat from both ends—acting and editing. She doesn’t know which charms her the more. Some of her recent photoplays are: “The Cowboy Samaritan,” “The Heritage of Evil,” “The Last Shot” and “Across the Plains.” Her acting shines out from ‘most every Western Essanay release. So I guess the audience will have to stand judge and help her to make up her mind.

In the mission town, Santa Monica, California, is the Vitagraph Western Studio, and here Miss Doris M. Schroeder and Miss Daisy Eloise Smith sit on the same chair, so to speak, both sharing editorial honors. That they are fast friends the accompanying snapshot bears witness.

MISS DORIS M. SCHROEDER AND
MISS DAISY ELOISE SMITH



BERNARDINE RISSE LEIST

Miss Smith (right side of photo) is a native of Baltimore, and was educated in Washington, D. C., where she spent most of her life. She was always interested in literary work, and has written several magazine and newspaper stories. While living at her country home just outside of Washington, Miss Smith sent several stories to the Kalem Company in New York, all of which were "grabbed up" by them, and she was soon surprised to receive a peremptory summons to wire immediately if she cared to go with a company to Southern California. She foresaw the possibilities, and was soon hurried out there. For over a year, in fact until her health broke down under the steady grind, Miss Smith kept the company supplied with one original story per week, never failing to have it ready in time for production. Upon recovering her health, this versatile young woman came to the Vitagraph Western Company as a reader, writer

and adapter. During the past year, Miss Smith has written and dramatized many successes for this company, and has contributed much toward the success of the Western contingent by supplying "director-proof" scenarios, to say nothing of her ability as a character woman on the screen.

Doris Schroeder confesses to being hopelessly uninteresting, but a record of her studio work flatly contradicts her.

She started literary endeavor on a Brooklyn newspaper, and finally journeyed to the Vitagraph Company. But she writes better than I do, and you may read the pith of her letter over my shoulder:

"After Mr. Sturgeon's departure from the East and Mrs. Breuil's succession to the editorship, I worked under that lady for two years, learning to appreciate just what was wanted, and learning to observe the small things in life that will make a good story. I have written and dramatized, and I have reconstructed and re-reconstructed, till I cannot remember the number of stories that have passed thru my hands. The latest story I have written has just been shipped to the East for release—a story of Miss Anne Schaefer, of this company. For the both of us, there is no company but our beloved Vitagraph, and we take a very natural pride in the qual-



MISS JOSEPHINE RECTOR

ity of its productions and the appreciation with which they have met all over the country."

We must not lose sight of another brilliant graduate of Beta Breuil's "scenario class" in the Vitagraph's little yard cottage. She is Mrs. Catherine Carr, and her career in photoplaydom is a meteoric one. From writing her first script a year and a half ago to the dual editorship of the North American Films and the Anglo-American Film Corporation is her dizzy climb.

Her plots are suggested by types she encounters in life, and she breathes them into living pictures. "Life Portrayals" spells "Vitagraph," and Catherine Carr's knack of personifying Courtney Foote, Jimmy Morrison and others made hack-writers sit up and take notice. A leading dramatic critic wrote of her:

"Catherine Carr has created a new standard in the writing of photoplays. This charming little Texan, whose life is shared between her two frolicsome boys and her editor's desk, is driving home to us an insight into the humanity of everyday life."

Picture-lovers all know Kinemacolor, but perhaps are not on speaking terms with the personalities back of the colorful pictures. Bernardine Risse Leist is a scenario editor, playwright, critic, space-writer, teacher of elocu-

tion, and, for good measure, an actress of Broadway caliber.

She ran the gamut of 'most everything, she says, before she settled upon photoplay and the Kinemacolor Company. Seasoned playgoers will, no doubt, remember her as Crystal in her metropolitan support of Hearn in "Hearts of Oak." Then in quick succession with Ada Rehan in Shakespearean rôles, and in the "Goddess of Reason," with Julia Marlowe.

Mrs. Risse is a veteran—if I may so call a lithesome, young-looking woman—of the craft of photoplay. She spent several years under that poetic dean of the director's profession, D. W. Griffin, of the Biograph Company; had an important staff position with the Edison Studio, where she adapted many familiar classics, and for the past two years has been in charge of the Kinemacolor editor's desk. Just at present she is bringing her experience to

bear by directing fashion pictures—something new. And, in the near future, she promises a revelation in the type of screen stories for children. To the amateur struggling with the strangeness—perhaps the bigness—of his first scenario, Bernardine Leist is approachable, friendly, I might say almost motherly were she not so decidedly girlish in her manner and looks.

"I know a lassie, a bonnie, blithe-



MRS. F. MARION BRANDON

some lassie"—I can't help humming the old Scotch lilt when I think of her, the winsome, witty, pretty girl who sits at her desk, in the Eclair offices, with the seeming abandon of a debutante at the keyboard of a Baby Grand. I might as well come out with it flat-footed—Mrs. F. Marion Brandon. 'Ware, you soft-hearted bachelors who may chance to receive the shaft of one of her straight-from-the-shoulder, ingenuous, learned, guileless, sparkling epistles. Mrs. F. Marion Brandon, please remember that.

Marion Brandon studied law, and then, instead of taking her "bar exams," with the tender-hearted perversity of women, went and married—a lawyer. Perhaps she got tired of "putting it all over him" in moot cases before the family bar, for, at any rate, she started in for newspaper space-writing.

About this time, prodigal John Wanamaker, thru his little shop, offered a \$1,000 *grand prix* for the best design for furnishing an eight-room apartment. Dynamic Marion Brandon went in for the juicy prize, and won it—thereby shocking her faith in the value of newspaper space-writing. She is thoro if anything. It took her three months to brush up on decoration, furniture, furnishings, works of art, proportion, lighting, harmonization and other things, but, much to her surprise and delight, she got the \$1,000 check.

That started her on her second epoch, an advertising career, and she turned out "copy" for R. H. Macy that brought tears to the eyes of

shoppers with short purse-strings. The Universal Film Company had a suspicion that if she, the youngest woman in advertising, could inject heart-throbs into lingerie "ads," she could do somewhat better in photoplays. So they sent for her, adjusted the salary end satisfactorily upward, and she crossed her dainty boots under their editorial desk.

Last spring, when the Eclair Company began to bulk large as a producing factor in America, she picked up her editorial skirts, whisked into their office, laughed out loud, scattered scripts all about her and started the ball rolling.

She confided to me that in spare time she formerly wrote, as associate editor, their snappy and alluring trade organ, *The Eclair Bulletin*.

Marion Brandon is mercurial—so much so that she has persuaded such authors as Booth Tarkington, Manlove Rhodes and Eleanor Gates to pasture in the photoplay field.

There is never any doubt when she likes a man's work. Her brown eyes sparkle; her breath comes quickly; the script is bought without an instant of hemming and hawing.

She has written plays, photoplays, *grand prix*, text-books, special articles, advertising copy, picturized O. Henry's "Caballeros' Way" and "Stirrups' Brother," so what next?

When Marion Brandon pushes her papers aside and goes home for the day, it's at the end of a busy one. There's temperament in even the way she slips down, with a bang, the sliding cover of her desk.





What Is the Title of This Picture?

This magazine recently offered a gold prize for the best title and description of this picture. The contest is now closed, and from the thousands of interesting and clever answers received the judges are now engaged in selecting the winners. Varied, unique and curious are some of the titles suggested—for examples: The Percolator, The Cure, The Filterer, He Who Enters Here Leaves All Care Behind, The Self-Forgettery, Sunshine Palace, The Reformer, The Inversion of Spirits, The Magic Magnet, The Rest Cure, Satisfied, The Peacemaker, The Cure-All, Rescued from the Blues, The House of Miracles, Darkness and Dawn, The Place of Optimism, The Human Refinery, Sadness and Gladness, Life's School, The Road to Happiness, The Secret Is Within, The Burden Lifter, The People's Paradise, Anticipation and Realization, The Great Panacea, The Last Copy, The Mill of Good Fellowship, The Change, Two Doors, From Shadow to Sunshine, Sold Out, and The Transformation. It will be observed that all of these titles are appropriate. Miss Florence E. Rice, of 510 Eastern Avenue, Toledo, sends us a medicine bottle with the picture pasted on it, and a verse labeled "The Cure":

They leave care and anger at the door,
And when it's over wish for more.
All are smiling as they come out,

Even the baby forgets to pout.
You will agree, I'm very sure,
The Motion Picture is the cure.

It is quite clear that the picture shows the following points: 1. Those who are going into the theater are in bad humor. 2. Those coming out are happy. 3. The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is on sale. 4. Two men are wrangling in front of the box-office (perhaps because they can't get a seat, or a magazine, or perhaps because they are cross and quarrelsome). 5. The feature photoplay is "The Rescue." 6. A lame man coming out does not use his crutch. 7. All classes attend pictures—young and old, strong and feeble, rich and poor. 8. Motion Pictures attract crowds. It is for the judges to say whether all of these points should be included in the winning solution, but perhaps the winner will have discovered something in the picture still more worthy of note. While the picture tells a story, it is for the winner to tell that story in a superior way, and, judging from the following clever titles and descriptions that have been drawn at random from the pile, the winning solution will indeed be worth reading about in the June issue.

THE MELTING POT.

Therein all cares melt into one feeling of good cheer; furthermore, old, young, rich, poor, learned, illiterate, all fuse into common sympathy with the screen folks.

Herein the Motion Picture people learn to realize what mighty powers they possess in influencing humanity for better or worse.

127 Church Street, Watertown, Mass.

MARION K. SQUIRE.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Represents "Sadness and Gladness." The story it tells—"Life's Great Lesson." Conquering the Fates, tired out humanity turns from the maddening discord of life, with one accord, to the "balm in Gilead" of the "Movies." "The Rescue" from "Sadness to Gladness"—my beloved magazine and the Answer Man.

327 Fourteenth Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"LITTLEST GIRL."

A TIDE OF THE MOVIES.

"Fanaticism," "Excessive Enthusiasm." On the other hand, harmony and peace. It tells a story of a selfish man who cares nothing for others, who is a fanatic, so he gets his ticket. Also of a rather anxious crowd. Moral—Not to antagonize others.

1186 Alakea Street, Honolulu, T. H.

CLAUDE P. PARR.

THE GROUCH HOSPITAL.

For the cure by the photoplay treatment, assisted by a most pleasant concoction called MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE (prepared fresh every month and on sale everywhere), of all cases of chronic, cranky, crabbed grouch, also the blues, glooms, fits of bad temper, and all similar pessimistic afflictions.

825 Turk Street, San Francisco, Cal.

CHARLES A. HODGIN.

FOUND—A CURE FOR ALL ILLS.

It tells the story of old and young, rich and poor, crippled and strong, searching for amusement. The crowd entering represent Anticipation; those emerging, Contentment. Moral—To banish sorrow and provoke mirth, read the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and witness the stories on the screen.

Baton Rouge, La.

MISS VALLEE M. SEITZ.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

The above subject seems appropriate, judging from the disposition of those entering, and the renewed life and spirit of those coming out with a copy of your magazine in their hands and having seen the show.

Fairbury, Neb.

EARL R. SIMPSON.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

In past ages men lost both hope and life in seeking the Fountain of Youth. Nowadays that fountain is accessible to us all. All may drink deep of its refreshing and inspiring waters.

Yours truly,

95 Chittenden Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

HARRY M. WILSON.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

The title of the picture is "A Modern Miracle," representing Genius rescuing Fancy from the Realms of the Intangible and restoring her to the world of Realism.

Modern science, as represented by the Movies, actually outrivals Aladdin's lamp, Jules Verne's fancy, and opens new worlds of enjoyment to all.

Lock Box 214, Washington, D. C.

ARTHUR LENOX.

OUR MIRACLE.

"O, wad some power the giffle gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

The reel with us! The best with the best! The cinematograph, the world and a perfected industry for a nickel! *We go in with ourselves and come out with the world.* Our miracle—the reel of the unreal real; we see ourselves as others see us!

1144 Carlos Avenue, Wichita, Kan.

S. RAYMOND JOCELYN.

"The House of Transformation." The people who are going into the Moving Picture theater are cross and worried-looking; the people who are coming out are smiling and happy. Thus it is the house that transforms faces and minds.

Respectfully,

1034 East Forty-first place, Chicago, Ill.

WINONA SPATH.



THE LOBBY AND BOX-OFFICE OF THE VITAGRAPH THEATER

The Last Word

In the Exploiting and Exhibiting of Motion Pictures

By "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER"

SINCE the appearance, in the March number of this magazine, of a full-page announcement of the Vitagraph Theater, and of the two-page announcement in the April issue, numerous readers have been asking for a description of the new enterprise, and of its aims and objects. While nearly everybody in the big city has been there and found out for himself, and thousands from the suburbs and nearby towns have made up theater parties to satisfy their curiosity, there are millions residing in distant cities, States and countries who are eager to learn about the new venture. To these, this little, descriptive article is addressed.

While Broadway has seen many a photoshow, and had many of its regular theaters temporarily converted into Motion Picture theaters, never, until the old Criterion at Forty-fourth Street closed its doors forever on the spoken drama, did New York dream that the photoplay had be-

come a dangerous rival to the stage. For, had not the drama prospered for over 2,500 years? And was not the Motion Picture but a mere toy only ten years ago?

Broadway has for years been the cradle of all great plays in America. Was it a Broadway production?—then it must be something superlative. If it had a run on Broadway, it must successfully run anywhere. In short, the word Broadway is a sort of magic charm that makes a play almost immune from criticism elsewhere. And what is true of the spoken drama may also be true of the silent drama—why not?—and perhaps that is why the Vitagraph people decided to challenge the former to a battle-royal and to beard the lion in his lair. For, if the theatrical world could be shown that a new form of amusement had arrived that was just as artistic, just as dramatic and just as entertaining as the stage, and at lower prices, and

that it could cover more ground in shorter time and more realistically, why could it not make a bid for equal popularity and even for supremacy? And if a photoplay could gain a reputation for having had a run on Broadway, in a theater devoted to the productions of one company only, in the very heart of the great American theatrical center, what would be the effect when that photoplay was shown in the thousands of theaters outside of New York? Would not every theater-goer everywhere want to see it? And if such a photoplay



THE FOYER AND CLOAK ROOM

could have a run on Broadway, why could it not have a run in every large town in the world? Again, what would be the reputation of a company whose pictures were good enough to support a Broadway theater all its own? Would it not place that company in a class all by itself, and would it not be a good thing for the whole Motion Picture business? And would it not tend to show that the photodrama had risen to a plane far above that of the old nickel-odeon, and that it could now appeal to the élite with plays written and acted specially for the more critical audiences?

This may have been the business

view of it, but there was more than business in the inspiration. There was art. J. Stuart Blackton and Albert E. Smith are more than business men—they are artists. They were not content merely to make artistic pictures—and money. They desired to present those pictures themselves, to exhibit them in their own artistic way. Like a painter who, when he has produced a masterpiece, does not desire it to be shown in an ill-becoming frame and in a cellar, the Vitagraph artists insisted on a proper setting and environment for their creations. This is probably the real reason why the Criterion is now the Vitagraph Theater.

And now let us take a look at the playhouse itself. Those who have not seen Broadway at night, between Madison Square and Central Park, known as the Great White Way, doubtless know that it is almost as bright as day, with its thousands of mammoth vari-colored electric signs done in fantastic designs and made to imitate motion; and it seems that these electric Moving Pictures were the forerunners of the kind that are now invading Broadway. Long before Forty-fourth

Street is reached, we see the familiar Vitagraph eagle flapping its brilliant wings, and a dazzling, ever-moving cluster of lights that spell the word "Vitagraph" so graphically that perhaps our neighbors on Mars may read. The entrance is inviting, even alluring, and we enter. The lobby is done in a color scheme that we have probably never seen elsewhere. It is a rather small room, but we note that the large crowd is handled with ease. This is not the place for us to tarry. We purchase our tickets (\$1 each for the best seats, in the evening), and join the impatient procession, past the gaily attired receiver of tickets, and into the foyer. This is a more com-

modious room, elaborately furnished and decorated, and it has an atmosphere of art and luxurious comfort. It is really beautiful, exquisite, charming. We note a little balcony at one side, containing a few chairs, doubtless for the accommodation of those who are destined to wait for the rest of their party—and a pleasant wait it must be! We linger and enjoy the charm of this cozy room, and our attention is attracted to numerous pastel portraits of Vitagraph players that adorn the walls in this room and in every other part of the theater where there is wall space, and all these are really artistic both as to their coloring and handling, as well as in their framing. They were all done from life, and are more than life-size.

Entering the theater itself, the first thing that impresses us is that we are not in a Motion Picture house at all, but in a real Broadway theater, and that it has the same character of elegance and taste that one expects to see in the Metropolitan Opera House, and in other playhouses that are patronized by the so-called "Four Hundred." There is no sign of flashiness nor of paint—the proscenium arch, the boxes and the balconies look as if they were chiseled out of solid bronze. Anybody would remark, "What a pretty little theater!" We say *little*, for it seats less than a thousand, and for Broadway this is not large. In fact, it is unfortunate that it is not larger, for "standing room only" has been the rule from the start, and often there is not even that. We note the class of people sitting around us, the well-to-do; some are in evening dress. Neatly attired young-lady ushers show us to our seats.

The great asbestos curtain goes up as we hear the strains of the wonderful orchestral organ, and we listen to the music, entranced. There is nothing mechanical about it, and we would never know but that a full orchestra is playing, and playing well. Then the big regular curtain rises, and we look for the screen.



THE BALCONY STAIRWAY

None is in sight. Instead we see a beautiful setting, a sort of studio, or ballroom, exquisitely done, and in the rear we see a large French window, with a silken, draped curtain drawn down. The lights in the theater have been turned off, and now we see the window curtain raised, and thru this wondrous "Window of the World" we get a fine view of New York harbor—it seems to be the harbor itself, but, of course, it is only an illusion.



A CORNER OF THE STAGE AND TIER OF BOXES

It is apparently late in the afternoon, and we see the sun setting. Then the blue haze of dusk succeeds the pink and violet of twilight, and we see the numerous windows in the houses and office-buildings being lighted up gradually, until we realize that it is dark. Just as the moon sheds its mellow light on the scene, another curtain falls, this time a plain white one, and then the camera-man has the stage. We have seen Motion Pictures before, but we must admit that we have never seen them shown quite so realistically and under such favorable surroundings. They seem to be larger, clearer and more natural. There is no pause between reels, and we do not know where one ends and another begins. It is not the purpose of this article to describe the pictures or to comment on them, but we must not forget to mention the

decidedly unique and admirable way in which the Vitagraph players are introduced, each player coming forward and doing something characteristic, while making his or her bow to their friends in front—all in pictures.

As the first play comes to a close, the curtain is gracefully drawn over the screen, the front curtain drops to the stage, and the lights all over the theater are simultaneously turned up. We now have an opportunity to look around. Gazing upward, we note the many tiers of boxes that rise to a dizzy height on either side of the stage, and the rows of white chairs that relieve the somber tone of the color scheme. The orchestra chairs are of dark leather, and the floors are richly carpeted. But, no doubt, the accompanying pictures will describe the theater much more accurately than I could.

A brief wait and the curtain rises again. We are now treated to something new. It is a silent drama in reality, for not a word is spoken by the three characters, who appear in the flesh and go thru all the motions of a play, but without a word. They are Mary Charleson, James Morrison and John Bunny. All do excellently, and it proves to be a most entertaining novelty. Mr. Blackton is the author. It is not pantomime exactly, it is acting, and the same kind of acting that is done when a Motion Picture is being taken, except that they do not open their mouths.

After this we are treated to another scene thru the "Window of the World," and then we devote the remainder of the evening to witnessing a remarkable photoplay, "A Million Bid," which has been spoken of so highly by all the New York critics.



THE PERMANENT STAGE SETTING, SHOWING THE "WINDOW OF THE WORLD"

As Alan Dale said, it is not possible on the stage to produce such realism as that wreck scene, and, for that matter, no stage could have shown one-twentieth of these several hundred scenes in one evening. It is quite clear that the screen has numerous advantages over the stage, and now that a Motion Picture company has a

theater of its own, we may expect to see other film companies follow suit, and to see still greater wonders than we have seen at this first performance. All things considered, the Vitagraph Theater is, perhaps, the most charming of its kind in the world, and it is indeed the last word in Motion Picture exhibition.



A Wondrous Picture Show

By CHARLES H. MEIERS



here's a gladness most divine
In this oft-tried heart of mine,
And I'll tell you, if you really care to know,
That it's just because, last night,
I discovered, with delight,
A remarkable and wondrous picture show.

It was not the pictures shown—
That is, not just them alone—
That invoked new happiness into my heart.
For the pictures on the screen
Were not quite the best I've seen,
But the cause for joy was chiefly at the start.

There was not a string of "ads"
About bargain sales and fads
Forced upon me while I waited for the show;
And I do not hesitate
To quite positively state
That my heart was permanently cured of woe.



"ANOTHER TICKET, PLEASE"



ARTHUR HOUSMAN, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

"I WAS born in New York and educated there," began Arthur

Housman, readily, and, with a relieved sigh (for I saw that this was going to be an "easy" one), I began taking notes in what a certain person, well known to me, disrespect-



fully calls "Pitman pot-hooks." "When my mother wanted me to go to college, I went out and got a position so I'd have a good excuse to get out of more education.

"I have been on the stage, in musical comedy such as 'Queen of the Moulin Rouge,' and in vaudeville

in a pantomime act with another fellow. I have been with the Edison Company for four years, and like it much better than stage-work, for it is, in a way, easier; there's no night-work, and it's more interesting, for on the stage you play the same part for a whole season, and sometimes more, when in 'movies' you have a new part handed you every week, and sometimes two.

"The greatest photoplays? 'Quo Vadis?' and a Biograph, put on some time ago by Director Griffith, 'The Last Drop of Water.' My favorite parts? Don't ask me to name the characters, for I can't remember them, but I like 'boob' parts pretty well. I've had a lot of them to play, and I like them. I like any comedy part, tho. One of my parts that I liked was the hero opposite Miss Fuller, in 'When the Right Man Comes Along,' and a series of pictures that we started back home, of the adventures of a country 'boob' called 'Joey.'"

He says he is an American, and is proud of his title of a true son of Gotham-town. He was homesick the evening I met him, and when I asked him if life were worth living, he responded quickly with:

"In New York it is," from which we may gather that he is not exactly in love with the Sunny South, especially this part of it.

"I don't care for reading much, altho I do read every copy of the good old MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. I think my favorite part of it is the Answer Man's department. Isn't he great? That's the first part I read, and then I look for a story by Courtney Ryley Cooper or Dorothy Donnell. They are your best writers, according to my way of thinking."

He looked warily at the question

list which I was endeavoring to conceal, and then, reaching over, he very masterfully helped himself to it, and looked down the list, with lips pursed into an inaudible whistle.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed; "am I to answer *all* of these?"

"Yes," I answered gently; "and those on the other side, too."

He pretended to swoon, then recovered and set about it briskly.

"Yes, I have written a few scenarios. Had 'em turned down, tho'. No, I haven't any favorite novelist or poet, or anything of that sort. My hobby is hunting. I do a great deal of that when I have a chance. My great ambition? Oh, to have a few million dollars and a chicken-farm. I mean a *regular* chicken-farm like the Kimballville, there in Atlanta." (Atlanta papers, please copy. Mr. Zimmer, please note.) "I weigh about one hundred and sixty-five, I guess, and am five feet eleven inches from the ground. Say"—turning suddenly to me—"what color is my hair?"

"Why, brown," I answered, surprised.

"All right, then, brown it is," he said, and read on for a moment. Then, anxiously, "What color are my eyes? What color do you like best?"

"Your eyes are blue," I answered severely. He seemed greatly relieved.

"I don't study my parts, for I seldom know what we are going to play until I reach the studio. Do we rehearse? Oh, my! Ask Mr. Williams, our director, or Miss Trunnelle, or Mr. Prior. *Do* we? We *DO*!"

"My diversions? Theaters, clubs, all that sort of thing, you know. That's also the way I spend my evenings, so I answered two questions with one answer. Oh, yes, I enjoy photoplays, both dramas and comedies; but I don't care for educational, except some of Pathé's, such as 'The Life of a Snake,' 'The Story of a Butterfly,' and things like that."

When I asked whom he considered the greatest living statesman, he said gravely:

"I'm sorry, but I stayed home from school that day."

Since nicknames are an evidence of popularity, it goes without saying that he has one, two, in fact—"Joey," from the series mentioned before, and "Chick," for no reason that concerns either you or me, evidently, for he failed to give a reason.

He lives with his parents, up in Harlem, and he is proud of it. He has never been in public print, has never done anything heroic, and doesn't like to be away from the Great White Way when night-time comes. And that's all he told me!

PEARL GADDIS.

HELEN LINDROTH, OF THE KALEM COMPANY

I HAD long been very much interested in Miss Lindroth, and when Alice Hollister, that charming little lady, very kindly offered to introduce me to Miss Lindroth, you can probably imagine my delight and gratitude. And so it was in the pretty sitting-room of Miss Hollister that I made the acquaintance of Helen Lindroth.

She is a lovely woman, with a sweet, gracious manner that instantly endears her to every one who is fortunate enough to meet her. She claims the distinction of having made

the longest trip ever made by a player from one company to join another. She went from Jacksonville, Florida, where she was playing with the Southern Jacksonville Company, to join the El Kalem in Palestine—which was quite some trip, according to Miss Lindroth.

"I was born in Providence, Rhode Island," said Miss Lindroth, pleasantly, "and was educated there. Yes, indeed, I have been on the stage for a number of years. I played with Mabel Taliaferro in 'Polly of the Circus,' with Emma Dunn, and also in vaude-

ville in a sketch called 'The Baby.' I have been in pictures three years, and have never been with any company except Kalem, and never want to be. I love the Kalem Company," she said, with a flash of perfect, white teeth. And, believe me, Kalem reciprocates this love. They all swear by her.

I asked Miss Lindroth to name some of her favorite parts, and she sighed.

"Oh, that's a hard question," she replied. "For all my work has been character work, and so you see, one week I may be called on to play a 'young' part, while the next week I may be an old woman. So you see it's rather hard to have a preference. But I think I like my work as the society woman in 'A Victim of Heredity,' and also in 'The Octoroon.' Which isn't surprising, is it?"

Miss Lindroth is not a suffraget, but she believes firmly in a number of the suffrage ideas. In fact, she says they are not mere beliefs, but firm convictions with her, and she thinks the Woman Suffrage Movement is doing a great thing, and should be helped instead of hindered. She has no patience or sympathy, however, with the Militants, but added hastily that their methods may be justified by their circumstances.

"My favorite photoplayers? I don't think I care to answer that," she told me, "for I really don't know enough of them to judge. King Baggot I have seen on the screen but once, and some of the greatest photoplayers are those whose faces I

don't even recognize. Anyway, I think it much safer to avoid personalities. The greatest photoplays? Well, that's easier. My favorites are 'From the Manger to the Cross,' an unforgettable picture, and 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' which was wonderful. What! Am I married?" and she laughed delightedly, while I squirmed inwardly. I expected her to call a servant and have me shown the door, but instead she displayed a lovely set of dimples and a row of pearly teeth, as she said saucily, "No, I'm single, and happy," which was unnecessary, for one has only

to look at her to know that she finds life very much worth living.

When I rose to go, she shook hands heartily and extended a cordial invitation for me to come out to the studio and see the Kalem Company at work. Am I going? Well, what would you do in my place? And that's exactly what I am going to do!

PEARL GADDIS.



YESTERDAY AND TODAY

BY HARVEY PEAKE



Where are the pioneers of old,
The "Forty-niners" in search of gold?
Moving across the picture screen,
The pioneers of old are seen.

Where is the redman of days gone by,
Painted and feathered, with war-club high?
Go to the Motion Picture show,
And you'll see the savage of years ago.



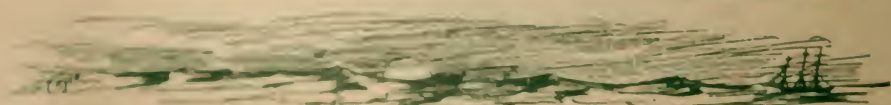
Where are the gallants of yesteryear
With the powder and patches and sharp rapier?
Go to the Motion Picture Play,
And you'll see the gallants of yesterday.

Where are the heroes of ancient myth,
Men of might we've been happy with?
Go to the Motion Picture place,
And you will meet them face to face.



Where are the fashions of bygone days;
Crinolines, balmorals, six-inch stays?
Follow the crowd, if you would know,
Into the pantomime picture show.

Where are the customs once thought polite?
Gone for aye from our wondering sight;
Scarce will it hap that you'll see them again,
Except in the "movies" at five or ten.





The Final Word on Censorship

By JOHN COLLIER

General Secretary of the National Board of Censorship

A supplementary article to those of "The Great Debate" between
Canon Chase and President Dyer on Censorship

A HUMOROUS lecturer tells a story of travel in the Far East. He was in Palestine, or Egypt, or some Old Testament country, and his guide spoke English. "Sir," said the guide, "on this very spot David with a sling killed Goliath."

"How do you know that?" said the traveler.

"Why," said the guide, with vehemence, "I can prove it. Here is the very rock David threw."

Canon Chase reminds me of this guide, or of the queen of France who asked why the angry mobs were breaking down the walls outside. She was told, "They are clamoring for bread, your Majesty."

"Then why dont we give them bread?" she asked.

"We have no bread."

"Then let us give them cake," said the triumphant queen.

Motion Pictures are not perfect; there are many abuses in the film business; films are at present not really just what they should be for anybody. Therefore, says Canon Chase, censor them with a legal pre-publicity censorship.

But Canon Chase ought to show how a legal censorship would cure the specific ills he complains of. I

claim that legal censorship would have no effect whatever on the evils Canon Chase is attacking. Also, as to many of Canon Chase's statements of fact, "I have me doots." For example, if seventy out of seventy-one members of the New York Board of Aldermen favored legal censorship, why did they not pass legal censorship over Mayor Gaynor's veto? Only a two-thirds vote would have been necessary. In fact, the seventy aldermen who voted for an ordinance with a censorship clause tacked on, voted knowing and desiring that the mayor would veto this ordinance, and when he vetoed it that was the end of the matter.

Again, has Mr. Robert O. Bartholomew, of Cleveland, really forbidden fifteen per cent. of the films exhibited to him in Cleveland? If so, he is a record-breaking censor.

Again, where did Canon Chase get his figures to prove that crime is decreasing in every great Christian nation except the United States? As a matter of fact, crime is increasing thruout civilization; but what bearing has the question on film censorship, inasmuch as Moving Pictures are more censored in the United States today than they are in any

other Christian country, unless it be Germany and Russia!

Finally, Canon Chase repeats a transparent error when he says that the volunteer members of the National Board of Censorship are not free in their decisions, because their expenses



JOHN COLLIER

and the salaries of secretaries are paid by the film manufacturers, so that they censor unconsciously for their friends, the film-makers. If the volunteers of the National Board of Censorship are this kind of people, why does Canon Chase call them 'high-minded'?

As this whole question ought to be

one of fact rather than opinion, I may be excused for taking space in the matter of facts. But underlying Canon Chase's argument is a real condition, and it seems to me that President Dyer does not do full justice to this underlying condition, for it is true that the programs of films are not what they should be, whether from the standpoint of the adult audience or of the child audience. They are not morally what they should be. This is no reason for legal censorship, any more than the hunger of the Paris populace was a reason for giving them cake. But if we hunted we might find some other way to reach a real condition and a real evil.

What I refer to is the fact that the same film goes everywhere, to all kind of audiences, and to young people and old, and that America is practically without children's Motion Picture theaters. The manufacturer is helpless to make his picture what it should be, for he is bound to violate either the child-nature or the adult interests, and the censor, be he voluntary or legal, is at the mercy of this very condition. The manufacturer is compelled to make films, and the censor is compelled to censor them for an imaginary *genus homo* who represents an average of the qualities of babes and octogenarians, immigrants

and Americans, cultured and ignorant, black and white. In every other department of art, literature and life, the commodity is adapted to the man, the neighborhood and the class of people who are going to consume it. The highbrow can read Epictetus, and the ordinary man can read Theodore Roosevelt; the child can read Ander-

sen's Fairy Tales, and you or I can read Rabelais, if we want. But in Motion Pictures everybody must read Epictetus, or everybody must read Theodore Roosevelt, everybody must read Andersen or Rabelais, everybody must smoke either Havana cigars or Pittsburgh cheroots; everybody must wear either velvet or gingham. At the best, all the producer or film exchange or exhibitor can do is to give each member of the audience a composite dose of Epictetus and Roosevelt, and of velvet and gingham.

The trouble with Motion Pictures now is that the whole art is on a sort of horizontal dead-level plane. There are no heights or depths to it. Silly people cannot get what they want, and wise people have to get a mixture of the silly in every program.

This is a real condition; but how on earth is censorship — any possible censorship — going to remedy it? Motion Pictures are already pressed down to a sort of

drab average of everybody's likes and dislikes and wisdom and foolishness, and Canon Chase proposes to cure this condition by running a rock-crusher or lawn-mower of legal censorship over the film business, to flatten it or crop it still more.

This is a curious situation, for Canon Chase is voicing only what a million or more people are thinking and saying. The very conditions which make censorship futile and foolish are the ones which excite a cry for censorship. Because the same film goes to everybody everywhere, thoughtless people say, "Give us a censorship." But because the same film goes to everybody everywhere these same or other people will say, "Down with the censor!" as soon as he begins work. A censor can work efficiently only if he can specify that a given film must go to a given audience, and nothing that Canon

Chase or any other advocate of censorship has ever proposed will give the legal censor this power.

Now, Canon Chase, and perhaps President Dyer too, will turn the question on me. They will say, Does not the same argument put your National Board of Censorship out of court? For the National Board of Censorship has no more power than any legal censor to say that this or that film shall go to this or that audience in particular. It, like a legal censor, censors the same film for everybody everywhere.

Now, a careful thinker will suddenly discover, just at this point, the reason for the existence of the National Board of Censorship, and the reason why it is of value to the public

and to the film art.

In the first place, be it understood that the National Board of Censorship does not try to do what Canon Chase thinks a legal censor ought to do, namely, to

"Legal censorship would reduce every Motion Picture to the level of the youngest child — they are already pressed down to a sort of drab average of everybody's likes and dislikes."

reduce every Motion Picture film to the level of the youngest and most morally unstable child in the audience. The Board deserves Canon Chase's criticisms, or would deserve them if it agreed with his standards of censorship. But the Board fundamentally disagrees with such standards, and insists that, so long as Motion Pictures are going to everybody everywhere, they must be censored not for the exceptional, unstable child, but for the vast audience of wage-earning men and women, the eager adolescents and the normal children who attend the shows with their parents.

The National Board, being free from political interference, is in a position to continue this work, even tho a fairly large and noisy minority of the public disapprove it. This noisy minority has to be simply borne with by the National Board of

Censorship. They do not understand censorship or the film situation, or what the National Board is trying to do, and they will not try to understand; so that is the end of it.

The National Board, being free from court review, is thereby free from even its own precedents. It is free to register public opinion in as delicate a way as possible, and it is free to accommodate to the developing phases of the Motion Picture art itself. It is free not only to condemn, but to suggest constructively—not only to chide, but to advise. There are three or four rules which the Board is able rigidly to abide by, and these rules are

sufficient. Crime represented for crime's sake is forbidden. Films dealing with highly problematical questions, like the social evil, the drug habit, etc., are censored from a positively educational stand-

point, the Board demanding that they must make good in a definitely educational way or they will be prohibited. Of course, obscenity is prohibited, or would be, for there is rarely an obscene film shown in America. Criminal libel in Motion Pictures is forbidden. But controversy is not only allowed by the Board; it is invited. The Board holds that Motion Pictures have a place to fill in public discussion as large as the editorial page of any newspaper, and that free speech must not be abridged in the Motion Picture any more than in the press or pulpit.

The above simple rules, conscientiously interpreted by a body of intelligent people, who are not held down by statute or precedent, are

fully sufficient to cover the censoring of films. The one hundred and fifty members of the National Board are certainly disinterested, certainly devoted to their work, for they work hard and are paid nothing for their time, and are distinctly above the average of intelligence. They are free, and they have a power more real than any power which could be given them by law. If they make tyrants of themselves, or if their consciences go to sleep entirely, they can be disbanded on a day's notice, whether by the concerted action of the film producers on the one hand, or by a refusal on the part of the public officials

and civic bodies to accept the Board's advice with reference to the moral control of films. The Board exists only because of a consensus between the film trade and the enlightened public, and if either party to this arrangement

"The one hundred and fifty members of the National Board of Censorship are certainly disinterested, certainly devoted to their work, for they work hard and are paid nothing for their time."

wanted to break the Board down, it could do so without trouble, nor would the Board resist such action. For the Board has nothing to gain other than a sense of public duty done, and there are some members of the Board who grow weary at times with the innuendoes and misstatements of fact which are thrown at them.

Let me repeat, that the National Board suffers under one general limitation, which besets every official board, namely, no censorship can censor except for everybody everywhere. The abuses that Canon Chase has in mind, in so far as they are real abuses, grow out of this fact, and legal censorship would make them worse not better.



A Day With Earle Williams

Including EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARY

By "THE TATTLER"

"Go down to the Vitagraph and get me something about Earle Williams; I don't care much what it is, anything would be interesting about that player — get something, anything—about two pages, and don't come back till you get it."

All good soldiers obey orders without questioning the wisdom of the order, and it is so in a magazine or newspaper office, so I bowed a "Yes, sir," to the managing editor and started out. Please observe that I was not to *try* to get something — I was to *get* it. Further, if I did not get it I was not to return. Not wishing to join the New York army of the unemployed, thus making it 40,001, according to the latest statistics, I set out. The Brighton Beach "El" soon landed me at the door of the Vitagraph, and my card was sufficient to get me past the Cerberus on guard and into the heart of the little village. It was 9.30 A. M., and I met my victim just coming out of his dressing-room. I made known my mission, and Mr. Williams smiled.



"Go as far as you like, but I haven't the least idea what you want or what I can do for you," he said, at the same time taking from his pocket a black leather book and writing something in it. A moment later I saw in gold letters the word "Diary" on the book, and that inspired me with a brilliant thought. I must get hold of that diary!

"Beg pardon," I said, "but I came to interview you, but you seem to be interviewing me. If not too indiscreet, might I inquire what you are writing?"

"Indeed—you—can—not," he muttered, between pencil-strokes; "this is a private matter and would not interest you. In fact, it is my diary, and it is intended for only

one pair of eyes—my own. It is a complete record of myself, my thoughts, my heart, my doings, my motives, my impressions, and all that, and you can see that it would never do to——"

He was cut short by the call of a director, who came up impatiently and asked Mr. Williams to hasten to a

scene. I was invited along, and the rest of the morning was spent watching the rehearsing and taking of a scene. At noon, Mr. Williams invited me to luncheon with him, and I, of course, accepted, my mind still on that diary. About twenty-five Vitagraph players have formed a little club, and the members dine at a boarding-house about two blocks away. I observed that Mr. Williams is a moderate eater, and, in fact, temperate in all things. For luncheon he ate about half a plate of chicken soup, about a child's portion of beef stew, and half a piece of apple pie. I noticed that he ate slowly, as all people should, and that he did not devour his food as if he were starved, as did several other players at the adjoining table. His manner is quiet, and he is very polite and kind to everybody. When he speaks to you, he expects you to look him in the eye. I kept alluding to that diary every chance I got, and told him how happy he could make a million people if he would let me make a few extracts from it. But he was quite sure that it could never be, and he said that a diary was the very last thing that should ever be published. After dining we lit cigars and strolled around the block and then back to the studio.

That afternoon was a busy one, and I could hardly get a chance for a word. I observed one thing: Mr. Williams likes to think over and contemplate before going in a scene—a sort of mental preparation. I asked him once what he was thinking of. He looked up as if in a daze, and said that he was trying to get into the spirit of the character he was portraying.

"That is one of the hardest things about photoplay—sometimes we take the last scene of a play first, and then one from the middle," he added, "so you see it is sometimes difficult to remember just where you are at, and to keep your work true to the part. Sorry, but you will have to excuse me."

"Might I hold your diary while you are playing?" I asked.



IN "THE LOVE OF JOHN RUSKIN"

"No, thank you, kind sir," he laughed.

I waited around all that afternoon, without getting anything more, then telephoned my office that I would not be back. At five o'clock, when Earle



IN "THE VENGEANCE OF DURAND"

Williams stepped on the platform of a Brighton Beach car, he found me standing on the same platform.

"And the villain still pursued—" he said good-naturedly.

We sat in the same seat on the trip downtown, and had a fine talk. I found Mr. Williams a very interesting talker. He is well versed in general topics, and has opinions on about everything which he is free to express. The diary question came up several times, and on this he had a very strong opinion. I was not to see it. Just opposite us sat two young girls, and they had discovered the identity of my companion, as evidenced by their giggling and frequent glances in our direction. Mr. Williams was not annoyed, but he was far from pleased, and he confided in me that he would much rather not be recognized when out in public.

At the Court Street station Mr. Williams arose, and I did likewise. He invited me to his quarters and I gladly accepted. His bachelor rooms are modest, neatly furnished and com-

fortable. The walls are well covered with pictures, mostly photographs that he has taken himself. A number of curios and relics are intermingled, and there are some book-shelves. The first thing he did as he entered, after removing his hat and coat and placing a box of cigars before me, was to take out that much-coveted little black book and place it on the shelves by the side of several others of uniform size.

"I'll just take a plunge and change my clothes," he said, "and then we'll go over to the big village and have a bite. Make yourself at home, look over my curios, dip into the books, or amuse yourself any way you like for about fifteen minutes." With that he went into the adjoining room.

"Dip into the books, amuse yourself any way you like!" were not those his words? He made no exceptions. Had I not the right to select those diaries? Perhaps not, but the temptation was too strong, and I did. I took a hasty glance thru several of the little books, and then quickly made



IN "THE CHRISTIAN"

some extracts from the 1913 book, as follows:

TUESDAY.—Arrived at studio at 9.30. Did three scenes for "Love's Sunset." This ought to be one of my best. I really feel the part. Clara Young is fine. Like to play opposite her. She and Edith Storey are best for me. Left studio at 4.30. Called on Harry Morey in evening and played cards. Hit bed at 11.

WEDNESDAY.—Twenty-three letters this morning, all flattering. Only three silly ones. My work is being appreciated. Got an offer from ——— company for more money. Don't think I will leave Vitagraph. Dined at Hotel Martinique and went to see "Within the Law." A strong play—the best of the crook plays. Well played. Bed at 12.

THURSDAY.—A dull day. Rained all day. Nothing to do till 1. Did one scene. Wish they would give me more work. Poor part. Too bad I can't get another "Vengeance of Du-rand." Mr. Blackton told me I was cast for lead in "The Christian." Fine! I know that part well and I am glad. Called on M. L. She sings divinely. A very intellectual girl. She is very sensible. To take her to opera next Friday. Retired at 11.

FRIDAY.—Another bad day. Had nothing to do worth while. Will they ever learn to give me only good parts? They have ten men who could have done that as well as I. Stayed home and read. Asleep by 11.30.

SATURDAY.—Pay-day, and I found my salary has been increased \$25. Good! It all helps. I may be good for only ten years more, and I must provide for the rainy day. Wish the other boys could learn to save. Some of them spend as fast as they earn. Did four scenes and was off at 3. Went to N. Y. Saw six photoplays, mostly poor. Dinner at

Imperial with E. T., and then saw Henri Kraus in "Les Miserables." He was great. Too bad they all can't be like that. Hit bet at 11.

SUNDAY.—Had a fine loaf today. Wrote twenty letters. I must get a secretary. I should be out getting fresh air. Sent my regular weekly check to mother, bless her heart. I should be very thankful that I can do this every week. And, brother, what's the good of living if we can't be of use to somebody? And my savings-bank accounts are growing, too. Called on Mr. & Mrs. R. and had tea. They are fine people. Looked over my wardrobe. Must get a fresh supply.

MONDAY.—Arrived at 9. Very busy. Did eight scenes. Pretty tired. Ordered two suits at tailor's and bought half-a-dozen ties and shirts. This makes a big hole this week. Must economize for a week or so. Received large mail and some fine letters. Glad that Answer Man said I did not like to get love-letters. Don't get so many now. Long letter from father. All well. I am very happy. Called on—

Hearing a noise in the adjoining room, I started like a thief. I was about to replace the book quickly, then changed my mind and decided to put on a bold front and tell the truth. But it was a false alarm. Quickly opening the precious little book again, I found these October notes:

WEDNESDAY.—Still in Boston, doing "The Christian." Boston people are not used to seeing photoplayers. They did not know what to make of us. Kent and I were dressed as priests, and a policeman came along and touched his cap, saying, "Good-morning, Father." Going to the coast tomorrow. I have nice



IN "LOVE'S SUNSET"



Perhaps the snow-bound condition of the country accounts for the additional volume of appreciation, poetical and otherwise, this month—but whatever the cause, the effect has been copious and exceptionally meritorious. It has been hard to discriminate; and just to prove our mental poise, we disregard the heroines and begin the department with lines to Julia Swayne Gordon, “The Vitagraph Villainess”:

I've seen you oft upon the screen
In rôles that people criticize,
But long ago I knew the truth—
That all those parts were just a guise.

Your greedy, scheming, vampire ways
Are just a mask you're forced to wear,
But I have looked beneath—and found
A hidden store of sweetness there.

Your lovely eyes, your graceful ways
Have won my heart, I must confess:
So with this rhyme I send three cheers
To you—my charming “Villainess!”

1023 Almond St., Chicago, Ill.

FLORENCE STEINER.

Helen Costello has a loyal little friend in St. Louis, Mo., who signs herself Helen Mintner, 1509A South Ninth Street. We are unable to print the verse accompanying the letter, but this is part of what she says:

I am a little girl ten years old. I have written these few verses to my little favorite, Helen Costello, to show her how we all love her around here. We would like you to print Helen Costello's picture again, as we all think she is so pretty and sweet. Also her little sister Dolores Costello's picture, too.

"F. H." sends honest tribute to Laura Sawyer. We quote in part:

TO LAURA SAWYER.

I love to sit and watch a scene
And study faces on the screen;
Some lovely maids are pictured there,
With laughing eyes and wealth of hair.

There's one of whom I wish to sing,
Whose smile is like the breath of spring;
'Tis Laura Sawyer, movie queen,
The gentlest face e'er on the screen.

Oh! lucky mortal, thus to be
Graced with a face so fair to see,
Bedecked with such a charming grace
That fleeting years will not efface.

I've sung my song—I'll say adieu,
Kind greetings I extend to you;
I'm not in love—I have a wife—
But I admire the fine in life.

Strange things happen in Texas, according to one who writes us as follows:

DOWN IN TEXAS.

The greenbugs are the greenest
Down in Texas,
Boll worms are the meanest
Down in Texas;
The picture shows are grandest,
The politicians blandest,
And fakers the blindest
Down in Texas.

The sun is always shining
Down in Texas,
Nothing done in small ways
Down in Texas;
Photo fans yell loudest,
Of Kerrigan we're proudest,
Folks behind you talk the broadest
Down in Texas.

The moonlight is the brightest
Down in Texas,
Cotton is the whitest
Down in Texas;
Fanatics are the thickest,
Triggers pull the quickest,
Wrong-doers look the sickest
Down in Texas.

We love our Motion Pictures
Down in Texas,
They all have such grand fixtures
Down in Texas;
We all love Tommy Moore,
And Willard's pretty pompadour,
And our favorites we will fight for
Down in Texas.

Anonymously,

A TEXAN.

Margaret Goldstein sees beneath the outer surface, and appreciates the art that gives a character birth. She verifies this in her lines:

TO EVELYN SELBIE.

You have read praise to beautiful girls,
To their eyes, their dimples, their smiles or curls;
But you never, never read praise to that class
Of character actors who looks surpass.

They may not seem beautiful in their parts,
But their acting comes straight and true from their hearts.
So here's to the character actors, I say;
Here's to Evelyn Selbie, of Essanay!

Not to neglect the outer manifestations, which, after all, are not to be slighted, let us print this eulogy from one W. R. C. It deifies a dimple:

ANITA'S DIMPLE.

In the Lyric I was sitting, watching divers films a-flitting,
When Dan Cupid took his little wing at me;
I felt my heart a-going, unconsciously, not knowing
What the dickens was thus causing it to flee.
I was looking at a reel on which a girl genteel
Was displaying all her beauty and her charm,
But what had she to offer to me—a confirmed scoffer,
Who considered that his heart was free from harm?
Sez I: "Tis not her purity—her face proves that a surety—
And not the way she fixes up her hair;
'Tis not in her ability, nor yet in her agility,
Which I'll admit are both beyond compare."
This new-found love of mine had now reached a point divine,
But to which of her fair charms could I construe it?
Could it be those dear, dark eyes had chanced to hypnotize,
As in other plays I've often seen them do it?
Altho I loved it so, 'twas not her Cupid's bow,
Nor yet her pretty brows that caused all this;
'Twas not her classic nose and nothing in the pose
Of this exquisite, charming little miss.
I was driven near distraction, when—oh, the satisfaction!—
The elusive thing I found, and it was simple:
Dont question my veracity—just then, with quaint audacity,
She smiled and disclosed it—in her dimple!
Turn your head now while I kiss it—I know she'll never miss it,
For I'll steal it from her photo on my dresser.
Yes, I'd like to hug her, too, and so, no doubt, would you,
But let's end this simple rhyme with just "God bless her."

Toast to Frank E. Montgomery (Kalem), toastmaster at the Wednesday Dinner of the Photoplayers' Club, on the occasion of a notable dinner at which the hall was furnished with Indian relics, and at which there were Indian dances, etc.:

Hiim paleface chief from the tribe of Kalem,
Bring um redskins—so we hail 'em.
(Kalem—hail 'em—Gee! that's rotten,
But I must write it the way I've got 'em.)
No need bring um white police,
Big chief bring um pipe of peace.
Call um pow-wow, you and me,
Big feast in the chief's tepee.
Eat um cow and drink firewater,
Injun drink, tho didn't oughter.
Redskins bury tomahawk deep,
'Cause we like each other heap.
Tomahawks just made to knock.
Hiit um paleface on the block.
Catch um Injuns knock—Lord help um,
Good club Injuns quickly scalp um.
Lots good Injuns can be found
In our Happy Hunting Ground.
Bring um glasses, sing um song,
Smoke um pipe and beat tom-tom.
The warpath never may he want—he
Heap good Injun—Glendale Monty!

We believe in contrasts—hence the rapid transit from the strictly sentimental to the apt pen of the humorist. These comic quirks are a new form of appreciation—and they are apt indeed:

"DAFFYDILS" IN PLAYERDOM.

If Carlyle Blackwell admires Alice Joyce, doth Arthur Johnson think Blanche Sweet?

If Crane Wilbur is thirty and Augustus Carney thirty, too, is Clara Kimball Young?

If John Bunny owes Earle Williams twenty dollars, how much does Maurice Costello?

If Gene Gauntier often goes boating, does James Cruze?

If Florence Lawrence has golden hair, what has Klug Baggot?

If Earle Williams is an excellent painter on canvas, what is Ethel Grandon?

If Edna Payne is dark complected, is Pearl White?

If Van Dyke Brooke is bald, is Robert Grey?

If Lillian Walker lost her diamond ring, would Irene Hunt?

A letter comes to us from Marlow, Okla., and it is signed "A Mother." We quote in part only because we are unable to do so in full:

I want to say a word in praise of one of the players—Jack Warren Kerrigan. I read his chat in an early spring number and, later, the statement he made to the public in such a frank, fearless manner. It touched the hearts of thousands of women the world over.

The theatrical profession has been much abused in its time, but now that the stage is coming into its own, I think the profession very fortunate in having as a representative a character like Mr. Kerrigan's.

I think the rising generation might take him for an example, and I am sure that if my own boys grow up to love, honor and respect me as Mr. Kerrigan does his mother, I will feel my work in their behalf has been appreciated. I sincerely hope Mr. Kerrigan's days will be long upon this land, and that his influence will be far and wide.

Come fluent, feeling lines from one signed "The Understudy." They are tributary to Alice Joyce:

To see or not to see!

Some time ago

I stood outside a Movie show and tried

(One lonesome little dime

Held close to me)

The all-absorbing question to decide.

And then I saw her face!

'Twas but a glimpse—

The door swung to, the living screen to hide;

(Ah, Alice dear,

Your captivating grace)

I handed out my dime and went inside.

So what care I,

Tho I can't get

The stamps to send to editors my stuff,

(I've spent my dime;

The last I had, by Jove!)

I've seen Sweet Alice play—and that's enough.



HELEN MARTEN—THE ECLAIR CAMEO BEAUTY

Recording a Fad, a Fancy and a Fact

By F. MARION BRANDON

SIT up, boys and girls; for I'm going to disclose a *tremendous* secret. At last you will have a chance to see little Helen Marten at her best—elusive, evanescent, elfin, flitting thru *six* reels—count 'em—of a film version of that very wonderful French refugee novel, published last summer—"The Kangaroo." It is estimated by those few who have been privileged to view this photoplay privately, that little Helen's stock will go up another hundred points! Her part is that of a boy—"the saft one of the fambly." The brilliant, scintillating action of the entire six reels is strung upon the silken thread of this

witching girl's personality. (Mary Pickford, 'ware your laurels!)

"I've read a whole tantalizing paragraph, and dont know yet what she really is like!" is, I suppose, your impatient comment. Well, I shall establish myself immediately in your good graces by recounting in detail this young lady's charms. She is small, slim, graceful, imperious. Her beauty is delicate—cameo-like. Nose straight and short; lips, cheeks and chin exquisitely molded; eyes, blue-gray, wondering, wide-set under straight, brown brows; hair, a profusion of softly coiled or curled, shining nut-brown strands. Last item—



very important—a deep-set chin-dimple, wherein lurks alluring danger to all mankind.

On one of my recent visits to the Eclair studios, I noticed a

group of children frolicking, from whose midst a slightly larger "child" detached itself laughingly.

It was Helen. I stopped her on the run to a scene that had just been struck.

"Helen, let me straighten this eye-brow before you go on." She became unnecessarily suspicious at my sudden interest in her personal appearance.

"What do you want? Another 'autograph photy-graft,' as Harry Lauder would say?"

"No, Helen," I answered reproachfully; "not a thing, really. Er, by the way, that last batch of photographs you had taken were so successful that we'll have to send them to the *Motion Picture Magazine*; and, Helen, I do wish you'd help me out on copy just a little. A fad and a fancy will do." I hastened to add, as Helen eyed me severely with an "I gotcha Steve" expression.

"Well, then," she temporized, "if you can wait until I get thru this scene, you shall have a fad, a fancy, and a fact to boot."

I gracefully draped myself upon a heap of props and proceeded to enjoy the wait. Helen has adapted herself so successfully to Indian-girl parts that she has become known as "The Little Indian of the Eclair-Universals." However, this clever girl is

rapidly acquiring great versatility; almost every week finds her winning honors in an entirely new type of characterization. This scene was part of "Big-hearted Jim," and Helen played a heart-hungry wife (ridiculous! she's barely out of the nursery herself!) who was mothering a neighbor's children. Six of them! And a litter of kittens, besides. But little Helen had done her hair up into a huge Psyche knot for the occasion, and, believe me, Mawruss, she lived up to that Psyche knot and wifey look in a way that brought tears to the eyes of her impromptu audience.

The best part of daylight was past.

I helped Helen wriggle out of the trailing "mother" dress and into her own boot-top-length trotteur. Then we ran frantically to catch the car—for cars have a distressing way of passing but once every twenty minutes or so in Fort Lee. Back in New York, we made for the comfy inglenook of a *certain tea-room* (I refuse to give its name or location) where feminine stars of the spoken and silent drama congregate daily.

Here, at last, is the fad Helen disclosed to me over the fragrant Oolong: she just *dots* on "stockings to match." To the masculine mind this probably means

nothing. To the feminine mind it means heavenly visions of sacheted, rose-tinted dresser-drawers just *cram-full* of cobwebby silk—even hose in every imaginable hue and gradation of hue; for what woman, in this era of slashed skirts and *thé dan-*



sants, would not give much to possess "stockings to match" every gown in her wardrobe! Then, "for special," Helen confided, one silver pair of hose, one gold pair—not "really truly gold"—of course not; one fish-net pair meshed with tiny steel beads, and a well-nigh-priceless pair of silk-lace stockings, embroidered with tiniest seed pearls which—whisper it—she is saving for her trousseau! (Then she's *not* married? No, boys, I saved this for a surprise.)

Then, here is the fancy. Miss Helen Marten didn't tell me this. I got it from other sources. Every now and then, when she has a spare afternoon, Helen goes off to a crippled children's or other home where she can find unfortunate youngsters, and sings for them; or cuts paper dollies; or feeds them goodies; or does any other thing that can possibly make the poor little ones forget their misfortunes. Isn't this being a real Lady Bountiful? Helen fancies this as a pet diversion.

Now, then, we are getting serious, for we have reached the fact: Miss Marten's mail includes very many letters from girls all over the country who want her assistance in "acting just as you do."

The apparent ease of it appears to be its appeal to them. I shall let her speak of this for her diminutive self:

"Since the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE reaches at least a million people, surely many of the girls who have written to me will see my answer here. I want to tell them

collectively what I would tell each one individually if my time permitted. Being a film actress is far from being 'the easiest way' to earn a livelihood. It requires almost super-human effort to get an op-

portunity to enter the field: it requires daily action which has every element of physical danger; and, above all, it requires constant study, not only to keep pace with the growing demands of the camera, but ahead of the horde of competitors who push every actor, great or small, for his place. I, like most co-players who have succeeded in attaining a film personality, owe it more to mere chance than to the hard apprenticeship I served. The theatrical profession, whether on the stage or behind the camera, is so thoroly subjected to chance, that I cannot sincerely advise any girl, blinded by its glamour, to

leave the security of her home environment for the hard fight and bitter disappointments which would beset her path as an actress. You may wonder, then, why I am here; and the others with me. Frankly, I think most of us saw dazedly, blinded by the glamour then, as you are now. And none could see the unceasing struggle that tomorrow held for us. Money could not compensate us for the dangers we must undergo. It is your appreciation, as it comes, oftentimes in a simple, sincere note, that tells of the happiness our work—my work—has given you; how it has helped you forget, for awhile, dark care as it bestrode your shoulders."





Provide for the Repeating of History

By C. LEON KELLEY



NOTHING is more fascinating to most of us than man's history, the intricate story of his growth from the earliest times known of up to our own age. No narrative will ever excel the account of his stern struggle. In the vast future, further on than one dares to imagine, the human race will continue to be fascinated in the events which have led up to its state of existence. By then, our own period of life will have already become an old part of history. But their method of visualizing the past may differ immensely from our own. Probably the Motion Picture, or some advanced adaptation of it, will present duplications of today's and of subsequent historical incidents. That is, it *may* be so if we of today provide for it by photographing these happenings and placing them safely away for this future use.

What a perfect means of such a record the Moving Picture affords! Surely, all previous methods are incomparable to this one. Indeed, what a small development such methods have made—almost as laborious as the very history they have enrolled!

At first, in Babylonian and Phœnician ages, the brief, disconnected records of history were cut, in hieroglyphic figures and letters, into the stones of monuments and of temples. The earliest Greek inscriptions were made on columns, pillars and statues, in Thera and Crete. Later, more convenient marble tablets were formed; and lettered impressions were made, also, in sheets of lead. The Romans had still an easier method, that of inscribing records on bronze; and the hasty scratchings of the persecuted Christians of Rome made in the soft walls of the Catacombs have preserved much historical treasure. With expanded conquest and increased instruments of living, easier ways were established, until, by many successive

steps out from the crude, our modern presses have been perfected to prepare elegantly printed summaries and collections of the contents of the whole.

But even our modern method can be excelled; only, however, by the use of the Motion Picture.

Within the past several years, that class of Moving Pictures which may be termed to include history-making events, has extended rapidly. The greatest factor in this work is, perhaps, the news-weekly, which makes it a business to catch world events with its boundless eye. Many pictures were taken of the recent Balkan war, and others are being taken in Mexico. Many of the leading nations' eminent men and women pose before the animated camera. What truer manner of biography-making than to take the very scenes of the subject's life! Such expeditions as Scott's Pole-dash and Rainey's jungle explorations all have their camera-man. Motion Picture manufacturers are readily accessible to most universities and other institutions in order to record unusual products of intellectual activity and scientific discoveries. One company specializes in catching views of big athletic events of universities at which world's records are often broken. In short, the camera's eye sees every stratum of the world's tide of life and is trained especially upon those things which will influence history.

It remains, then, only for a movement to be set in motion that will organize a systematic collecting, compiling and preservation of Moving Pictures of historical events to inaugurate a new method of history-recording that will make future study and reference of history a visual delight to the brain and an actual future reproduction or repetition of the history itself.



Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

DR. JOHNSON once said, "I am a friend of public amusements because they keep the people away from vice." It is pleasant to note that whereas a few years ago there were many reformers and societies whose main ambition was to abolish Motion Pictures entirely, they now realize that the pictures have their redeeming qualities. These good-intentioned persons now see that the saloons are not so well patronized as formerly, that bad literature is not so common, that the lurid, immoral melodramas of the "blood and thunder" order are disappearing from the stage, and that gambling in all its forms is not so popular with our youths as formerly. There are a few who still maintain that certain classes of Motion Pictures exert a bad influence on the young, but even these have come to the conclusion that if it were not for the pictures the young would be beset with temptations still more alluring. Looking at the Motion Picture as a pure source of amusement, it deserves to survive the attacks of its enemies. But it is more than this; it is a source of profit. Aside from those pictures that are purely educational, and these are numerous, we must not forget that even those photodramas which deal with crime and immorality have their good points that usually outweigh the bad. Nobody would deny the young the privilege of reading or witnessing the Shakespearean plays, yet these abound with murders and other atrocious crimes. Nobody would deny the young the privilege of reading history, yet history is little else than a record of war and crime. But few would deny the young the privilege of reading the daily papers, yet these are replete with true records of the evil deeds of our contemporaries. And there is this great advantage of the pictures over history and news: they nearly always point a moral; they show vice in all its hideousness accompanied by its just deserts, while virtue is clothed in all its brilliant and inspiring garments. Bar-room brawls, gambling, murders, and other degrading scenes are seldom shown in the best Motion Pictures; but when they are there is always a motive behind it, and it is never a demoralizing one. When the people cease to enjoy harrowing scenes and stirring episodes, then will all Motion Picture manufacturers cease to make them. The most refined and sedate of us enjoy excitement now and then, and it is not always harmful. That there is too much of it in the pictures, there is no doubt; but we cannot hope to please all the people all the time. When that is accomplished it will be the dawn of the millennium.

In a candid spirit of bettering the photodrama, I again suggest drastic improvements in the lithographs of films that now hurt one's eyes in front of the theaters. Both the science and art of lithography have made wonderful strides in the past decade—the three-color process, the inventions of Bendé, the refinements of artistic handling, have vastly improved the theatrical poster;

yet the lithographs of most of the film manufacturers are the crude and painful messes of the past, when lurid melodrama held its sway. Poorly colored, out of drawing, hideous in conception, cheap and tawdry, they repel rather than allure. I will suggest only what improvements can be made by substituting black and white, line drawing, wash drawing and photo reproduction of actual poses in the plays advertised. Let the progressive manufacturers spend half a day in a smart printing establishment devoted to theatrical display, and the scales of bad taste and old fogeyism will drop from their eyes.

Classic literature has been gone thru with a fine-toothed comb, and all the great masterpieces in literature have or are being done into photoplays, among which I might mention Homer's *Odyssey*, Dante's *Inferno*, *Vanity Fair*, *Tale of Two Cities*, *David Copperfield*, *Pickwick*, *Les Miserables*, *Lorna Doone*, *Don Quixote*, and *Faust*, and even the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, which has been given the distinction of being one of the greatest things ever done, yet it was made from the few verses of *Julia Ward Howe*. *Jack London* is doing his stories into photoplays, and *Rex Beach*, *George Oppenheim*, *Will Carleton*, *Sir Gilbert Parker*, and *Hudson Maxim* have also appeared in the field as writers of photoplays.

Not only this, we have several companies devoted to making pictures of the great events of the world; among which films is *Pathé's Weekly*, now issued twice a week. These films show pictures of contemporary history, such as the launching of a battleship, the unveiling of a monument, an inauguration of a President, the World Series of baseball games, impeachment proceedings, important parades, great funerals, etc. And other companies vie with one another in making films of all great events, such as the late crowning of England's new king, fires, floods, and earthquakes, and these films are sometimes shown at regular theaters at fifty cents admission, with nothing else on the program. And I want to make a plea for the recording for preservation of all these films of contemporaneous history. Every city and state ought to have a department for this sole purpose; to collect all documents, papers, phonographic records and films of important things and events. Public officials should be taken in the act of signing important documents or making important speeches and announcements, and all these things should be preserved for future historians. While films are being made of all our great men, these films are taken by private parties for private reasons, and without regard to their retention by the authorities for public record. They take whom they please, and how they please, and when they have had these films on the market for a short time they disappear, and the world never hears of them again. Many pictures have been made of *Roosevelt*, *Bryan*, *Taft*, *Wilson*, *Gaynor*, and other public men, but nothing whatever is being done to preserve those films. Would it not come within the province of this magazine to take this matter up, with a view to having historical departments organized by the state, city and nation, in which films of public men and events are to be preserved?

And think of the benefits to us and to successive ages had the ancients known the art of Motion Photography. What do we know of *Homer*, of *Hannibal of Xerxes*, of *Philip of Macedon*, of *Alexander the Great*, of *Pericles*, of *Plato*, *Socrates*,



MUSINGS OF THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER

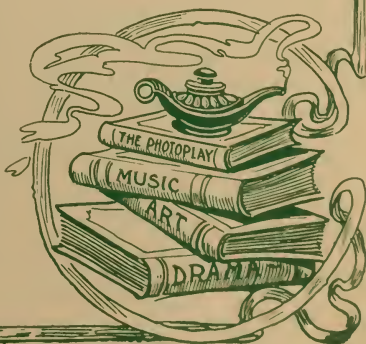
Cicero, Demosthenes, Nero, the Cæsars, Charlemagne, etc.? How little we know of how these men really and truthfully looked, of what they wore, and of their habits and customs. Our historians differ, and every now and then some new historian comes along and says that Nero was not a bad emperor, that Hannibal was not blind in one eye, that Homer was not a beggar, that Æsop was not a negro dwarf, etc. And how easy it would be to teach history by means of pictures. History is really only a record of the great men who have lived. They mark the way like milestones on the road to progress—from Alexander to Cæsar, from Cæsar to Constantine, from Constantine to Charlemagne, from Charlemagne to Napoleon; and how easy it would be to tell the whole story of the birth of civilization by means of Motion Pictures. Think of the volumes that have been written about the battles of Waterloo and Gettysburg, no two alike, and how easy the story could have been told by a battery of cameras under Red Cross protection.

The *Morning Tribune*, of Tampa, Florida, seems to have an Answer Man who ranks close up to our own, as witness the following question and answer that appeared in a recent issue of that paper:

Q.—During the year just ended 6,380,000,000 nickels were spent in this country at the Moving Picture shows, or \$319,000,000. This vast sum would have purchased 390,000 homes for people in ordinary circumstances, or nearly 80,000 good-sized farms. How about it?

A.—Yes, and, on the other hand, those 6,380,000,000 nickels would also have bought 2,126,666,666 drinks of whisky, which would have caused sorrow to 5,000,000 mothers and unhappiness to 3,000,000 wives and deprivation and suffering to 10,000,000 children—if they had not been spent at the Motion Picture shows, where they bought clean, wholesome and educational amusement and made millions of men, women and children happy.

Goethe asks, "Is not the world full enough of riddles already, without our making riddles too out of the simplest phenomena?" They say that poor old Homer died of chagrin because he could not expound a riddle propounded by a simple fisherman: "Leaving what's taken, what he took not we bring." Poor Homer—no wonder he died. Aristotle and Philetas were also painfully perplexed about the famous sophism called, by the ancients, "The Liar": "If you say of yourself, 'I lie,' and in so saying tell the truth, you lie. If you say, 'I lie,' and in so saying tell a lie, you tell the truth." That reminds me of an experience: I rented one of my rooms to a young lawyer who promised to pay me \$200 for the year as soon as he won his first case. I waited a long while, and, finding that he did not win any cases and did not intend to pay, decided to sue him, reasoning thus: "If I win, the judgment of the court will be in my favor and he must pay. If I lose, he will have won his first case, and must pay, according to the terms of his agreement." On the other hand, the young lawyer reasoned thus: "If I win the case, the judgment of the court will be in my favor, and I will not have to pay. If I lose, I will not have won my first case, and hence need not pay." This is a strange piece of logic, and quite seductive. The smartest men in any community are those who live on their wits. Only the very smart can get along on such small capital.





The CONSOLATION

BY
GEORGE WILDEY

How the sunlight was dimpling and dancing
In a tropical heaven of blue,
When I first knew the rapture entrancing
In the beauty and sweetness of you!
When you came all unconsciously claiming
Every gift that the gods might impart,
With your smile that still lives in its framing
Of the love-light that dawned in my heart.



With your coming, the routine of acting
In the photoplay drama became
(Heretofore but a duty distracting)
More alluring than fortune or fame.
And with you, fairest star, to inspire me
With the witch'ry that round me you threw,
With the warmth of your genius to fire me,
I rejoiced in the drama with you.

So we played at the old hacienda
In the semblance of loving by day,
But at night on the moonlit veranda
'Twas the god of real love that held sway.
And our hearts were forever united
In a troth that was surely divine,
Tho the utmost I gave was required
With a love that was greater than mine.



And we played thru the seasons together
In the Southland where dream-zephyrs blow;
In the Northland we braved the fierce weather
Amid forests of ice and of snow.
We were featured from ocean to ocean,
Over mountains and valleys and plains,
And the charm of your love was the lotion
That soothed all the heartaches and pains.

And together we fared till you left me
In the throes of unrest and despair—
Till the call of the Highest bereft me
Of the fairest of all that was fair.
But tho gone is the touch of your fingers,
And your kiss, like a draught of old wine,
Yet I know that your spirit still lingers
In eternal communion with mine.



And I turn for my heart's consolation
To the knowledge that still, as erstwhile,
Shines the light of your bright destination,
Of enriching the world with your smile;
And the thought that forever and ever,
While the photoplay pictures are seen,
All your beauty and brightness will never
Become dim in the light on the screen.

Motion Pictures

Big Stage Salaries

History Will Not Repeat Itself

By ROBERT GRAU

Author of "Forty Years' Observation of Music and Drama," "The Stage in the Twentieth Century," etc.

BECAUSE of the overwhelming and constantly increasing change of environment from the speaking stage to the film studio, on the part of famous players as well as the rank and file of the older calling, one is not surprised to hear many theatrical managers express the belief that history is likely to repeat itself, in that the same evolution which transformed the old-time variety show into the gold-laden modern vaudeville is about to convert the Motion Picture art into the most lucrative field of endeavor for stage talent that the amusement field has ever known.

But these gentlemen, wise in their generation, are assuming that the same craze for big names that caused the so-called "legit" invasion of the vaudeville stage, increasing salaries tenfold in an effort to tempt the celebrity into the two-a-day theaters, is due almost immediately in filmdom as a result of the epidemic of "feature photoplays" and the almost complete capitulation of the theatrical play-producers to the lure of the camera-man. And these experienced showmen are shaking their heads ominously, even going so far as to predict that the one great menace confronting the film industry—the mania for "headliners"—is certain to create the "four-figure weekly salary," and the resultant effort will be to bring about a condition that will end the prosperity of the big producing concerns and cause a big boom for the smaller ones.

For the purpose of establishing the difference between the stage and film callings, the writer, having started the "legit" invasion in vaudeville, is enabled to quote figures with accuracy. For instance, the Four Cohans were paid by the writer \$175 a week, when they presented the same act that a few years later caused \$3,000 to be enclosed in their pay envelope. A more amazing instance was the case of Elsie

Janis. In the spring of one year, for a "turn" of imitations, \$125 was meted out to Elsie. In the fall of the following year, the same Elsie, having scored on Broadway in musical comedy, asked and actually received \$2,500 a week (and she has had \$3,000 since). B. F. Keith paid McIntyre and Heath \$150 a week to do ten turns a day in Boston, and the Ethiopian duo were the envied of their colleagues on the same program. Yet it is a truth that this team recently returned to the same city, under the same management, in precisely the same specialty, but instead of ten turns a day but two were required; instead of \$150 Mr. Keith forked out 2,500 "iron men" every Saturday night, with clock-like regularity.

Eva Tanguay was just as clever when she was granted \$30 a week as now, when, because she can't have \$3,500 a week, she has her own show on tour. Gertrude Hoffman actually had to barnstorm because she could not induce the vaudeville managers to pay her \$50 a week, but she had her revenge when, only four years later, the latter agreed to pay her \$105,000 for thirty weeks. Sam Bernard had a hard time inducing the same men who now gladly pay him \$2,500 a week to allow him a single hundred, a decade and a half ago.

For three years Victor Moore played his present-day sketch at the munificent salary of \$125, out of which he paid his company and expenses. Today the same managers fall over each other to pay him ten times as much. I recall when Rose Stahl, already well-known as a star, had to beg to be allowed to play gratis at Proctor's Theater in "The Chorus Lady"; later, \$350 a week was paid to Miss Stahl, but when Broadway hailed Rose in the full play expanded from the sketch, she refused \$3,500 a week.

May and Flo Irwin at \$125 a week was indeed a bargain, yet the late Tony Pastor paid the greatest of all sister teams that honorarium for years. Now May asks and gets \$3,000 a week alone.

One is tempted to continue in this strain indefinitely, but the editor restricts in the matter of space, so there is only room here to state at present that these vaudeville changes are hardly likely to be emulated in the Motion Picture field, for the reason that fame is not, and is not likely to be, the compelling factor in alternating the public to the photoplayhouse. It is true that the favorites of the screen are a powerful magnet and are recognized as such by the producers and the exhibitors alike, but their strength at the box-office is due, not to their achievements on the speaking stage, but entirely to such artistry as they have revealed before the camera, and one may name a score of youthful men and women who entered the film studio unknown and unsung who represent far more today to the men who pay their salaries than the \$3,000 a week "headliners" of vaudeville.

Moreover, it is absolutely certain that neither the producing managers (I can't express myself concretely by calling these gentlemen manufacturers) nor the millions of photoplay patrons would willingly exchange their idols on the screen for the celebrities named.

Excepting Mrs. Fiske, whose "Tess" revealed her as a truly great exponent of silent acting, I do not believe that there is an actress today in New York's playhouse zone for whom the intelligent film-producer would grant unusual financial inducements to become a permanent stellar member of his stock organization.

One must hear seasoned playgoers discussing the film stars to grasp the different conditions existing in the new art. I have heard nothing lately in the hotels and theater lobbies but eulogy of two young film stars, Anita Stewart and Clara Kimball Young, both of whom have tied *blasé* New Yorkers by the thousands to their

apron-strings, as a result of the advent of the Vitagraph Players in their Broadway playhouse.

Ordinarily these young ladies would quickly be induced to sell their newly made fame, but the lure of a temporary big salary is not likely to be effective with either, and this fact explains why no great upheaval is likely in filmdom. Thru any craze for celebrities, I do not believe Charles Kent could be induced to leave the Vitagraph Company under any circumstances. Sidney Drew is happier today than he has ever been in all of his career. Mary Pickford, Mary Fuller, Lillian Walker, Rosemary Theby, Alice Joyce and others equally famous today credit their achievements to the science and art of the film studio, and I believe they and their kind will be held fast by those factors indefinitely. Hence, while the financial reward will, of course, materially increase, the day is not yet in sight when the selling of fame to the highest bidder will find favor in filmdom. In other words, the vaudeville "gold bricks," now known as "the Monday stars," are not a necessity in the film studio, and the old-time showmen, who predict that the advent of the theatrical managers as film-producers is to create a demand for famous players at "four figures" weekly salary, are wholly mistaken. If the "four-figure" weekly salary is to become popular, the reward will go to the young and enthusiastic players of a rising generation, whose genius finds sole expression in the great new art that has changed the amusement map of the entire world.

One need observe only the career of the brothers Ince, sons of a patriarch of the speaking stage, who did not live to see their triumphs as representative exponents of the modern art of public entertaining. Such as they are the "headliners" needed, and they have nothing to fear from any ill-advised movement that the "old showmen" may inaugurate with the idea that the "has beens" of a non-scientific theatrical era will add honor to screen productivity.



A FEW SIMPLE LESSONS IN THE ART OF BECOMING A PHOTOPLAYER

1—Borrow an untamed bronco from any Wild West show. This is always a good lesson to start with. If he is full of action, your day will not be wasted. 2—After you have mastered the art of riding, allow the bronco to toss you on your ear until you can land without disturbing your anatomy. 3—The next step is to hire a dress-suit and make love to the prettiest girls in your vicinity. Clasp them firmly to your bosom until it can be done without breaking the shirt-front. 4—Find a lake or river in which numerous cakes of ice are floating. Plunge in and practice pushing the ice around for several hours. If you survive this, you are ready for lesson number 5. 5—A racing automobile can be purchased for a few thousand dollars, and with steady application can be run at a record clip. Being able to do this will make your services more valuable to any film company. 6—When the circus comes to your town, persuade one of the animal-trainers to allow the most ferocious beast to chase you ten or twenty miles. At this distance it is good practice to climb a tree and see how many days the animal can keep you in suspense. With these few accomplishments and a handsome face, there is little doubt but that you will be much sought after.



GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Now that the big Manhattan Opera House has been given over to Motion Pictures, and several others of New York's famous playhouses, what more is needed to convince you that the photodrama is just as popular as the other kind?

Anna Little has left the Kay-Bee and Broncho companies for the Universal. They say there is not an animal on four legs that she cannot ride—except a kitten.

Biograph's funny man, Charles Murray, has joined the Keystone funny people.

Vivian Prescott and Charles De Forrest are no longer Imps, but sparkling Crystals.

The Famous Players Company announce William Farnham in "The Redemption of David Corson."

Please take notice that from now and henceforth Anita Stuart will be Aulta Stewart.

On Charles Kent (Vitagraph) has been conferred the degree or title of "Dean of the Screen."

Here's an example of quick work: On Monday a leading film company telephoned our Photoplay Clearing House for a certain kind of script, which it must have the following day. The P. C. H. had none of the kind on hand, but promised to write one. They did so. They telephoned the synopsis. It was O. K. Next day the company started doing the first reel, and before night the other two reels were delivered.

Edith Storey, with William Taylor opposite, has just finished a five-reel Western Vitagraph that has not yet been named.

There seems to be no end of Stewarts at the Biograph studio. Maurice Wilcox Stewart, late of the Maude Adams Company, has just made it the "Five Stewarts."

Alice Joyce makes her debut as a dancer in "The Cabaret Dancer."

All the critics seem to agree that Edith Storey in "The Christian" comes pretty close to being the finest ever done before a camera.

Louise Glaum is again playing opposite "Universal Ike" Carney in some very funny comedies.

Elen Lorimer, formerly of the Kinemacolor, has joined the Western Exchange Company, to play opposite Mr. Anderson in society comedies. Marie Dressler, also, probably.

Carlyle Blackwell has a new, seven-passenger Cadillac, and Mona Darkfeather has a snow-white limousine.

Edna Maison will play opposite Edwin August in Gold Seal features, with Hal August in the juvenile parts.

Neva Gerber seems to be Carlyle Blackwell's present leading woman.

Kate Price appeared at the Vitagraph studio on St. Patrick's Day attired in an emerald green gown and wig, and every other player, to celebrate the day, turned green with envy.

Marguerite Fischer and Harry Pollard were recently ejected from a theater in which their own pictures were being shown. They were laughing, and the usher, not recognizing them, thought they were making fun.

Wont it seem funny to see G. M. Anderson playing "dressed-up" parts in society dramas and comedies?

Among the many novelties at the International Exposition (June 8-13) at the Grand Central Palace, New York City, will be a practical working studio in which will be shown the making of a Motion Picture from start to finish, and leading photoplayers of all companies are to participate.

Wilfred Lucas has Cleo Madison as leading woman, and her first masterpiece is "The Mystery of Wickham Hall."

William Lord Wright has been engaged by the *New York Dramatic Mirror* to conduct a photoplaywright department.

Ralph Ince, Abraham Lincoln's double, is building a beautiful little castle on the banks of the main canal at the "American Venice," Brightwaters, L. I., and his sister-in-law, Anita Stewart, will visit him twice a year, staying six months each visit.

The Itala Film Company have engaged Thomas Bedding to look after its American interests, in which they show very good taste.

The janitor of the Essanay Western Company was recently seen using a new style of feather-duster. Inquiry developed the fact that he found it after a visit of a theatrical company, and it proved to be an \$85 aigrette.

Those who have seen Warren Kerrigan in "Samson" at the Republic Theater, New York City, are remarking about his Hercules-Adonis shape.

Arthur Mackley has joined the Irene Hunt-Courtenay Foote branch of the Mutual Company.

Mary Charleson and James Morrison, who have been appearing personally at the Vitagraph Theater for the past month, have resumed their regular film work with increased laurels.

Edwin August has returned to the West after his brief visit East.

Robert Ellis, or "Bob-for-Short," is the name of that handsome young chap who plays opposite the still handsomer Irene Boyle.

Ray Gallagher, formerly with Méliès and Lubin, has adopted the Gold Seal as his trademark.

Josephine Rector has resigned from the Western Essanay Company, and is now at Haywood, Cal.

Since the Western Essanay Company have decided to have a revival of successful old plays, you may expect soon to see playing opposite Mr. Anderson, Gladys Field, Edna Fisher and the lamented Vedah Bertram.

Among the press notices from "the Slope" is one announcing that Carlyle Blackwell refuses to boost himself in a certain contest now being conducted by a woman's magazine. He says he refuses to make a business matter of something that ought to stand on its own merits.

Joseph De Grasse (formerly Pathé) will now direct for J. Warren Kerrigan.

Francis Ford and Grace Cunard burnt midnight oil in plotting "The Mysterious Hand," and they are now at work making the film.

Now that "spring is come," the Long Island roads are being burnt up by the following auto enthusiasts: John Bunney, Ralph Ince, Van Dyke Brooke, Maurice Costello, Edith Storey, Darwin Karr, Gladden James, George Baker and William Marston—the two latter are directors.

Walter Miller has resigned from the Biograph Company "for a much-needed rest," and has not yet made plans for the future.

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "A Princess of the Desert." Second prize to the author of "The Ghost."

We'll all be there in June at the second annual "International Exposition of the Moving Picture Art," and be glad to meet you there. Put it down: Grand Central Palace, New York City, June 8 to 13.

Mary Pickford is as charming as ever as the ragged little squatter in "Tess of the Storm Country," and perhaps a little more so.

And now cometh Weber and Fields to the films, and with them will probably be Lillian Russell, William Collier, Sam Bernard and William Faversham. And the cry is, Still they come!

What purports to be, and perhaps is, the last word on Motion Pictures is Robert Grau's new book, "The Theater of Science," soon to be published.

William Garwood will hereafter be Vivian Rich's leading man in the American Company.

The Eclair studio at Fort Lee burned to the ground last month.

Ladies and Gentlemen: We have with us this evening Crane Wilbur (page 48), Bryant Washburn and E. H. Calvert (page 56), Francis X. Bushman (page 59), Mary Fuller and Marc MacDermott (page 61), William D. Taylor and Marguerite Gibson (page 68), Grace Cunard and Francis Ford (page 44), Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport (page 30), Dolly Larkin and William E. Parsons (page 31), and "Old Rip" (page 133).

G. M. Anderson has moved his trunk from San Francisco to Niles, and this means that Western Essanays will be better than ever.

Pearl White has gone back to the Pathé studio.

And now, as a supreme and fitting climax to his wicked career, popular Jack Richardson is to play the greatest villain of all—Judas Iscariot in "The Last Supper" (American).

H. B. Warner is Charles Frohman's latest Famous Player, and he will be starred in "The Lost Paradise," the great capital and labor play.

According to the always truthful press reports that come from the West, Ford Sterling is getting a salary of several million dollars a week, and Director Griffiths is getting that much a minute. The Golden West is certainly prospering.

Little Marguerite Courtot is Kalem's youngest star and champion tennis player.

When you see "The Master Rogue," you will feel quite sure that George H. Melford has a twin brother, but he hasn't: it's he leading a double life.

Marguerite Clayton, the first and only, is still denying rumors that she intends to quit the Essanay Company for the stage.

Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop" is Lorimer Johnson's latest.

Friends of Francis X. Bushman are saying that he has done his very best work in "Shadows."

Harold Lockwood is to play opposite Mary Pickford. Since one is about six foot three and the other about three foot six, it will be a fine case of "the long and the short of it."





Great Artist Contest



ASK anybody you meet "Who is the most popular photoplayer?" and you will probably get a ready answer; but ask "Who is the greatest photoplay artist?" and you will find great diversity of opinion. Who is the greatest artist? It is a much-mooted question. No two seem to agree. There is much to be said in favor of any one of a hundred different players. If you say: "Kerrigan's work in 'Samson' stamps him as the greatest artist," you will be answered: "Oh my! but you couldn't have seen Earle Williams in 'The Christian!'" And you will hear similar arguments about Ruth Roland and Lillian Walker, Guy Coombs and Henry Walthall, Jessalyn Van Trump and Pauline Bush, and so on. And that is why this GREAT ARTIST CONTEST was started. We and our readers wanted to have the matter threshed out. And it is being threshed out. For three months the ballots have been pouring silently in, and now see what story they tell! The three columns on the opposite page tell the story, but not conclusively. There are thousands and thousands yet to be heard from. Besides, we are going to give you a chance to state "why" with your votes. Next month we shall set aside a few pages for short letters, not more than fifty words each, in which the voters may state why So-and-so is the greatest artist. This will be done for two reasons; first, it is due to both the voter and the votee; and second, it may influence others by calling attention to certain plays that might have been overlooked. For example, a letter something like this appears: "I vote George Cooper the greatest artist because his characterization in 'Mills of the Gods' was superb, and he expressed every shade of emotion." Now, you may have forgotten all about this play and that player, and, now that your attention

is called to it, you may decide that he is entitled to your support. This sort of "electioneering" is perfectly legitimate. Therefore, it behooves you to get busy and *give your reasons*, so that your favorite artist may have the benefit of your eloquence. But please remember that we cannot print *all* letters that come in. We shall select what we consider the best only, and the others we shall forward to the players at the close of the contest. *Please be brief!* Enclose your ballot and your friends' ballots with your "why" letter.

THE RULES OF THE CONTEST

Each reader is entitled to vote once a month, on the printed coupon, for the

GREATEST MOTION PICTURE ARTIST

Each vote must contain the name of a male player and the name of a female player, and may also contain a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity, good looks, personality, etc., and they may excel in drama, tragedy, comedy, villainy portrayal, or anything you please. A good critic can recognize artistry in a comedian or in a villain just as in a player who plays heroic or emotional rôles.

While no valuable prizes will be given, the winners of this contest will be awarded the highest honors that can come in the theatrical profession—the stamp of public approval.

At no time will there be offered any extra inducements to the voters in the way of votes for subscriptions, etc., nor will there be any coupons printed different from the one that is printed in this issue, on another page. The winners will receive a handsome, engraved certificate, but nothing more; hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players or companies.

The first prize for ladies will be awarded to that female player who receives the largest number of votes, and the first prize for men will be awarded to that male player who receives the largest number of votes. Furthermore, we intend that the most popular "team" shall play in a great drama to be written especially for them by our readers. This will be

accomplished in this way: it will readily be seen that the winning female player may not belong to the same company as the winner of the male prize, and it might be impossible to bring them together; hence, we may have to select the second player of the winning team from the same company in which the winner plays. Thus, if Arthur Johnson is declared the greatest male artist, the female player of the same company having the greatest number of votes will be elected to play with him in the

ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE PHOTOPLAY

in which the winning team is to play. After this contest has run a short time, we shall offer a prize of one hundred dollars for the best scenario, and the story of the same will be published in this magazine.

Do not send in your scenario yet! Due announcement will be made concerning this phase of the contest, which is in reality another contest entirely. You may vote, whether you compete for the scenario prizes or not. We shall select, say, twenty of the best scenarios and submit them as "Prize Scenarios" to the different companies, offering them at "usual rates," in which their players who receive the highest number of votes shall play, and the amount received will be awarded to the writers of the scenarios. Thus, there will probably be twenty prizes or more instead of one. The Photoplay Clearing House and the Scenario Department of the winning company will act as the judges. Thus, if Earle Williams and Edith Storey

should win first prize, the Vitagraph Company are to have these players play in the prize play. And if James Cruze and Marguerite Snow should be next highest, the Thanouser Company may have second choice out of many thousand selected scenarios, and that company may choose a play at its own price in which to feature those players.

But, just now, you are concerned only in the contest of determining who are the greatest Motion Picture artists.

Not only will a specially selected and admirable play be used as the medium to present the Greatest Artists as such to the public, but the studios, the newspapers at large, the theatrical reviews and the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will unite properly to feature them and to perpetuate a record of their talent.

Please send in your votes at once. Find the coupon on another page, fill it out and mail it to "Great Artist Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y." You may enclose two or more coupons in one envelope, provided each is signed by a different person. *Nothing but coupons will be counted!*

Remember that you may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, or any other kind, and it is not necessary that they *now* play leading parts. If any of these win we shall see that they *get* leading parts. Don't forget that a great play could be written for such unlike players as Warren Kerrigan and Flora Finch, or for Mary Fuller and Roscoe Arbuckle. Send in your votes *now!*

THE GREAT ARTISTS AND THEIR VOTES TO DATE

Last month the leading team was WILLIAMS and FULLER, with KERRIGAN and PICKFORD second, and JOHNSON and JOYCE third. This month the count shows WILLIAMS and PICKFORD in the lead

Earle Williams (<i>Vita</i>)	160,385	Tom Moore (<i>Kalem</i>)	12,890	Billy Rhodes (<i>Kalem</i>)	4,080
J. Warren Kerrigan (<i>Victor</i>)	152,125	Edwin August (<i>Pow</i>)	11,615	Earle Metcalf (<i>Lubin</i>)	4,015
Mary Pickford (<i>F. P.</i>)	130,485	Owen Moore (<i>Mutual</i>)	10,940	Marguerite Courtot (<i>K</i>)	3,615
Mary Fuller (<i>Edison</i>)	124,670	Benjamin Wilson (<i>Ed</i>)	10,850	James Morrison (<i>Vit</i>)	3,600
Arthur Johnson (<i>Lub</i>)	96,950	Leah Baird (<i>Imp</i>)	10,750	Bessie Eyton (<i>Selig</i>)	3,450
Alice Joyce (<i>Kalem</i>)	90,730	Gertrude McCoy (<i>Edi</i>)	10,695	Sidney Drew (<i>Vita</i>)	3,415
Carlyle Blackwell (<i>Kal</i>)	70,310	E. K. Lincoln	10,590	Harry Carey (<i>Bio</i>)	3,410
Crane Wilbur (<i>Pathé</i>)	68,230	Mabel Normand (<i>Key</i>)	10,505	John Bunny (<i>Vita</i>)	3,250
Francis Bushman (<i>Es</i>)	66,515	Beverly Bayne (<i>Ess</i>)	10,475	Walter Miller	3,075
Marguerite Clayton (<i>Essanay</i>)	62,095	Rosemary Theby (<i>Lub</i>)	10,430	Wallie Van (<i>Vita</i>)	3,070
Edith Storey (<i>Vita</i>)	58,285	Pearl White (<i>Pathé</i>)	10,395	Betty Gray (<i>Bio</i>)	3,065
Clara K. Young (<i>Vita</i>)	56,150	Julia S. Gordon (<i>Vit</i>)	10,360	Muriel Ostriche (<i>Prin</i>)	3,040
Florence Lawrence (<i>Victor</i>)	48,265	Romaine Fielding (<i>Lu</i>)	10,070	Octavia Handworth (<i>Pathé</i>)	3,035
Florence Turner (<i>FT</i>)	40,455	Leo Delaney (<i>Vita</i>)	10,015	Phillips Smalley (<i>Rex</i>)	2,970
Lottie Briscoe (<i>Lub</i>)	36,085	Augustus Phillips (<i>Ed</i>)	8,685	Helen Gardner (<i>HGC</i>)	2,845
Maurice Costello (<i>Vit</i>)	34,455	Jessalyn Van Trump (<i>Majestic</i>)	8,245	Yale Boss (<i>Edison</i>)	2,640
Anita Stewart (<i>Vit</i>)	30,365	Anna Nilsson (<i>Kalem</i>)	8,125	Mabel Trunnelle (<i>Ed</i>)	2,545
Blanche Sweet (<i>Mut</i>)	28,070	Kathryn Williams (<i>Sel</i>)	7,005	Chester Barnett (<i>War</i>)	2,090
True Boardman (<i>Ess</i>)	22,845	Marguerite Snow (<i>Th</i>)	6,920	Lois Weber (<i>Rex</i>)	2,080
Lillian Walker (<i>Vita</i>)	20,285	Dorothy Kelly (<i>Vita</i>)	6,870	Ethel Grandin (<i>Univ</i>)	2,070
G. M. Anderson (<i>Ess</i>)	20,065	Irving Cummings (<i>Th</i>)	6,625	W. Chrystie Miller (<i>B</i>)	2,070
Vivian Rich (<i>Amer</i>)	18,835	Guy Coombs (<i>Kalem</i>)	6,270	William Russell (<i>Bio</i>)	2,000
King Baggot (<i>Imp</i>)	18,020	Wallace Reid (<i>Nestor</i>)	6,215	Jane Gail (<i>Universal</i>)	1,900
Norma Talmadge (<i>Vit</i>)	16,400	William Shay (<i>Imp</i>)	6,185	Mary Charleson (<i>Vit</i>)	1,895
Pauline Bush (<i>Maj</i>)	16,085	Ruth Roland (<i>Kalem</i>)	6,120	Edward Coxen (<i>Amer</i>)	1,885
Ethel Clayton (<i>Lubin</i>)	14,890	Jack Richardson (<i>Am</i>)	6,090	Ford Sterling (<i>Key</i>)	1,870
James Cruze (<i>Than</i>)	14,695	Frederick Church	5,865	Marguerite Fischer (<i>Beauty</i>)	1,810
Ormi Hawley (<i>Lubin</i>)	14,510	Marc MacDermott (<i>Ed</i>)	5,830	Lillian Gish (<i>Mutual</i>)	1,670
Florence LaBadie (<i>Th</i>)	14,470	Henry Walthall (<i>Mut</i>)	4,810	Barbara Tennant (<i>Ec</i>)	1,660
Harry Myers (<i>Lubin</i>)	14,060	Mary Maurice (<i>Vita</i>)	4,480	Alice Hollister (<i>Kal</i>)	1,650
		Claire McDowell (<i>Bio</i>)	4,100	Rogers Lytton	1,650
		Harry Benham (<i>Than</i>)	4,080		



MURIEL OSTRICHE



PHILLIPS



WALTER MILLER



JACK WARREN KERRIGAN



TOM MOORE



WILLIAMS



LESLIE
ELMOFF

MAUDE FEALY



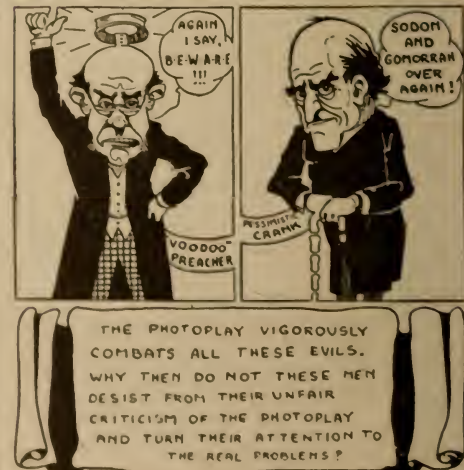
JUST A BUNNY



FLORENCE LAWRENCE



IS THE WORLD GROWING BETTER?



AS MOTION PICTURES GROW BETTER, SO WILL THE WORLD



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

HOPE P.—Yes, "A Million Bid" is one of the great photoplays. Isabelle Lamont was with Reliance last. Following companies belong to Mutual: American, Apollo, Beauty, Bronco, Domino, Kay-Bee, Keystone, Komic, Majestic, Thanhouser, Reliance, Princess and Mutual Weekly.

HELEN L. R.—Rita Bori is the name given on the cast for that Vitagraph. Guy Oliver was the husband in "The Mistress of the House." Arthur Ashley was Thorne in "Dr. Polly." Mrs. C. Jay Williams was the leading lady in "The Beautiful Leading Lady" (Edison). William Carpenter was Prince of Allah in "The Adventures of Kathleen."

R. A. F., ST. PAUL.—You refer to Roscoe Arbuckle in that Keystone. Ford Sterling directs the Keystones. Don't know much about that part of the country, but don't think you will have much trouble.

ADELE, 15.—Thanks for the pressed flowers. Harold Lockwood is playing for Famous Players. Yes. Tom Powers is lecturing in England. The reason Lubin use a bell for their trademark is perhaps to give tone to their films.

GLADYS, DETROIT.—Harry Beaumont was the secretary in "False to Their Trust" (Edison). Fritz Brunette was Lady Margaret in "The Militants" (Imp). You want King Baggot to fluff his hair a little. He will no doubt take the cue.

MISS D., NEWBURGH.—Kempton Greene was the lover, and Arthur Macklin was the fairy in that Lubin. Robert Walker was the husband in "Her Husband's

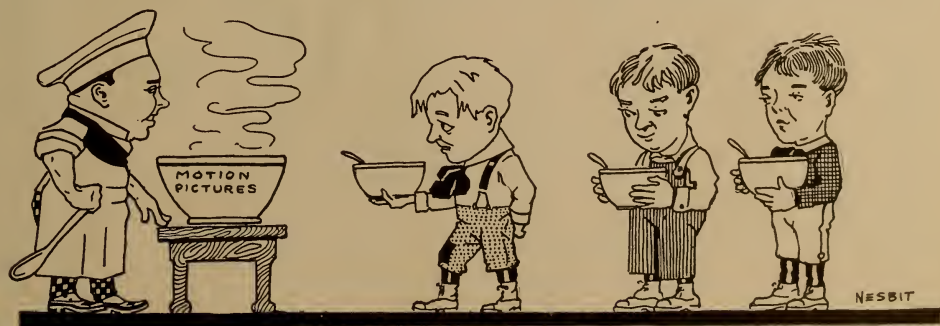
Friend" (Kalem). E. K. Lincoln has left the Vitagraph. Thanks for the large fee.

MERCEDES VON B.—Velma Whitman and Albert Hayes in "Out of the Depths" (Lubin). Edgar Jones was William in "Treasures on Earth." There is to be an International Exhibition at the Grand Central Palace, New York City, in June. Thanks for your kind words.

MUEL S.—You should be guided by your admirations rather than by your disgusts. Your shorthand is not correct. Study up on your upward "r."

Mrs. L. T. M.—That is an interesting pastime you have invented. You say you go out and buy two dozen postals and answer advertisements from our magazine on them, and that you enjoy receiving the numerous catalogs, maps, circulars and samples. I know lots of people who send out a few cards that way each month, but never so many as two dozen. No, I think the advertisers don't mind it, even if you do not buy.

CORRINNE D., DAYTON.—Ormi Hawley is now in Betzwood, Philadelphia. Yes. J. W. Johnston was Governor Allen in "The Governor's Veto" (Eclair). Bessie Eyton in "Until the Sea" (Selig). Long e. Biograph produced "Enoch Arden." Alice Reardon was the mother in "Her Wayward Son" (Lubin). Margaret Prussing had the lead in "The Coast of Chance" (Selig). Ada Gifford was Daisy in "Pickles, Art and Sauerkraut" (Vitagraph). Sadie Harris was Marion in "The Day of Days" (Famous Players). Eleanor



SO SAY WE ALL OF US—"I WANT SOME MORE"



A STRANGE CHARACTER APPEARS

Kuhn was Ruth in "Hearts and Flowers" (Essanay). You're welcome.

Lottie D. T.—Dont you know that the more a thing costs, the more we like it? Irene Hunt and George Morgan had the leads in "The Other Woman" (Reliance). Harry Morey and Anita Stuart in "The Wreck" (Vitagraph). James Cruze and Marguerite Snow in "Joseph in the Land of Egypt" (Thanhouser). A manufacturer is known by the company he keeps. Marguerite Joslin and Augustus Carney in "Alkali Ike's Motorcycle" (Essanay).

H. F.—Myrtle Stedman was the daughter in "Good Resolutions" (Selig). She and Kathlyn Williams are two different persons.

Paul G. G.—Ada Gifford was Ann Judson in "Local Color" (Vitagraph). Louise Glamm in "The Masquerader" (Kalem). You must not hate anybody. Hatred is nothing but settled anger.

Donothy E. F.—Yes; George Spencer in "The Lion and the Mouse" (Lubin). Cant tell you whether Mr. Spencer is located with Lubin permanently or not. There are approximately 3,500 languages or dialects in the world, but I know only one, English, and dont know that very well.

Florence M.—Harry Benham was the clerk, and Ethel Cooke the stenographer in "What Might Have Been" (Thanhouser). Shall try to get that chat with Tom Moore. Thanks.

Lenore P.—Your poem for Mary Pickford was sent to the Popular Player Department, and no doubt it will be printed or sent to her.

Margaret W.—Thanks for the poem. It is clever. You may join the club any time. The largest waterfall in the world

is the Grand, in Labrador, which is 2,000 feet high.

J. T., St. Louis.—Several have made the same complaint. They think that we should not award prizes in the puzzle contest to those whose manuscripts are done on satin, etc., but what are you going to do if there are two or three hundred correct answers, all neatly written?

MARTIN, 13.—Ruth Roland and John Brennan in "The Fickle Freak" (Kalem). Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Evil Eye" (Lubin). Eleanor Parker and Lamar Johnstone in "Tiru the Telescope" (Eclair). Ormi Hawley and Edwin Carewe in "When the Doors Opened" (Lubin). Ormi Hawley and Guy D'Ennery in "The Lost Note" (Lubin). Norma Phillips in the "Mutual Girl."

A. A. S.—Harry Millarde was Scudder in "The Octoroon" (Kalem). Yes, "A Modern Portia" (Pathé) was taken in France. Thanks.

VENUS, AVONMORE.—Keystone answered all of our questions, excepting who Professor Bean was in "Professor Bean's Removal." I am very sorry, but perhaps Professor Bean will see this and help. Harold Lockwood is so tall that when he stands on the curb waiting for a car people come along and lean against him, thinking that he is a lamp-post.

HELEN L. R.—Siegfried Shulz was the son in "His Grandchild" (Edison). Ollie Harbuval was the girl in "At the Eleventh Hour" (Selig). Bobby Connelly was the little boy in "Sonny Jim in Search of a Mother" (Vitagraph). Yes; Helen Holmes, not Helen Richards. I like your letters.

OLGA, 17.—Lillian Drew was the sweetheart in "The Other Girl" (Essanay).



HE CREATES SURPRISE



ALSO CURIOSITY

Sorry you are poor, but what do you care if you have not much and want nothing more? Surely \$25 a week is not bad for a miss of your age. You could afford to support a husband on that.

LOTTIE D. T.—Are you here again? Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood in "Fate's Round-up" (American). Lamar Johnstone and Belle Bennett in "The Padre's Sacrifice" (Majestic). Florence LaBadie and Harry Benham in "Their Golden Wedding" (Thanhouser).

JONNIE X.—Visitors are not allowed at the studios, as a rule. Clarence Elmer and Justina Huff in "A Son of the Father" (Lubin). Her time will come for a chat. Guy Coombs is still with Kalem.

EDWARD E. B.—Thanks for the card, also the Holland half-cent piece. Haven't that Biograph player. Sorry.

L. P., LACONIA.—I believe you refer to Biograph plays, but our cards do not go back to five years. I take off my hat to you, sir, as a critic without superior.

JOSEPHINE K. F.—Ormi Hawley had the lead in "From Out the Flood" (Lubin). That's it—when young we have all we can do to keep from laughing when we shouldn't, and when we are old we have all we can do to laugh when we should.

MARIE T.—I am sorry you complain, but all the questions you ever asked were answered. Just send in some and see if they will be answered.

BURTON J.—Ruth Stonehouse and Beverly Bayne in that Essanay. "Not according to Hoyle" means against the rules. Edmund Hoyle published a treatise on whist in 1743, which became the authority on that popular game.

EXY, CHICAGO.—Yes, about the players.

Of course Earle Williams is not married. L. Rogers Lytton was Dacius in "Daniel" (Vitagraph). Warren Kerrigan with Western Victor. Clara Williams was the girl in "The Salem Witch" (Domino).

POLLY, 13.—Tom Forman was Andres in "His Excellency" (Lubin). Gladys Brockwell was the girl in "When Mountains and Valleys Meet" (Lubin). Dont think Mrs. Maurice ever played for Biograph.

ABRAHAM L. J.—Larry Peyton was John Doan in "The Shadow of Guilt" (Kalem). Albert Hayes was Albert, and John Harvey was Walter Smith in "Out of the Depths." Nellie Quinn was Alice. Thanks.

W. PENN L.—Louise Glaum in "The Masquerader" (Kalem); also in "Out in the Rain" (Kalem). She has left Carlyle Blackwell. His present leading lady is unknown. The troubles of Carlyle! Your last question is away off.

RUTH H., GLENS FALLS.—Harriet Notter was the light-haired girl, William Stowell the sweetheart, Ethel Pierce his wife, and Al Garcia the man who smashed the windows in "With Eyes So Blue and Tender" (Selig). Please ask the questions by giving the titles. Fred Church is in California, but not playing.

L. A. H.—It was an error—canes were first used about 400 years ago. They originated from the shepherd's crook, the palmer's staff, the wand of office and the royal scepter. Ruth Stonehouse in that Essanay. Thanks.

LOTTIE D. T.—Mona Darkfeather and Arthur Ortega in "An Indian Maid's Strategy" (Kalem). Arthur Ashley was the life-saver, but you had the wrong title. Gladys Hulette was the lead in that Edison. Benjamin Wilson had the lead in "The First Adventures of Cleek" (Edison).



ALSO SYMPATHY



ALL WANT TO HELP HIM

Marguerite Courtot and Harry Millarde in "The Octoroon" (Kalem). Harold Lockwood and Mabel Van Buren in "A Message from Home" (Selig). Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Clod" (Lubin).

MISS DEAN LEX.—You enclosed no name or address for the envelope. Charles Ray had the lead in "The Quakeress" (Broncho). Thomas Chatterton and Hazel Buckham in "The Open Door" (Broncho). Richard Stanton was Danny in "True Irish Hearts" (Domino). Mr. Standing was the other rival. Anna Little was the girl in the above.

PEG OF MY HEART.—Ruth Stonehouse and Lillian Drew opposite Francis Bushman in "The Other Girl" (Essanay). Stella Razetto was Maggie in "The Heart of Maggie Malone" (Selig). Write Film Portrait Company, 127 First Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., for their catalog of postal cards.

VI, BOSTON.—Marguerite Courtot was not on the cast for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Kalem). Ethel Davis was Lygia in "Into the Lion's Den." Betty Gray was Betty in "The Merrill Murder Mystery" (Pathé).

SMILES, TACOMA.—You refer to Mabel Normand. Margaret Prussing in "The Way of Life" (Selig). Harry Gsell was Dick in "The Greater Influence" (Crystal). So you think that Harry Myers's silk hats are too large for him and that he should not wear them so far back on his head. Perhaps he thinks that this style is more sketchy.

HAZEL G. R.—That was Adelalde Lawrence in the Kalem. Yes, she is a very bright child. X-ray photographs can now be taken with a Motion Picture camera.

MARAQUITA, RHITAN.—Ethical plays are those that pertain to the science of right conduct. Anna Little was the girl in "The

Belle of Yorktown" (Domino). William Ehfe was the bully, Clara Williams the schoolmistress, and Alfred Vosburgh was Jim in "The Bully" (Kay-Bee). Peggy O'Neill was Molly in "Breed of the North."

ANASTACHIA.—Tut, tut, none of that; don't say that you would marry Carlyle Blackwell if he asked you. Think it over. Thanks for the copy of the song, "Old Hundred." I hope I shall sing it when I am that old. Eiffel Tower, Paris, is the highest structure in the world—984 feet. The Woolworth Building in New York City is next—750 feet.

GERTIE.—Douglas Gerrard opposite George Gebhart in "Stolen Inheritance" (Pathé). Franchon Lewis was Beth in the above. Clara Smith was the neighbor in "The Man and the Hour" (Essanay). James Cooley was the son in "For Her Government" (Biograph). William Bailey was the worthless brother in "Man and the Hour" (Essanay).

JOHNNIE P., COVENTRY.—Betty Gray was the girl who sold her curls in "A Bartered Crown" (Biograph). Romaine Fielding was chatted in June, 1912.

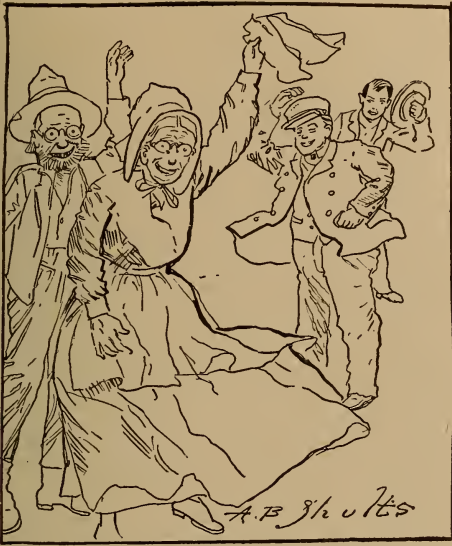
MARJORIE S.—Lionel Barrymore and Betty Gray in that Biograph. "Janet of the Dunes" (Edison) was taken at Montauk Point, L. I. Louise Huff in "The Enemies Aid" (Lubin).

ETTA C. P.—Lamar Johnstone had the lead in "The Man of the Wilderness" (Majestic). Helen Badgely in that Thanhouser. James Cooley in "Beyond the Law." Harry Carey was the husband's rival in the above. Sherman Bainbridge was Woodward in "The Water War."

RAE L.—As I have said before, you seem to love to dictate; you should marry a stenographer. Louise Vale in "The Fallen Angel." and Glen White was the artist.



A HOME FOR HIM AT LAST



AND EVERYBODY IS HAPPY

Richard Stanton in "The Heart of Kathleen" (Domino). Harry Beaumont was Walter in "Alexri's Strategy" (Edison). That was Guy Standing as Patrick in "True Irish Hearts" (Domino).

RAE K., NEW YORK.—Macaulay reckoned Othello the best play extant in any language, but he had not seen some of our modern photoplays. Marguerite Risser in "The Millionaire's Ward" (Pathé). Charles Clary was Prince Umballah in "The Unwelcome Throne" (Selig). Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner in "The Two Cowards" (Lubin). Lottie Briscoe was the girl in "The Voice of Angelo" (Lubin). Florence Hackett was Florence Randall in "The Parasite" (Lubin). Lillian Orth in "The Troublesome Mole" (Biograph). Beatrice Clevengen in "Kenton's Heir."

GEORGE, MONTREAL.—Louise Huff was Mary in "Her Supreme Sacrifice" (Warner's). Mildred Manning was the girl in "Concentration" (Biograph). Look it up in the dictionary. I prefer 20 above to 20 below zero. There are about 17,017,393 miles of telephone wires in the U. S.

WILLIAM G.—Mildred Gregory was the fiancée in "The Doctor's Romance" (Lubin). Blanche Sweet in "The Sentimental Sister" (Biograph). Gertrude Robinson opposite her. Elsie and Vera St. Leon in "Whimsical Threads of Destiny."

ELFRIEDA B.—Robert Walker and Alice Hollister were man and wife, and Tom Moore was the friend in "Her Husband's Friend" (Kalem). Betty Gray and Lionel Barrymore in "The Bartered Crown" (Biograph). "Mona Lisa" was a painting by Leonardo da Vinci.

ELEANOR M.—Flora Nason and Vera Hansly were the Swedish girls in "Traffic in Souls" (Universal). Robyn Adair and

Laura Glaum in "The Impostor" (Broncho). Lafayette McKee was the society thief in "The Cypher Message" (Selig). Charles Arling was Harry in "The Joy-Ride" (Pathé).

ELFRIEDA B.—As ye sew, so also shall ye rip. Thomas Chatterton in "The Open Door." Alfred Vosburgh and Margaret Thompson in "The Sign of the Snake."

MARY M.—Anna Little and Richard Stanton in that Domino. Barney Sherry in "Devotion" (Domino). Walter Stull was Walter in "The Drummer's Narrow Escape" (Lubin). Harold Lockwood with Famous Players. Marguerite Risser in "The Depths of Hate" (Pathé).

WILMA, OCEAN PARK.—Lillian Gish had the lead in "The Woman in the Ultimate" (Biograph). Brevity is the soul of wit—also of a ballet skirt. Anna Little and Richard Stanton in that Domino. George Periolat the rival in "Tale of a Ticker."

CORALIE.—Wrong. Buddha's period began somewhere around 624 B.C. Buddhism is professed by nearly one-third of the human race. Alfred Vosburgh in "The Pitfall" (Kay-Bee). Anna Nilsson and Guy Coombs in "Shipwrecked" (Kalem).

A. N. T., MERIDEN.—How many times must I repeat that this is no matrimonial bureau? However, I will say that you should choose for a wife a girl whom you would choose for a friend were she a man. Harry Benham in "Frau-Frau" (Thanhouser). Wrong; of the fifty-five principal countries of the world, only six are under absolute monarchy and twenty-five are republics.

J. E. W.—Arthur Ashley was the husband in "Two Aristocratic Penitents"



BUT IT WAS ALL A TRICK OF A FILM COMPANY TO GET SOME REALISTIC PICTURES

(Vitagraph). Norma Talmadge will be chatted soon. Arthur Johnson in "The Blinded Heart" (Lubin). Edwin August in "Into the Lion's Pit" (Powers). Mabel Normand in "The Gypsy Queen."

A. L. H., 16.—Charles Ray in "The Exonerated" (Domino). Dorothy Davenport in "The God of Chance" (Domino). Carl Levins was the detective, Florence LaBadie the girl, and David Thompson the clerk in "The Message to Headquarters."

DOROTHY H.—Yes, I think they are overdoing the Feature Film. The old-style one-reel play will never die. Leland Benham was Jack in "Jack and the Beanstalk" (Thanhouser). Irene Howley in "The Elemental World" (Biograph). Harry Carey and Mildred Manning in "For Her Government" (Biograph). Doris Hollister was Little Eva. Jack Standing was the son in "Kenton's Heir" (Pathé). E. Carlyle was the heir.

MIRIAM, 18.—Yes, that was George Spencer. Thanhouser is the only company Harry Benham has been with. Owen Moore is in California with Mr. Griffith for *Relliance*. Guess again.

PAUL I. C.—I got the two dots. Keystone did not answer your questions. This building is four stories high, has sixteen rooms and the magazine owns it. We don't do the printing and binding in this building. My cage is second-floor-front-hall-room, no admittance.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Great chat you had with me. Thanks, but I wouldn't know you from the side of a barn. Harry Carey and James Cooley were brothers in "Concentration" (Biograph). Claire Mc-

Dowell was the mother. Stella Razetto and Guy Oliver in "The Woman of the Mountains" (Selig). J. J. Clark was Jerry in "Come Back to Erin" (Gene Gauntier). I thank you, kind sir.

OWL, NEW YORK.—The Spartans were physically the most perfect specimens of mankind the world has yet known, their grace, ability, strength, vigor and courage never having been equaled. Helen Holmes in "The Explosive D" (Kalem). Florence Hackett was the stranger in "The Blinded Heart" (Lubin). Gertrude Robinson was the younger sister in "The Sentimental Sister." Thanks for the remedies.

PASQUINET.—Your verses are fine, and I have added them to my collection. I wish I could have them all published, somehow. Thomas Chatterton and Anna Little in "The Primitive Call" (Domino).

Jos. L.—Thanks for the fee. J. Haggerty was Caesar in "Zuza, the Band Leader" (Keystone). Your poem is very good and, no doubt, will be used. No, I don't use Nestlé's Food.

VALERIE J. K.—Thomas Chatterton in "The Primitive Call" (Domino). That was a trick often adopted by fortune-tellers: they have a habit of pulling the wool over your eyes, so they can fleece you.

D. M. B.—Will E. Sheerer was Great Bear in "Over the Cliffs" (Eclair). That was Lottie Briscoe. Yes, a reputation for fine acting is sometimes obtained without merit and lost without deserving.

HERMAN.—Yes, the Universal and the Mutual are great rivals, but which is the better I would not undertake to say. The following are Universal companies: Crys-



Julius Caesar (to Shakespeare and Napoleon): Gee whiz! those camera fellows have got us down fine, haven't they?

tal, Eclair, Frontier, Gold Seal, Imp, Bison 101, Joker, Nestor, Powers, Rex, Victor and Animated Weekly. Licensed houses may show Independent pictures also.

LOTTIE D. T.—Frank Newburg and Adele Lane had the leads in "When May Weds December" (Selig). Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "A Momentous Decision" (Lubin). Florence LaBadie and Mr. Beaton had the leads in "A Peaceful Victory" (Thanhouser). I have heard about "non-inflammable film" for three years, but I have not seen any yet. John Dillon was the rich man in "His Last Bet" (Thanhouser). Billie West and Lamar Johnstone in "The Love of Conchita."

SPENCER T. K.—William Stowell was Donald in "Equal Chance" (Selig). Claire McDowell was the girl in "The Abandoned Well" (Biograph). Charles Murray was Skelley in "Skelley's Skeleton" (Biograph). You want to know in which year my 100th birthday will come? Figure it out; I am 72. San Francisco is 3,186 miles from New York City.

JOYCE, CARLYLE.—Gaston Bell was Harold in "The Third Degree" (Lubin). Yes, red hair. Romaine Fielding in "The Harmless One" (Lubin). Gladys Brockwell and Romaine Fielding in that Lubin. Yes, I would like to have that souvenir.

HAZEL A.—Richard Stanton was leading man in "The Harp of Tara" (Domino). Mildred Manning the girl in that Biograph.

WALTER C.—James Cooley was Frederick, and Lillian Gish was the wife in "So Runs the Way" (Biograph). Ernest Joy was Robert Burroughs in "The Greater Love" (Majestic). Mr. Franz had the lead in "The Peril of the Plains"

(Warner). Jeanie MacPherson was leading lady in "The Rugged Coast" (Powers). Ford Sterling has left Keystone and is now with the Universal Company.

MRS. L. B. A.—The Kinemacolor Theater (formerly Mendelssohn Hall, New York City) was opened October 14, 1911. Claire McDowell opposite Harry Carey in "The Waifs" (Biograph). T. Jefferson was the shoemaker, and Rosanna Logan the little girl. Thomas Santschi and Adele Lane in "Cross Purposes." Yes; Clara Young. Your letter is so interesting.

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—I guess I was not feeling well when I wrote that. Dr. Johnson says every man is a rascal when he is sick. Dorothy Davenport was the woman in "The Revelation" (Kay-Bee). We counted the verses that came in that month. Yes, you can put the same couple as your second choice in the contest.

HERMAN, BUFFALO.—The show known as Punch and Judy is derived from Puccio d'Anaello, an Italian vintager who had a tremendous nose and grotesque appearance. He went on the stage, and then he was impersonated everywhere. In England the name became Punchinello and was finally shortened to Punch. Marie Weirman was with Vitagraph last.

HEAVENLY TWINS.—William Garwood and Francelia Billington had the leads in "Bashful Bachelor Bill" (Majestic). William Russell was the hotelkeeper in "The Haunted Hotel" (Thanhouser), not Crane Wilbur. Lamar Johnstone was the hunter in "The Mighty Hunter" (Majestic). Thomas Chatterton in "The Open Door."

BERTHA R. M.—Wheeler Oakman was the lawyer in "The Master of the Garden"



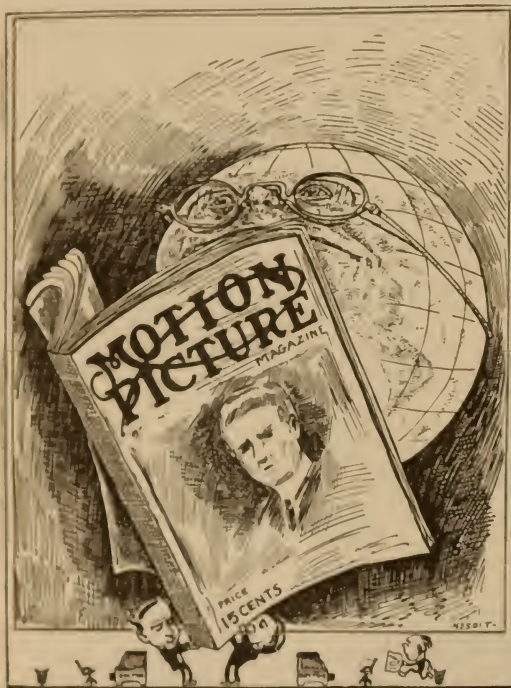
Tom and Phyllis, all alone,
Found it rather dull at home;
Tom proposed that they should go

To a Motion Picture show;
Phyllis smiled and answered "Yes"—
So would any girl, I guess.

(Selig). Harry Carey and James Cooley were the sons, Mildred Manning the girl, and Claire McDowell the mother in "Concentration." Irving Cummings and Eleanor Woodruff in "The Finger of Fate."

E. M. W., AVERNE.—Yes, that was Blanche Sweet in that Biograph. You say Florence Lawrence's face doesn't look the same as it used to. I believe Mabel Normand is better in comedy.

KALEM KRANK.—Thanks for that correction. Mistakes will happen in the best regulated families. About a month is long enough to pass upon a scenario. Robyn Adair was the English boy in "The Heart of Kathleen" (Broncho). Thanks much for the last paragraph.



THE WORLD'S CHIEF AMUSEMENT—SEEING IT ON THE SCREEN AND READING ABOUT IT IN THE MAGAZINE

MARIA, OF J. W. K.'s.—Ford Sterling in "Zaza, the Band Leader" (Keystone). Yes, I miss W. T. H.—he doesn't write me any more. There was no bride in Byron's "The Bride of Abydos," for in the original poem the heroine dies unwedded.

MAMIE H., ROCHESTER.—Broncho Company is on Alessandro Street. The reason that so many companies make their winter headquarters in Los Angeles is to be found in the wide range of scenery within easy reach. City streets and mansions are close at hand, while within fifty miles are to be found the perpetual snows of mountain tops, arid deserts and foliage of tropical luxuriance. The companies do not

confine their work to the immediate vicinity of Los Angeles, but merely make that city their base of operations.

GEORGE H. F.—See above for the different companies belonging to Mutual and Universal. Warner release pictures of several different companies, which are independent from the above-mentioned. Your letter is very interesting.

V. H. G., AUSTRALIA.—Marguerite Snow has never been chatted. Florence LaBadie in January, 1913. Lottie Briscoe in May, 1912. Edward Coxen and George Field in "Step-brothers" (American). The salaries of the players range from \$30 up to \$300 and more a week. You can obtain the back numbers of those magazines.

PATTY, 16.—Yes; Joe King in those Bronchos. Walter Belasco was the traitor. Margaret Thompson was Hazel. Leona Hutton was Fannie, and Alfred Vosburgh was Jim in "The Pitfall" (Kay-Bee).

IDA G.—Alfred Vosburgh was the lieutenant in "The Sign of the Snake" (Kay-Bee). That was Irene Howley in that Biograph. There are no favorites of the Answer Man; he tries hard to be impartial and fair. Total population of the United States in 1910 was 93,402,151 (the one on the end is I).

ISABEL D.—Warren Kerrigan's brother is with the Victor also. Barney Sherry was George, and Richard Stanton was Colonel Gordon in "The Belle of Yorktown." Leo Maloney was the hero in "The Battle of Fort Loraine" (Kalem).

WALTER C.—Adele Lane was Emma in "The Quality of Mercy" (Selig). James Cooley was the brother in that Biograph. Art Ortega the son in "Indian Blood."

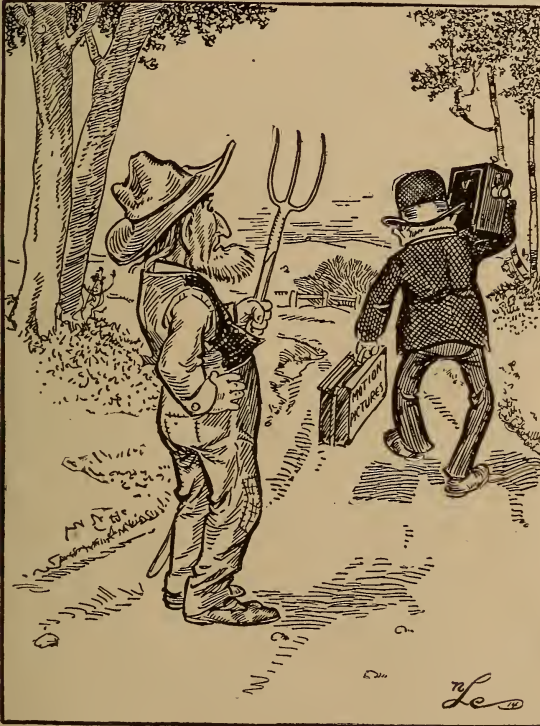
V. L. K.—Mabel Normand in "Mabel's Strategy" (Keystone). The editor refuses to print the cast of characters, because it makes the magazine look like a trade paper. Stories are not supposed to have casts. Florence Turner's plays have been and are being released. Yes; that was Marguerite Snow in that Thanhouser. No.

MAMIE H.—Fire away, ask all the questions about Kay-Bee you like. E. J. McGovern seems to be the only live-wire Kay-Bee ever had. Thomas Chatterton in "The Heart of a Woman" (Domino). Lee Beggs in "A Terrible Night" (Solax).

CLARABEL.—The fact that you are a movie fan cannot enable you to become an actress. I cannot advise you. The greatest depth of the Atlantic Ocean is 27,366 feet—about five miles deep.

LINCOLN C. P.—Of course you can get Selig players on postal-cards. See ad. in back of magazine. Alma Russell in "The Stolen Heart" (Selig). Eugenics is the science of race-culture.

J. P., MIAMISBURG.—Too much kissing in the films? Bless your heart, yes, but isn't there too much everywhere? As long as there is love—, etc. Dorothy Davenport was Kathleen, and Robyn Adair her lover in "The Heart of Kathleen" (Domino). Leona Hutton the first lover, Walter Edwards her first husband, Chas. Ray her lover in "The Buried Past" (Broncho). Marcia Moore the girl, Ray Taidlan her lover in "Her Legacy" (Kay-Bee). Margaret Risser in "Too Many Tenants" (Pathé). Dollie Larkin, and Fred Walick was Tom in "When the Well Went Dry." Belle Bennett in "Vengeance."



Ezra Punkinseed (as bow-legged camera-man passes)—Gosh all hemlock! That box must be some heavy to make his legs bend like that!

M. B. B.—Never noticed Arthur Johnson's Adam's apple. The origin of that expression is in the superstition that a piece of the forbidden fruit stuck in Adam's throat and caused the swelling. Your letter is very fine.

FRED S., NEW ORLEANS.—Charles Wells opposite Helen Holmes in "Explosive D" (Kalem). Mary Ryan is on the stage. Yes; Kalem have revived "Colleen Bawn," released March 16th. You think the picture of Alice Hollister, March gallery, is the best picture we ever used?

CHARLOTTE C.—John Halliday is not Edwin August. The former is on the stage. Yes, to Number 3. Mme. Massart

was Ida Bianca in "Thief of Hearts." (Pathé). Dot Bernard was the girl in "Female of the Species" (Biograph). Florence Hackett was the other girl in "The Parasite" (Lubin). Anita Stuart was chatted in December, 1913.

MAD.—Whittier wittier than I? How dare you? No, my wife and mother-in-law are not proud of me, for I haven't any. Remember this: the real can never equal the imagined, and it is easy to create ideals, but difficult to realize them. There are more yellow people (Mongolians) than those of any other color—685,000,000 of them.

YRGINYA.—Y dont you get a few more Y's in your name? Henry King was Walt in "His Last Crooked Deal" (Lubin). Anita Stuart and Harry Morey in "The Wreck" (Vitagraph). Yes, it was a real wreck. Alan Hale was the younger brother in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Ethel Davis was Lygia, and Iva Shepard was Dacia in "Into the Lion's Pit." William Brunton was Billy in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). James Cruze was the husband in "The Woman Pays" (Thanouser). Love that player if you wish, but better love all. The life of love is better than the love of life. Your letter is a gem.

MARGARET Mc.—Ethel Cooke was the girl in "What Might Have Been" (Thanouser). All letters are delivered to the players when addressed to the companies.

G. E. H.—Remember that there is a warm, life-giving sun behind that cloud, and that it must break thru some time. Cheer up! Sidney Drew had the lead in "Pickles, Art and Sauerkraut." Your letter is bright.

MARGARET K. T.—Bertie Pitcairn was Eugenie in "The Master of the Mine" (Vitagraph). William Russell in that Biograph. Helen Holmes was the Oriental girl in "A Million in Jewels."

WILLIAM F.—Joe King and Mabel Van Buren had the leads in "The Touch of a Child" (Selig). Charles Wells and Helen Holmes in "The Peril of His Life" (Kalem). Al Filson was Brock in "The Supreme Moment" (Selig). Harry Lonsdale and Adele Lane in "The Quality of Mercy" (Selig). Kempton Greene was Bob in "The Special Officer" (Lubin). Eleanor Barry was Mrs. Young in "The Hazard of Youth" (Lubin). George Middleton was Kenton, and Harry Davenport the doctor in "Kenton's Heir" (Pathé). Roy Watson the old man in "When May Weds December" (Selig). Lafayette McKee was the butler.



ALFRED W.—William Russell and Louise Vale had the leads in "The Dilemma" (Biograph). Nothing doing on the second. Perhaps you refer to Marlon Leonard. It now remains for some M. P. company to capture Maude Adams and Billie Burke.

GLORIA.—We do not sell portraits of the players, only scenes in which they have appeared. Charles Ray was Jack in "A Military Judas" (Broncho). Blanche Sweet in that Biograph. We have never printed Harry Pollard's picture.

JEANNE.—Miriam Cooper was Dora in "The Octoroon" (Kalem). Lillian Orth was the blonde girl in "The Faddists" (Biograph). Please remember that photographers, if playing to blind people, could not do their best.

EMILIE B.—Anna Nilsson in "Shipwrecked" (Kalem). John Brennan in "The Good Old Summertime" (Kalem). Blanche Sweet and Walter Miller had the leads in "Oil and Water" (Biograph). Harry Myers was the artist in "Memories of Youth" (Lubin). Francis Billington was the wife in "The Boomerang."

JESS, OF MEADVILLE.—Belle Bennett in "The Plitch That Defiles" (Majestic). Stella Razetto was the girl in "The Dangling Noose" (Selig). Justina Huff in "Thru Flaming Gates" (Lubin). Helen Holmes in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). Dixie Compton was the doctor's daughter in "A Woman Scorned" (Pathé). Glad to hear that the club is prospering. One hundred and eighty paid members, and one hundred dollars in the treasury? Hooray! Greater London is still the biggest city in the world.

FRANCE C.—Edwin Carewe is no longer with Lubin. No. Isabelle Lamon in that Lubin. Richard Travers was with Lubin, but now with Essanay. Edwin Carewe in "A Miracle of Love" (Lubin). Yes; Mary Fuller played in that Vitagraph a long time ago. Jack Mower was Jack Bellev in "The Return of Jack Bellev."

JERSEY CITY.—Thanks for the clipping showing that M. P. theaters are replacing saloons in your city. It is so everywhere. Now that we see less drinking in the saloons, let us hope that we shall soon see less drinking in the pictures.

ELIZABETH A. S.—John Webb Dillion was the sheriff in "Robin Hood" (Thanhouser). Guy Standing was Father O'Neill, Richard Stanton was Danny, and Anna Little was Rose in "True Irish Hearts" (Domino).

LOTTIE D. T.—Goodness gracious! Only five pages this time? Dont you feel well? Anna Laughlin was Agnes, and Harry Spingler was Harry in "The Bracelet" (Reliance). That was Ruth Stonehouse in "Required Love" (Essanay). It takes twenty shillings to make a pound, and only five to make a crown, in English money.

OWL, 4.—Velma Whitman was Mildred, Walter Smith was John, and Nellie Quinn was the half-wit in "Out of the Depths" (Lubin). Margaret Prussing was the daughter, and Jack Nelson the husband in "The Conversion of Mr. Anti" (Selig).

SNOWBOUND.—Much that I say is intended for fools (I have a few among my correspondents). I try to win fools first, because they talk much, and what they have once uttered they always stick to. The Rex Company, with Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber, has combined with the Nestor Company, of which Wallace Reid is director, for a Universal all-star production of a powerful psychological drama in three reels, "Barter of a Soul."

MISS B. R. M.—Harriet Notter was opposite Thomas Santschi in "King Baby's Birthday" (Selig). You refer to Arthur Ashley in that Vitagraph. The Biograph girl is unknown. Mrs. George Walters, formerly of Lubin, is now with Biograph.

V. C. NEW ORLEANS.—Romaine Fielding has been only with Lubin. We expect to get a new set of Biograph pictures, and then we shall print Claire McDowell's.

ARETCHIN.—Owen Moore is with Mutual, and Mary Pickford with Famous Players. The latter is not Mutual. That's right; keep moving, even tho you are in the stationery business.

LETTY, AUGUSTA.—Thomas Chatterton was Patrick, Richard Stanton was Danay, and Anna Little the girl in that Domino. It wouldn't be right for me to express my opinion as to who was the greatest player. Your letter was interesting.

MUEL S.—Flossie does not write in any more. Thomas Chatterton was the Rev.

Walton in "The Open Door" (Broncho). I absolutely refuse to give you the name of the hair-restorer that I use.

HORTENSE, BROOKLYN.—Anita Stewart is not a blonde. Dorothy Kelly in that Vitagraph. Dont know of any brother of Carlyle Blackwell, and, besides, that question is against the rules. G. M. Anderson is no longer producing the Broncho Billy plays, but comedies and dramas.

EVA M. C.—Harry Myers was the mayor in "A Question of Right" (Lubin). The office of this magazine is nearer to the New York City Hall and Wall Street than are Union and Madison Squares, and we can get to it in ten minutes.

MAX C.—Louise Glaum was Mildred, and Jane Wolfe was Sybel in "The Masquerader" (Kalem). Paul C. Hurst was Dan Brent in "Trapped" (Kalem). No answer on the Majestic. Elizabeth Burbridge and J. Arthur Nelson in "Slim and the Dynamiters" (Frontier). Victor Potel was the bartender in "A Gambler's Way" (Essanay). Harry Morey opposite Edith Storey in "The Barrier That Was Burned" (Vitagraph). Yes, the Nash twins are no longer with Vitagraph.

MACK.—Harold Lockwood was the lighthouse-keeper in "The Child of the Sea" (Selig), but he wasn't the lighthouse. Yes, that was a fine play. Kathlyn Williams was the girl.

HAROLD C.—Barney Sherry and Marcia Moore in "Devotion" (Domino). Myrtle Stedman usually plays in Westerns, and Kathlyn Williams in dramas. Carrie Ward had the lead in "Pride of the Force."

LARRY, 17.—I have sent your letter to our Circulation Department. Kathlyn Williams with Selig. Why do you doubt my word when I say that I am 72? Most people lie the other way. The first issue of the magazine is out of print.

MILDRED S.—George Cooper was Jack in "Getting Up a Practice" (Vitagraph). Norma Phillips was Margaret in "Our Mutual Girl" (Reliance). Hal Clarendon was Brown in "An American Citizen"

(Famous Players). Tom Powers has left Vitagraph long ago. Mary Ryan was the girl in "The Man from the West" (Lubin). Myrtle Gonzalez in "Salvation Sal."

MARIE E.—Your letter is one of my finest. Thanks. No, she does not play in the pictures.

EVELYN F.—Lillian Gish was the young mother in "The Mothering Heart" (Biograph). She is now with Mutual. Yes. Florence LaBadie in that Thanouser. I dont know which is the most dangerous ship to get into—partnership or courtship.

RUTH SHERWOOD.—Yes, both of those plays were taken at Ithaca. Florence Turner's films can be shown in either Licensed or Independent houses. Bessie Eyton took the lead in "The Master of the Garden" (Selig). No studio at Rochester.

LAURENCE & Co.—Your poem is good, but there is no hope. Louise Huff was the girl in "Between Two Fires" (Lubin). Ormi Hawley in "The Story of the Gate." E. K. Lincoln was Ed in "The Call."

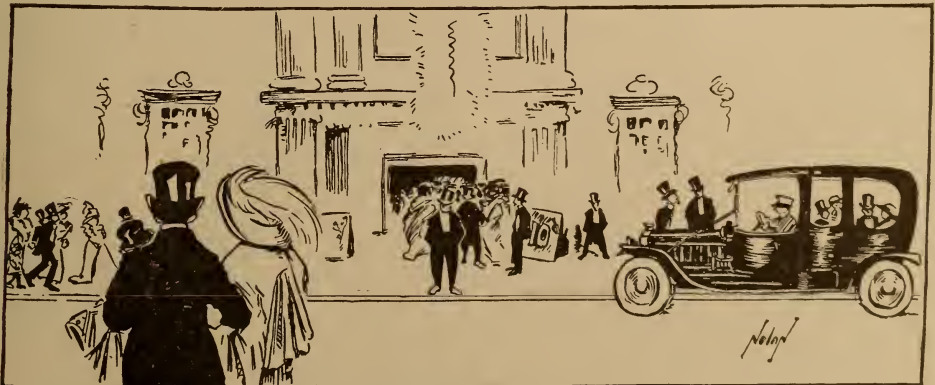
HELEN L. R.—Thank you for the clippings. William Carpenter was the banker in "A Colonel in Chains" (Selig). Haven't heard where Messrs. Mason and Bailey are at present. Ray McKee and Frances Ne Moyer in "Getting Even" (Lubin).

IDA HO.—Louise Glaum in "The Invisible Foe" (Kalem). Carrol Halloway, Justina Huff and Clarence Elmer in "The Windfall" (Lubin). Ethel Phillips was Beryl in "A Victim of Deceit" (Kalem). Mary Pickford in "Hearts Adrift."

WIRELESS, SAN FRANCISCO.—That, no doubt, was a trick picture. Talbot's book, "How Motion Pictures Are Made and Worked," tells about it.

MAPLE LEAVES.—Henry King was Tom in "The Tenderfoot Hero" (Lubin). Ray Myers was the brother in "The Battle of Bull Run" (Bison).

MURL S.—Thanks for the picture, also the fee. The editor says that he has decided to publish a regular picture of the Answer Man. His idea is to have me sit for a photo, have a half-tone plate made



A MODERN MOTION PICTURE THEATER AND ITS PATRONS

from it, cut the plate up into many small parts, print all those parts, and let those who want put the parts together.

HELEN of Troy.—Thanks for your remembrance. In Florida now? Hope you enjoy yourself.

LOTTIE D. T.—Carlotta De Felice and Rogers Lytton in "Heartease" (Vitagraph). Joseph De Grasse and Velma Whitman in "Her Boy" (Lubin). Crane Wilbur had the double rôle in "The Compact" (Panthé). Andrew Clark had the lead in "Greedy George" (Edison). Henry Jewett had the lead in "Sir Highwayman" (Warner). Marlon Leonard is back with Warner now. And now I have tarried with you as long as I can—adieu.

OLGA, 17.—Yes, come right along, and you will meet Mr. LaRoche. You wonder if the Kay-Bee prisons furnish silk socks for their prisoners. That was an oversight; excuse it, please. Your letters are always bright.

EDNA S.—There is nothing the matter with Lillian Gish. You say she goes about like one in a trance. Perhaps she is entranced standing before so many critical people. Glad you like Mary Pickford. Yes, New York is a musical city—full of flats and sharps.

EDITH E. T.—You must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and not the stamp alone, if you want your reply by mail. We have no casts for the plays you ask about.

M. A. D.—I agree with you that Marguerite Clayton is versatile and always plays naturally. Your writing is all right. Don't know how you can retain your sweetheart's love—unless you don't return it.

LOTTIE D. T.—Again!

Miriam Nesbitt in "The Making of a Man" (Edison). Miss Kate Toncray and Charles Murray had the leads in "Mrs. O'Brien's Gorilla" (Biograph). Riley Chamberlain and Carey Hastings had the leads in "The Old Folks at Home" (Thanhouser). Julia Courtell was the girl in "Crooks and Credulous" (American). Stuart Holmes and Jane Travis in "Ramo's Wives." Mabel Normand and Henry Lehrman in "A Muddy Romance" (Keystone). O. C. Lund and Barbara Tennant in "Their First Nugget" (Eclair). Gee whiz! but you are long winded, but you have brains aplenty as well as ink galore.

VERGYNIA.—Henry King was Walt in "The Last Crooked Deal" (Lubin). Anita

Stewart and Harry Morey had the leads in "The Wreck" (Vitagraph). Alan Hale was the younger brother in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Ethel Davis and Iva Shepard in "Into the Lion's Pit" (Powers). William Brunton was Billy in "The Runaway Freight." James Cruze was the husband in "The Woman Pays."

AISY, CHILLICOTHE.—Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner had the leads in "The Great Discovery" (Lubin). Lillian Mulhearn was the other girl in "The Diver" (Vitagraph). Alec Francis and Belle Adair had the leads in "The Good in the Worst of Us" (Eclair). John Ince and Rosetta Price had the leads in "The Price of Victory" (Lubin).

CINCY JO.—Louise Glaum was the girl in "Chasing the Smugglers" (Kalem). If you write Alice Joyce, she will, no doubt, answer. Thanks.

HERMAN.—You say you are in debt and want to get married and settle down? I advise that you stay single and settle up. Ray Gallagher was the actor in "The Squire's Mistake" (Lubin). House Peters was the theatrical manager in "The Bishop's Carriage."

KATE AND SNOOPY.—Robyn Adair was Percy in "The Man from the West." Haven't Brinsley Shaw's present address.

BEATRICE C.—Francelia Billington was the girl in "The Perilous Ride." James Cruze was the husband in that Thanhouser. Earle Foxe was Bob in "The Spender."

H. S. KANSAS CITY.—A good camera-man must, above all things, turn the handle of his camera at uniform speed, and this is no easy matter to do. A funeral procession must be taken at the same speed as a swift

aeroplane. The slower he turns, the faster the objects on the film appear to move. That is how they take those trick pictures—by turning very slowly, which makes the figures on the film appear to move like lightning.

DOROTHY M.—Lillian Wade was the girl in "A False Friend" (Selig). Joseph Graybill was Harry in "A Woman's Way" (Panthé). Josephine Rector was opposite Brinsley Shaw in "The Dance at Eagle Pass" (Essanay). Harry Millarde was the country boy in "The Vampire."

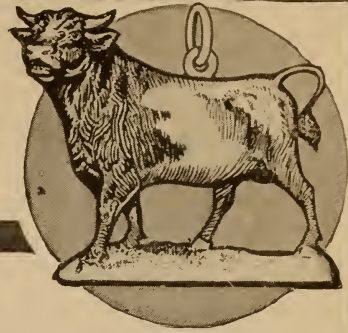
TESS A. G., SAVANNAH.—Just tell your theater manager what films you want to see; if necessary, write to him.

MYRTLE A.—The reason your questions were not answered is because they are



WHEN THEY ONCE GET
HOLD OF IT, THEY
WONT LET GO

FREE



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Gold Plated "Bull" Watch Charm

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This Watch Charm is unusually attractive in appearance and design. It is *14K gold plated*, and will prove a decided ornament to any Watch Fob or Watch Chain. We are making this unusual Free Offer in order to induce more smokers to try "rolling their own" fresh, fragrant, hand-made cigarettes from world-famous

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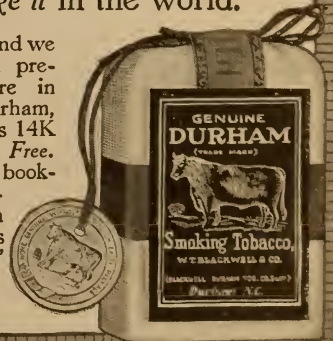
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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY



out of order. See rule at the head of this department. Harry Benham and Lila Chester in "Baby's Joy-ride" (Thanhouser).

Owl.—Edgar Jones and Louise Huff had the leads in "The Reward" (Lubin). Yes; Muriel Ostriche. No, to all three. Yes, watch out for Rosemary Theby.

OLGA.—Either will do, stamps or silver. Thanks very much. You ask what made me bald-headed? That's easy—want of hair. Besides, hair is too much trouble.

Lottie D. T.—Margaret Joslin and Fred Church had the leads in "A Snakeville Courtship" (Essanay). Wheeler Oakman and Bessie Eyton had the leads in "Until the Sea" (Selig). Ed Coxen and Charlotte Burton in "The Shriner's Daughter" (American). Vera Sisson and William Garwood in "The Ten of Spades."

KERRIGAN CLUB.—Denton Varre was Harry in "The Strike" (Kalem). Sidney Drew married the widow in "Pickles, Art and Sauerkraut" (Vitagraph). Florence Hackett the sweetheart in "The Parasite."

ME.—William Russell and Louise Vale had the leads in "The Dilemma" (Biograph). Charles Clary was the Hindu prince in that Selig. Thomas Santschi was Bruce.

E. W., WASHINGTON.—Thanks for the information. Violet Heming is traveling with George Arliss. Would be glad to see you the next time you are in New York.

VERA E. S.—Robyn Adair was Captain Warrenton in "The Belle of Yorktown" (Domino). Charles Ray had the lead in "The Witch of Salem" (Domino). James Cooley was the rich young husband in "Diversion."

JOYCE-MOORE.—Marguerite Courtot was the girl in "The Octoroon" (Kalem). You think that Guy Coombs and Harry Myers darken their eyes too much? Better thus than that somebody else darken them. Henry Otto was Tony in "Tony and Maloney" (Selig). Alma Russell and Jack Nelson had the leads in "The Stolen Heart" (Selig). Louise Huff in "The Vagaries of Fate" (Lubin).

MIRIAM.—If I answered your impertinent questions I doubt if its meaning would penetrate your thick skull. (Now dont get angry, my dear.) Muriel Ostriche in "The Vacant Chair" (Princess). Audrey Berry called at the office today, and she is a very sweet child. She was in my cage quite some time. Winnifred Greenwood and Ed Coxen in "The Return of Helen Redmond" (American).

Lottie D. T.—Billie West and Eugene Pallette in "The Helping Hand" (Majestic). Maude Fealey and Harry Benham in "An Orphan's Romance" (Thanhouser). Sydney Ayres and Vivian Rich in "Destinies Fulfilled" (American). Dave Thompson in "His Father's Wife."

PATTY.—Why dont you get in touch with our Photoplay Clearing House? See ad. in magazine.

R., BINGHAMTON.—Florence Hackett was Florence, and Lottie Briscoe was Lottie in "The Parasite." Harry Carey and Claire McDowell in "For Her Government" (Biograph). William Brunton was James in "Gilt-edge Stocks" (Kalem).

MAN.—I believe that I am the oldest and biggest specimen of Answer Man in captivity. Lillian Orth was the girl in "Mixed Nuts" (Biograph). Phyllis Stuckey was the barmaid in "Keepers of the Flock" (Edison). Miriam Cooper was leading woman, and Harland Moore the detective in "The Railroad Detective's Dilemma" (Kalem). Richard Stanley was the poor man in "Divorced." Charles Ray was the son in "The Open Door" (Broncho).

CURIOSITY.—The origin of "gallery gods," as applied to those who sit in the top balcony, originated when the old Drury Lane Theater, London, painted its ceiling to represent a blue sky with clouds among which were cupids and other gods flying in every direction. Then those who sat "among the gods" were called "gallery gods." Billy Nolls and Nolan Gane in "The Farmer's Daughter" (Thanhouser). Mignon Anderson had the lead in "The Plot Against the Governor."



She—You cowboys are so picturesque.

He—Yep; nearly all of us have been actin' for th' movies so long we just cant help it.

The Edison Series

DO you see all the Edison serial films? Each is so distinctive and so supreme in its own field that you ought to see them all. We have gone into serial films more extensively than others, because we were the first to realize the greatly increased interest which the public has manifested in films of this kind.

There are now six Edison series current, the brief details of which are as follows:

Mary Fuller in "Dolly of the Dailies," by Acton Davies. Twelve newspaper stories.

Marc MacDermott in "The Man Who Disappeared," by Richard Washburn Child. Ten thrillingly dramatic stories also appearing in *Popular Magazine*.

Ben Wilson in "Cleek," by Thomas W. Hanshew. Twelve detective mysteries published in *Short Stories*.

Barry O'Moore in "Octavius," by Frederic Arnold Kummer. Twelve amateur detective comedies published in *Pictorial Review*.

William Wadsworth in "Wood B. Wedd," by Mark Swan. Adventures of a love-sick bachelor.

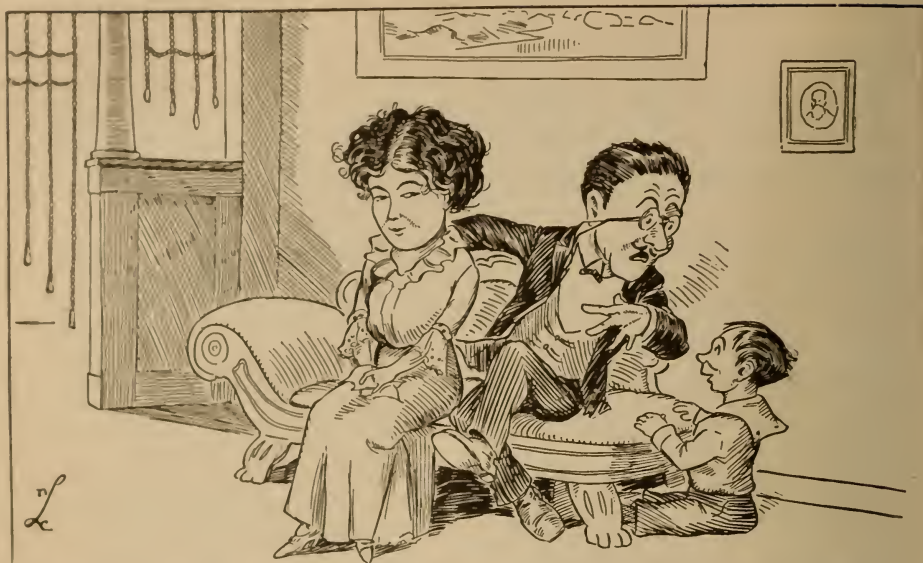
Andy Clark in "Andy," by Mark Swan. Chapters in the life of a real boy.

If your favorite theatre is not running all these series, speak to the manager about them. If you search the whole photoplay world over, you will not find anything more delightful than these Edison series.



THOMAS A. EDISON, INC.,

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ORANGE, N. J.



Tommy (climbing from under sofa)—Gimme a nickel for the movies, Mister Jinks, and I wont tell that I saw you kiss sister.

GEORGE, 25.—Alma Russell was the girl in "The Stolen Heart" (Selig). William Taylor was the stranger in "The Brute" (Vitagraph). I'll have to give yours up: Which came first—the hen or the egg? For if I say the egg, you will ask where the hen came from who laid it; and if I say the hen, you will insist that she must have come from an egg.

LOTTIE D. T.—Dorothy Davenport had the lead in "The Revelation" (Kay-Bee). Robert Grey and Billie West had the leads in "Flesh of His Flesh" (American). Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leads in "Good Resolutions" (Selig). Ben Higgins was the father in "The Spirit of Christmas" (Vitagraph).

OWL.—Your verses would have done justice to Homer: "Oh, subtle one of mystery, I'd love to know your history. I'm wild to know the pretty name of one with such a witty brain. And of your eyes I always think; are they blue, brown, gray or pink? And then your hair—oh, dearie me, whatever color can it be? And tho you claim to be a sage, I'm sure that I can guess your age. (Not more than thirty.) I'd love to see your handsome face, and on your brow a kiss I'd place—if I were a girl; but, being I am a man, I would like to know who the dickens you are, anyway."

GLADYS E.—E. K. Lincoln and Gladden James were the two husbands in "The Call" (Vitagraph). Address all players in care of studio. Darwin Kurr was the first lover in "Love's Sunset" (Vitagraph). Roddy Harris was the little boy in "The Little Bugler" (Vitagraph).

E. M. BLACKWELL.—Where is Brooklyn?

Well, it is bounded on the north by Long Island City, on the east by Jamaica, on the south by Coney Island, and on the west by the United States. You know we put the O K in Brooklyn. E. K. Lincoln and Anita Stewart in "The Right and the Wrong of It" (Vitagraph). Francis Bushman and William Bailey were the brothers in "The Man and the Hour" (Essanay). Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "Between Two Fires" (Lubin).

ROQUA, OKLA.—Linda Griffith was Hester in "The Scarlet Letter" (Kinemacolor). Gaston Bell was the lover in "The Husband's Story" (Kinemacolor).

JUDY R. E.—Harry Loomes was the Union general in "Love of '64" (Lubin). Yes, call me anything you like; "Old Rip" seems to be the most popular nickname.

MURL S.—I saw that clipping. Ernestine Morley was the fashionable woman in "Fashion's Toy" (Lubin). Ford Sterling was the lead in "In the Clutches of a Gang," and Roscoe Arbuckle in "Fatty."

LOTTIE D. T.—Francelia Billington and Lamar Johnstone had the leads in "The Baby" (Majestic). Marcia Moore and Ray Taidlan in "Her Legacy" (Kay-Bee).

OLGA, 17.—That was Victor Potel as the bartender in "A Gambler's Way" (Essanay). Yes; Yale Boss has grown quite some in the last year. He will be playing old men soon.

MERIDITH.—Henry King and Dollie Larkin had the leads in "The Mysterious Hand" (Lubin). Tom Forman was Andres in "His Excellency" (Lubin). You refer to Paul C. Hurst in the Kalem pictures.

M. C. E. VALLEJO.—Thanks for the plug tobacco, but none of us use the weed

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You can save money by subscribing for the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** by the year. Bought at the news-stands it costs you \$1.80 per year. A yearly subscription is only \$1.50,—thirty cents saved.

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Name.....

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When answering advertisements kindly mention **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**.

in that form. Ned Finley and Edith Storey the leads in "Children of the Feud."

TEXAS M. H.—Owen Moore is in California. Also Mary Pickford. Gaston Bell was Jefferson in "The Lion and the Mouse." Francis Bushman and Ruth Stonehouse in "The Hour and the Man."

BETTY, OF C. H. S.—The reason that name appeared so many times is because she enclosed a fee every time, and those letters have preference. There was no Selig play by that title.

ELFRIEDA.—How much does John Bunny weigh? I don't know; we have no hay-scales in Brooklyn. Belle Adair was Cherry in "The Case of Cherry Purcell" (Eclair). Helen Marten had the lead in "Over the Cliffs" (Eclair). Robyn Adair was the husband in "Prince." Jessalyn Van Trump was Maggie in "The Ring."

L. B., CHICAGO.—Frank Newburg and Adele Lane had the leads in "Cypher Message" (Selig). Marshall Neilan was the artist in "The Sentimental Sister."

ROBERTS.—Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "Fitzhugh's Ride" (Lubin). Octavia Handworth was leading woman in "The Yellow Streak" (Pathé). James Cooler in "The Stopped Clock" (Biograph). Yes, that's the trouble with woman—you cant fall into her arms without falling into her hands.

ALTHEA H. O.—I believe that was a real fire in a factory in that play. Velma Whitman and Henry King had the leads in "Turning the Table" (Lubin). Harry Beaumont was the cashier in "Alexisa's Strategy" (Edison). Yes; Jack Standing in "The Exile" (Lubin). Billie Rhodes

opposite Carlyle Blackwell in "The Man Who Vanished" (Kalem).

ANON.—I don't usually answer unsigned questions, but yours is an exception, for I want to inform you that there is no hope for you at this end of the line. But cheer up. Remember what Pope says: "There swims no goose so gray but soon or late she finds some honest gander for her mate."

ZELMA.—Earle Foxe opposite Florence Lawrence in "The Influence of Sympathy" (Victor). Yes, any one can join the club.

BENNIE'S ADMIRER.—Harry Morey was Ishmael in "The Vampire of the Desert" (Vitagraph). "Dear Old Girl" (Essanay) was taken at Ithaca. Rosemary Theby in "The Moth" (Lubin). Bessie Eyton was the leading lady in "Adopted Daughter."

PATRICA, 16.—Ethel Cooke was the girl in "An Amateur Animal Trainer" (Thanhouser). Jane Bernoudy was Lasca in "Lasca" (Bison 101). Adele Lane in that Selig. Laura Sawyer was Violet in "An Hour Before Dawn" (Famous Players). Francelia Billington was the girl in "A Perilous Ride" (Majestic). Elsie Greeson was Helen in "Just a Song at Twilight" (Majestic). When you feel blue, take a bath—it may wash off.

TILLIE, THE FIRST.—Dollie Larkin was the wife in "When the Clock Stopped" (Lubin). Barney Furey was Ben, and Adele Lane was Alice in "John Bousall, of the U. S. Secret Service" (Selig). Mildred Gregory was Amy in "The Scapegrace" (Lubin). Louise Vale and Glen White in "The Fallen Angel."

LOTTIE D. T.—Lawzy-massy, sister, you write long ones! William Tedmarsh was



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PHONE No. 344 MURRAY HILL

the butler in "The Tale of a Ticker" (American). Norma Talmadge and Leo Delaney in "Fanny's Conspiracy" (Vitagraph). Jack Conway and Lucille Young in "The Trail of the Lonesome Mine" (Majestic). Charles Ray and Laura Glauin in "For Mother's Sake" (Kay-Bee). Henry Walthall with Reliance.

LAURENCE.—Thanks for the card from Paris; have never been there. Yes, what is home without a—phonograph?

N. B. MOREHEAD.—Louise Glauin in that Kalem. That film showing the growth of a flower was not taken by means of trick photography. It is done thus: Place the camera in position before the flower, give it one exposure, turn the film forward, wait one minute (or one hour, according to the rapidity of the growth of the flower), then make another exposure, and so on, until the plant is full grown. Mechanical contrivances are now made by which the exposures are made automatically every ten seconds, or minute, or hour, as required. When the film is complete, it may be run off on the screen so as to give the impression that the plant, which took days to grow, grew all in five minutes. Artificial light is usually used because it is more steady and constant than daylight, which is ever changing.

JEAN-ETTE.—Adele Lane and Edward Wallock had the leads in "Conscience and the Temptress" (Selig). Clara Kimball Young was the wife in "The Perplexed Bridegroom" (Vitagraph). Thanks for the fudge. Oh, fudge!

ALLEN L. R.—Except in the Universal branches, and then the photoplayers change from one company to another. Louise Huff was the girl in "The Hazard of Youth" (Lubin). Dollie Larkin was the unmarried sister in "When He Sees" (Lubin). Norbert Myles, William Funn and Ethel Phillips in "The Electrician's Hazard" (Kalem).

IDA S.—I confess that I cannot answer your question, Why are there three times as many widows as widowers in this country? The player is not on the cast. Eleanor Dunn was the little girl in "The Inspector's Story" (Lubin).

ELSIE R.—Richard Stanton, Thomas Chatterton and Anna Little in "True Irish Hearts" (Domino). Sydney Ayres in "The Power of Light" (American). E. K. Lincoln had the lead in "The Swan Girl."

ME.—Robert Burns was Ben in "Her Present" (Lubin). Benjamin Wilson was Paul in "All for His Sake" (Edison). William Nigh in "A Turn of the Cards" (Majestic). The Nash Twins in July, 1913.



Tourist—My good man, could you tell me wheah I might find some of those jolly, rollicking cowboys I've read about?

Native—Sure; right over there in that 'ere pitcher show—they've all left this part of the country to act for the movies.

The Dangerous Business of Being a Baby

Dangerous, indeed, when we see the tiny little bodies menaced by dirty dairies, by sick cows, by ignorance, by disease; and dangerous, indeed, when we know that one baby out of six—last year—died. But the danger grows less—Doctors and Scientists have learned much about how to keep our babies; and now the mothers of the nation have joined in the movement for "Better Babies."

"Better Babies" means first, healthier mothers; second, mothers who know.

It means mothers who know that their baby's food is of most importance—who know of the dangers for little babies in cows' milk—who know that the Government Inspectors found only eight clean dairies in every hundred and that in one State alone—under strict laws—there are 200 000 infected cows. Who know that even when cows' milk is pure it is too heavy in curd for little babies.

Nestlé's Food

is nearer to mother's milk than any other diet you can give your baby. In NESTLÉ'S the curd of the milk is rendered soft and fleecy as in mother's milk. The best cows' milk is the basis of NESTLÉ'S FOOD—the milk from clean, healthy cows, in sanitary dairies that are carefully inspected. Then to it are added other food elements your baby needs, and that cows' milk does not contain.

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Please send me, FREE, your book and trial package.

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EDITH C. W.—Dan Mason was the minister in "Why Girls Leave Home" (Edison). William West was Eccles, and Gertrude McCoy was Ester in "Caste" (Edison). Blanche Sweet and Gertrude Robinson were the sisters, and Marshall Nellan the artist in "The Sentimental Sister" (Biograph). Hal Clarendon was John Oxen in "A Lady of Quality."

TILL—Anita Stewart and Norma Talmadge are about of the same age, under twenty. Clara Young is a little older. We do not give ages.

N. D. P. ANTIGO.—Dollie Larkin and Velma Whitman were the girls in "When He Sees" (Lubin). Lillian Orth was the girl in "How the Day Was Saved" (Biograph). Mr. Vinci was the son in "The Smuggler's Son" (Cines-Kleine).

GERALDINE W.—Among the famous stage favorites who have appeared in Motion

Pictures might be mentioned Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth," Minnie Maddern Fiske in "Tess," Nat Goodwin in "Oliver Twist," Lily Langtry in "Our Neighbors," James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo," Henry E. Dixey in "Chelsea 7750," Rose Coghlan in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Henri Krauss, Cissie Loftus, Charles Hawtrey, Ethel and Jack Barrymore and James K. Hackett. James Cooley in "Beyond All Law."

MIRIAM O. H.—I am not an authority on how to run a husband, but there are two recognized methods: 1. Let him think he is running you; 2. Feed the brute. O. C. Lund was Lieutenant Byron in "Lady Babbie" (Eclair). J. W. Johnston and Edna Payne in "Into the Foothills" (Eclair). Mona Darkfeather and Art Ortega in "The Medicine Man's Revenge" (Kalem). Stella Razetto in "Memories."

(Continued from page 108)

rooms here at the hotel, all by myself. Vitagraph always makes us comfortable. We have a Pullman for tomorrow. Saw picture show tonight. Several recognized me. Sent out a few cards to friends and one to mother.

THURSDAY.—Bad day. Could not take any pictures. Loafed all day, played cards, and wrote a few letters. Too bad the weather man is not more kind to me. I want to work.

THURSDAY.—Had an exciting experience today. A young lady—

That was as far as I got, for just then the door opened and Earle Williams came over to the table where I sat. I looked up, embarrassed, making no attempt to conceal the truth. He looked at me curiously, and I could not tell whether he was angry or just sorry. For a moment neither of us spoke.

"I see you are copying from my private book," he said quietly, then sighed.

"But you said I might look at all the books and do anything I liked," with a pretense of wounded pride.

"Did I?" he said thoughtfully. "Perhaps I did—I never thought of those—how stupid of me! Well, I guess there's no harm done; but you won't print any of it, of course?" he added, looking up anxiously.

"Well," I said apologetically. "I certainly would not make all these extracts for any other purpose, Mr. Williams. Please remember that you are a public character and that your suc-

cess and popularity are due to the public. They want to know about you—about the man they have helped to make—you owe it to them."

"I never thought of it in that light," he replied; "perhaps I do owe the public something."

"Indeed you do," I retorted passionately. "I have made no extracts that could possibly do you any harm; please let me publish them."

"Well, we'll talk it over on the way. Come along. We'll go over to the Imperial and have a bite, and then take in a show."

"Is it necessary to go over to New York to get something to eat and to see a show?" I asked, being a loyal Brooklynite.

"Oh, no; I frequently dine in Brooklyn, and sometimes in the cheap restaurants," he replied; "and, if you say so, we'll patronize home industries tonight."

And we did. And—would you believe it?—I did not say a word about diaries all evening, and neither did Mr. Williams. He probably forgot. He is such a whole-souled, generous, good-natured, sensible fellow that it would be a pity to take advantage of him. Perhaps I should not have handed in these extracts from the diary of one of the greatest photography artists on earth, and probably the most popular one. But Mr. Williams did not tell me not to, did he?

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Just glance over the following list of articles that are to appear in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and decide for yourself whether you can afford to be without it:

MOVING PICTURE TOYS

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

This article shows the evolution of Motion Pictures so clearly that a child would understand. Mr. Fryer has made drawings of various toys and devices that were once in use, and these will be used to illustrate this interesting article. Fathers and mothers will want to read this to their children, and, if they have none, they will want to read it themselves.

ROYALTY AND THE MOVIES

By ERNEST A. DENCH, of London

This is a remarkable article. After reading it you will never be ashamed to tell your aristocratic friends that you are a "movie fan"; for, if kings and queens and princes attend Motion Pictures and enjoy them, it is certainly no crime for us ordinary mortals to do so. This article will be handsomely illustrated with half-tone plates, made from original photographs, which we obtained at considerable expense and trouble, including the following: Prince Alexander Ferdinand of Prussia, the Princess Augusta, King Manuel, King Alphonso, the ex-Queen of Portugal, the Queen of Spain, the President of Brazil, Lady Beryl Le Poer Trench, Prince Wilhelm, Queen Sophia of Greece, Kaiser Wilhelm and the entire Royal family, and, last but not least, King George of England and his consort Queen Mary. This will certainly be an article worth preserving. Everybody should read it, and every theater owner should frame it so that the proud ones can see that the best people in the world are not too good for the pictures.

MARY FULLER'S DIARY!

We dont intend to tell you how we got possession of this very interesting book, but we did! Wait until you see what happened to Mary every day! Then we have others, too, and they are choice!

OLD-TIME MARINE FIGURE-HEADS

By Mary Taylor Falt. An interesting and instructive illustrated article, similar to "Old New England Wall-Papers," which supplies another link in the chain of Motion Picture evolution.

MOVING PICTURE AUDIENCES

By Beth Haskar, giving a clever analysis of the different kinds of people who regularly attend the picture theaters.

GREAT ACTORS OF THE PAST

In this, Charles Sutton, of the Edison Company, recalls some interesting stage experiences, and comments on the powers of McCullough, Ada Rehan, Ward, Couldoc, Stoddard and others.

MOTION PICTURE INFLUENCES

This long and well-illustrated article, by R. H. Pray, shows the wholesome influence of a good Motion Picture theater on a community, and the evil effects of a poor one. The author relates personal experiences in Chicago and elsewhere in a highly entertaining way. All reformers and church-workers should read this article, as well as every father and mother.

ALL THE PLAYERS IN CARICATURE

Those who remember our Christmas Tree Drawing and a later one, each containing the portraits of sixty or more popular players, will be pleased to learn that we have another, which will appear in the June issue. It contains about 75 portraits, and is entitled "The Motion Picture Picnic." It is very funny.

THE LURE OF THE CINEMA

By Ernest A. Dench, showing how persistently unfitted applicants pester Motion Picture companies. EDITH STOREY, ETHEL CLAYTON, MIRIAM NESBITT, JUSTINA and LOUISE HUFF, WARREN KERRIGAN, MARY PICKFORD and others have been chatted, interviewed, walked with and interrogated for the edification and pleasure of our readers, and these are only a few of the many features that we have obtained to help make the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE the most wonderful magazine on earth.

P. S.—And dont forget the "Great Artist Contest!"

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R. E. L. LANCASTER.—I do not recognize the pictures you enclose. Dont think they are with any company.

DANNIE MAC.—Isabelle Lamon was with Reliance last. Wallace Reid has been with Vitagraph. You think Crane Wilbur is too theatrical? Yes, but he is artistic, is he not?

TOMMY.—Just send along your questions in your letter, and they will be answered.

(Continued from page 36)

beauty in which he felt no inconsiderable pride, was badly marred. He was the one "heavy" the company boasted, and another such was not to be had at a moment's notice. Therefore, his complaint to the director met with the desired result—the dismissal of the assaulting general cleaner.

When Christian Marck knew that he must go—that the dusty trail, the fierce heartache were his again for aye—he knew, too, that his uttermost capacity was reached; that, tho it be in scorn and shame, he must hear "father" from the lips of his little girl. And so, as he was leaving the studio building, his well-worn carpet bag in horny hand, he stopped at the door marked "Amelie Reine."

The girl opened to his timid knock. Followed an awkward pause—then Christian produced a battered tin-type from the pocket over his heart. He glanced at it a moment, then at the young face before him in the life. What were the years—what were pride, fear, hesitation? She was his baby—his flesh and blood and bone. Her tiny fingers had clung to his great palm for first protection. Her first, lisped word had been his name.

"Amelia!" he broke out, dropping the old bag. "Oh, liebechen—liebechen—say you know your father!"

Amelie Reine did not act that day. When Mr. Daniels, the suave director came in search of her, he found her on the knee of the general cleaner, both arms twined close about his neck.

And when she saw him she drew to her feet, and led Christian to the door.

"I've found a father, Mr. Daniels," she said, and her voice was glad and proud; "and you've lost your general cleaner—to me!"

MRS. J. H. MOORE, EL PASO.—Thanks many for your interesting pictures and films. I know all about the Ridgelys. They had a hard time of it. So you have a company of your own taking pictures of the Mexican revolution. You are ambitious. Your picture of the Mexican who was shot thru the back of the neck, the bullet coming thru and carrying away his jaw, is greswome. So he now has a silver jaw, and you have the bullet? Quite a treasure! The picture of this silver-jawed man will be carefully preserved in my collection.

ASBURY PARK CURL.—Louise Huff was Chispa in "The Waif of the Desert" (Lubin). Robert Graham was Harry. Belle Adair was the granddaughter in "The Diamond Master" (Eclair).

M. C. H.—"The Sacrifice at the Spillway" (Kalem) was taken on an old canal in New Jersey. William Stowell was the lead in "Hilda of Heron Cove."

GUSSIE J., TEMPLE, TEX.—Yours must be a great town if all you say of it be true: "There is a man in our town who sits behind your seat, and everything the actors say he thinks he must repeat. There is a man in our town, our goat he's surely got; he knows everything about the show, and 'specially about the plot. There is a man in our town, and he is full of prunes; he's got a rusty phonograph and never changes tunes. There is a man in our town who's even worse than that; he's teaching tango dancing on the floor above our flat. There is a man in our town, a pest you doubtless know; no matter what a picture is he says, 'I told you so!' There is a girl in our town as silly as can be, and I think if I'm not mistaken that little girl is me." Very clever for the girl in your town.

J. H. E., NAPIER, N. Z.—I think you are wrong when you say that Muriel Ostriche is known in New Zealand as Daphne Wayne. You refer to Blanche Sweet, because that is the name Biograph gave her in foreign countries. Mary Pickford was known abroad as Dolly Nicholson. You might write to Mary Pickford, care of Famous Players, N. Y. City, for an autograph photo, and perhaps the "angel beauty" will not refuse an admirer who is standing on his head on the opposite side of the sphere.

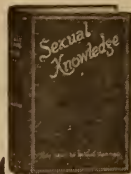
MOLLY AND PEGGY.—Ray Myers was the son in "Blood Will Tell" (Kay-Bee). Kay-Bee are playing in California. Owen Moore and Mary Pickford in "Caprice."

HARDY.—Gladys Hall tells me that she is using your clever contribution in the June issue. John Collier is the man who put the sense in censorship.

BEACON, NEW YORK.—Glad to hear you are boosting the magazine. Thanks. Your letter is very fine. The editor doesn't seem to be cutting me down.

J. A. A., SYDNEY.—Sally Crute was Beth in "The Price of Human Lives" (Edison). Your letter was very interesting. Thanks.

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BROWN EYES.—Victor produced "The Girl and Her Money." Louise Fazenda is with Joker. Edgar Jones in that Lubin. Brinsley Shaw was Carol in "Uphill Climb" (Selig). Wheeler Oakman as Frank Cameron.

VRGYNIA.—To wish champagne to your real friends and real pain to your sham friends is not generous in either case. Thanks for your love-ly letter.

(Continued from page 42)

Haywood began, with the pathos of a strong man down under a grip he could not loosen.

"There! there you go again, 'butting' things—that's cute of me, isn't it?"—and Hester laughed as she broke eggs into the little frying-pan cheerily sputtering its butter in the near vicinity.

"What are you doing, Hessie?" demanded Haywood, with the weakness that comes to a fellow who is longing to use his hands and arms, but just cant.

"Doing what I expect to do to the end of our joint days—frying your breakfast eggs, and making your coffee"—stirring the steaming pot.

"Hessie, do you mean that, dear?"—and John Haywood rose tensely from his chair, turning toward her.

"Why, I never meant anything else, Boy o' My Heart"—and suddenly she was lost in his embrace, bandaged hands and all.

"But, Hessie," he cried again in despair, standing back an instant, dropping his arms at his sides, "I just cant be dependent on you!"

"You must, just for a little while, dear," she pleaded, again on his breast; "and you cant refuse to let me help that little while. And, besides, I need you, John. The world is full of Starkings, and I am very little and my art blinds my eyes, sometimes, and if I have you I shall feel so safe, and——"

But the rest was smothered in his coat, as, his two bandaged hands pressing her head sharply to his heart, and his lips upon her hair, he promised the care and the protection she craved. "God giving me strength in my two hands again," he fervently prayed.

GEORGE, MONTREAL.—I think you have that booking agency correctly sized up. After a picture has been run thru the projector, it has to be wound upon its spool or reel again, so that it can be run again. Otherwise it would run backwards.

THELMA.—Thanks for your very interesting letter telling me of your travels thru Japan and Switzerland. I wish I could print the whole letter. You are quite fortunate to be able to see so many countries.

CANARSEE MERIMADE.—Sorry you complain. Wallace Reid had the lead in "Way of a Woman" (Nestor). Haven't heard Billy Mason's whereabouts as yet. Yes; Crane Wilbur will have his diary stolen pretty soon.

MOVING PICTURE FAN.—That was Myrtle Stedman, and not Kathlyn Williams in "Good Resolutions" (Selig). No; Thomas Santschi was Bruce in the Kathlyn pictures. Your letter is fine, and I thank you.

KATHLEEN E.—Sorry you did not get a prize; several others are complaining also. Many persons guessed the Telegram Puzzle correctly. Marguerite Clayton seems to be about as satisfactory a leading woman for Mr. Anderson as he has had.

LOTTIE D. T.—Harry Von Meter and Vivian Rich in "His First Case" (American). Alec B. Francis and Belle Adair in "Good in the Worst of Us" (Eclair). Alexander Gaden and Ethel Grandin in "Love's Victory" (Victor).

LOUISE E.—Write to Leah Morgan, 831 Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa., about joining the Correspondence Club. There are about 200 members, and several of the players are honorary members. The editor of the *News*, John Chase, is doing well.

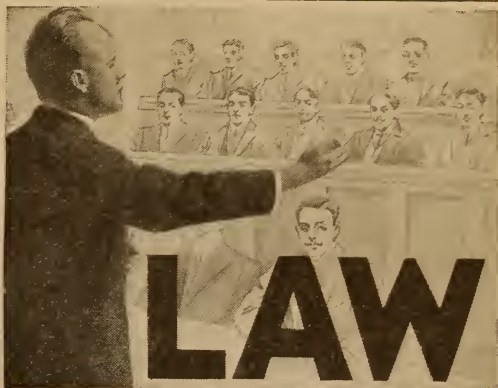
H. P. M.—Write to our Circulation Department about changing your address. Don't ask about nationality.

HELEN L. R.—Thanks for the pretty remembrance cards. Sorry to hear of your accident. House Peters was the manager in "The Bishop's Carriage" (Famous Players). Mabel Van Buren was the Egyptian princess in "Thru the Centuries" (Selig). Edythe Auderton in "That Terrible Kid" (Lubin). Charles Bennett the father in "Tainted Money."

THE PEST.—So you like the way Doc Travers' clothes fit him? So Mary Fuller would not write in your album, and then you tore all her pictures up? O cruel, impetuous, impatient One! You don't realize how busy she is.

OLGA, 17.—Your German letter received. I agree with you in everything you say.

OWL, 6.—Rosetta Brice was the girl in "The Price of Victory" (Lubin). Marshall Neilan was the artist in "Sentimental Sister" (Biograph). Tom Carrigan was the son, and Frank Weed the crook in "A Modern Vendetta" (Selig). No, the editor has gone over that matter many times, and he will not put in a Photoplaywright department.



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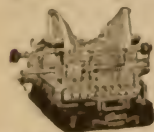
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JOSEPHINE R.—Thanks for the picture. Make the best of everything, think the best of everything and hope the best for yourself.

GRUMBLER.—Thanks for the watch-fob. It is much appreciated. Ogden Crane and James Gordon were the fathers, Ernest Truex was Wally, Boots Wall was Edith, and Owen Moore was Jack in "Caprice" (Famous Players). So you think the following applies to my picture: "Little head, big wit; big head, not a bit"?

V. CATHERINE.—Harriet Notter was the wife in "Bringing Up Hubby" (Selig), Thomas Santschi was the husband. The great dancers of the present time are Isadora Duncan, Pavlova, Mordkin, Genée, Nijinski, Priobrajensky, Kasarvina, Ruth St. Denis, Jaques-Dalcroze, Maud Allen, the Sisters Wiesenhal, Myrthis, Napierkowska, Artemis Colonna, Santen, the Indian Mahara, Tortajada, Margaret Morris, Vernon Castle, Jewel Hilburn and Tom Lambert—but I have not named all.

EMMY LOU.—Yes, I have preached many times about painted lips, but I think it will take more than this department to stop them. Your letter is interesting.

PAUL C.—Leo Maloney and Helen Holmes in "The Battle at Fort Laramie" (Kalem). Much obliged for the mirror, but what am I to do with it?

CUPID.—Thanks many times for the copies of the *News*. I was indeed glad to get them. I have something which you never had, which you would not have if you could, and which I would not part with for a million dollars—a bald head. I am very proud of it. You should not flaunt but envy me.

PIERRE T.—Alfred Vosburgh was the lieutenant in "The Sign of the Snake" (Kay-Bee). Bessie Eyton and Wheeler Oakman had the leads in "An Uphill Climb" (Selig). Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "The Catch of the Season."

VIOLIN, AUSTRALIA.—Mr. Serena was Petronius in "Quo Vadis?" (Kleina). That was Rose Tapley as the wife in "Better Days" (Vitagraph).

JNO. V. L.—Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Man from the West" (Lubin). Roscoe Arbuckle is the correct name. Keystone and Crystal are the only companies that prefer the synopsis only rather than the complete photoplay. William Clifford's picture appeared in July, 1913.

R. G., FLAGSTAFF.—Yes; Carlyle Blackwell is directing mostly now. Haven't heard of his present leading lady.

W. J. D.—Martin Faust was the crook in "Hamilton Cleek" (Edison). There was an awful blunder in that other play. That man who was crossing the desert took out his watch. Later he died of thirst. Now, how could he die of thirst when he had a spring in his pocket? (Stand a little back, reader, these things are apt to happen any minute.)

Mrs. L. E. S.—Please don't ask for theatrical information. Jane Wolfe was the adventurer's wife in "The Masqueraders" (Kalem). Velma Whitman and Walter Smith had the leads in "Out of the Depths" (Lubin). "St. Elmo" was done by Vitagraph some time ago. Sarah Bernhardt! The hearts she has moved by her powers! Their united throbbings might almost shake the world. And our Little Mary may some day be a Bernhardt. And we may have still other Bernhardts growing.

D. D. D., MEMPHIS.—Oh, there will always be multiple reels and features, but there may not be so many as there are now. It seems to be a fad just now. The small houses seem to prefer single reels mainly, and the big theaters desire an occasional two- or three-reeler. Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in that Lubin.

FLOWER E. G.—Did I neglect to say that your letter was bright? Then I forgot a courtesy that you richly deserved. Pardon, madame, I enjoy all good letters, but I haven't room to say so each time.

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—Harriet Notter and Frank Newburg in "Hilda of Heron Cove" (Selig). Yes, I saw that play. *Entre nous*, they are losing a lot of their best players, and that, no doubt, accounts for it.

PANSY.—Wait until you see your Jack in "Samson." Harry Millarde was Kenneth in "The Hand-print Mystery" (Kalem). M. Noel was Billy in "Billy's Ruse" (Princess). The brother was not cast in "The Heart of the Hills" (Rex). The pins are going to be beautiful.

W. H. T., CHICAGO.—Your brilliant and welcome epistle came too late for attention in this issue. Many thank you.

EDNA C.—Herschel Mayal was the general in "Heart of a Woman" (Domino). Tom Carrigan and Alma Russell in "The Modern Vendetta" (Selig). Tom Carrigan and Mabel Taliaferro, his wife, are playing in Chicago with Edith Taliaferro. Walter Edwards was Jeff in "The Secret Lode" (Broncho). Leona Hulton was leading woman in "The Woman" (Kay-Bee). Clara Williams was leading woman in "Divorce" (Kay-Bee).

MARY LOVE.—Could get no information for you. The letter is written all right. Marion Leonard is back with Warners. Neva Gerber is now playing leads for Carlyle Blackwell. She was with his company before.

GOLDEN LOCKS.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan in "The Schoolmarm's Shooting-Match" (Selig). Mr. Borzage was John in "New England Idyl." Miss Mitchell was leading lady.

ELFRIEDA.—Mignon Anderson had the lead in "The Plot Against the Governor" (Thanhouser). Leona Hulton and Herschel Mayal had the leads in "Out of the Storm" (Kay-Bee). Jackie Kirtley was Rachael in "Rebecca's Wedding-day."



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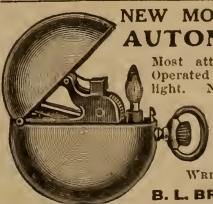
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JOHN R. B.—Do not know what kind of revolver G. M. Anderson uses—whether it is a Colt or a full-grown horse-pistol. Ned Finley and Edith Storey in "Children of the Feud" (Vitagraph). Ruth Roland and George Larkin in "Too Many Johnnies" (Kalem). Margaret Fischer and Harry Pollard in "The Wife" (American Beauty). William Shay and Leah Baird in "The Price of Sacrilege" (Imp).

WILFRED H. S.—James Ross was Tully in "An Unseen Terror" (Kalem). Rex Downs was Huntley in "Her Indian Brother" (Kalem). Art Ortega was Red Hank in "Red Hank's Sacrifice" (Kalem). John Smiley was the father in "The Inspector's Story" (Lubin).

EDNA MAY.—Robyn Adair and Barney Sherry were the two brothers in "Military Judas" (Broncho). Sydney Ayres in "The Power of Light" (American). Edward Coxen was the agent in "The Lost Treasure" (American). That there play was taken in California.

LILLIAN M.—Earle Williams plays opposite Edith Storey and Clara Young. Ormi Hawley and Edwin Carewe in "On Her Wedding Day" (Lubin). Henry King had the lead in "By Impulse."

BLANCHE L.—You think Carlyle Blackwell is not a success as a pickpocket? Well, that's a business where you have to get your hand in. Velma Whitman and Ray Gallagher in "In Mysterious Ways" (Lubin). Ollie Harbuval was the girl in "At the Eleventh Hour" (Selig). M. L. Pardee opposite Henry King in "The Power of Print" (Pathé).

THOMAS J. F.—Norbert Myles and Ethel Phillips in "The Electrician's Hazard" (Kalem). William Finn was the villain. Your puns are like a broken pencil—they have no point.

NANAIMO GIRL.—Winnifred Greenwood was Enid in "The Ghost of the Hacienda" (American). Edward Coxen opposite her. Mabel Normand was the girl, and Wilfred Lucas the lover in "The Champion."

M. M.—Your verse for Earle Williams is good. Lottie Briscoe was the wife, and Florence Hackett the other girl in "The Blinded Heart" (Lubin).

DOTTY DIMPLE.—Boyd Marshall was the young man in "The Vacant Chair" (Princess). No; Leah Baird is not Mrs. King Baggot. Ruth Stonehouse was the girl in "The Other Girl" (Essanay). Lillian Drew was the rich girl.

A. D. C., DEADWOOD.—We have a recreation room in our building, containing a piano and books, and during the noon hour the employees of the magazine make good use of this room. Charles Ray was Dinnis in "Eileen of Erin" (Domino).

PANSY.—Your letter is so very interesting. Mutual did not answer about that country boy. That was Henry King in "His Excellency" (Lubin). Wallie Reid is in California. Hal Reid, his father, is in New York, I believe.

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C. A. P.—Probably the Powers. The Nicholas Power Co. (90 Gold Street, New York City) manufacture about 70 per cent. of the Motion Picture projecting machines used in this country. The Vitagraph Theater, the Palace Theater and Hammerstein's use these machines.

FAITH L. F.—Yes, to your first. Velma Whitman was the wife in "Magic Melody" (Lubin). Gertrude McCoy was Fanny in "All for His Sake" (Edison). Where, oh where, is my W. T. H.?

M. A. D.—Thanks for your interesting letter. So you can't *express* your admiration. Well, send it by freight.

NOKOMIS.—Sorry, but I could not obtain that information.

MARJORIE FROM CHICAGO.—Did you ever notice that when two persons get married on the screen how *unspeakably* happy they are? Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "When the Leaves Fall" (Lubin). Harold Lockwood was the lead in "Northern Hearts" (Selig). Leo White in "Speak No Evil." Louise Beaudet was the mother in "Sawdust vs. Salome."

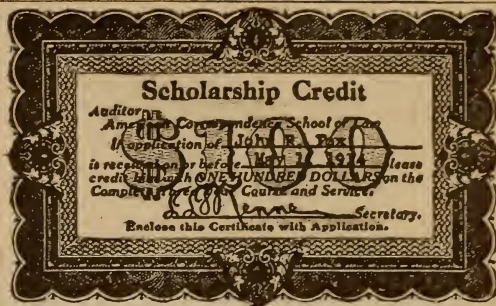
THELMA S.—The Seven Bibles are the Christian Bible, the Koran, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Try Pitikes or Tripitaka, the Chinese Five Kings, the Three Vedas of the Hindus and the Zendavesta of the Persians. Ray Gallagher the lover, Henry King the unsuccessful lover, and Velma Whitman the leading woman in "The Eternal Duel" (Lubin). Rosemary Theby in "The Moth" (Lubin). Robert Frazer is back with Eclair.

THANVIT CLUB.—Marshall Neilan in that Rex. Francelia Billington was the girl in "The Van Warden's Jewels" (Majestic). William Garwood was the husband in "A Turn of the Cards" (Majestic). Lillian Drew was the girl. The original Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a Miss Letcher, who afterwards married General Kennedy. Most of the other characters were taken from real life by Mrs. Stowe.

KRAZY KAT KLUB.—Ruth Roland and George Larkin, and John Brennan and Ruth Ritter in "Emancipated Women" (Kalem). Harry Fisher and Dixie King were the other couple. James Morrison is back with Vitagraph. You say in reading the magazine you have discovered several blockheads, such as Greenwood, Kirkwood, Haywood, Lockwood and Garwood. And you have discovered ten tons, such as Clayton, Killington, Lytton, etc. And about thirteen Moores.

FAYE C., HOUSTON.—Warren Kerrigan is at Hollywood, Cal. Yes, while you are having flowers and trees in bloom, we have dirty snowbanks along the sidewalks. "Oh, the beautiful snow!" Tell your father he's a pretty good judge.

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JUNE B.—Crane Wilbur still plays at the Jersey City studio. Dont think he has much time to correspond. Thanks.

ROSE GIRL.—It's according to what you're after—Emerson said to aim high, while General Jackson said to aim low! Frank Newburg in "Hilda of Heron Cave" (Selig). Irene Bowley and Donald Crisp in "The Blue or the Gray" (Biograph). Earle Williams and Clara K. Young had the leads in "Love's Sunset" (Vitagraph).

LOUISE ORTH.—I am sorry I have been calling you Lillian, but that is the way we got it from the Biograph. Hereafter, you shall be known as Louise Orth, the beautiful Biograph blonde. I also wish to state that you played the leading part in "Troublesome Mole," not Miss Pardee. Accept my compliments, felicitations and thanks. May we have your photo?

EDNA W.—Larry Peyton was the young doctor in "Trapped" (Kalem). Paul Hurst was Dan, and Marin Sais the doctor's wife. Velma Whitman the girl in "The Eternal Duel" (Lubin). Mae Marsh was Anne in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Jane Wolfe was Sybel, and Louise Glauw was Mildred in "The Masquerader."

PAKALA MAORI.—No doubt if you write to Julia S. Gordon she will do as you request. Your letter is very entertaining.

MRS. D. G.—You ask my advice, madam, as to where to let your children attend the photoplay. I am sorry that I cannot advise you. The plays are now written for the average. Some are too heavy and suggestive for children, and some are not enough so to please the older folks. The only solution is to have theaters and plays especially for children. That would do away with the questions of censorship. As a rule, however, you are safe in allowing your children to attend almost any photoplay that is given in a high-class theater. Good managers seldom let a really bad play get on their screen nowadays.

GRACE E. H.—House Peters was the theatrical manager. Sidney Drew was Blunt in "Beauty Unadorned" (Vitagraph). Jose de la Cruz was the president in "His Excellency."

DELLA S.—Ethel Davis was Lygia in "Into the Lion's Pit" (Powers). Flora Mason and Vera Hansey in that Universal. Frances Nelson was the sister in "So Runs the Way" (Biograph).

MELVA.—Your letter is full of good judgment. Clarence Barr was Bill in "From Father to Son" (Rex). That picture was taken in California, and the animals are tame.

ESTHER K.—We expect to chat Crane Wilbur soon again. Charles Chaplin in "Mabel's Strange Predicament."

WILLIAM H. P.—Wilfred Lucas played opposite Mary Pickford in "A Pueblo Legend" (Biograph). He is now with the International Films. Mr. Vosburgh was the young reporter, and William Elfe was his friend in "A War Correspondent."

VERGYNIA.—Eleanor Woodruff was the daughter in "In the Mesh of Her Hair" (Pathé). Mary Ruby was Little Sister in "Captain Jenny" (Gold Seal). Herschel Mayal was the governor in "The Mystery Lady" (Domino). Anna Little was leading lady. Harry Millarde was the brother in "The Hand-print Mystery" (Kalem).

MARIE C. P.—You seem to think that the shortest road to my affections is thru my stomach, and so you send me fudge. Well, it reached my stomach, all right, but I haven't observed any other effects. Thanks.

HERMAN.—Wrong! I work hard, but not for a woman. You have been reading Kipling: "Till we are built like angels—with hammer and chisel and pen, we will work for ourselves and a woman, 'crever and ever, Amen!" Norma Phillips is the Mutual Girl.

MARION H.—Margaret Thompson was Loxie in "A Kentucky Romance" (Kay-Bee.) Hal Clarendon was the captain in "The Port of Doom" (Famous Players). Ernest Truex was Wally, and Bryant Washburn was the college friend in "Caprice." Harold Lockwood is playing for Famous Players.

MRS. E. H. S.—Now, dont call me a kiddy; too old for that. No, I dont know where you can buy medicine to keep your ink-well. Phyllis Gordon opposite William Clifford in "The Water War" (Bison). Herbert Rawlinson in "For the Freedom of Cuba" (Bison). Walter Edwards and Margaret Thompson in "Conscience" (Broncho). Clara Williams and Alfred Vosburgh in "The Informer" (Domino). O. C. Lund in "The First Nugget" (Eclair). Herbert Rawlinson and Mary Ruby in "One of the Bravest" (Gold Seal). Anna Nilsson and William Dunn in "Perils of the White Lights" (Kalem). Marin Sais in "The Chinese Death-Thorn" (Kalem).

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—Crane Wilbur gives lectures in theaters. Cant tell whether he dances the maxixe. Yes; Pearl White is back with Pathé again. Thanks. May the clouds that bring the rain bring the rainbow after.

ORSON JUNE.—Frances Ne Moyer was the beaut in "The Beaut from Butte" (Lubin). Gordon Griffiths was the little boy in "A Chip of the Old Block" (Key-stone). Selig have a studio at Tucson, Ariz., and one at Edendale, Cal. William Duncan was the ranger in "The Ranger's Horse" (Selig). That was the battleship *Connecticut* on which "A Romance of the U. S. N." (Thanhouser) was taken. Clara Young was Edna, Leo Delaney was Harris, James Morrison was Chester, and Lillian Walker was Helen in "The Volunteer Strike-breaker" (Vitagraph). William Duncan in "Buck's Romance" (Selig).

EVA S.—Benjamin Wilson was the oldest son in "Marner" (Edison). Harold Lockwood was the first lover in "The Love of Penelope" (Selig). Louise Glaum in "The Convict's Story" (Kalem).

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FERVENT FILM FAN.—Charles Ray was the lead in "The Black Sheep" (Broncho). Richard Stanton was Dan in "Widow Maloney's Faith" (Domino). Dick Cummings was the old man in "Always Together" (Majestic). Herschel Mayal was Carlo in "A Venetian Romance."

ANNIE D.—Thelma Slater was the child in "The Harvest of Sin" (Broncho). She is about six years old. Right. As Voltaire says: "Man is the only animal that drinks when it is not thirsty and makes love at all seasons of the year."

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—Haven't heard where Fred Church is. Come right along, fair one, and I will greet thee. Your letter is very interesting.

LOTTIE D. T.—If a man continues to stare at you in the theater, you should complain to the manager. But remember that if you merely catch his eye, it is not necessary to return it. Carrie Ward and William Nigh in "A Warm Welcome" (Majestic). Lila Chester was the mother in "The Children's Hour" (Thanbouser). Belle Bennett and Lamar Johnstone in "The Frame-up" (Majestic).

E. SMITH, CLEVELAND.—Boyd Marshall and Muriel Ostriche in "Her Right to Happiness" (Princess). Charles Murray and G. Gregory in "Skelly's Turkey" (Biograph). Louise Orth in "A Desperate Hero." Thanks very much for the coin. I have never seen one like it before. What a shame I can't spend it!

WEE WILLIE.—Thanks for the beautiful, blue necktie. Now if you had also sent me a blue wig, I'd be right in style. Harold Lockwood in "Hearts Adrift" (Famous Players). Ernest Truex had the male lead in "A Good Little Devil" (Famous Players). You say our magazine seems to improve when improvement seems impossible? Thank you.

G. V., MICHIGAN.—The Rex Company will not give us that player's name. Harry Carey and James Cooley were the sons in "Concentration" (Biograph). Fred Lucas was Baffles in "Baffles, the Gentleman Burglar" (Keystone). Edwin Coxen was Ed in "The Money-Lender" (American).

LESTER C. W.—Thanks for your excellent printed letter. Oh, yes, it was written perfectly. You refer to Wheeler Oakman opposite Bessie Eyton in both those plays. Your letter is one of my finest.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Miss Orna Johnson, of Des Moines, makes the mistake of assuming that her interesting letter was to be read only by the office-boy. Here is her letter in full:

I have long wanted to write one movie fan's thoughts, and I have a chance. Today I mailed a 50-word "title and explanation" to prize picture in your last issue and gave only my street number and forgot "Des Moines" (a trick I have). It ended with the

words "cherubim and seraphim." I gave the title as "The Last Copy," and I venture you will have hundreds of entries giving it "The Last Copy" it seems so clearly that. Back to my idea—I know how little editors wish letters from the "dear" public—I know something about them, for I have read proof on their editorials for ten years, and I know how simple and unassuming they are and what poor spellers and how they appreciate a little praise from just some one who understands, and I know what really kind, brotherly hearts they have. And if this is turned over to an associate editor (the proof-reader generally edits them on our paper) it may call to their mind, if they are of the Photoplay Clearing House staff, one of my plots, that has been yearning, praying almost to come to life, "The Tattooed Picture on J. Warren Kerrigan's Broad Arm," that has been struggling to reach the Victor scenario bunch. Kerrigan is one of the things I want to say something about.

But first I want to speak of the wonderful Moving Picture age. You said in your editorials not long ago what I've been prophesying several years, so I'll not say that. It is torture to sit thru the best-talked play of three hours' duration by an all-star cast if the auditor tells the truth. And I don't like the dramatization—I mean the arrangement for photoplay of talking plays. They are as dummies compared to some of the best one-reel plots. But it's a bait to catch the playgoers, who will not break away from the aristocratic \$5 a seat playhouse for anything else. I don't believe in censoring photoplays. The censor is always crucified for his pains. What I want to say about the future of the movies is too big for my vocabulary. I'm going back to Kerrigan.

Whenever I see Kerrigan I want to burst forth into talk—to ye editor—to some one who understands. This isn't a mush note. The varied comments of the people who see him awakens this desire. "It seems like I knew him," a young man says. "No other seems so; I like lots of the actors and actresses awfully well, but after the picture I forget, and after seeing Kerrigan I remember and think about it and want to see him; I feel as if I already know him. Must be his personality, I suppose. Why, in that 'Matrimonial Brander,' or whatever it was, when he got mad, he looked like an educated beast; just like a beast when he twisted that red-hot iron; strong, he's like a giant, a Samson," and I do hope he comes here in Samson." From one of the lady reporters, confidently, "I think it's because he is a composite of that sport's poet, once my best beau, the cowboy milkman, that looked just like him, only more so, delivered our milk one summer, and that tramp feature writer and printer combined we were all in love with—that I admire him so." "When he made love he kissed the girl square on the mouth," the tired dressmaker with two boys and a husband who isn't loving, explained. "Square on the mouth! Gee, it just made you homesick," she explained. I don't suppose another living person is so well known and beloved. Children call him everything—"Jack," "Warren," "Curly," "Kerrigan, the man who rides like a bird." For myself, I have studied out why I like him, and, as the young man, seems like I knew him. He acts the part assigned to him, but he puts in the personality of Warren Kerrigan, all of it, without stint. I'll venture he draws his words, Southern style, and his natural motions are slow; but when there's action required, it's double-gear electric, as in the pictures. I don't think it's a good thing for the public to have him act in plays like the mine foreman, tho it ends all right; the part where he is brutal is so alluring it is bad for the rising youth. I don't like to see him die in some of the plots. It's too real to his friend voters in the coming contest. The people like to think of their hero as still heroing.

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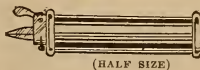
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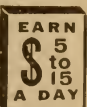
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That's another thing: in mercy's name can't we have still less; in fact, no plots ending or having deaths pictured? Couldn't leaders and letters explain sufficiently? I'm almost "editing"—asking questions, and I've wasted all evening that I should have used studying technique and growing plots from copy-germs saved from my proofreading. Please remember this, Miss Associate Editor, into whose hands I guess this will fall, and mark parts of it for Mr. Editor to read and hand it back to him.

Mr. O. Michel Pérès of New Orleans, La., writes thus:

Am availing myself of the opportunity to state my opinions of plays and players. Whether they are worth stating is left to your decision.

I have steadily watched the growth of the Moving Picture industry. Those film companies which are the greatest need not be named. The following plays, tho, deserve comment:

"The Power of the Cross," "The Motherly Heart," "The Parasite," "The Vampire," "Self-Convicted," "Partners in Crime," and the "Mary Series."

As to our best players I must refrain from mentioning names. But the temptation is too great to withhold the names of my favorites, Arthur Johnson and Alice Joyce. Fortunately, Mr. Johnson has rôles fitting his abilities, but Miss Joyce, strange to say, plays rôles that do not reveal her hidden talents.

The plays to which Miss Joyce is best fitted are the great novels of F. Marion Crawford. This author's works portray strong, noble women—women able to combat with human difficulties with such unique powers that mankind in general feel satisfied that there are some who are worthy of being endowed with the grand title "woman."

I hope the day is not far distant when Kalem will realize this—and, too, hear of Kalem's transporting a troupe to Europe and the Orient to film the novels of Francis Marion Crawford.

This is from Mrs. Alta Stevens, of Springfield, Mo., one of our contributors:

In due course I received your check for "My Favorite Magazine;" later a card with the information that the verse would appear in the February number, and last the beautiful magazine with its illustrated page and verse reached me.

I wish to thank you for your kindness and consideration, and hope some time to be able to send you something else that you may deem worthy a place in your pages.

Please say to your artist that I am delighted with his work, and the whole makes a pleasing and attractive page.

I like your change of name, for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is more artistic. Every number of the magazine seems an improvement over the previous one, and it is today the ablest exponent of the Motion Picture world.

May your efforts be crowned with success, and may you be enabled to eliminate every objectionable feature from the Motion Picture screen.

Mrs. Frank Berley, of Dallas, Tex., writes critically as follows:

For several months I have been a most enthusiastic Motion Picture fan, also an interested reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and I doubt if there is any one who knows as many of the players on the screen as I do. I don't notice the players alone, however, as most people do who attend the

photoplay, but I notice and study the play and every small detail, therefore I wish to make a few criticisms as well as a few words of praise.

First—I think your Answer Department takes up too much room in your splendid magazine; should be cut down to a few pages, or what would be better in my opinion, to just print a few casts each month and do away with so many foolish questions such as "What kind of cigarettes does Warren Kerrigan smoke?" and "How much per yard does Ormi Hawley pay for her silk?" Such questions as those are positively ridiculous and should be ignored by the Answer Department.

Another absurd thing is writing verses and love-letters to the players. I am sure the players themselves do not appreciate it, so would it not be much better to write honest praise or criticism to the players? For the rest of your magazine I will say that it is the very best I have ever read, and were it issued four times instead of once a month I would buy every copy.

While every one does not write and express their desires to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE I believe that what people want most is good, clean comedy or society plays. I am especially interested in the Greenroom Jottings and Musings of the Photoplay Philosopher and hope they will continue to occupy a good, large space in your magazine.

Miss Edna C. McCann, of 337 West Twenty-second Street, New York City, makes an interesting suggestion, and one which we may adopt:

As a constant reader of your magazine I am naturally much interested in your department. I approve most heartily of its policy and I think it has done a great deal towards popularizing the players and uplifting the silent drama.

But there is one improvement I would suggest, and I hope it is such as may meet with your approval. Do not always print tributes to the "stars," but help the lesser deserving players up the ladder by printing a few lines to their credit. Perhaps there are fewer verses written to this class I mention (for instance, E. K. Lincoln, Norma Talmadge, Gladys Hulette) and that is why glowing tributes to Costello and Mary Fuller decorate your pages so frequently. To start the good work along I enclose a little "poem" to my favorite, E. K. Lincoln, and hope that you will give it your kind consideration.

I would also like to suggest a little plan for benefiting your department. Why not offer a place of honor and the title "Month's Best Poem" to the person sending in the best verses and make arrangement with the players that the one to whom the prize poem is written shall send his (or her) autographed photo to the writer? This would arouse the readers to greater efforts and might bring out some embryo genius.

In conclusion, I would again state that your department has my deepest interest, and I consider it the finest department in the finest magazine in the country.

Miss M. Rhea Meiers, of 183 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., makes some timely remarks on censorship and other subjects:

Please allow a little voice to speak a few words. I want to say I agree with Jean Libby, Birmingham, Ala., in regard to the Board of Censorship. It keeps the pictures unnatural, because of a certain moral they have to show, keeping them narrow and to a sameness. If we have to give our Motion Picture plays to a board of censorship to protect feeble-minded persons, then the press all over the country should be subjected to the same censorship. Nothing

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I am in sympathy with the letter of Curtis L. Anders, of Commerce, Tex.

A sight I saw: Four runaway box cars, a man on a moving freight train—to face the camera he jumped after these four runaways. I am a girl, but never worked on a railroad. I was shocked; am still wondering how he caught the four runaway box cars.

Let it be natural, even if a couple back into a camera. Natural action, and not a face, is needed.

One more suggestion. The editors seem to think dramatic action must be in every foot of reel; they appear to think to please the public they cannot have a family scene without a jealous husband making goo-goo eyes. To see a happy family scene is in itself a pretty sight, and you will hear "Aha's."

Another fault. A man meets a lady. Next scene he marries her. The "natural between" is left out. The prettiest play I ever witnessed, the most satisfied audience I was ever among, was a play that had the "natural between" left in. That is one reason dramas are in demand; they pay attention to the small parts. Many people have not the imagination to fill in the gaps. A girl will run away from a country town home to New York City; her country beau follows hours later (happens) to rent a room adjoining hers. It would be more interesting to see him stumble around in that "small city," "where no two houses look alike," "and everybody knows everybody else," before showing he has found the object of his search. This wonderful invention has made marvelous strides in the last five years, and some day it will be as it should, and the directors will learn it is not necessary to have a knockdown or drag-out to every foot of film to please the masses.

I am very enthusiastic; movies are my hobby. I am very observing. I like to watch the faces of an audience receiving a picture play, many times more interesting than the play. I hope to become a real live author of Motion Picture plays.

Wishing you success, I am a great admirer of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Hope my suggestions get a hearing, or at least you find they are worth reading. I have many more, but do not want to take up your valuable time.

Mrs. W. L. K. writes the following breezy and entertaining comments:

After reading the magazine from cover to cover—as I thought—I was looking over it again and came across my own letter from Birmingham, written four months ago.

I thought it had long since found its way to the waste-basket.

Thank you for printing it; I appreciate the courtesy and feel encouraged to write again.

I am getting deeper and deeper into the love of the Motion Pictures and all connected with them, and as a source of amusement and study they rank, in my estimation, second only to the high-class plays and the best books.

Everything is improving. The stories are showing more character, the players are playing better, directors are giving more attention to detail, and photography is growing more beautiful all the time.

The companies I see are enticing much good talent from the stage, and I hope they will keep it up, for people want the best now in Moving Pictures, and the demand for them is constantly growing.

Let me say a few words about a picture I saw not long since. It was Edison's "The Great Physician."

I have not superlatives enough in my vocabulary to express my appreciation of that picture. It was exquisitely beautiful, and, I believe, made a greater impression than any picture I have ever seen.

Such pictures as this one and Reliance's "Success" start one to thinking, indeed. One a most beautiful lesson in submission and resignation, and the other a startling lesson in the awakening of a conscience.

Edison, Reliance and Vitagraph are constantly giving us some fine things. Vitagraph's "feature" plays are distinctly forceful and finished.

Now, can I have a little more space for a few wishes? Thank you.

I wish that Vitagraph would "feature" oftener in comedies. I wish they would bring back to the screen Dorothy Kelly, William Humphrey and S. Rankin Drew. Lately we have looked for them in vain.

These six—Earle Williams, Edith Storey, E. K. Lincoln, Harry Northrup, Mrs. Mary Maurice and Clara Kimball Young—are my Vitagraph favorites.

I wish that Irving Cummings had not left Reliance. I wish that King Baggot, Leah Baird and William Shea would "feature" in plays of the present time. I wish that Edwin August would stay in one place—he keeps one continually hunting for him.

He ought to "feature" in Shakespearean rôles, he is so intensely dramatic. But then he is perfect in everything. I wish that Kinemacolor would show pictures independent of vaudeville, and oh, I forgot to say I wish that Vitagraph would not use the half-colored "posters," the "black and white" are so much more genteel. Don't you think so?

Now, "If wishes were horses, etc.," but why not start a "wishing page?"

Here is some expert information on how to carry a pistol, by Joel H. Knight, of Santa Barbara:

I am a constant reader of the magazine and see that it has offended Mr. Curtis L. Anders, of Commerce, Tex., at the way cowboys carry their pistols. First, a pistol is portable and is so made that it can be carried where it is the most convenient to get it. The left hip is convenient to a rider, as it does not interfere with him in any way in getting on and off a horse and is much easier drawn hurriedly from the left hip but forward than it is at right hip but to the rear and hang to reach backward to get a grip on it. As to his way of mounting I don't think he has ever had anything to do with a horse. I know of several horses in the movie game that he or any one else cant mount using his method unless he has three arms and hands. A cowboy invariably catches a horse by the bridle check with his left hand and his saddle-horn with his right hand. His way is all O. K. if he has never learnt the old and easy way of mounting. I do not think people should pass judgment upon things they know nothing about. Texas is full of cowboys, and he should know better by this time. Hoping he has found the way to mount by now, if not come to Santa Barbara, Cal., and take some lessons, as there are several Texas boys here in the Moving Picture game now.

Please use what you think advisable of this or all. The boys all join in sending best wishes to the editor and staff of the magazine.

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ALAN DALE

*The Celebrated Dramatic Critic, Writes in the
New York American of Sunday,
February 15th, 1914*

I had an awfully good time at the opening of the **VITAGRAPH THEATER**. It seemed like a new experience, with a certain piquancy to it. Nothing to do but look! Plays were there, without voices, and the very silence was enjoyable. Then one's imagination was allowed to work so agreeably. I prefer my own imagination to the "words" that are cast on the screen. Sometimes these words, banal and trite, spoil the illusion. In pictures one can imagine such a lot! I love them when they don't dot the i's and cross the t's. The Vitagraph pictures were certainly very beautiful ones, without a flicker in them.

Alan Dale is right:—

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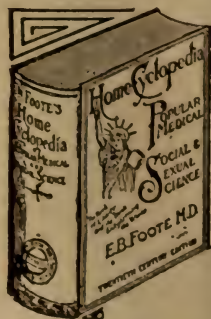
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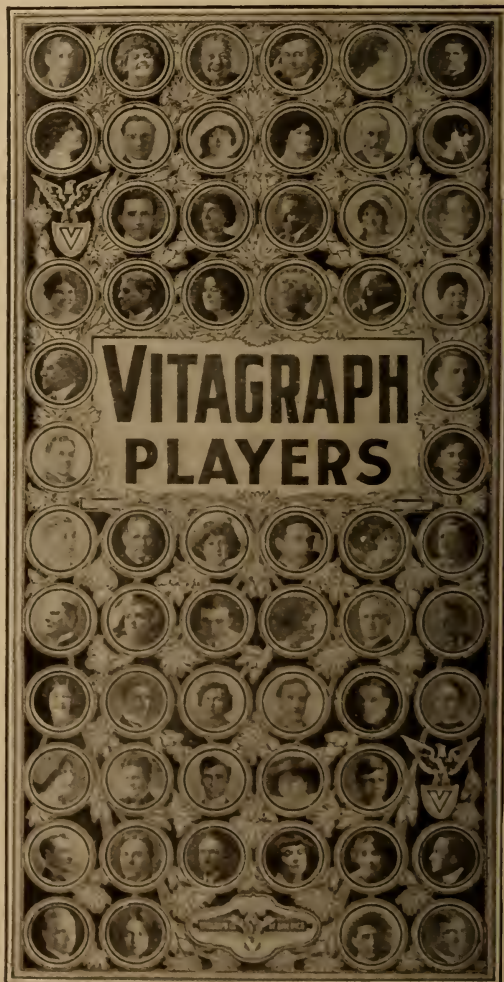
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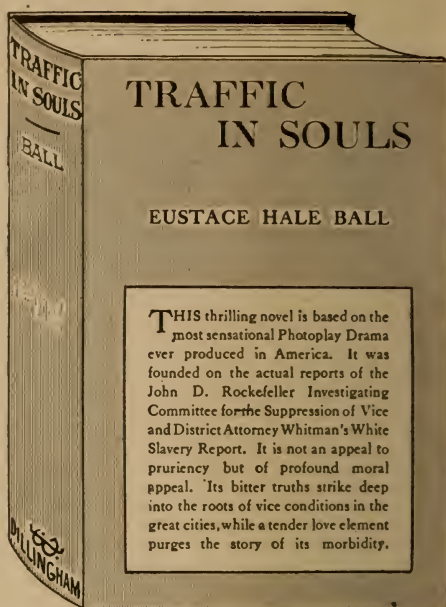
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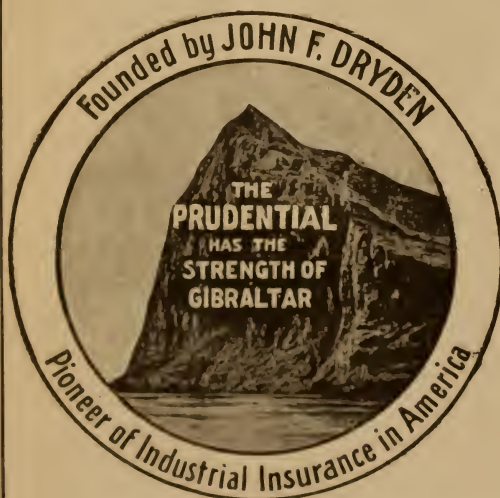
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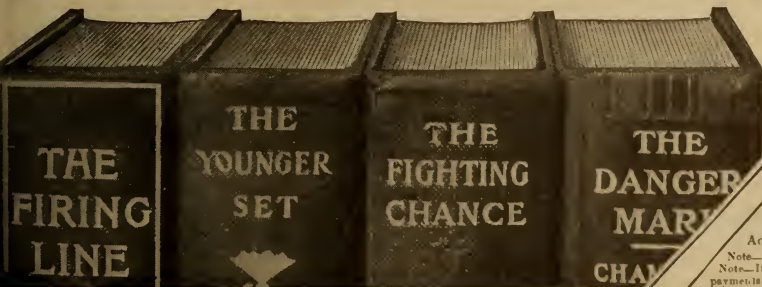
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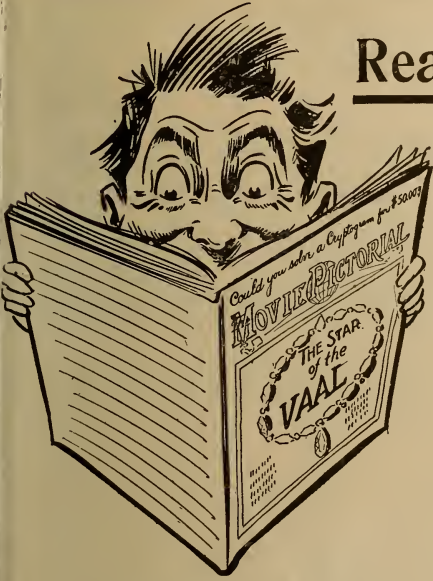
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

NEW READERS — 270,000 copies were given our May readers, as compared with 218,000 for the May issue last year—just the beginning of a large increase in circulation.

NEW ADVERTISERS—The May issue, 1914, is representative of 149 advertisers for a total of 8,237 lines—same issue last year contained the copy of 88 advertisers for a total of 5,152 lines.

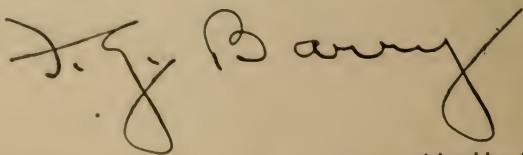
NEW RATE — On July 1, 1914, the new advertising rate of \$250 will go into effect, namely, with the September issue, which closes July 24th—present rate: \$200 a page for 270,000 circulation.

It being our earnest desire to co-operate with the advertiser and his agent, and appreciating the fact that we must be near at hand, so as to keep in touch with our clients and be of real service to them, on May 10th we will remove the Advertising Department of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to 171 Madison Avenue, New York City. The home office of the Magazine will remain at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, to which address should be sent all remittances, plates, etc.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Advertising Department

171 Madison Avenue at 33d Street, New York City



Advertising Manager

Wanted

Men and Women

To Write Photoplays

This Booklet Free To All Interested



Learn and Earn At Home In Spare Time

With 30,000 moving picture theatres in existence, changing their program **every day**, the demand for NEW PLOTS has become **tremendous**. We want a large number of men and women, all over the country, young and old, to use their spare time at home to put their ideas and thoughts into photoplay form. This means **you**, whoever you are. Good prices are paid. "Happy thoughts," such as may occur to you several times a week, may bring from \$10 to \$100 each for a few hours' work. The average price paid is \$25.

Special Education Not Necessary

The booklet, "How to Write Photoplays," explains how you can learn this new, fascinating and profitable profession. I will gladly send you a copy **FREE**, if you will sign, tear out and mail me the coupon below. There is no obligation. Special education is not necessary. Writing photoplays gives those who lack the literary experience necessary for writing novels and stage plays, an opportunity to express the **strong and original ideas** which many of them possess. It is possible that a photoplay written by you will become one of the photoplay sensations of the year. If you possess imagination and are capable of thinking up new and original ideas, I will show you how to turn these ideas into correct photoplay form and how to sell them at a good price to the Scenario Editors of the producing companies. I myself have been Scenario Editor of one of the largest of these companies and I speak with authority.

ELBERT MOORE

(Former Scenario Editor)

Box 772MF, CHICAGO

How To Write Photoplays

by

Elbert Moore

former Scenario Editor of one
of World's largest companies.

Remarkable \$10 Guarantee

You have doubtless been to moving picture shows and seen photoplays which you yourself could easily improve upon. I believe that every person with sufficient imagination and intelligence to be interested in this advertisement should possess material for at

**I Guarantee You \$10.00
For First Photoplay
You Write by my Method**

Elbert Moore

least one successful photoplay. Many of them should be able to write more than this—possibly as many as **one every week**. Such a record is **by no means remarkable**. That is why I make the **extraordinary guarantee** shown here. This guarantee is binding, and the same as **that much cash in your pocket**. I don't care who you are, this holds good.

Save \$5 By Acting Now

Remember that my method is absolutely different and superior to all others. It is the only method recommended by persons high in the motion picture business. Use the coupon to obtain the free booklet, explaining everything. If you act at once you will obtain the benefit of a \$5 reduction which I am now allowing, for advertising purposes, to those who will start taking my lessons **within 20 days**. This cuts the cost to **very low figures**. Do not throw away \$5 by delaying, **when it costs nothing to investigate**. Use the free coupon at once, **before you turn the page**.

Use **FREE**
Coupon at
Once

**FREE
COUPON**

ELBERT MOORE
Box 772MF, Chicago

Send free booklet, "How to Write Photoplays," and all facts about guarantee and special price reduction.

Name.....

Address.....

When answering advertisements kindly mention **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**.



AROUND THE WORLD THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL

Two Grand Cruises by Sister Ships

"CINCINNATI," January 16th, 1915

and

"CLEVELAND," January 31st, 1915

From New York to the principal cities of the world — including a visit to the San Diego (Cincinnati) and Panama Pacific (Cleveland) Exposition

135 DAYS \$900 UP Including all necessary expenses afloat and ashore

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known lecturer, E. M.
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GALLERY OF PICTURE-PLAYERS



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(Eclair)



ADA CLIFFORD
(Vitagraph)



BEVERLY BAYNE (Essanay)



MARY FULLER
(Edison)



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG
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MAURICE COSTELLO
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WILFRED LUCAS
(Universal)



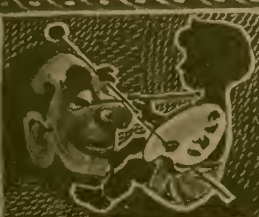
GRACE CUNARD
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KATE TONCRAY (Biograph)



ARTHUR
JOHNSON
(Lubin)





MARION LEONARD



PAULINE BUSH (Universal)



NORMA PHILLIPS
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ANITA STEWART
(Vitagraph)



ELSIE MacLEOD (Edison)



GENE GAUNTIER



AUDREY BERRY

(Vitagraph)

ROGERS LYTTON

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The summer months are at hand, and we have decided to make them unusually pleasant for you. The good things to come are very numerous, and among them the following:

Shadowgraphs: The Forerunners of Motion Pictures

This article is by Mary Taylor Falt, author of "Old-Time Marine Figure-Heads," "New England Wall-Papers," etc., and is profusely illustrated by Mary Harrod Northend and Mr. Fryer. This article shows how our forefathers and their children enjoyed shadowgraphs, silhouettes and shadow pictures, and how the silhouette portrait later became a black, moving shadow-picture on the screen and finally the natural Motion Picture of today. Extremely instructive and entertaining.

Autobiography of Jack Warren Kerrigan

This is a most remarkable article. Literature has several notable autobiographies, among which might be mentioned that of Benjamin Franklin, and this one of the famous photoplayer ought to be considered important. We will confess how we got it. When Mr. Kerrigan found that we had come into possession of his diary, he begged that we do not print it and promised an autobiography. We gladly complied with his request, and are somewhat proud to be able to offer our readers this interesting article. It will be accompanied with at least a dozen pictures of Mr. Kerrigan in different scenes and will appear in the July issue.

Expression of the Emotions

By Eugene V. Brewster

Those who have read Mr. Brewster's essay on Edison and his evolutionary article entitled "Motion Picture Toys" will surely want to read this last treatise from Mr. Brewster's pen. A child can express only a limited number of emotions, such as joy, pain and fear. But an older and highly cultivated person has the power of expressing and recognizing many dozens of different emotions, altho it is doubtful if he can tell you how he does it. This article shows how, and it contains no less than 15 illustrations of faces on which are depicted all of the emotions. No player can afford to be without this article, and every photoplay patron will find it extremely valuable in helping him or her to analyze and appreciate great acting.

John Bunny vs. The Answer Man

Now, what have you to say to this?—The Answer Man spends a day with the celebrated fat man, and gives his impressions and the best part of the conversation. Need anything more be said? Besides, the article is profusely illustrated.

Crane Wilbur's Diary!

It would be hard to conceive of a more interesting article than this—unless it be Mary Fuller's diary, which certainly will be a competitor. Those who read the extracts from Earle Williams' diary, that appeared in the May issue, will surely not want to miss these two articles. They bring you very close to the hearts and homes of these famous players.

Miscellaneous

But don't imagine that the foregoing is a complete catalog of the good things. We have dozens of others on hand which may appear any month unannounced.

And then we have chats and interviews with many of the popular players; an article by Ernest A. Dench, entitled "The Lure of the Cinema," showing how persistently unfitted applicants pester Motion Picture companies; "Moving Picture Audiences," by Beth Haskar, giving a clever analysis of the different kinds of people who regularly attend picture theaters; a five-page illustrated article on "Good and Bad M. P. Theaters," by R. H. Pray; interesting articles by such famous writers as Robert Grau and William Lord Wright; and then we shall have some interesting news for the photoplay writers, in connection with the Great Artist Contest. These are only a few of the interesting items that will help to win for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE the title of "The most wonderful magazine on earth." Don't miss a single number! And tell your friends about it!

Order your July issue now. The girl in the box-office of your theater will probably supply you. If not, your newsdealer surely will. Better still, if you subscribe, you will not only be sure of getting the magazine around the 13th or 14th of each month, delivered to your door or letter-box, but you will be entitled to your choice of several premiums. See announcement and subscription blank on another page.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., B'klyn, N. Y.

Formerly "The Motion Picture Story Magazine"

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"COME ONE, COME ALL, THIS ROCK SHALL FLY
FROM ITS FIRM BASE AS SOON AS I!"

Scott



Her Mother's Weakness

(Biograph)

By JOHN OLDEN

THEY lived alone, if such can be said of a flat. No one of the other tenants knew them—whence they came—or what their interests were.

The girl encouraged this; the mother tolerated it. And, at the end of a distracting day in Carson, Fleming and Westbrook's law-offices, nothing gave the girl greater pleasure than to ascend the stairs and not to hear the hum of voices thru their parlor door.

When the older woman went out, it was the girl's desire always to be with her; never to let her mother's hands stray from the range of her eyes.

Their secret was intact. The mother was a kleptomaniac.

With Mr. Fontain's death they had been left comfortably provided for. But some hidden, delicate fibers had seemed to relax in the suffering wife's brain, and her moral nature, her conscience as some would call it, was blunted in the process.

She speculated in risky stocks and swept almost all of their little competence away. And with her father's death a change, too, took place in the growing girl. She added a flounce to her dress, coiled her hair, and

blossomed into womanhood. And as her mother's nature gradually weakened, Kitty took over the stress of their battle.

She had taught herself stenography, typing, bookkeeping, proof-reading, and, in consequence, the important law firm that employed her judged her a very valuable and competent young lady.

The junior partner, Philip Westbrook, went farther than that; his estimation of her had risen to the giddy summits of love. But it was unconfessed. He told himself that he did not love this young person; that he thought her merely lovable, pulchritudinous, adorable.

The harder Kitty worked, the more compassionate the young man felt toward her. He was large and well-fed looking himself, and had bought a law practice to contemplate law rather than to worry himself down to cheek-bones and corded necks, like the senior partners.

Carson and Fleming wanted him to become a magistrate. They promised him their influence for the appointment.

"Confound it, man," said Carson, "you *look* the part; you are a con-

templative man, a fair one; and I make no scruples of urging your appointment." Philip colored in silent acknowledgment. At that precise moment, his thoughts were concentrated upon Kitty. What a clever, resourceful, managing wife for a magistrate! his thoughts appraised.

She seldom thought of him. He was nice, awfully nice—a bit heavy and shy in manner, but, she felt, with a lining of warm heart.



THE CONFESSION

What thoughts she could spare flew home. Her mother had begun by stealing trifles—bits of edging, souvenir cards, a shell barette, anything that caught her fancy; but with successes came a desire for costlier plunder.

On the morning of what was the second most momentous day in her life, Kitty came across a silver hand-mirror snuggled in her phonograph case. With the usual symptom of kleptomania, her mother denied having seen it before. But Kitty knew—knew that the dreadful mania had caught a sure victim, turning the once

proud and loving mother into a shivering creature of lies.

When she arrived at the office, Carson and Fleming were trying to surround the junior partner. His appointment as city magistrate had just been announced in the papers.

"Think of us sometimes, Your Honor," said Fleming, ironically.

The obstinate chap would hardly acknowledge his partners' homage. The slim girl with the pale cheeks and snapping, dark eyes, who entered without glancing at him, occupied the seat of his thoughts. And he resolved to be sudden, to take her by storm—actually to ask her to marry him.

She received his proposal much quieter than he had expected. A woman is entitled to a fair show of emotion at, perhaps, her one big moment; but Kitty did not take advantage of it.

"Let me think, Mr. Westbrook," she answered; "there is another—I have many things to consider. You know nothing of my family," she burst out with, bravely.

"I would like to hear all that after we are engaged," the appointee said carelessly. "Until I'm a judge, our side of the case—my own—is sufficient."

She searched his frank face and saw that he had not guessed her intimation. And it came over her to rush home and to tell her mother all, that perhaps in safety she might give her heart into the keeping of this manly, honest suitor.

Her mother did not answer her ring at the bell below, nor her knock at the hallway door. Kitty opened the door with her key, and found the flat tenantless.

Everywhere were evidences of hasty packing. The wall-paper had been ripped off by the edge of a trunk-

lid; bits of pawed-over finery littered the bureau-tops, and a hastily written note lay on the dining-room table. Its meager contents spoke the woman's disordered state of mind:

I have gone and you will never see me again. Your suspicions, your impatience have sent me away. I will go to another city and begin a new life. Forgive me, Kitty, dear, my heart is still yours.

"Yes," communed the forlorn girl, checking the gulp in her throat; "your heart was true, mother dear, and I will respect your wish. No one, not even I, shall know of your saddened life."

"You have something you want to say, Kitty darling," declared Phil Westbrook; "I can read it in your eyes, that contradict the soft hand now in my possession."

"I have surrendered you my hand, my heart, my independence; can't I have even a darling secret thought?" said Kitty, rebelliously.

"You may feed upon them; and now take me to your mother, I want her to look me over."

Kitty's face sobered. "My mother," she began, "my mother is——"

"I understand, dear; you have none, and that's all the more need of a guardian magistrate around the house."

Kitty permitted the equivocation to pass. It was perhaps the best thing after all, and some day she would tell him all, and seek his advice.

With Phil's mother it was different. When he introduced his fiancée, Mrs. Westbrook bowed from a distance, looked the intruder over carefully, then suddenly opened her arms and took Kitty into them. Such a broad, motherly face was made only for the rearing of loving and loved sons.

This tale is not meant to dwell even upon such pleasant things as weddings. Kitty and Phil had a good, old-fashioned, rousing one, with flying slippers, pelted rice, and ribbons dangling from the auto.

Afterwards they came home to live with Phil's mother, and the three of them lived as pleasantly and as prosaically, or as romantically, as you are pleased to imagine.

And so, for a time, we will intrude



"I WANT HER TO LOOK ME OVER"

upon them no further. The career of the unfortunate kleptomaniac interests us to the point of following her to a strange city.

Under an assumed name, she took up her residence in two cozy rooms and a kitchenette. Her wardrobe was quite fashionable, and her funds, with economy, were good for a year. These worldly things worried her the least, however. She had exiled herself to fight it out with her failing, and the fear of its mastery kept her from even writing to Kitty.

She could see no harm in shutting her eyes to the charming things in the

store windows. She knew she must not finger them.

One day she entered a department store, walked, with clinched hands, down its main aisle, and turned into the jewelry department. A monogrammed silver vanity-case caught her eyes.

"How queer!" she thought, picking it up. "'K. F.' stands for Kitty Fontain." The old emotions gripped down upon her—the insatiable desire to possess the trinket; the sly avoidance of paying for it; the pitting of

tinkled out on the floor, and was identified by the jewelry buyer. Mrs. Fontain ceased struggling, and closed her eyes in the pain of her abasement. Her hour had finally struck.

"Six months in the workhouse," pronounced the magistrate, peevishly. "We have got to stamp this thing out by making an example of you. Next case!"

It was queer, this place of long, stone halls and shifting shadows, that they led her to, filled with every kind of her sex. A checked dress stamped them as time-servers, dragged them all to the common level. But they whispered sometimes above their tasks, and the kleptomaniac in time learnt to tell them apart. Here were all gradations of criminality—hardened sinners, victims of weakness, vagrants, strays, and out-and-out vice stripped of its rouge. Yet each were flung together and ground in the common mill.

The attendants never thought outside of official channels. Thoughtful persons had made trouble before.

But the mother, who had denied herself to her child, thought, and, free from temptation, her brain rose clear to its purpose.

On the day she stepped from the little ferryboat and was free to look back at the long, gray pile on the Island, she went to a barrack, and was admitted as a probationer in the ranks of the Salvation Army.

Here was a plain sisterhood—the true and modern spirit of Christ—free from cant and officialdom, holding its breasts in warm contact with the fallen and weak.

It was the early morning of the day on which Magistrate Westbrook celebrated the completion of, and his own installation into, the new police-court building.



THE OLD EMOTIONS GRIPPED DOWN UPON HER

her wits and fingers against the stupid girl at the counter.

The silver case slid into her muff and she passed on. At her second attempt a man was apparently watching her, and she sauntered demurely toward the entrance.

The man followed; the kleptomaniac hurried her steps the least bit. At the entrance she heard the words she had dreamt about, the dreaded words:

"Madam, pardon me; will you step this way?"

In the store-office she fought tigerishly with the girl who tried to search her, only driving conviction home in the mind of the hardened detective.

"Try the lining of the muff," he suggested. The tiny silver case

Kitty herself had toiled over the silver-threaded coat-of-arms of the city that embellished the covering of his high-paneled bench.

But she and his mother were not to come to court; he had distinctly told them that—the calendar was pretty dirty handling, and—well, they might be disillusioned about the majesty of courts.

But women are often curious to the

stopped talking, and the prisoner was led in.

She was a girl, not over fifteen, and the complainant was the station-agent of a local railroad station.

As she stood with her face concealed in her hands, he related how she had stolen a ticket from his window, and he had caught her red-handed.

Now, this particular railroad was a client of the estimable firm of Carson



KITTY CAUGHT THE WOMAN IN HER ARMS

point of foolhardiness, and they went. Besides, they were terribly proud of Philip and his contemplative mind.

They were somewhat abashed at the ill-assorted crowd on the courtroom benches, and an attendant, recognizing Kitty, led them to the magistrate's withdrawing-room. Its lozenge glass doors overlooked the court scene, with Philip on his bench, and every word that the magistrate cared to utter could be heard by them distinctly.

"First case!"

A cane rapped sharply against the railing for attention; the crowd

and Fleming, and the magistrate looked sterner than usual when he heard the charge.

"Have you ever been in the House of Detention?" he asked the quailing girl.

"Answer up!" prompted the court attendant. "Don't you hear His Honor?"

"I stole once before," the girl said quickly.

As the magistrate's face took on a peculiar expression—the sentencing look—a woman in the dark blue of the Salvation Army rose up from the



"THIS IS MY MOTHER!"

benches and made her way to the bar. She placed her arm about the bewildered prisoner, and raised her face to the magistrate.

He looked down into a face from which all hope of youth had fled, a face framed by neat, gray hair, and marked with sad, motherly eyes.

"Your Honor," she said, "before you make an example of this girl, give me a chance to plead her cause."

The spectators craned forward to listen, but her well-modulated voice was meant for the magistrate alone.

In the effort of her plea, her face, in its deep bonnet, swung toward the door from which Kitty was peering.

A singular resemblance? An illusion of memory? A trick of the eyes? Kitty arraigned herself with these panicky questions, the while her eyes were held by the woman's face.

A facial trick; a familiar gesture from the pleader; a scream from Kitty as she dashed across the courtroom, and the scene became one of babbling confusion.

Kitty caught the woman in her arms, and the tears of the two mingled upon each other's shoulders.

Magistrate Westbrook proved himself equal to the occasion. Surely that was Kitty, and her tears were shedding on this special pleader, who had so touched his heart?

"The Court is adjourned."

The magistrate's gavel fell; the crowd shuffled out, and Philip led Kitty and the strange woman back to the withdrawing-room.

And so they stood there in two separate camps; Philip and Mrs. Westbrook feeling that they were outside of the walls of a mystery.

Suddenly Kitty turned to her husband: "I lied to you. This is my mother!"

A gamut of quick expressions ran the faces of the magistrate and his mother—astonishment, incredulity, doubt, a lack of faith in Kitty.

And when the Salvation Army woman read this last, she stood at bay for her young.

(Continued on page 168)



This story was written from the Photoplay of GEORGE TERWILLIGER

LUCILLE ACROMBIE faced her mirrored reflection in the harsh morning light with the courage of a girl luxuriously loved. Yesterday's two proposals still echoed in the complacency of her memory. She turned over the words, the tones of the two men who had come to tell her that they had chosen her from a worldful of women, with the delicious dalliance of one who has already made up her mind, but still has the possibility of changing it. To tell the truth, Lucille was not greatly moved. She had felt nearly as much the pleasurable emotion of choice when she sat before a triple reflection of herself in a millinery salon and tried many hats upon her radiant loveliness. To her mind the question was not which man of the two of them she loved better, nor which one she could make happier, but rather whether Cecil Langley or Ernest Haven would be the more becoming to herself. Life had so completely sheltered her soul that it was like a pale, bloodless flower, unsunned by Love. She smiled into the dressing-table mirror contentedly at her red, full lips, which men desired; her fringed eyes, which they imagined were full

of depths of sweet meanings, and which looked so calmly out into a world made entirely to her measurement. Summed up, the suitors tallied about like this in her reflections: Ernest was handsomer and younger, Cecil was quieter and graver; Ernest could make love divinely, while Cecil said little and did not even try to kiss her. But Ernest was poor and Cecil rich, so— Further than this she did not go, yet; but in her innermost mind the decision was made. For how, without money, were gowns and jewels and soft, lustrous, supple things to be obtained, and what use was beauty without them, and why live at all unless one could be beautiful?

"Lord! but it's good to get home!" Cecil Langley threw himself into the low leather chair that made a blunt masculine spot in the pink-and-gray and frivolously, fragilely feminine room, and drew a long, tired breath. His wife did not turn from the serene study of herself in the French mirror. A slight annoyance puckered her clear brows and undertoned her voice. "I suppose you remember that we're dining at the Claxtons' tonight?"



CLOTHES, CLOTHES, BUT NOT LOVE

Cecil groaned: "No, unfortunately, I have not forgotten; but I'd like to. Come on, Lucille, let's send regrets and put on some nice, loose, old clothes and have a real home evening." His eyes were wistful, but she did not see them, nor, if she had, would she have read the look aright. She patted a fold of hair into place and laughed disdainfully.

"You have such quaintly plebeian ideas, Cecil!" she observed lightly; "old clothes, indeed! And pray *who* ever spends an evening at home nowadays, unless, of course, they are entertaining?"

"You're dead right there," said the man, moodily; "there aren't any homes nowadays to stay in." He watched the lovely face opposite him, and a shy, boyish humility softened his eyes. She was his—*his*, and she was the most wonderful thing in the world. One big hand crept out humbly, touching her gown, but her mind was too full of other things to notice it, and he drew it away awkwardly.

"Do go and dress," she said, in pettish reproof; "you're always ten minutes behind time, and tell Williams to have the auto here by eight."

"All right, honey." Cecil rose stiffly. It had been a terrible man-day on the 'Change, and every nerve and muscle of him, mind, body and soul, ached with the strain. "Well, Williams, what is it?"

The butler stood stiffly in the curtained doorway. "Beg pardon, sir, but Mr. Jackson is on the 'phone."

Lucille watched her husband's back out of sight, and sighed the martyred sigh of a wife who has suffered long. Business again! Mr. Jackson again! It was too tiresome! Never a thought for her, never a sweet speech about her appearance! As far as her husband was concerned, she might be old and ugly, with inexpensive hair and dowdy clothes. Other men were not so unappreciative of their wives—nor of her, either, for that matter. She trailed into her dressing-room and rang for her maid.

"Bring me all the new gowns,

Marie," she directed: "the green with the silver, the gray and blue—oh, yes, and the chiffon."

When the gowns lay, long, sinuous folds of costly colors and weaves, spread on the bed before her, Lucille's self-pity mounted to her eyes. Clothes! They were nothing but the husks of Life. What a woman wanted after all was to be loved. She worked herself up into a very fair state of dramatic misery, and having sent the maid away, fell to recollecting past happiness with all the sentimental grief of an old maid weeping over faded rose-leaves. How many men had told her they loved her besides Cecil—there was Clancy Burke, the photoplayer; an actor; a banker; Ernest Haven— The stream of recollections ceased to flow. Ernest Haven! Rose of Women, he had called her—Dream-Girl.

"Oh, Lucille!"—her husband's curt voice splashed like a disturbing stone into the sweet shallows of her thoughts. She turned impatiently to find him with a worried frown on his brow, hesitating in the doorway. "I can't go with you tonight. Jackson's 'phoned that he's coming up to talk. It's important business. I'm afraid—" he paused. The gloomy news that his partner had told him just now over the wire ached in his heart and clamored for the ease of sympathy, but his wife's cold face did not invite confidence. She stared at him in silence; then shrugged her shoulders, with a discordant laugh.

"Always some excuse!" she said. "If you cared for your wife you would go with her!"—she hesitated meaningly. A sentence from a play she had seen came to her lips, "Other men still find me beautiful. A woman likes to be appreciated—*you had better come!*"

He gazed at her with irritating confidence, and her

angry eyes read only that he was sure of her, not that he loved her so deeply that his love was inarticulate and beyond his power of wording. "It's your bread-and-butter, and gowns like these, I'm working for, honey," was all he said as he turned away. But in his heart was tugging fear. Jackson had said that C. & P. looked shaky. If anything happened to that stock—his thoughts were all of her, his wife; but the woman, angrily turning to the beautiful gowns, rang for the maid fiercely, a dangerous determination in her heart.

"Make me pretty tonight, Marie," she laughed harshly, "and lay out my blue suit for tomorrow morning. I'm going out early—to shop."

The elevator was nine-o'clocky crowded, but a gallant fat man squeezed over infinitesimally, and she stepped in.

"Mr.—Mr. Haven's office," she murmured confidentially into the elevator boy's ear, and shrank back guiltily as that worthy shouted in reply:

"Mr. Haven, ma'am? Thoid floor, four doors to th' right and toin."

The iron door clashed shut on escape. Lucille stood, trembling and



"I CAN'T GO WITH YOU TONIGHT"

unhappy, watching the car disappear skyward. But she had committed herself to adventure, and a hasty memory of her husband's callousness sent her defiantly down the hall. Cecil, the man who had sworn to love and cherish, had failed her. She would see whether other men kept their vows of eternal constancy. At



"KISS ME JUST ONCE, DREAM-GIRL."

the designated door she knocked. Timid and reluctant, the sound did not disturb a fly which was crawling on the panel. For a moment she was relieved. She could retreat now with good grace—then, with a gentle creak of invitation, the door swung open of its own accord and ushered her into an empty room. But from the office beyond this one, whose door was also ajar, came the sound of voices, and the spirit of her ancient ancestress Eve prompted Lucille to listen.

"Oh, Mr. Haven," a girl's voice was saying entreatingly, "you must not say such things to me. I know you dont mean it."

"You little heart-breaker," came Ernest's deep, familiar voice, with the same old thrill and tremble that she remembered; "I mean every word I say. You're a Rose of Women. I cant work for thinking about you. Kiss me just once, Dream-Girl."

Lucille could not remember afterwards what article she dropped that could have made the noise it did. But to her, furious with wounded pride and self-disgust, came Ernest from the private office, flushed and a little embarrassed. When he saw his visitor, the flush deepened to purple.

"You!" he cried, "Lucille!" He came to her and took her cold fingers in an ardent clasp, but she wrenched them away and faced him in regal scorn.

"Liar!" she said softly, with a gesture toward the inner room. She looked very lovely, as she had intended to look, but she had not in the blindness of her vanity foreseen Maisie. It was distinctly not in her program, too, that he should look at her in triumph, as now, and say under his breath and bending forward, "You lovely

vixen, you; just wait until you get home!"

She was taken off her guard, frightened at the unpleasant meaning in his face, and still a daughter of Eve.

"What do you mean?" she inquired coldly. "I dont in the least understand you, and you certainly cannot frighten me."

"Not if I tell you that you are a pauper?" Ernest Haven's long smouldering jealousy and resentment

flamed evilly in his eyes. "You threw me over once for Langley, because he had money and I hadn't. I swore then that I'd pay you some day in your own coin, and I have. There was a panic on the 'Change this morning, and I pulled the strings. Your husband is wiped out! You don't own even the rags on your back! You're down and done for!" He was brutal, with primitive, animal victory. His eyes glared hotly on her, and she felt his close breath snarl on her cheek. "I guess now you'll not be so scornful of me," he laughed. "I guess maybe you'll be glad to divorce him now. He's deadwood. He can't give you anything more, and that's all you ever cared for—money. I'm rich! I can buy anything now—I can buy you!"

She struggled free from him. "Let me go!" she panted. "You are lying to me—I don't believe you—let me go!"

But, later, the letter on her dressing table retold her the bitter news.

"Dearest Woman of All the World," she read—"I have bad news for you. C. & P., that I had nearly all my money tied up in, failed me today, and I was wiped out—all gone. But I saw it coming last evening. I would have told you then, but—well, somehow I couldn't. I put fifteen thousand in your name, and tied it all up with red tape. It's yours, dear, and will keep you at least comfortable. It was every cent I could lay hands on in a hurry. My God, how I wish it were more!"—she raised a blanched face from the paper. The news stunned her, but more than the news the thought stunned her that he must have cared after all.

"You are so beautiful, so very wonderful, Lucille"—the words thrilled her strangely—"I've never

dared to try to tell you how beautiful and how wonderful you are. When a man is really in love, he can't speak of it as casually as of the weather, you see. But today, when I knew they had cleaned me out, all I could realize was what it would mean to you. Try to think kindly of me, dearest dear, if you can't forgive me. I love you so—Lucille—Lucille——" The words trailed off across the paper in a blur of ink. She knew that the blistered place at the end meant tears; and



"YOU," HE CRIED, "LUCILLE!"

suddenly something far within her seemed to snap. She bent her bright head over the bit of paper, and pressed the red, full lips upon it in a passion of remorse.

"Oh, Cecil—Cecil—you wanted to tell me last night—and now it may be too late."

Frantic fear seized her. Where was he? The note spoke of no home-coming—breathed rather a hint of farewell. The solemn butler, bowing in the doorway, was like an anchor drawing her into everyday shallows from the storm of her sudden emotion.

"If you please, madam, Mr. Jackson to see you."

Dynasties might fall, kingdoms shake, ruin and destruction smite, but Williams would never abate one jot nor one tittle of his dignity.

"Show him in."

She had always despised this cheery, commonplace, sack-suited man, but now she turned to him in wild relief. "Oh, Mr. Jackson," she cried, clasping her hands so that the rings cut into the white flesh; "where is he—do you know? I am afraid—afraid."

"Nonsense, my dear Mrs. Langley," reassured Jackson; "Cecil is all right. He is no weak-souled coward to take a short-cut out of life. But it's awkward his not being here just now——"

"What is it—tell me!" She was watching his face eagerly. "You have had news——"

"I've found a way out"—Jackson frowned worriedly—"but it would take a lot of ready money, and he told me this morning he was wiped out clean. It's a slim chance—you would not understand the technique—but if I could lay hands on ten or twelve thousand now, there's a chance, a two-to-one chance we might win out yet."

Lucille was breathing quickly. She thrust the note of her husband into his hands. "Read it," she bade him, breathlessly; "he speaks of money in my name—use it. I don't want money—I want him. Quick! Oh, *why* don't you do something?"

The laborer on the sunny end of the park bench opened one heavy, beer-weighted eyelid at the sound from the man at the bench's other end. He was, according to a hasty estimation, a "toff," but "off his feed." A film of beard dulled the

outlines of his face, which was white and worn, and yesterday's shine was overlaid with the dust of a long tramp. He was reading a newspaper, and the sound seemed in response to something he had found on the front sheet. It was a queer, gasping, choking sound, and immediately afterwards the man had tossed the paper aside and hailed a passing surface-car odorously loaded with an Italian gang on their way to work. Curiosity impelled the laborer to pick up the paper and scan the headlines: "Actress Loses Her Jewels," he read; "Broker Langley's Wife Saves Her Husband from Ruin with Her Private Fortune;" "Police on the Trail of the Ruxhill Murder Suspect."

"H'm," mused the laborer; "he didn't look that kind of a guy—wonder if 'twas him."

In the half-light of the pink-and-gray room a man and woman faced each other breathlessly. His worn, tired face was working pitifully. Lucille felt her heart contract with a great throb of selfless love. She would have given much to be able to take her husband into her arms and mother him, but she was strangely shy before the look of his eyes.

"Lucille!" he cried, at last, brokenly; "why did you do it, dear?—you might have beggared yourself."

She came to him, the draperies of her last evening's gown rustling faintly, for she had paced the floor thru the long dark, waiting for news of him. He could see the swell of her white throat, the flat tension of her nostrils, and suddenly he felt her arms about him, drawing his weary head down upon her breast.

"Why, Boy-o' Mine, I love you!" cried his wife.



PAWNS OF DESTINY

(VICTOR)
BY
ALEXANDER LOWELL



This story was written from the Photoplay of FLORENCE LAWRENCE

THE rain beat dismally on the leaky roof, and Flo hunched nearer to the dusty window to catch the fading light. Her gray eyes, under the tangle of fair hair, were strained to follow the print, and her cheeks were faintly flushed. Flo was the slavey of a third-rate boarding-house—the maid of all work—the drudge—a fragile atom of femininity with a burden too great for her shoulders to bear. Flo could not remember a day when her back did not ache. She held no recollections of gentle words and easing sympathy—but because our souls would starve and die within us were they utterly unfed, even the poor, little slavey knew beauty in her life.

From the first faint glimmerings of her dawning intellect, Flo had been aware that somewhere, somehow, things were not all as represented by the environs of Mrs. Jones' rooming-house. Something told her—she didn't know what. Then, when she was about twelve, she had found a little heap of musty books in the mouse-haunted attic of the house. The heap comprised one or two of Dickens, a copy of "Romeo and Juliet" and another of "Jane Eyre"—in all there were a dozen of the old, beloved books that mirror eternally the best in man, the truest in life, the finest in aspiration. From these Flo built her philosophy—a simple one—of high honor, clean faith, and an infinite, selfless

capacity for love. Hers was the romance built on self-abnegation—the dream-fabric that sees only the object of the dream. Hers was the love that would stand, hands outstretched, the sign and symbol of unrewarded giving. And, all unconsciously, there came into the starved woman-heart of the girl, the object of the dream.

Tom Hansell, one of the roomers, and by no manner of means the star one, would have been utterly astounded had he seen himself as the aim and object of any one's existence. Tom was poor. He was desperately hard-working. He was unsuccessful. He and his law partner, John Stone, lived in a frenzy of arduous work, debts and duns. Tom, as a consequence, had neither time nor thought for the silent, little drudge who kept his room so scrupulously clean; who came, occasionally, in stealth, to slip him some rare delicacy from a pantry ordinarily foreign to such fare. If he noticed a rose nodding its queenly head in the general sordidness of his surroundings, now and then, he was either too weary or too despondent to inquire as to its donor. He did not know of reddened hands that went gloveless that that single rose might cheer him up. But then, of course, his eyes did not pierce the little slavey, and recognize the symbol of the patient giver, standing, hand outstretched. He did not even see the slavey.

One particularly damp and chilly day, Tom returned early to do a little studying on a point not quite clear. He was about at the end of his rope. He had tried, with every ounce of vim and strength, and, apparently, he had failed. John was not in, and Tom worried over that. Time was when John Stone commanded a large and lucrative practice; but success had

I've done to have enraged Dame Fortune so—the devil take this stove!" With reckless hands that shook a little, Tom grabbed the lamp, loosened the wick and dumped the kerosene on the reluctant flames. There was a sharp flare, an instantaneous explosion, a victim stricken to the floor, and Tom groped to his feet, with palms held out—and sightless eyes.



HE DID NOT EVEN SEE THE SLAVEY

dizzied him; he had been too popular, too easily led, and drink had landed him in Mrs. Jones' third-rate rooming-house. Tom wondered, as he lit his lamp, whether continued failure would act upon John as success had done; whether adversity, too, would urge him on the route of oblivion.

"I think my very bones are penetrated with the cold," the young lawyer muttered, as he knelt to light the stove; "I'm colder in here than I was on the pavements. I wonder what

When that factor of the cosmos which was Tom Hansell came back to realization again, there came with him one poignant remembrance. And, strangely enough, the remembrance took the form of something symbolical, and the symbol was a woman, and the woman stood with tender palms outstretched, and in one she held the gift of Life, and in the other the gift of Love. And she was holding them out to *him*! The one, the gift of Life, he had taken, perforce, on the dreadful day of the fire. There had been the blinding flash, the swift knowledge that the end had come at last; that Dame Fortune had thrown her last dice; the sinking into what he believed to be death. And then, two desperate, daring arms about him; the feeling of being borne by a slight, swaying some one who was bending 'neath the weight; the in-

coherent, muttered words over him, "I must save him, oh God! I must—I must"; the incongruous thought that the voice was that of an unseen some one who had cleaned his rooms, who had occasionally put to him a tremulous and always unanswered query, and whom he had never looked upon. After that, oblivion again, and now this awakening.

How long he lay in the state of semi-consciousness, hovered over insistently by the strange, sad symbol

of his brain, he did not know. Then the world became a reality once more thru the cloud-shattering voice of John Stone.

"Feeling better, boy?" it queried, heartily.

Tom raised his head; the eyes that met John Stone's were blank, on the white face a look of hopeless misery. He tried to steady the words.

"John"—the voice was little more than a sob—"John, tell me in God's name, am I blind?"

John Stone did not answer. He hadn't time. Some one who was standing beside him rushed to the cot, dropped by it, stretched across it two yearning, infinitely compassionate arms.

"Mister Tom," a voice breathed softly, a voice that love and heart and soul touched with a tender fineness; "Mister Tom, I'll be eyes to you—I will—I will——"

Tom's thin fingers groped a moment, then touched the soft hair.

"Why," he said gladly, "it's you—it's you."

Then, while Flo hid her abashed eyes, John Stone told of the girl's gallant rescue—of how, at the first hint of flame, the boarders had rushed to the street—of how Flo, defiant as to smoke and fire, had beat her way to his room and carried him, with her slim strength, to the second floor—of how she had dropped there, beaten by smoke and exhaustion, and how they had been discovered and carried out by one of the more venturesome firemen.

"So you see, boy," John Stone finished up, "you may not have sight, but you've got your life, and you've got a friend loyal enough to save that life at the expense of her own. Not every man can say that. It's up to you to take a brace."

Tom touched the soft hair again, and his fingers were very tender.

"No," he repeated, "not every man can say that."

That night, in the dining-room of Mrs. Jones' newly renovated rooming-house, Flo faced the irate mistress of it staunchly.

"But, Mrs. Jones," she was plead-



TOM GROPED TO HIS FEET . . . WITH
SIGHTLESS EYES

ing, "he hasn't anywhere to go when he comes out, and——"

"Well, I must say, miss," declared Mrs. Jones scornfully, "that your idea of conducting a genteel boarding-house is *not* mine. Do you see in me an out-'n'-out idiot, miss?"

"But listen, Mrs. Jones"—Flo caught at the worthy matron's ample skirt as she turned to sail, in fine disdain, from the room—"listen: you know Mr. Stone will be here, and he'll stick to Mr. Tom; and oh, Mrs. Jones,

you can let Hannah go—I'll prepare the gentlemen's meals and wash up; that would pay for Mister Tom's keep—Hannah's wages would——"

Mrs. Jones faced the wistful-eyed girl, somewhat appeased, but still doubtful. "Do you think you could?" she asked slowly, calculating inwardly the profit she might make by this arrangement.

"Oh, I'm sure of it, Mrs. Jones—quite, quite sure—just try me and see. And then, just think of the great, big, beautiful thing you'd be doing."

A beatific, I-am-holier-than-thou expression settled itself on Mrs. Jones' indeterminate features, and she said, with a very grand-dowager air, "Well, well, Florence, have it your own way."

Thus it was that Tom Hansell returned to his third floor back in Mrs. Jones' more than ever genteel rooming-house, and took up the fight again, loyally supported by the faithful John, and hovered over by the girl who so gladly offered up her life work for his bare existence.

True to her assertion that she would be eyes to him, Flo trebled every effort and strained every nerve to accomplish the almost inhuman amount of work demanded of her, then slipped to his room and read aloud to him in her low-pitched, tired, little voice. She read law to him, all sorts of dry pamphlets and documents, and now and then one of her old friends from the musty attic heap. And day by day they grew closer; these two for whom Life offered no greater joy than those stolen, weary moments. Barren moments, some would have said; but the sound of that patient, loving voice had become a song of songs to Tom, and the very presence of Tom was manna to Flo.

It was on one of these occasions that Mrs. Jones discovered a momentary cessation of Flo's abnormal activities, and went in search. The sight that met her eyes was innocent enough—a blind man turning his sightless eyes on a drooping, slender figure on the floor, and listening, with a hint of a smile, as she plugged per-

sistently away at dry technicalities of the law.

Mrs. Jones was moved to a fine wrath. Mrs. Jones' rooming-house was not only genteel, it was respectable. Mrs. Jones herself was the incarnation of that term.

"Do I live to see the day," her raucous voice announced, "when my honest efforts to establish this here house in decency, and maintain it in respect, are put to naught by my slavey and my boarder as is, by charity?"

Flo had sprung to her feet during this rapid tirade, and Tom's white face was lifted, amazedly.

"It is my command, Mister Hansell," went on the hard voice righteously, "that you right this poor girl, and my reputation, by marrying her—at once!"

"I think, Mrs. Jones——" began Tom, with a cold dignity.

"Then think no more, Mister Hansell," interrupted Mrs. Jones; "I am off for a minister of the gospel."

Flo stood stricken, as the worthy lady made her highly moral exit. Tom stretched forth his hand, and Flo dropped to the floor, holding it to her mutely.

"This must not be," he was saying, decidedly. "Little girl of mine, if I were a whole man you know how quickly I would come to you and ask this thing of you—if even I could take you out of this sort of thing, give you rest and plenty—but as it is—— I cannot ask it—it wouldn't be fair to you——"

"Tommy!" shouted a jovial voice; "Tommy, old Dame Fortune has tuned up her fiddle!" and John Stone precipitated himself into the room with the exuberancy of his passing youth. "It's a letter," he went on, not waiting for a reply; "and as I had to read it to you anyway, I did so beforehand—you're rich, old chap, you're rich!"

It took all of John Stone's powers of elucidation to make clear to these two weary victims of misfortune the great good news. Tom's uncle had died, it seemed, and Tom was his sole



THINGS HAD BEGUN TO LOOK EVEN MORE HOPEFUL

heir. The heritage was a large one. It was all very simple. It is usually these simple things that perform Life's cataclysms.

Tom did not wait to hear the details. He did not hesitate because of John. Sounds of footsteps were heard ascending the stairs. He turned his sightless eyes to Flo, still kneeling.

"Dear little Giver," he murmured, "I have good news, and it's Love I ask of you now."

The great specialist had come and gone. A preliminary examination and operation at the hospital had been agreed on, and it was hoped that Tom's eyesight might be his once more. After the preliminary experiment things had begun to look even more hopeful. Dame Fortune, while tuning up her fiddle, had decided to play a jolly air.

The three, who had been so close thru adversity, sat now in the sumptuous library, and talked of the great hope the surgeon had roused.

"I shall have but one use for my eyes," Tom said lightly; "that use, my wife's face." His voice dropped on the last words, and his hand went to its habitual resting-place—the soft head never very far from his reach.

"I suppose my time-worn countenance will not be honored with a peep," laughed John, as he rose to depart for his room.

"You wont get a look-in, old man," called Tom.

Downstairs in the library, the day of the operation, sat two men and a white-faced, shrinking girl, dressed in maid's costume of black and white. One man was the surgeon. He looked bland, more or less assured. The other was the faithful John. He looked haggard and strained. Upstairs sat the man for whom the next moments were to decide a life of perpetual night, or the sunlight and starlight, and the lovelight in eyes true blue.

"You may come with me now," said the surgeon, turning to the girl. "He must go on the table once more," he said, after they had chatted a moment in the operation room.

She placed her arm tenderly around Tom's head and patted his forehead. Both of his arms were about her, but thru his colored glasses he could not see the appealing look she gave the surgeon as he took Tom to the table for the last, critical touch of the knife. Then Tom was led away.



SHE PLACED HER ARM TENDERLY AROUND TOM'S HEAD

Flo, unable to bear the stress in silence, stole into the hall and stood on the stairway, listening. Ten minutes passed. Then she heard footsteps. Some one was moving rapidly in the room above; a door was burst open, and Tom came racing down the steps, two at a time, eyes wide and strong — and seeing. Something clutched Flo at her heart. Fear made her a coward for the first time since Love had made her strong.

"Suppose he should be sorry," came the thought; "suppose he should regret it when he sees me; I couldn't bear it—I couldn't bear it!" And, as he passed her, unheeding, because of the maid's attire she chose to wear,

feeling at home in its simplicity, she slipped away to her room.

It was only a moment later when he entered, and as she faced him tremulously she saw that he had closed his eyes, and was coming toward her in his wonted way. When his hand touched her head, he drew her to him very gently, and looked full into her upturned, tender eyes. Love's eyes they were, with all the kingdom of her heart for him.

"You've been the song in my darkness, Beloved," he whispered; "you've been the hand held out to mine when I was all alone, and now—now you are the light of my eyes—light of my world, Beloved."



Globe-Trotting via Picture Theaters

By HARVEY PEAKE

On the screen a hundred bathers
Joys of Florida are showing;
For ten cents you, too, may join them—
For outside you'll find it snowing.

California charms tomorrow,
With its mellow, lulling breezes;
Ten cents more will take you out there,
Far from blizzards and from freezes.

Then in very torrid weather
Arctic scenes will cool us nicely,
While thermometers outside will
Stand at ninety-eight precisely.

So the Motion Picture patron,
When he feels the weather deeply,
Makes a trip to kinder climates
By this agency most cheaply.

(GENE GAUNTIER PLAYERS)



THE grandfather's clock in the cardroom of the exclusive Patroon Club snarled out "One o'clock," but it might as well have tolled a general fire-alarm. No one of the four flushed-faced men paid the scantest attention to it. Checks, bills, gold, I O U's lay scattered on the inlaid table in reckless abandon.

It was a voice—sneering words not meant for his ears—that brought young Griswold to his feet.

"Langdon," the pallidly handsome man announced, "I heard what was not meant for my ears." Two burning spots rose to his cheeks. "It's a lie! An infamous lie! My marriage to Helen Underwood is not for her money."

"Ah!" said the older man, with a hundred shades of meaning in the word.

"You dont believe me? You think

me heavily in your debt and that I cant pay?"

The eyes of his clubmates convicted him. He steadied his voice to businesslike tones. "Very well, then—a bet, a wager that none can refuse." The speaker leaned forward, sneering into Langdon's bulbous face. "I wager you five thousand dollars that upon leaving the club I will marry the first woman I meet."

"Done," said Langdon, and the others nodded silently.

"Call a cab," said Griswold. "Rogers, you come along with me. I'm going home via the park."

"You're packing the bet on the safe side," suggested Langdon, coldly; "but I wont hedge. Accidents will happen, you know."

Outside, the wheels of a hansom crunched the snow, and the elderly Rogers fortified himself with a parting drink and the folds of his fur-lined coat.

As Paul Griswold and his fuddled

witness climbed into the vehicle, the young man took a last look at the cardroom window. Two heads, above the drawn blind, peered down at him, and he caught the fleering light in their eyes. The electric light cast up from the snow shaped his club-fellows' faces curiously like death-masks, he thought, yet his bet was without risk, singularly so.

The cab rolled into the silent, empty

"I'm sorry, sir," he announced, "but the nut has ground off and the axle is worn to a splinter. I'll unhitch, and junk the cab, and you'd best walk, sir."

Griswold dug his elbow into his companion, and told him of their luck. Rogers swore sleepily, but, in the end, climbed down, and the two adventurers stood in the snow, while the Jehu unhitched his horse.



THE WAGER

park, with its naked trees and its arc-lights making shadowy caverns in the snow.

The vehicle crossed to the center drive, swung along it, and turned toward the easterly exit. Griswold lay back and smiled. Rogers sat huddled and snoring by his side. There was absolutely nothing of adventure in the ridiculous wager.

First came a gritting noise under them, followed by a sudden stoppage of the cab. The driver got down and examined the off wheel.

"Come on," said Griswold, "let's make the best of it."

A woman sat on a bench near the easterly entrance. She was gaunt, mostly bone, with fear and shame in her eyes, and a shawl huddling her damp hair.

Griswold and Rogers lured by. The older man stopped, grasped Griswold's arm and pointed back.

The young man saw. "Good God!" he said, the realization of it all crushing down upon him. "Can a fool's bet lead to this?"

Then he turned back and spoke to the woman.

She rose up suddenly, and he saw the fear and shame in her eyes.

"Come, let us help you," he said; "you need everything—food, fire and clothes, and we mean you only good."

With a man in evening clothes supporting her on either side, the woman was led out of the deadly

At last they found the dingy house of a justice of the peace. He came to the door, clothed mostly in a dirty bathrobe, a toothless, knowing smile, and with an oil lamp held above his one dank lock of hair.

They followed him into the house, and with the question put and the accommodating justice assenting, the woman appeared to realize what was



THE FIRST WOMAN HE SAW

damp of the park. The three stood irresolute on a silent avenue.

"The thing must be done tonight," said Rogers, breaking the silence; "there are justices of the peace across the river in Jersey City—or perhaps you prefer to pay."

Griswold shivered as tho stripped of his furs. "I can pay only in one way," he said quietly. "Call a cab and get us across the river."

As yet he had not seen the woman's face, only her haunted eyes. And in the speechless journey across to the Jersey side, she lay back, listless and rudderless, between the two men.

about to take place. The eyes of fear turned to Griswold.

He saw that the face was hollow to the point of emaciation, the skin lifeless, the lips drawn, but the eyes, the facial contour, the poise of the unadorned head were all beautiful.

"You need have no fear," he said, and her hand went out like a child's and clung to his arm.

The ceremony was over in a scant minute. It was nothing but the mumbling of a few questions, the signature of the principals, and Rogers' shaky scrawl as witness.

"Tomorrow night, at the club,

Rogers," admonished Griswold, as he helped his dazed bride into the cab. "I expect you to take a part in the fool's triumph."

Rogers smiled into the night at the disappearing vehicle. "Dollars!" he said, with a grim chuckle; "there'll be five thousand devils to pay instead."

The night passed and a new even-

ing paper. His narrowed eyes worked back and back again to an announcement in the society columns. And at last he led her back to the rooms he had taken for her, and told her he must be off on urgent night business.

In another half-hour, Griswold, pale as a marble Apollo, led Rogers into a private lounge of the club.

"You've seen it, I suppose—the



THE MARRIAGE

ing came. And in the hours intervening, Griswold had learnt much of his wife's history. It was the old story of a country girl hired to the city by a lover; neglected, deserted, and then of her fear of what might be left in the world for her.

Griswold bought her clothes and a cheap hat in an out-of-the-way store, and took her to dinner at a flashy restaurant. Under his care her eyes softened like the play of dull lights on deep water.

She did not notice the change that came over him as he scanned an even-

announcement of my coming marriage to Helen Underwood?"

And then, without pause for breath, and gripping the older man's hands with his shaking ones, he poured out the story of his impending social ruin.

"Will you stand by me, Rogers, if I do the decent thing?"

Rogers nodded, and, like the flash of a changing picture scene, they stood at the card-table in the presence of Langdon and his friend.

"Here's your check," said Langdon, with curious dryness, and then

his face purpled and he burst out: "You scoundrel! I've read the newspapers—how are you going to adjust your marriage affairs?"

"In this way," said Griswold, calmly tossing back the check; "and by adding that the drama of last night was only a farce—a mock ceremony."

Langdon's eyes instantly turned to Rogers, seeking confirmation.

The witness gasped, struggled with imminent asthma, and tried to marshal his astounded wits. After all, he thought, Griswold was doing the only proper thing, and in a decidedly clever fashion. The unknown woman must bear the brunt of it, and—well, she had known the touch of a gentleman for one full day. And so Rogers nodded his curt assent.

It was not so historical as the shake of the peasant's head that lost Waterloo to Napoleon. But it succeeded in damning the soul of one woman and in saving the face of another, which, under the circumstances, was the best he could do.

The years ticked by, taking their tithes as they passed. Rogers, the discreet, gathered himself unto his fathers, and Langdon's hands and brain had been stricken with paralysis over his cards.

As for Griswold, he married the lady whose beautiful face he dared not anguish, and in the course of time a son was born to them, sharing the wit of his father and his mother's patrician features. And as for what was lacking in him, that will perhaps be a part of the story.

This still leaves us the justice of the peace. Griswold's plans included him, and he was well paid for destroying a certain page in his register. But the agile creature pieced it together again, and, like a serpent, it twined out of the wastebasket and unfolded under Griswold's fine nostrils. The upshot was simply a question of price. And Griswold took Enoch Black, the splicer of queer knots, into his banking office and made of him a confidential clerk.

Thus one more good soul found a safe haven.

Perhaps we have forgotten the woman who traded her shawl for a cheap hat with flowers, and who was pulled out of the sea for a day, to lie with charmed eyes on the sand. Why did not the rising waters swallow her up completely? The same world-old reason—motherhood.

After Griswold deserted her, she felt herself quite lost—a despicable creature, despised of the only man she had given herself completely in trust to.

Then into the swirl of abasement and windowless hope came a tiny, a tragic, a giant's cry of cheer.

It was a little girl. She named her Fay—a fairy in a tenement room. And the clutch of the wee, moist hands, with the brown wonderment in staring eyes, threw open the shutters of her soul and let life in.

And then there were rough, kindly hands who took an interest in the old story, and sat out the nights until she could stand on her feet and set about earning the right of way for her young.

The fairy thrived, and as she grew lighter of foot and brighter of eye, the woman lost just that much. She failed, all but her will and the love that shaped it.

And with Fay going to school and the woman alone for long hours, the grip on herself relaxed, and her flat breast seemed to burst with fits of confessional coughing.

One noon the child burst in upon her and caught her crying. But the child's own tears were her only issue, just then, and she checked her own in a panic of fright.

The dreaded question came: "Mama, the children say I haven't any papa—where is papa?" Clear, young eyes probed the dimmed ones, and, lest they tell their miserable story, the woman gathered the child into her arms, mumbling meaningless words of comfort.

But she knew now that the time had come when she must face Griswold and plead their child's cause.

An hour later she stood before him in his library. Curiously, she felt him the judge and she the sinner, and her voice came scarce above a hoarse whisper.

Griswold's self-pride was shocked at this thing of the past stalking into his day-dreams, but he took his cue from her humility, and comforted her with the most opportune answer—a check.

The woman tore it across, but, reading the finality in his eyes, she pursed the halves in her rough hand, and left him as meekly as she had come.

That night she took to her bed, and with the day coming could not lift her slight frame from its resting-place. Fay stood by her in childish creature comfort, and the woman, with the step of death on the stairs, poured out to the child the chapters of her miserable life. But even at the end of everything, she could not finish the story.

The child listened—more to the beat of the stilling, spent heart than to the dismal words. And when a struggle of coughing closed the world-weary eyes and the rough hand lay quiet in hers, she flung herself upon the stark woman, sobbing out her seeking love—just as tho the best, the noblest, the richest, aye, the purest, mother in the world had passed away.

Again must the pages of our story turn over, leaving many years written only in blank.

Fay grew to thriving womanhood; a blooded, bodied image of the pallid creature who had borne her. So scant a thing is beauty—a tint, a touch of shape, a feel of life in eye and walk, and beauty rears supreme from the common clay.

The girl belied her parentage and had become a matter-of-fact business woman, typist and secretary to a leading law firm.

Then Robert Daly, fresh from college, had become a junior partner, and after that things went not so smoothly. To be brief, he fell in love with Fay, and she with him.

They were made exactly for one

another, or so they thought; and so Bob set to work to study that most interesting example of the Law of Contracts—the marriage covenant.

An engagement ring passed hands, and the girl, in the first blushes of her happiness, dismissed her lover, to pore over the trinkets left her by her mother.

“To be opened by my daughter should she think of marriage.” A strange admonishment on a letter. Yet there it lay in the dusty trunk, that she had cherished in her wanderings. Fay slit it open and read:

MY DARLING FAY—When you read this, you will know what I dared not tell you. Your father is Paul Griswold, the banker. He declared it was a mock marriage—I have no proof. A justice named Enoch Black performed the ceremony in Jersey City. May God help you, as I strove to.
YOUR MAMA.

Fay held the letter in her hand late into the night. She did not know it was there. And into her eyes stole the look that the woman had worn.

But she was young and fearless, not a broken competitor, and with the night shadows banished she went to Bob and told him what she could piece and patch together of her mother's life.

Then she surrendered her engagement ring.

The young lawyer knew she would never be his with the stain upon her name. With a piteous face, he accepted the ring, the seal of their covenant.

“You know my father. I want you to get me a position in his office,” Fay besought him.

“Yes,” said Bob, reluctantly. Then the grip of her tragedy took hold on him, and he crushed her into his arms, swearing, in and out, that he would back her in winning her birthright.

Things hurried after that. There was a streak of Griswold's iron will in Fay, and in less than a week she was in his employ and had the run of the banking office. It was a private institution, with a savings-bank branch, passed down in prosperity from father to son.

A third generation, Griswold's son



FAY'S PLANS UNFOLD ENCOURAGINGLY

Vincent, was like as not to inherit the business, but at the time of Fay's coming he was yet in the testing, and Griswold hammered him hard to see if his metal rang true.

Fay studied the situation with the eyes of a hostile general. Herein lay the father's weakness. She determined to strike him thru his son.

She was demure; she was aloof; she was charmingly pretty, and she was different from the bold, cheap beauties of the cabaret.

Fay came. Vincent saw. Fay conquered.

It was an intrigue that warmed his cavalier heart to take her out of nights and to spend his money in bringing the warm wine to her cheeks. He plumed himself on his conquest.

A famous Charity Ball was announced, and Fay begged Vincent to take her to it. He hesitated, drank deep of her eyes, tossed down a glass of cognac, and decided to parade her there behind his chariot.

Fay spent six months' hoardings upon her toilette. She was superb—faultless from crown to toe. And she looked into her mirror and declared to herself that she was beautiful.

The boy led her into a palm-enfolded room, and in the whirl of drink and worship, the heat, the music, the pull of her compelling eyes, he stammered out a proposal of marriage. This to the captive at his chariot-wheel!

Fay heard herself replying quite calmly: "I'm sick of poverty; were you rich, instead of depending upon your father, I would marry you."

"I *will* earn money." She caught the hoarse words. "I'll force it from him—I'll——"

"Come close!" she urged; "whisper it, dear."

"Ah!" she said, in answer; and then she let him kiss her.

The newspapers were thirsting for news, and eagerly slobbered "scare-heads" of the bank robbery across their front pages:

BIG ROBBERY AT GRISWOLD'S BANK!

President Griswold Will Not Be Interviewed—A Run on the Bank Has Begun—Police Kept Busy.

And behind the locked doors of the banker's private office a somber scene.



THE PROPOSAL

Griswold, the man who refused to be interviewed, was interviewing his son—"sweating" him, rather, for the boy twisted on his chair in terror of the stabbing questions. "What became of the call-loan money on my desk? Who gave this out to the newspapers? Are you mixed up with a woman? Who is she?"

The unanswered and unanswerable grill kept up, to the shuffle of feet and the jabber of tongues in the banking-room below.

The youth's face, with shifty, goggling eyes, turned the color of wet putty.

"Out of my sight, forever—I disown you!"

The door closed upon the shambling son; the noise below continued.

"One hour more," continued Griswold, "between me and ruin.

Then the private telephone rang, and he grasped the receiver, fascinated.

The message was from the teller

below—the last pile of bills was on his counter.

"Is it worth while?" summed up Griswold, his gray head falling forward. "Sonless — moneyless — ah! lifeless is the fitting word, and his hand reached out for the shiny, barreled thing in the drawer of his desk.

A knock. He lowered the revolver from his temple. Fay entered.

"Look at me," she said; "look close! I have done all this. Robbed you of your son, ruined you, shortened your years."

"Who are you, woman?" Griswold called out wildly.

Fay drew close. "The child of the woman you flung aside—herself, come to reckon with you."

"Ah!" the wretched man shuddered, so that he seemed to shrink inwardly. "A daughter, who has the right only to curse me," he moaned.

"You have the proofs of my mother's marriage?"

"Yes; leave me alone, to die."

"You shall not die," she said, wresting the weapon from his fingers; "you shall live to suffer as my mother suffered—perhaps to repent."

The telephone rang again, furiously. Fay snatched up the receiver.

"Mr. Daly has arrived, sir, with one hundred thousand dollars. We will pay off all deposits till closing time."

Fay looked up triumphantly. "Did you hear? Robert Daly has saved your bank—and I—and I"—she hesitated, gauging the shadowy lights in the broken man's eyes—"I am only a woman. I forgive you."

The pent tears coursed down Griswold's shrunken cheeks, but he dared not touch his child, the daughter of the woman.

But she went to him softly and raised his eyes to hers, that he might read that fear and shame had gone from her brow forever.



This story was written from the Photoplay by MARGUERITE BERTSCH

ANTOINETTE STEWART faced her day's work thru the spring shine and shimmer, with sedately moving feet, but a mind that skipped and leaped and ran breathlessly before her to the happy goal of a man's smile. Ah! it was a very good thing to be alive and young—and pretty, and to know that somewhere was one who would look at her with eyes that spoke eloquently above businesslike lips. Springtide was high tide on the avenue. Beds of gay bonnets flecked the line of shop windows—street vendors with blossoms as frail as a baby's smile—and beyond, by the flashing fountain, a joyous hand-organ scattering a spray of bright notes. Antoinette drew a long, soul-deep breath. It was good, yes, very good, to be alive.

She turned down the side street of staid, handsome residences with a sense of things about to happen. For a long time she had known, as women always do know and never admit, that Mr. Haddon looked upon her as a woman rather than a secretary, tho his attitude was ever courteous and

dignified. Mrs. Brandon, herself, with the uncanny intuition that feminine friends employ in ferreting out a love-affair, had hinted more than once, arm about her small son Dick and loyal, loving eyes on the girl's flushed face, that the mythical woman who *did* marry Mr. Haddon would be almost as fortunate and happy as she. And he would be Governor—his wife the First Lady in the State. Antoinette felt herself blushing at the temerity of her imagination. After all she was only a paid secretary. Besides—but she thrust back that grim remembrance fiercely. Dead days were buried and no frail ghost of them should haunt her happy Now. She turned in at a gate, drawing impersonality across her face like a veil.

"Late!" Emmett Haddon laughed.

"It was Dick!" Antoinette apologized. "That small youngster grows more kissable and unleaveable every day, Mr. Haddon! His mother has to pry his father forcibly away from him every morning, or he would never start to the office."

"The Brandons are good friends of

yours, aren't they?" said Haddon, absently. "I forgot where you said you met them?"

The light went from the girl's face with the suddenness of an electric bulb snapped off.

"Oh, I've known them for years. We met at a place we were both staying, and they have been lovely to me. Now, the letters, Mr. Haddon, if you please."

It was the secretary, not Antoinette Stewart, who faced him business-likely. With a slight sigh, Haddon turned back to his desk.

"Copy the Bassett notes and the circular-letter I gave you yesterday," he directed briskly. "Ask me about anything you do not understand, and my mistakes."

In the little pocket-edition office, off the big one, the girl went to work at her typewriter with absent-minded fingers. Today—tomorrow—soon—she had read it in his eyes. For a half-hour the busy keys raced the seconds, then paused, out of breath. Antoinette frowned. The phrase there was dubious—called for explanation. She took the sheet and went softly into the outer office. A strange back, bent conversationally toward her employer, checked her, and she hesitated, fearing to interrupt. Haddon nodded reassuringly.

"Yes, Miss Stewart? A question? Let me see."

Antoinette proffered the paper. "The second paragraph; there—where does the semicolon—"

The sentence trailed, unraveled, in the air. With a face erased as clean of color as the paper in her hand, Antoinette met the bland gaze of the stranger by the desk, and felt the sure ground of her life shiver in earthquake dread beneath her feet. She did not know how she lived the next few moments, from what unguessed resources she garnered the courage to face, with unmoved features, that polite, challenging, knowing smile, to watch him depart, and to hear Haddon's kind, familiar voice in her ears, bidding her sit down. It was all as unreal as the sounds and

sights of everyday to one who is to die.

"Miss Stewart—Antoinette—sweet-heart!"

She struggled faintly. "No—oh, please, no!"

"But why, little girl, when I love you?" Haddon leaned toward her, eyes shining into hers—his dear eyes, ah, his kind, dear eyes! She felt the waters of renunciation rushing about her, and their taste was bitter to her soul, like the taste of tears. The nearer he came to her, the harder it grew to say what she knew now she must say to him.

With all the strength of her love she put him from her, and got to her feet, dizzily.

"Mr. Haddon, you must not say these things to me. I must not hear them. Believe me—there are reasons—please—please—" she was trembling so that it frightened him into releasing her hands. She waved back the words forming on his lips, and hurried into her little room, closing the door behind upon happiness and all that mattered to her in the world. In the stuffy aloneness of the tiny office she sank into a chair, and buried her face in hands that tried vainly to hide unwelcome visions. On her Day of days why must she see in retrospect a grimy prison anteroom, a woman and man weeping in each other's arms, and a girl beside them with a wistful face so like her own? The damp scent of the place where so many souls and bodies mouldered seemed to close around her now, tainting the free air. Scraps of sentences mocked her—"Free again, thank God!"—"No more of your dirty schemes; we're going straight!"—"Oh, Antoinette, how happy we are—"

The girl writhed. The memory of past misery was a potent seasoning for her present trouble. She felt vaguely like an animal who struggles as the net closes about, knowing dumbly that struggles are of no avail.

"No, no," she muttered; "it can't be so or there'd be no happiness in the world. What's over is past. It

isn't any more. How can it hurt me now? Oh, life's been so hard! I do so want my happiness!"

"And I want it, too, Antoinette." Haddon's voice seemed almost in her ear, tho he stood behind her in the doorway. "Your happiness and mine. It's the same thing, little girl. What's your trouble—tell me?"

The last abrupt sentences came almost as from employer to secretary. She felt the urge of impulse prompting an answer—a confession. It would be a relief to cut the hair, and send the Damoclean sword of his scorn down into her heart. But she hesitated, and her moment of possibility was gone.

"It's nothing," she temporized weakly; "I'm tired—I think—if you're in no hurry for the circulars—I'll go home."

Haddon came to her, standing close, so close she could hear the dull pound of his heart against her hair.

"You are behaving like—like a woman!" he smiled. "Now, I'm going to behave like a man. I'm going to talk and you're going to listen, but I'll let you have the last word, provided it's the right word. I love you. I have a sneaking suspicion that you love me. I'm going to marry you, anyhow. I always get what I want, and I want you. Q. E. D. But we need not announce it until after election. Now for your last word—a three-lettered one, please, sweetheart."

In spite of his banter, his voice was very tender, and his eyes sought hers confidently to read in them his desire. In terror of what he might see there, Antoinette hid her face against his shoulder, clinging to her chance of happiness as a lost sailor to a spar which will win him a few hours more of life.

"Yes," she whispered; "yes." An hour ago with what pride and joy and humility she would have given him his answer! "After election, if you still want me, I will marry you." For, she told herself sadly, by then he should know everything. She lifted a pinched, frightened, little face to her lover's kiss. "And now," she said, gently, "now I am going home."

The windows of the third floor flat



sparkled from tiny parlor to tinier kitchen. Antoinette climbed the stairs reluctantly. Company! She would go into her room, and wait there in the dark until they had gone. But no stranger voices greeted her, as she slipped into the narrow pocket of a hall.

"Five thousand—pretty fair, Millie?" It was Brandon's voice, husky with new self-pride. "You didn't know your old man had it in him, eh?"

"Well, I guess you deserve it if ever a man did!" Antoinette, pausing in the darkness, with her evil tidings and all the weight of trouble the day

had brought dragging at her heart, felt, nevertheless, a thrill at the wife-pride of the other woman's voice behind the closed door. Oh, the closed doors of life—the intimate home-love behind them—and she must remain always, as now, outside their light and comfort, in the aloneness of the dark.

"Do you know, Millie?"—odd shame hesitated in the man's voice—"I've been thinking—I guess our boy here, and now this promotion, sort of wipes out—that—business five years ago—"

Antoinette could bear it no longer. She fumbled for the knob and flung the door wide. The two in the room turned, jubilant, with their proud news.

"Tony, listen!" Mrs. Brandon cried, with a laugh and a sob tangled together. "Bob is promoted! He's assistant cashier now, and we're going to send Dick to college, and paper the dining-room, and go to a cabaret! Why——" she broke off, staring at the girl's drawn face.

"The Count is here," said Antoinette, tonelessly. She drooped against the door, dark young face in high relief against the white woodwork, like a tragic cameo. "He was at Mr. Haddon's office. Yes—he saw me."

The three looked at one another in silence.

"Well?" said the girl at last, drearily. As tho in answer, the door-bell pealed, and immediately afterward a courteous voice purred in the hallway:

"Good-evening, friends; may I come in?"

The Count, urbane, dapper as ever, his habitual cigar languidly drooping between yellowed fingers, smiled upon the silent little group with the tigerish, white-toothed smile that was so sinister. "Very neat little place you have here," he commented, appraising eye price-tagging each article of furniture. "You prosper, yes? Oh! how I am rejoice, me!" He flung out his hands eloquently. "Ah! my dear friends, why so unspeaking—can you not make an old comrade welcome?"

He leered meaningly, and Antoinette shivered as his cold eyes met hers. "Mees Tony, you also I salute. Meester Haddon is a ver' fine man, yes? You were—what you say?—*on luck* to find that so good position. And Mr. Brandon with those bank—oh, yes; you see I have found you all out. But I interrupt supper maybe—no?"

Mrs. Brandon's eyes mutely interrogated her husband.

"Perhaps you will stay?" she said unwillingly.

"With pleasure," bowed the Count. Antoinette felt her throat constrict with disgust of him, of his greasy hair and oily ways and the wretched purpose she read into his visit there. She slipped away to her little room, and knelt by the window looking out across the city roofs to where in imagination she could see Haddon as he had looked today. She felt again his warm, firm hands on hers, heard his dear voice, knew the undreamed rapture of his first kiss. Hot, despairing tears dripped slowly down upon her hard-clenched hands.

"I dont know what that man out there means to do," she said; "but he will do it as he did before, and drag us all down——"

A hint of the Count's plan of campaign was vouchsafed Antoinette when, on arriving at the office the next morning, she found him there before her, and alone.

"Ah! good-marneen, Mees Tony!" purred the Count, rising as she came in. "I wait to speak to Meester Haddon, who seem to be late. Where did you run away last night? I miss you very much." He was drawing near her. She longed to strike him across the cruel, smiling face, to scream aloud, to run away. But she went on removing her hat and coat, without reply. The man leaned over the girl deliberately, looking down into her desperate eyes with amorous meaning.

"Ah! Tony, Tony!" he sighed; "you did not use to treat me so cruel!"

In the doorway Haddon watched the scene with angry astonishment. Antoinette, turning as tho drawn by



HIS SEEKING HANDS CIRCLED THE OTHER'S THROAT

his eyes, caught the expression, and felt herself blushing the color of guilt, but she held her ground royally.

"Count Tosky is a friend of Mr. Brandon's," she said, smiling coolly. "I will finish the circulars now, Mr. Haddon."

As the door of her office swung behind her, the two men stood looking into one another's faces in silence for a moment. Then the Count bowed elaborately and took up his cane.

"I have quite forgot what I came to see you about, Meester Haddon," he smiled. "I bid you good-marneen, sir. I congratulate on your secretary. I know Mees Tony well"—he paused in the doorway for a Parthian shot—"perhaps I know her almost better than most."

In her little room, Antoinette cowered, fighting back the tears. She felt that her whole life swung in the balance of the next few moments—what if he did not trust her? She realized now that, as with most women, she held his love for her second to his faith. She could live without the first—not without the other. His voice, calling her, sent the blood drumming against her ears. But the tender

lover-face he turned to greet her held no shadow. She felt his warm, strong arms around her, and her bruised heart leaped and sang.

"Sweetheart!" said the next Governor of the State, exultantly; "oh, *sweetheart mine!*"

The Count hesitated ostentatiously in the doorway. Thru half-shut lids he took in the full import of the intimate scene before him—Haddon's caressing hand on the girl's shoulder, her face uptilted eagerly. Yes, his plan was working out well. The Brandons would whip into line, and Antoinette also, tho she would be harder to manage. A woman in love is as dangerous as smouldering dynamite, but she should see!

"Until tomorrow night, then," Haddon was saying. "I couldn't make my speech unless you were there to hear it."

The Count stepped forward. "Ah! you speak of the banquet, no?" He smiled softly. "I, too, am invite. If Mees Tony—Mees *Stewart*, pardon—is to be there I must of a certain go."

Haddon eyed the visitor coldly. That fellow, and here! He turned to

Antoinette, unsmilingly. "I did not know that Count Tosky was on visiting terms," he said. His tone made the words a question. She forced a matter-of-factness she did not feel.

"You came to see Mr. Brandon, Count? I'll call him."

"The Brandons—yes, of course; and *you*." The emphasis was unmistakable. "But I do not wish to drive Meester Haddon away."

"I was just going," said Haddon, curtly. He looked at Antoinette, and his eyes softened. "Till tomorrow night, then," he said again, and was gone.

The girl turned fiercely at bay.

"What is it you want?" she said, passionately. "You will get it in the end, and I'd rather know now. You are trying to make Mr. Haddon jealous. A blind man could see that; but why? Are you going to hurt him?" If he had not read her love for the man before in her attitude, he would have been sure of it now from the vibrant thrill in her voice. He shook his sleek head, smiling his humorless smile.

"No, of a certain, no, my dear Tony," he said. "But may an old friend—an old comrade—not come to see you without suspicion? In the past—"

"The past!" The girl wrung her hands, hopelessly. "Oh, my God! Isn't there any escape from it? Haven't I any present, then; is there no future for me? I've lived as straight for five years as I always lived before I met you and your lying schemes. One little, black year—only one out of a lifetime—and I must wear it always about my neck, dragging me down—no!" She threw out her arms fiercely, facing his sneer. "No! I will not be dragged! I'm straight now—my hands are clean; I've got God behind me and the love of a good man. The past? It's over—done with—I'm not afraid of it or you any longer!"

"Tony!" Mrs. Brandon's terrified voice cut across the quivering air; "what has happened?" But the girl ran by her without an answer and they heard her door slam to.

"Up to another of your damned schemes, are you?" Brandon cried. But his eyes held terrible dread. "Well, you may as well go. We're thru with you. You've no hold on us any longer."

"No?" said the Count, politely—"that is the question. The bank, then, it know maybe that Convict Number Six Hundred and Forty-three is its cashier—yes?"

Mrs. Brandon gave a low cry. She was a gentle little woman with a strained happiness in her face, and now in her anger she looked piteously like a rabbit playing the lion for the sake of her loved ones. Her husband bent, kissing her gently, then turned defiantly to the Count.

"Blackmail, is it?" he sneered. "Well, you've come to the wrong party. You ought to know I haven't a cent to spare in the world. Come, out with it. What do you expect to get here?"

"Assistance," drawled the Count. "Money?—no; not from you, my friend. I am no fool. But, from others, with your assistance—yes. Listen, you two. I mean well. You run no risk. It is all ver' simple. Meester Haddon is in love with Tony. He wish to be Governor. He is a ver' popular man. He will win—*unless*—Here is how we come in. The odder candidate will pay mooch money to get Meester Haddon—what you say?—*on wrong* with the public. Now, tomorrow night after the banquet I take Mees Tony out. Meester Haddon see us go—yes. Mrs. Brandon, you shall tell him his sweetheart is not true, and offer to take him to the Café Laureate to make it prove. You onnerstand? And when you and Meester Haddon sit in those café, Meester Brandon come in and make great anger for him to run away with his wife. The public will be disgust. The odder man will win. And we shall make much money!"

"You scoundrel!" Brandon sprang forward, with inarticulate, bestial growlings of rage. His face was convulsed. His seeking hands circled the other's throat. "You infernal



ANTOINETTE IS INTIMIDATED INTO THE COUNT'S SCHEME

schemer! Get out of here before I kill you like the dog you are——”

“And the bank?”

Brandon flinched as tho the choked, whispered words were fire searing him. But his anger did not abate.

“Do what you want to—I’m thru with you——”

A handsome boy in night-clothes tugged in fright at his mother’s skirts.

“Bob”—it was the woman’s voice trembling in his ear—“what about Dick?”

“Dick!” The man stood still. The tense muscles relaxed, as tho the male-fury were drained out of them. His face grew curiously old and flabby.

“It is the las’ time,” said the Count. “When I give my word I never break it. It is a whim of mine. Help me tomorrow, and I’ll never trouble you again.”

Brandon reached out blindly and found his wife’s cold hand. Together they faced the tempter in their common parenthood.

“This once more, then,” groaned Brandon, turned to a thing of jelly, “for the boy’s sake—God help us—this once more.”

The banquet to four people was polite, prolonged torture. Emotions go ill with dining—soup, jealousy; fish, anxiety; roast, duplicity; entrées, anger; ices and dread—an unsavory mixture, gastronomically and psychologically. Haddon, at the head of the table, found his eyes continually wandering to where the Count leaned devotedly toward Antoinette, lonely and miserable in a new evening gown. Mr. and Mrs. Brandon, stage-struck actors of uncongenial parts, sat dreading the moment when the overture of eating should be over and the curtain must rise on the evening’s evil program. The Count alone enjoyed himself. He had wrenched an unwilling assent from Antoinette to accompany him after the banquet to the home of his confederate, Helene, to help them in “an innocent little plan.” It would be the last thing he would ever ask of her, he assured her, and quite harmless—oh, quite. For the sake of the promised immunity, the girl consented; but the implication of conspiracy in his attitude, under the grave eyes of the man she loved, filled her with self-loathing. Strange veneer that we call civilization: ha-

tered, primitive and savage, smeared thinly across with smiles; flowers, wine; the clatter of dishes and the orchestra's din covering the sound of breaking hearts, and a dress-suit, perhaps, disguising the Evil One!

Everything—even the torture of the Inquisition—has an end. Haddon, plowing thru the plethoric diners at the banquet's end, was just in time to see his betrothed leaving the room under the escort of the Count. As he stared after them incredulously, he felt a hand on his arm. That it quivered piteously he did not notice. Mrs. Brandon was at his side. A wild impulse to tell him the truth fought, in her soul, with the sick mother-dread of what might come to her boy, of ruin and misery if she did. Woodenly, her lips formed slow words:

"See—did you see them? She is not true to you and I can prove it."

"That is a lie!" Haddon did not shout the words, but their low intensity gave the effect of shouting.

"Come with me, then!" said the woman. "They have gone to the Café Laureate."

"Boy!" Haddon beckoned a passing page and pressed a bill into his hand; "my hat and coat—here are the checks." He turned to Mrs. Brandon, blind to the misery and pity in her eyes. "I will go," he said, with miserable eyes and smiling lips, "to prove to you that you are wrong."

"But what did you bring me here for?" persisted Antoinette. She ignored Helene's effusive greetings, and that sumptuous lady, much miffed, cast a vixenish glance of triumph at the locked door thru which they had just come.

"Don't be in such a hurry, my Tony," drawled the Count. "Sit



THE COUNT'S PLANS ARE STAGED WITH

down and talk. We have mooch of time to kill."

Antoinette started. She glanced quickly about her, and behind—locked doors! "What do you mean?"

Helene laughed shrilly, ignoring the man's warning gesture.

"It means that your precious Mr. Haddon loses the governorship," she cackled. "He and Mrs. Brandon are at the Café Laureate this moment, looking for you and dear Henri here, and Brandon will soon be there to make a scene. The virtuous public won't be able to stomach that scandal, and Haddon will get the merry ha-ha!" The jeweled and painted shrew laughed scornfully into the girl's



SKILL OF A MASTER OF INTRIGUE

whitening face. "Neat, eh? You didn't think—look out, Henri, she's fainting!"

The girl lay in the folds of her bright satin gown, inert as a corpse. Bending above her, the pair of schemers looked into each other's eyes in terror. What if she should be dead?

"Bring water, Helene!" cried the Count. "Hurry!" He stooped to their victim, seeking a pulse in the icy little hand. "She is—— *Sacre!*"

The woman, coming in with a glass of water, found herself looking into the barrel of the Count's own revolver, and fell back with a scream, the water splashing over her crimson gown.

"If you move, either one of you, I'll kill you!" said Antoinette, deliberately. She backed to the open door, turned swiftly, and was gone. The Count seized Helene's naked shoulder roughly, venting on her his anger at being fooled. "My car is at the door—after her!" he shrieked. "If she gets to the café before Brandon, we are ruin!"

All that the girl could remember afterwards of the wild dash thru the midnight streets was a blur of wind and lights and sound. Beside the chauffeur of the taxi she crouched, impervious to the peril of their speed. On two tires the car skidded about corners and over crossings. The wind stung her bare throat, and whipped her blood into the wild, free fury of a Valkyrie riding the storm-cloud. Behind, she could hear the pursuer's car, a powerful eight-cylinder, creeping up on them, nearer—nearer. "Faster!" she gasped.

"Cant," said the chauffeur, laconically; "top speed now, lady."

At last the railroad crossing, and a red Cyclops'-eye bearing down on them, puffing, snorting, a hideous monster howling in triumph from its brazen throat. The withering breath of the engine scorched their very faces; its steel and iron pulses hammered in their ears. The chauffeur's hand shot to his brake, but Antoinette struck it away.

"*We must cross!*" she shrieked desperately. "Go on!" An instant later the night rang to a woman's dying scream.

In the Café Laureate, Haddon turned to his companion, self-scornful in the reaction of his relief.

"You see," he said, "I was right."



"IF YOU MOVE, EITHER OF YOU, I'LL KILL YOU!"

"She will be here yet," replied Mrs. Brandon. She did not meet his eye, but gestured nervously to the table near the balcony-rail, and sank trembling into one of the chairs, bending her white face above the menu-card. The strain of waiting for the shame coming nearer thru the night was almost more than she could bear. She dared not look up when she heard her companion draw in his breath and start up in his chair. But the name that he cried out was not the one she dreaded to hear.

"Antoinette!"—then with infinite relief—"alone!"

The girl slipped into one of the vacant chairs, smiling breathlessly. "I met Mr. Brandon in the vestibule, and he's going to join us," she said, with casual unconcern. She drew off her long gloves slowly. "What are you having, Millie? A parfait? Do you know—don't laugh at me—but, somehow, I feel a little chilly, and I believe I'll have a cup of tea!"

"Uxtry! Uxtry! All about the terrible auto-smash—poiper, sir?" The newsboy paused by the table.

Haddon's hand was in his pocket for the coin, but before he could pro-

duce it Brandon was with them, his face strangely white and awed. Before the curious eyes of the diners, he bent and kissed his wife, then turned to the others.

"The Count is dead," he said, solemnly; "killed when his auto ran into the fast express yonder—the woman, too——"

"It is judgment," said his wife, solemnly. But Antoinette stirred her tea in silence. Her release had come too late. She knew now that she must tell her lover all.

"And so you see I am a—jailbird." The girl's steady voice did not trip over the word, but the man winced visibly with a gesture of pain. "The Count got the three of us in—and left us. He had money for lawyers, and we didn't. That is why I cannot marry you."

Silence settled over the parlor of the little flat. In the dim gaslight, the two faced one another tragically, the invisible gulf, that her confession had opened, between them. In the necessity of motion, Antoinette's quivering fingers smoothed and re-smoothed the woolen fringe of the



THE COLLISION

piano-scarf. Its pattern of green and yellow worsted birds was burnt into her brain.

"I thought," she began again, patiently—not because there was more to be said, but because he seemed to be waiting for more—"I hoped that I could forget it—that year, I mean. I tried to—I almost did. But always something came up to remind me. It was like a shadow on my soul. Of course, I would have told you before—you believe I meant to tell you, dont you?"

"Yes, I believe it." His voice was dull. He picked up his hat, not glancing at her. Her fingers twisted in a sudden agony among the woolen strands.

"Then good-by," Antoinette smiled, bravely.

"Good-by," he said. She watched him go. He had not even kist her,

nor looked back. Her head sank upon her arms, and the waters that were bitter as tears flowed over her soul. And then she felt his warm arms about her in a grip that hurt and exalted her.

"I couldn't go, dear," he was saying. "Hush, dont try to speak. It's all right, sweetheart. We will never think of tonight again."

She lifted incredulous eyes, and saw in his face the old, dear faith, the old, dear tenderness.

"But—but—the—Past." He had to bend close to hear the whispered words. Then he laughed out boyishly and drew her closer to him. "Life dates from Now, Antoinette," he said. "Dont you see how good our Future is going to be?"

"Ah! your sheer love blinds me—"

And, as his lips met hers, the heavens opened and she saw.



Reelistic

By O. E. BEHYMER

A poster flares in the glaring light—

Besotted he lies, while a woman kneels;

'Tis a photoplay at the Lyric tonight:

"The Drunkard's Downfall—in a couple of reels."



"YOU'VE got one best bet, Gil, old sport." "Dollie" Le Moyne attracted the attention of her host by an olive accurately aimed at his shirt-front. She leaned her plump elbows in a carefully Gibson-girl pose on the table, and rested her white-washed chin on her palms reflectively. "We got t' hand it t' you for being some little spender, all right, all right. Some guys 'll play the phoney sport t' the extent of an ice-cream sody an' turn pale when fizz-water is men-shuned, but that's not your style."

"Oh, Gil's the original kid that put the go in tango!" snickered "Baby" Bailly. "He dances like Pavlowa, all except the legs. You just can't make them behave, can you, son, 'long about th' third cock-tail?"

The party gathered about the middle table at "Henry's" laughed uproariously at this sally, the butt of it as loudly as the rest. He was tall and did honor to his dress-suit, and the flushed young face he turned upon his guests of the evening hinted at side-tracked possibilities. Between himself and the chorus-ladies and men-about-town of his party was only an imaginary line of distinction, yet the line was there. Perhaps the two years at Yale, disastrously terminated by expulsion, gave him that "different look"—perhaps the fact that he carried his dissipation with less sophistication than the others.

Now, tie under one ear, hair awry where his hat had been forcibly removed by a waiter, despite his avowal that he always wore it to bed, young Stirling stood with some difficulty, and held his empty wine-glass gravely upside down to propose a toast.

"The ladies," said he, gallantly, "the lov-ly ladies, present an' ab—absent, Gor bless um!"

Despite his disheveled appearance, and the rather obvious and pronounced charms of his lady guests, no one in the restaurant gave the table more than a passing glance. Gilbert Stirling was as familiar a figure on the White Way as his thrifty brother Robert was in the financial district, or as his mother was in the W. C. T. U. In gambling-hall or tango-joint, or the dusty behind-the-scenes of a music-show, he was welcomed with outstretched palms and rose-rouged smiles. The father, who had fought his rude way to fortune with the muscles of his body and brain, disposed of this son, with the contemptuous expression "good-for-naught," but the mother, with wild prayers and ineffectual, homeopathic doses of advice, secretly adored him. Only the pitying mother-angels know how often she had stolen downstairs in the small, shameful hours to guide his uncertain steps safely past his father's wrath.

"Can th' fancy line of gab, Gil," yawned "Baby" Bailly, jumping to

her feet. "That's the 'Ting-a-Ling Glide' they're playing. I'm crazy about it. Come on, kid, give us a turn around the room. 'Ting-a-Ling, that's the wedding ring; Central, give me Reno if you please——'"

She swayed her supple body invitingly to the cheap syncopation of the refrain; but Gilbert suddenly put down his glass.

"Cant do it—sorry," he wagged his head solemnly. "'Scuse me—I jus' 'membered I tole my mother I'd be home ear-ly—my ole mother, goo' ole mother." He wiped his eyes with his napkin, overcome by filial emotion.

"Early today or tomorrow?" asked "Blondie" McBride, sarcastically. "It's four g.m. now. Better beat it while the beating's good. But dont forget to pay the damage and tip the waiter. Come on, Billie, let's glide!"

"Dollie" Le Moyne watched the others dip and sway down the crowded aisle, before she turned with a little, embarrassed gesture and laid her hand on Gilbert's arm. That it was cheap with flashy manicuring and showy rings and left a white streak on his black coat-sleeve, detracted nothing from the womanliness of the touch.

"Say, Gil, old boy," she said, low so that the hovering waiter could not overhear, "it gets my goat to see you with this bunch. We aint your style. There's something about you—I'm not wise to it"—she struggled helplessly for expression—"it's kind of as tho you was a little boy where he hadn't ought to be—maybe it's your smile or your eyes. Hear me, will you, running off a sob-reel! But you get me, and you can this booze-betting-burlesque stuff. I'm old enough to be your mother, anyhow!" She laughed harshly, tho under the blackened lashes tears glittered a moment as she watched the tall, boyish figure weave its crooked way, with many involuntary side-trips, thru the champagne buckets, the dusty palms and bored, tangoing couples, with whom feet took the place of brains.

Gilbert Stirling, having indignantly presented the coat-room boy with a

café spoon, "Baby" Bailey's vanity-box and the lead top of a champagne bottle, finally submitted to a search, which revealed his hat-check carefully stuck in the top of one pump for safe keeping, and started out on a dubious route home.

"Goo' ni', fell'rs," he said, affectingly; "do' know where I'm goin', but 'm on m' way. Tole my ole moth'r I'd g' 'ome early. Prob'ly 'rive there a cole corpse—run over by'r water wagon; but mush go—gotter sense honor toward moth'rs—goo' ole moth'rs."

The tiny spark of manhood that was asserting itself soon vanished, however, as, on the way home, he came to the door of a famous gambling place. He was given a cordial welcome there, but, as his pockets were emptied, he was given an equally cordial "Better go along home, old man."

He went out into the night, which was nearly dawn, and stumbled thru the virtuously sleeping streets, toward where an old woman's wistful thoughts were groping out into the dark, and her ears were strained for his shameful footstep. Tonight she was thinking very bitter things—if she had not loved this son of hers so fondly, would it not have been better? If she had said "No" oftener, had given him less money and more punishments—thoughts like these are ill bedfellows in the ebb of the night. There! a stair squeaked far below. She sat up in bed, shivering with the cold and apprehension.

Crash!

"What's that?" The elder Stirling heaved upright in an earthquake shock of tumbled blankets. The peevish anger of virtue, awakened from a sound sleep by vice, sharpened his voice as he fumbled for his dressing-gown and slippers in the sharp-cornered darkness. "If it's that good-for-nothing young scapegrace again, I'll send him packing! I've stood about all of his folly I'm going to!"

"Oh, John!" the mother's voice was a wail. She clutched his arm with fingers sharp with anxiety.

"He's your own son—he'll come out all right!"

"You cant cash a worthless cheek, Eva," growled her husband. "Look at Ralph now—straight as a string, a good business man and church member, and his worthless brother is disgracing us all. Expelled from college! Gambling—drinking——"

They paused in the lower hall while Mr. Stirling fumbled along the wall

"Mushn't speak so of ladies—lov-ly ladies!" he reproved. "As gen'lemun, I protes'——"

"Gilbert—Gilbert!" moaned his mother, weakly. But she dared not interpose this time between her boy and his punishment. The father towered in Mosaic rage over his wretched son.

"Get out of my house!" he shouted. "I've threatened to turn you out be-



HIS POCKETS WERE SOON EMPTIED

for the push-button. Exasperation at missing it added to the long list of Gilbert's sins. "Coming in at all hours—confound it, where is that switch—ah! I've got it—spending his time with painted hussies."

The light flared on, creating the room out of nothingness and revealing the culprit himself sprawling in a leather armchair, every separate article of clothing as limp and askew as the hung untidily on a wire form. At the sudden appearance of his parents on the heels of their voices, he sat up, frowning mightily.

fore; now I mean it. Not another cent of my money shall you have to squander. You may eat the husks of your profligacy to your fill!"

Gilbert got slowly to his feet, half-sobered. It was in his mind to plead, to beg, to promise overworn promises. But his tongue thickened on the words.

"But—but—sir—I'll——"

"You'll go!" the elder Stirling commanded grimly. "I dont know where you got your nature. Look at Robert—college degree, business, engaged to a fine, prominent girl—look

at yourself! Bah! It makes me sick! Get out! You're an insult to your mother's eyes!"

The boy straightened, haughtily. His legs were still drunk, but the stinging lash of his father's scorn

night, and in the hearts of both were terror and unbelief. She was crying softly, a shivering little mother-figure in her flowered dressing-gown, crying like a child for whom the world has become a terrifying, unfamiliar place.



"MUSHN'T SPHEAK SO OF LADIES—LOV-LY LADIES!" HE REPROVED.
"AS GEN'LEMUN, I PROTES'——"

had cleared his brain. He held himself steady by the back of the chair, and spoke with new dignity.

"After that, shir—sir, I wouldn't stay 'f you got on your knees. An' I'll never come back until you beg me to. I may be poor stick, but not poor 'nough f'r that. Good-by, mother. Don' remember me—this way——"

The old man and the old woman stood staring into each other's faces as the front door slammed across the

He drew her to him clumsily, panic in his own breast.

"He was such a cunning baby, dear," she sobbed against his shoulder, "and he had your eyes."

"He'll come crawling back tomorrow," growled the father; but in his heart, that had not dreamed of sending his son away, was great dread. The type, his own son, was foreign to him, nor could he understand it. The boy was gone—would not return, for, as she said, he had his father's eyes!

The Brotherhood of Wanderers is as old as the world. It is the one democracy, the crucible wherein the down-and-out college man, the ex-convict, the disinherited, the once-rich, the always-poor, the socialist, poet and tramp are free and equal. Where worldly goods are lacking, there is no suspicion, no jealousy, no envy. The Wanderers are brothers, and the wide West, place of distances and possibilities, is their stamping-ground.

In the convivial hospitality of "Pete's Place"—exact address, Hope City, Nevada—a group of choice spirits of both kinds held forth. "Smiling" Joe Ramsey had had a streak of luck with his silver-mine, and they were copiously congratulating him by the time-honored method of drowning his health in drink. There were many there to whom the choicest liquors had once been everyday occurrences, and who now drank the wormwood brew that "Barkeep" Bill sold under the alias of whisky, with the pitiful avidity of a luxury.

"I 'low this yerè whisky c'd prove an alibi, Bill," drawled "Dixie," facetiously holding his glass of muddy liquid to the light, and squinting at it with the air of a connoisseur. "Reminds us of the Warldorf, dont it, 'Dude'?"

"Second-cousin-once-removed," said the one addressed, propping his long legs into a more comfortable position on the sloppy table and tilting his own glass skyward. "Here's how, Joe, an' many of 'em. A fellow deserves all he can get out of this rotten hole of a country, all right!" He brought his face to view from the interior of his glass, a typical wander-face, stubbled with forlorn beard, restless of eye, and cast a would-be-careless glance about the saloon. "Haven't got a newspaper later'n the Flood around this joint, have you?" he inquired, off-handedly, but there was a wistful confession of eagerness in the voice.

"Nope!" grunted the barkeeper, stolidly. He had heard that question, that eager quiver before, from men whom the Long Road had not yet

branded for its own. Sometimes it was asked with a hunted, furtive glance about, as of one who feared to read therein disastrous news; but most often, as now, it meant that "back home" still stood for an anchor to vagrant thoughts and fancies. He looked at the man called "Dude," reflectively—six foot tall, broad to suit, and in the face still unblurred lines of jaw and chin.

"Maybe a woman-mess," ran the barkeeper's sophisticated thoughts. "Looks like a kind of second-hand gentleman, but you never cant tell. Con-man or probation crook, likely's not."

In Hope City pseudonyms took the place of names, and it was a deadly insult to ask one of the floating population where he came from back East, or why. By common consent the past was overlooked.

"Humph! Thought not! I wanted to read the stock reports!"—the man laughed in rather sorry fashion. "I haven't heard from my attorney for a week and my last quarter's alimony isn't paid." He got up and sauntered to the door, hands jammed in ragged pockets, looking away into the seared, blinding distance, unseeingly.

"Is any one coming, Sister Anne?" queried "Ace-High" Will, lazily. "Slip us the good tidings, will you!"

"Sure—the mail's in from Claxton."

The saloon door banged open, and the postman, clad in chaps and lavishly revolvered, came in, dragging after him the very limp mail-bag, with tremendous bustle and ado.

"Howdy, folks?"

The loungers crowded about him, jostling and joking. "Gimme my correspondence, will ye? I'm expectin' a note from a lady fren'." "Got a registered for me?" "Joe Ramsey's my moniker."

"Hey, you fellers make way f'r the Gov'ment," reproved the embattled postman. He took a wallet from his pocket, a canvas bag from the wallet, a key from the canvas bag, and with much ceremony and pomp unlocked the mail-bag, held it up before the breathless gaze of the company,

slowly inverted it and shook out—one letter.

"Mr. Gilbert Stirling," he read aloud. "All who belong to that hold up their hands." Silence. The loungers looked suspiciously at one another, but no one moved. Then "Dude" turned away from his gazing and came forward.

"Give it to me," he said curtly. "That's my name."

When Gilbert Stirling finished reading that letter, which was from his mother, telling of how they had been reduced to poverty by their son Ralph, of whom they had expected so much, new inspiration and new resolution took root in the breast of the good-for-nothing. With bended head he went to his hut, with not a word to the several loungers who chaffed him on his way.

Hope City, to every man of its forty-three population, was silent to its depths. There had not been so much excitement, as "Dixie" remarked, since the last lynching. Smallpox had been discovered within the city limits, and the hospital being limited to a quart bottle of castor-oil and a jug of snake-cure, they were sore pressed to decide what course to take. A Vigilance Committee of the whole met to discuss the situation.

"He's only a Injun," said "Ace-High," resentfully; "I'm not a-goin' for to resk *my* life for a *Injun*."

"Smallpox's a fierce way to get to heaven," growled another; "it's a low-down dirty trick for the 'Pache to play."

"I 'low he'll kick th' bucket anyhow, eh, Doc?" "Dixie" turned hopefully to the medical profession, represented by a single, weak-chested lunger, whose shingle hung out above the saloon.

"I really do not know," replied the doctor, with asperity; "I haven't seen him since the diagnosis, and I'm not going to——"

"Yes, you are, Doc," said a stern voice behind them. "I think I got an argument here you cant answer." Gilbert Stirling pressed the cold butt

of the argument interrogatively into the hollows of the consumptive shoulders. "Dont you think maybe," he asked gently, "you'd better change your mind?"

The medical man writhed with impotent fury, but turned sullenly to obey. "Who's going to nurse him, hey?" he snarled. "A doctor's no use without nursing."

The group of eavesdroppers melted away hastily. It was none of their funeral, as "Dixie" put it, tho 'twas likely to be some darn fool's.

Gilbert pocketed the argument, and squared his shoulders, sloughing off his shiftlessness and droop of vagrancy.

"How would I do?" he asked, dryly.

In the miserable hut two lights guttered low: one, the candle flaring greasily on the table; the other, the poor, inarticulate life, gasping itself out on the bed. Gilbert Stirling sat in the faint circle of illumination, watching out the last night of "Indian" Jim, as he had sat for a week of nights before. There was nothing more that he could do, except remain there to give the sufferer human companionship on the first stages of his trip into the Valley of the Shadow. The waiting was rather awesome, with only the hiss of the melting wax, the eerie wail of a far-off, moon-baying coyote, and the faint rattles on the pillow to break the silence. Once more, as tho he did not know its contents by heart already, he drew the worn pages of his mother's letter from his pocket and laid it carefully on the table.

"Good old Sawyer, to write me about it," he muttered aloud. "I always suspected Ralph had a crooked streak in him, but to try to drag father's firm into his rotten schemes, and then break him for revenge—Lord! Why, I'd never have done the old man dirt like that myself, good-for-nothing as I am!" He pored drearily over the close-writ sheets, that told of his brother's cruelty and his parent's financial straits, and his

head fell forward suddenly in his hands.

"Dad was right," he muttered, hopelessly. "Five years—if I hadn't been what he called me, I'd have made good by now, and could play the modern prodigal, and take home a fatted calf—and here I am poor as I was when I pawned my dress-suit and hit for the West——" He

hut grew suddenly sacred in the awful presence of Death.

The Lone Star Mine, which came into Gilbert's possession after this fashion, was a long-standing joke in Hope City, and the inhabitants found it exquisitely funny that the new owner seemed to take his legacy so seriously.

"Mine out any solid-silver pickle-



HAVING STRUCK PAY DIRT, GILBERT DECIDES TO GO BACK HOME

broke off, listening, then hurried to the bedside. "I'm here, Jim," he said cheerily; "want something, old man?"

"No," gasped the dying man. He sat up, fighting for air and clawing beneath the pillow. A greasy paper, of legal solemnity, came to the ne'er-do-well's view.

"Deed—mine," whispered "In-jun" Jim, huskily. "You take—you heap good to me." He pressed the paper into Gilbert's hand and sank back peacefully. And the mean little

forks today, 'Dude'?" they would inquire, as, weary and dirt-spattered, he came in from the hills at dusk, carrying pick-axe and spade over one corduroy shoulder. Or, "How's the white hope and the red man's burden panning out?"

But one day they laughed no longer. Gilbert Stirling stood in the doorway of the saloon, and the exile-look in his eyes was gone.

"Set 'em up, Bill," he said quietly; "I've struck pay dirt, and I'm goin' home."



MOTHER AND FATHER HAD BEEN
DRIVEN TO DIREST STRAITS

grown-up, hardening years were wiped away—they were two little boys again, quarreling over a game of marbles. Gilbert held out his hand.

“We’ll talk business tomorrow, old fellow,” he said, with a little break in his voice; “but tonight dad and mother’ll be waiting, and I’ll bet there’ll be something good for dinner. Come on, Ralph, let’s go home!”

And across the table that night, the table set with shining faces and eyes in which tears played hide-and-seek, one strong heart, the re-made one of Gilbert, pounded out the refrain: “I—weak-kneed, rum-loving I—have done this wonderful thing!”

It takes less time to undo than to do, to lose a reputation or a fortune than to build one up. It had taken Ralph Stirling, egged on by a socially greedy wife, five years to ruin his father, and to heap up in his strong-boxes his ill securities and tainted gains; it took him five minutes on the Stock Exchange floor to lose them all. Afterwards he met the brother, the good-for-nothing, who was responsible for his beggaring, in the hall of the 'Change.

“Well, it’s your turn to smile, Gil,” he said bitterly; “I didn’t know you were on to this game. I’m down and out now—a good-for-nothing, myself.”

The eyes of the brothers met, and suddenly their



THE REUNION IN THE NEW HOME THAT
GILBERT HAD MADE READY



THE CRIPPLE—

BY
LILLA B. N. WESTON

A cripple, I; all day I sit
And con life over, bit by bit—
A wheeléd chair, a cushion frayed,
An old rug for my poor feet made;
A book or two, a china bowl,
An incense-boat for my dry soul,
An ancient print, a bygone song—
Aye, just enough to make me long,
Until my spirit aches clean thru
For what is every mortal's due—
To mix with men, to know their work,
To strongly toil and never shirk;
To build from ashes, and to fight
Thru sin and storm and pain and night!
These things . . . Yet here I useless sit,
Numbened! And tho the world were lit
With signal-fires, no move of mine
Could heap fresh fagots on the shrine!

Yet I endure, because one day
A man worked that the world might play—
A wondrous man, whose brain was made
Like none that in this world hath stayed!

They wheeled me to a magic place,
And on a curtain, face to face,
With naught between but radiant glow,
The things I craved to be and know!
Came strong-limbed men who fought and died
A striped, star-gemmed flag beside;
Came vestal-virgins, slim and tall
As lilies by a waterfall;
Great, white-winged ships put out to sea
In search of treasure-trove for me;
And in a king's court, unafraid,
I saw a sovereign kiss a maid.
And then that dark and awful thing,
That thru my mem'ry e'er shall ring,
The world o'erfilled with shame and dross—
Its God Incarnate on a Cross.

They tell me the world hath a name
For these same pictures; aye, and flame
Hath been called fire, and love's soft kiss
Hath been a joke to fools ere this.
But unto me, with crooked spine
And twisted bones and wrinkles fine,
And locks white when they should be brown—
What care I for some name writ down?

Thru all the night they sing to me,
These pictured things so strong and free,
And thru the dim paths of my soul
A mighty anthem seems to roll
To those great pictures, which, by chance,
I've christened *My Deliverance*!



MARTHA'S



Rebellion

BY GLADYS HALL

(EDISON)

This story was written from the Photoplay by RUTH M. WOODWARD

NOT for Bill Ruff floated and waved the fair insignia of "Votes for Women." Female rights had never entered into his man-made scheme of things. That the gentler sex had any wrongs, he would have scoffed at. Such asininites as the Feminist Movement, the Militants, etc., would have received from him the tribute of a loud guffaw.

Nevertheless, Bill Ruff had taken unto himself a wife in the heyday of his youth. Why not? She was a creature comfort—a utensil—a profitable commodity. She obviated, in exchange for the narrowest possible amount of sleeping space and the most undesirable of the edibles, all such discomforts as holey socks, self-prepared meals and companionless evenings, and was, moreover, an unfailing target for his fist or the odds and ends he chose to aim her way. Bill Ruff, brute man that he was, could not have got on without the meek-faced, little representative of her sex who accepted his marital philosophy with a resignation holy to witness.

"Old woman," announced Bill Ruff, one balmy morn in the early spring; "old woman, I'm off on a trip."

"Yes, dearie," assented the sharer of his joys and sorrows, with just the

proper intonation of regret. Lived there, then, in this forlorn wisp of womanhood the eternal actress?

"Drat your 'dearies', woman," roared Bill Ruff; "set me the kettle to boil and be off to pack my grips!" A well-aimed shoe emphasized Bill's tender request, and Martha limped off, one more black-and-blue spot to the good.

Bill's luggage was devious and portly. People in the small town declared that Martha Ruff must sew herself into her clothes for the season, so unweariedly did she appear in the same costume—but not so Bill. His shirts were colorful and various. His boots were many and roomy. His socks defied the Cubists. Thus, when Martha shambled into the sitting-room with his luggage, she was well laden.

"Drat the woman!" Bill was roaring; "where's my tea?" He glared at her as she entered. "D'y'e think the ship'll wait for your brewing, witch?" he queried, as the struggling pack-woman deposited the bag, with a sigh of relief.

"Just one second, dearie, one second——"

"One second?" shouted Bill; "hear the hag, will you? Haven't I *been* waitin', woman? Who are you to ask Bill Ruff to wait? Take that—



SHE IS IMPRESSED WITH THE POSSIBILITIES OF MUSCULAR
DEVELOPMENT THRU BOXING

and follow on!" Bill rose to his feet, and his great right fell smartly on the thin shoulder of Martha; then he passed to the door, head poised in lordly fashion.

"Where to, Bill?" came meekly from Martha. Bill turned, amazedly.

"Well, on my blooming honor, woman!" he ejaculated, disgustedly. "Where to? Did y' think I was about to run you to some picnic ground for a day's amusement? Is *that* Bill Ruff? Where to? To the ship, o' course, old woman—come, follow me with the bags."

The walk to the outgoing schooner was a long one. Bill's strides were longer, and Martha Ruff had fleeting fits of sympathy for the beasts of burden she had heard of, whose rewards, even as hers, were harsh blows and curses. If, she ruminated, a gentle hand awaited them at their journey's end; if the stern pack-masters who urged them on spoke, in atonement, some kindly word, what then?

Martha felt curiously like one of

these beasts. With the detached concentration of the very weary, she began to ponder what the end of this walk would be—whether Bill Ruff would not say some gentle word in farewell—feel a wee bit sorry for her aching back. If he did—Martha felt a queer, tingling sensation; if he did not—something surged in her thin cheek, something sullen.

"Drop your load, old woman!" Bill Ruff was ordering, and as she obeyed he gave her cheek a sharp touch that Martha never quite decided the nature of; then finished in one breath, "Now be off!"

As Martha Ruff traversed her homeward way her thoughts were not of the burdened beast, they were directed into a channel never pursued before. Perhaps it was the inevitable turning of the proverbial lowly worm—perhaps it was a youth forever denied—perhaps it was the sight of Sally Evans, the "pretty girl" of the town, flaunting by a-flutter with ribbons and male-escorted. Whatever the cause, Martha Ruff was inwardly



SHE FAITHFULLY KEEPS IN TRAINING
FOR THE BATTLE TO COME

bewailing her joyless lot, and from the regret a great resolve was dawning. Bill was away, indefinitely. He would not be on hand to deal out his never-failing store of blows and curses. He had left her, Martha, almost comfortably supplied with money. Suppose she should take that money—not for the weekly provisions, not for the monotonous round of lighting, heating, eating—but for dissipation! The word fairly sibilated in her ear. She, Martha Ruff, would have a good time for once, for once! Her lurid thoughts probed painfully into the secret channels of hilarity. She groped and grasped with all the hinted joys and frivolities she had left untasted all these years, and finally she decided on the theater. To Martha Ruff that magic name held whole worlds of light, of mystery, of things guessed at but never known, and she made ready for the going with fingers a-tremble with eagerness. No débutante, adorning for her first plunge into Gotham, ever felt

the tremulous fear of Martha's daring deed.

It was amateur night that Martha witnessed from the very edge of her plush chair. Her thin fingers were squeezed together in an ecstasy painful to behold. Far, how far, she felt removed from Bill Ruff and the daily grind of her life with him! Strange were the thoughts that thronged her mind, wild the emotions that thrilled her breast. And then two boxers came on. Probably in the whole of their lives the two on the stage had never known the touch of boxing-gloves; probably no one in the highly amused audience thought they had; but Martha looked on with the rapt eyes and swift pulse of the true, the enthusiastic believer. Each wildly homing blow sent the blood surging to her face, for each blow was loosening the chain of her deliverance. Why should not she, Martha Ruff, acquire that wondrous art? Why should not she don those all-victorious leather defenders and show Bill Ruff



SHE WARNS HER BILL, MUCH TO THAT
GENTLEMAN'S AMAZE

his place? Not even Bill could stand in the face of such assaults as she was witnessing. Long apprenticeship at the tubs and lather had given Martha a goodly swell of muscle, and she was sure that, with practice, Bill Ruff's day was done.

Cautious inquiry, and the extravagance of a daily, gave Martha the address of a reputable pugilist, whose advertisement promised a White Hope in six lessons.

Probably the professional gentleman had never bowed in a more incongruous pupil than poor, faded, wilted Martha Ruff, but the great light of an indomitable purpose shone in her wistful eyes, and had the pugilist been philosopher as well he would have known that such is the look of the worm who turns—to win.

He was less amused when he saw the smooth muscle in the thin arm, and he was almost deferential at the

end of the lesson, when, confronted by a panting, scarlet-faced, belligerent lady, he was dared to "go another round." That was the auspicious beginning of a most triumphant end. At the end of the six lessons the professional had all he could possibly do to dodge the really vicious thrusts from the wiry arm. Martha was ridding herself of the weight of long years of oppression. She investured the hapless professional with the fleshly cloak of Bill, and let go at him accordingly.

It was some two months later when the homing schooner deposited Bill Ruff at his conjugal hearth, and it was, to all appearances, the same dejected spouse who greeted him at the door. In all magnificence he tweaked her ear, a stupendous condescension on the part of Bill, and sat amicably relating the details of his

trip, wherein he, Bill, had figured in blazes of glory. Martha, saying little and thinking much, prepared him some tea in a leisurely manner, that would have filled him with ire had he not been so engrossed. As the evening progressed, Martha felt really bored. She almost longed for the old curse and blow, so eager was she to adopt her stand. It was late when Bill suggested that he saunter to the corner, and Martha knew what that saunter meant. She accordingly betook herself to the chest in her room, and caressed the weighty gloves with loving fingers. How beautiful they would meet, how tenderly they would cling, to the nose of Bill Ruff!

It was late when Bill returned, and his voice boomed out wrathful in the still house:

"Old woman!"

"Yes-s?" came drawlingly from Martha, and her figure appeared in

the door, surveying her slightly unsteady spouse with calm, reflective eyes.

Bill took one mighty stride—Bill made one mighty lunge. "Mind your actions, witch," he bellowed; "who in——"

Bill Ruff never articulated those words—neither on that night, nor at any future time. Martha swung one deadly right to the jaw. It caught Bill Ruff neatly and fully. He staggered. She followed it up with a vicious uppercut; then, as he sank to the floor, she pummeled him savagely, surely, mightily. She gasped, she sweat, she heaved; but she finished Bill Ruff. Then she stood back from the scene of her labors and regarded him, chin thrust forward, eyes still coals of fire.

For Bill, the millennium had come. For Bill, a woman *was*. He looked up at her dazedly, then affectionately. A watery smile adorned his countenance.

"Martha," he suggested, in a voice that quavered ever so little; "Martha—y'know—y'know that—that picnic ground I was a-speaking of the day I—I left. Well—let's go there tomorrow—you 'n' me."



BILL IS SUBDUED AND ADMITS THE SUPERIOR PROWESS OF HIS SPOUSE

Two boxing-gloves dropped softly to the floor. To Bill they sounded like massive dumb-bells.

"All right, dearie," said Martha Ruff.

The Pictures We Saw at the Show

By GEORGE W. PRIEST



Forget, for the moment, your sorrows
And seek for the places that show
The dawn of the merry tomorrows
We dream of thru life as we go:
Where joy is a red rose a-blow;
The dancers, they whirl fast and slow—
Oh! ladies, take care, for sly Cupid
Is silently bending his bow.

The pictures soon change, like the shadows
Dog ever the sunlight's bright glow:
A poor soul—and homeless—goes wander-
ing

Alone in the cold, to and fro.
If truthful to life, so we know,
After mirth oft come visions of woe—
Yet bitterly cruel seems the darkness,
The desolate winds and the snow.

Like tides, in their ebb and their flow,
Follow children, with faces aglow:
The hero is trailed by the weakling—
Then where do the characters go?
Gone, like a mist dissipated:
Stilled, as the breezes that blow—
Yet they laughed, and they loved, and
they hated.
In the pictures we saw at the show.

Where Phyllis Goes

By GEORGE WILDEY



Dim shadows seud across the screen,
Like fleeting cloud-rack in the sky;
But shafts of light glow warm between
Where dimpling Phyllis passes by.

Where Phyllis blithely walks abroad
The hawthorn blooms a richer hue;
The birds in caroling applaud;
The smiling sky shows deeper blue;
The violet pays tribute shy
With all its tender woodland art;
Unto the winsome passer-by
The wild-rose bares its fragrant heart—
Forsooth, all nature fairer grows
In what enchanted ways she goes.

When Phyllis lightly trips along,
With love her favored acolyte,
The world is filled with dreamful song,
Like heart-throbs on the wings of night.
Mayhap the lilting melody
She softly trills along the way,
Springs from some tender thought of me—
I do not know—and who shall say?
I only know, where'er she be,
The world is good and fair to see.

Dim shadows seud across the screen,
Like fleeting cloud-rack in the sky;
But shafts of light glow warm between
Where Phyllis—Phyllis passes by.

The Confessions of Edwin August

Overheard by DOROTHY DONNELL



NOT, you understand, that Edwin August, who has "led" so many companies and brands, he of the Biograph, Edison, Lubin, Vitagraph and Powers trade-marks, and the poetic hair and eyes; not, I say, that he has anything to confess, but simply because this is a day of slit-skirts and Tammany probes and other revelations, and confessions are in style.

To begin with, I went to see Edwin August because the public demanded it and the editor willed it. I stayed because I wanted to—stayed until the janitor of the studio came around and put us out. And when I add that Mr. August writes, directs and acts, and is one of the busiest men on the screen, you may know, too, that to the stranger within his gates he is long-suffering and kind.

"I have," said he, when I told him the purpose of my pilgrimage, "the highest regard for the quality and quantity of your magazine's readers, and tho I'm busy I'll try to give you a stray thought or two. Sit you down."

Very tersely he told me that he was born in St. Louis, of German and Irish parents; that his unshortened name was Edwin August Phillip von der Butz; that he was educated at Christian Brothers' College, and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. The preliminaries over, we settled back comfortably and talked baseball and chicken-raising. Mr. August is an enthusiast over fowls and fowls. He has a chicken ranch of his own and three thousand chickens, which he is Burbanking to obtain a featherless species for the market. Two hundred of them, he assured me, have fuzz now instead of feathers. They must, I should think, be a remarkable sight; tho, personally, I prefer my hens upholstered in the good, old-fashioned way.

Few people know much of Edwin August's private life. He has acquaintances galore and a certain number of tried friends. Ask those friends about him, and they will tell you his

a devoted son as well as a conscientious screen performer.

I found out, too, that society, dancing and automobiles were all matters of interest to Mr. August, and that politics were not so at all.

"Don't know anything about politics—don't want to," he said, shaking his head. "I've got troubles enough of my own. But the others you mention—yes, indeed, when I have time, which isn't often, as I work all day and part of the night, twelve months in the year—haven't lost one week's work in that time! My auto has got me into trouble more than once, tho. On Fifth Avenue, a year or so back, my Marion car got into an argument with a delivery-wagon, and mused the scenery all up with bonnets and gowns. And I broke my arm cranking-up in Los Angeles, a bit later; but on the whole, I've led a safe and sane existence. Out of four hundred parts I've only been hurt once, and that was when I jumped from a motor-boat to a schooner in mid-Pacific, and didn't land on the schooner. I got my feet pretty wet then!"

When Mr. August is not acting, or directing, or autoing, or dancing, or chicken-raising, he is reading Longfellow and writing his own scenarios. Since the tender age of eight, when he starred as Lord Fauntleroy, he has been on the stage, support-

ing Otis Skinner, Mrs. Leslie Carter and Digby Bell. He writes an excellent play, for he has the dramatic instinct, and his plays are full of force and surprise, with the right measure of suspense. He thoroly believes in interesting and entertaining an audi-



friendship is valuable. He has a delightful bungalow home in Hollywood, where he keeps open house—to his friends, and not so far away live his parents, in a delightfully cozy cottage, where August hies himself whenever he can get away, for he is

ence as well as instructing them. "Instruct the people by all means," he says, "but don't bore them."

He is now writing an important series of photoplays in which he is attacking certain well-known social evils. Such a photoplay was "His Own Blood," an exposure of many so-called "soft" drinks; whilst in "The Blood Red Tape of Charity" he showed up certain evils in organized charity.

But the most important confession of all is the one that Mr. August is tired of making money for other people, and is now going to make some for himself—I mean some *more*. He has left the Universal Company, and has organized a brand-new brand.

Oh, yes; and, by the way, they tell me that Mr. August is very fond of having clever people about him. Didn't I say I had difficulty in getting away?

RONDEAU

By A. P. GALLAGHER

The photoplay—how quickly flow,
From out our minds, all care and woe,
Beneath its spell. Alluring, bright,
The scenes that bring a glad respite
From troubles that oppress us so.

As if by necromancy, lo,
A myriad of wonders show,
The while we view, night after night,
The photoplay.

To countless thousands here below,
What joy it brings, what gladness! Oh,
May fate ne'er banish from our sight
This harbinger of sweet delight,
This pleasure that we cant forego—
The photoplay.

The Spirit of the Play

By "JUNIUS"

EDITORIAL NOTE—A large majority of our readers live where they are unable to see the great "Feature Photoplays" that are now creating such a sensation in the theatrical and film worlds. Most of these productions are first shown on Broadway, New York City, and are then taken to the smaller cities, where they are shown in the large, regular theaters. Hence, it is a long time before the smaller picture houses get these Broadway productions. For that reason our reviewer, who chooses to be known as "Junius," has engaged to keep our readers in touch with the situation at the source. Of one thing our readers can feel certain: "Junius" will say just what he thinks, and he will be free from bias, prejudice, partiality and *advertising influences*.

THERE are several different angles at which a photoplay may be viewed. Whether we like a play or not depends on that angle. Some are content if it holds the interest. Some insist that it must be based on a great theme. Some require that it be beautifully photographed so that each picture constitutes a work of art. Some are not content unless it displays great acting. Some will not be pleased unless it contains a love story, or some thrilling, hair-breadth escape or heroism. And still others will class it as mediocre unless it is so colossal that it assumes the nature of a spectacle. While the best of connoisseurs differ, there are certain rules of art that all cultured people must subscribe to, and yet, if we are to agree on a standard of merit, it must be one that is not too far above the heads of the majority. A savage enjoys the music of a drum more than he would a symphony orchestra, and the colors of a barber-pole more than he would a painting by Michael Angelo. A flea has joys, but they are not so great as those of a philosopher. Thus the degree of pleasure that a photoplay gives us depends on our capacity for enjoyment. Those who have not been educated to appreciate the higher arts cannot get the enjoyment from a great photoplay as can one who has. While almost anybody will enjoy "Judith" (Biograph), not all will recognize its greatness. They will vaguely realize that it is a beautiful picture; that the photography is clear; that the battle-

scenes are thrilling; that Blanche Sweet causes a real tear to roll down her cheek, and that the whole produces a sense of keen enjoyment; but they will fail to appreciate all its fine points. Likewise, when some people see "The Christian" (Vita-graph), they will simply say: "Oh, that is too gloomy; there is not enough life and brightness to it." Not having the capacity to appreciate what is perhaps the most wonderful photoplay that has yet been produced, they pass over a dozen mountains of art, only to light on a trivial ant-hill, thinking that is the summit, like the critic who failed to appreciate a great painting because it had a fly-speck on it; he could see only the fly-speck. But the great critic realizes that the "ant-hill," aforesaid, is really a mountain, after all; that the gloom was as necessary to the dramatic unfolding of the plot as was anything else; that without clouds and gloom we could not appreciate the contrast of sunshine. All things considered, I would say that "The Christian" was the superior of "Judith." It has fifteen rôles, where "Judith" has only two; it has better character delineation; it has more artistic pictures, and they are more numerous; it shows to better advantage the art of dramatic construction; and, lastly, it furnishes the opportunity for a greater variety of emotions, and hence a higher quality of acting. "Judith" impresses me as a great spectacle; "The Christian" as a great drama. "Samson" is in the same general class with "Judith,"

(Continued on page 158)

Nursery Rhymes Revised

By HARVEY PEAKE



There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
Who had so many children
She didn't know what to do;
When she'd given them broth,
Then all wanted to go
To see the new films
At the motion play show;
So she gave each a nickel
And sent them away,
And visited friends
For the rest of the day.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
Took her to the picture play,
And there she was content to stay.
So Peter had no rent to pay,
But took her meals three times a day!



There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He went to see some picture
plays,
To rest his tired eyes;
And when he'd seen these pic-
ture plays,
With all his might and main,
He went to every one in town,
To rest his eyes again!

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Burdened with lonesomest woe;
When there came an outsider
And sat down beside her,
And said, "Now, dear, where shall
we go?"
Then little Miss Muffet
Jumped up from her tuffet,
And cried: "To the motion play
show!"





Moving Picture Toys

A Scientific Article for Unscientific Minds, Showing
the Evolution of Art, Illustration and Motion Pictures

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear the story of how Moving Pictures came into the world. Perhaps you already know how

Motion Pictures are made and thrown upon the screen, but I doubt if you know how and why they were invented. In the January number of this magazine, I gave you a little history of the life of Mr. Edison, but in that article I did not attempt to show how and why that famous inventor put the great puzzle together. I am going to tell you all about it now. And I am going to tell you of the inventors who lived thousands of years before Mr. Edison was born, and of their children, and of their toys, and of their pictures and art. And I am going to tell you all this in the simplest language I can command, so that the very youngest of you may read and understand.

First, I want to take you back to the time when people lived in caves, when they had no houses like you and I have; when they had no paper, nor pens and pencils and printing, and when they did not have even an alphabet, nor even words. That was thousands of years ago—how many, nobody knows; but it was long before the earliest times that history tells about. You know that Darwin says

that human beings grew from the lower animals; that our ancestors were baboons and monkeys; that these animals gradually got intelligence, and after thousands of years they very slowly became civilized, and grew into men and women. But these people were much different than those we see now. They had no clothes like we have, and they used leaves and the skins of animals to cover themselves. At first they had no language and could not talk with one another like we do. They were really savages. But even animals have a way of conversing with one another. You have perhaps observed how intelligent the little ants are. Sweeping across country in great armies, they keep up constant communication thruout the whole line, and succeed in sending news to one another about the easiest routes, about the presence of enemies, about obstacles in their way, about where food is to be had, and about how to arrange their forces to carry out their plans. Perhaps you have seen them stop, gather in groups, and talk with one another by means of those little hair-like horns, called antennæ. This kind of talking is called the gesture language. All animals can talk in this way. And some animals have other ways of talking. The cluck of the hen, the howl of the dog, the neigh of the horse, the bleat of the lamb, the purring of the cat, the chirp of the bird, are all

language, and every sound means something to other animals of their kind. Now, when a deer throws up its head suddenly, all the other deer throw up their heads. That is a sign meaning "Listen." If the object seen by the first deer seems suspicious, it utters a low note. That is a word. It means "Look out!" If next the first deer decides that the object is an enemy to be feared, it makes a further

use of language, called intonation, which is a sharp cry that means "Run for your life!" Please note these three steps: a sign or gesture, a note or word, an emphasis or intonation. Now, that is probably the way that primitive man and woman first began to talk. And next, the first notes became words, and words soon became sentences. You all know how much can be said without even a word. Our modern Motion Pictures tell us that. And you know how easy it is to beckon, to

point to an object, and to order a person away, without using a single word. This is the gesture language. And you know that we can all use our faces to express various emotions and sentiments, such as love, hate, surprise, fear, anger and pleasure. Now, just imagine that a man and his wife and child are living in their cave, thousands of years ago, before they had learnt very many words and sentences. Suppose that the woman and child went out to gather some berries for food, and that the man, who was

animal to make clothes, finds that he has to go away to kill more animals. He wants to leave word for his wife, for he does not know where to find her. Or, perhaps, at another time, they find that there are wolves or other dangerous animals in the neighborhood, and they want to notify other cave-men of their danger. Or, possibly, the people living in the several caves of this particular neighborhood are

fearing attack by some savage tribe. In all these cases it is necessary to talk by means of *written language*. They have no telegraphs, telephones and post-offices. They have very few words. They have no alphabet. They do not know how to write. What are they to do? They draw pictures! They illustrate what they have to say. Perhaps they take a piece of flint, and carve an image of the thing to be feared, on a tree or on a rock, so that others passing that way may



THE WORLD'S FIRST ARTISTS

be warned. These drawings must have been very crude, but it is not hard for a mere child to draw a face so that we would know what it was intended for, even if it were only a circle with two dots for eyes, a line for a nose and a mark for the mouth. And if the father should add feathers at the top, it would indicate an Indian; and if a few lines at the bottom, it would indicate a beard. And it would not be difficult to add a body, a line for an arm, and in the hand a huge club, which would no doubt convey the idea that there was

danger from a tribe of men with clubs. Likewise, crude drawings of certain wild animals could also be made, and from this it is a short step to convey information about food and water by making images of drinking-bowls, fish, etc. And then it would be quite natural to adopt certain symbols to represent ideas, such as an X for danger, a square for help, and a circle or crescent to represent other ideas. And as language grew, whole sentences were probably made clear in this way. This was the beginning of *written language*, this picture-writ-

ing, you will see crude, grotesque figures of men, beasts and birds carved on it, which will remind you of the work of little children of today.

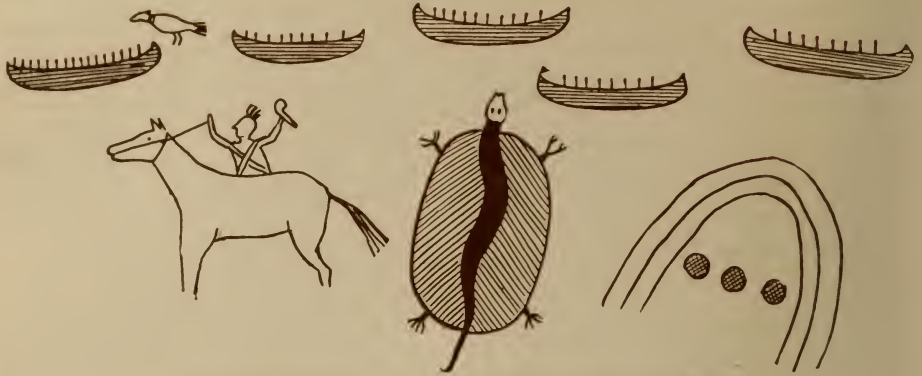
When a child or a savage once learns how to do picture-writing, it is only a step further to imitate motion. On page 92 will be found a reproduction of one of the first "Moving Pictures" that history records. It is a specimen of picture-writing used by the hunting tribes of North America, and it records an expedition across Lake Superior, led by a chief who is shown on horseback. There were



HIEROGLYPHICS FOUND IN CAVERN OF ROCKY DELL

ing, and the beginning of *Art*. And by means of this art, these prehistoric people were able to write messages to one another, even love-letters. And these messages were only pictures. It is instinctive and natural for children to make plastic moulds and drawings of the things they see about them. It is as natural as breathing. Imitation is one of the first things that we observe in the growing infant. By imitating what it sees around it, it learns and grows. And infancy today is very similar to the infancy of the race thousands of years ago. Prehistoric man did just what our children are doing today. If you will look at the pottery of ancient times, some of which is still preserved in our

fifty-one men in canoes; the first being led by the chief ally, whose name, Kishkemunazee, that is, King-fisher, is shown by the bird. Their reaching the other side is shown by the land-tortoise, an emblem of land, while by the picture of three suns under the sky means that the crossing took three days. Here, then, is the history of an expedition, showing time and motion, all done in pictures. Even to this day, our cartoonists have a way of showing motion which is almost as crude as that. Suppose they want to show that an irate father has kicked his daughter's sweetheart out of doors. Look at the illustrations and observe how the few lines indicate motion.



PICTURE-WRITING ON ROCK NEAR LAKE SUPERIOR

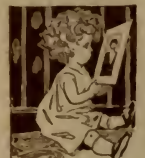
We all know how dearly children love pictures. From earliest infancy they crave them. They will have no books that do not contain pictures. Why? Because pictures tell a story

and because they call on the imagination to add what the lines of the picture do not show. Anything that does not appeal to the imagination is not interesting, and it is perhaps not even artistic. When the child sees a picture, its mind goes to work to explain and describe that picture. Animals

cannot do this. I have several times taken my dog into a Motion Picture theater and tried to get him interested. I have not succeeded. A still picture, or even a Moving Picture, means nothing to an animal, because they do not arouse its imagination. It has no imagination. Once, when a Motion Picture was being shown in which a dog was running about (it was Kalem's "Primitive Man"), my dog pricked up his ears, ran down to the screen

and barked. But as soon as the pictured dog disappeared, my dog lost all interest.

Now, as children love to *see* pictures, they also love to *make* pictures. They like to imitate, to represent, the things around them, or objects that they have pictured in their minds. Doubtless they have tried, hundreds of times, to picture things in motion also, but this they could not do. They can draw a bird, but they cannot make the bird fly. Seeing this, others have tried to satisfy this desire for motion pictures, and for many years the toy-makers and book-publishers have invented numerous devices to please the insatiate thirst of the child-mind. I have made some little research to find some of the more important of these. Thru the kindness of Mr. Harry R. Torr, of Number 664 Eighteenth Street, Brooklyn, I am able to tell you of one of the most interesting and unique of these "Moving Picture books." It was made in Germany about thirty years ago, and sent to the then little Harry as a present. Unlike most boys, Harry preserved this book, and it is still his proud possession and is the delight of his children. Mr. Torr believes it is the only book of its kind in existence, and that

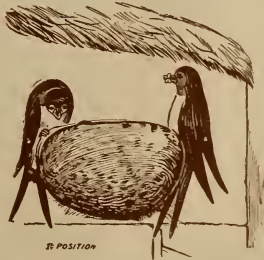
SKETCHES SHOWING
HOW ARTISTS IN-
DICATE MOTION



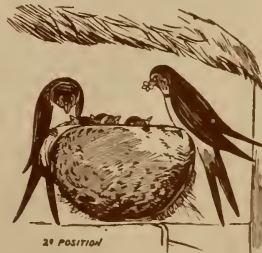
nothing like it has been manufactured since. He kindly brought the book to this office for my inspection, and I have made rough sketches of some of the pictures. The donkey picture

represents that stubborn animal, laden with a sack of meal, tied to a building. A pesky little dog lives in the little cottage near-by. He does not

fancy the stranger, and he rushes out of his house and barks at him. The donkey resents the insult by raising his hind leg and making a desperate kick at the intruder. The dog is quicker than the donkey, however, and quickly sneaks back in his kennel. Now, you wonder how the picture is made to move in this way? Well, it is this way: Behind the sheet containing the picture are various small bits of cardboard, fastened by means of wire rivets. If you observe the picture closely, you will see that there is a slit or opening in the paper at the place where the dog disappears; and you notice that the donkey's leg and head are loose, and are made so as to revolve on a pivot or axle. The dog and the donkey's head and leg are connected with the



12 POSITION



24 POSITION

jointed, and connected by a cord. You pull the cord at the bottom and the arms and legs fly up. That is just the way the pictures in this book are made to move.



JACK-IN-THE-BOX

mechanism is a paper tab that sticks out at the bottom, and this is the lever that operates the paper machinery. You take hold of the tab with thumb and finger; you gradually pull it downward; and, lo! the donkey raises his leg, turns his head and kicks, and at the same time the dog retreats within his kennel. You push the tab back, and the dog again jumps out and the donkey resumes his first position. You may repeat the operation as often as you like, and the program will be continued until you get tired and turn to the next picture. Another picture in this interesting book is that of a nest and two birds standing on either side of it, one with an insect in its mouth. You pull the operating tab at the bottom of the picture, and gradually a group of wee little birds are seen reaching from the nest, their hungry mouths wide open, and at the

same time the mother-bird bends over and feeds her little ones with the insect. The book contains several other moving pictures, all operated in the same way. Perhaps I have not made it clear just how these pictures are made to move. You of course remember the "Jumping Jack" of

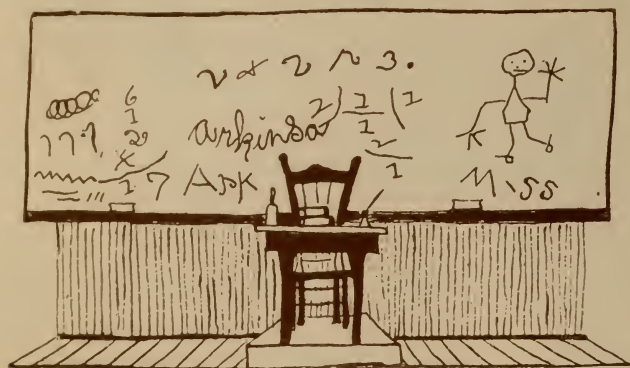
your childhood. These were made of thin wood, or of painted cardboard, representing a grotesque man. The arms and legs were



36 POSITION



The Schoolroom.



Probably the "Jumping Jack" was the first "moving picture" toy ever invented.

Then we have the "Jack-in-the-Box," which is a grotesque figure, built on a spiral spring. We press Jack down until he is concealed in the box, we turn the little wire fastener, and then Jack is ready to spring out and frighten the first one who dares to release the spring by opening the fastening.

Another toy of the same order as the "Jumping Jack" is the acrobat who swings from a double cord stretched between two sticks. This figure is double-jointed, and as you press the two sticks toward each other, the cords become twisted and the acrobat flies around and twists itself into all kinds of contortions. There are and have been numerous other toys on the market, in which motion is the main point.

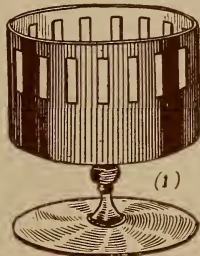
All of these show that modern children crave and insist on having toys that move; such as engines that will pull a train of toy-cars, boats that will sail, dolls that open their eyes, and so on. And it was just so with pictures. Still pictures are good, but moving pictures are better. Mr. Torr's book is the only book of real moving pictures that I have ever seen or heard of. There has been no improvement on that kind of book in thirty years. But there have been other kinds of moving pictures invented, that rest on an entirely dif-

ferent principle. It will be seen that all of the foregoing toys were real *moving* toys. In Mr. Torr's book, the pictures really move, and the motion is continuous, uninterrupted, actual, and not illusionary. It was soon discovered that this sort of toy had its limitations; that it could not be carried much further; that it could tell only a very short story—like the "Jumping Jack." It remained, then, for some-

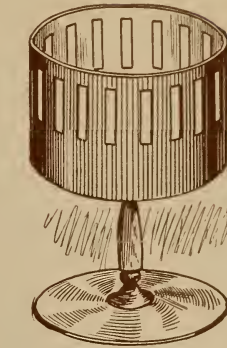
body to discover a new method of producing apparent animation in inanimate objects—to invent a new process by which the objects in a picture would appear to move. Many inventors worked on this idea, and it was gradually discovered that if a series of pictures were moved rapidly before the eye, each successive picture showing the object a little farther along, the effect would be that of continuous motion. When this idea became known, many toys founded on that principle were invented, and I have made sketches of some of them, which are here shown. But first let me make it clear and simple what the principle is. Suppose you take a pen and twenty small sheets of rather thick paper, say about four inches square. Draw a picture of a child sitting in a swing on the first sheet of paper. Now draw the same child and swing on the second sheet of paper, only have the swing at another angle, and make the child about a quarter-of-an-inch farther to the right. Now draw the third picture, with the swing moved about a quarter-of-an-inch farther along in the semicircle that the ropes would describe if the girl were actually swinging. Then make another, and another, and so on, each showing the girl a little farther along; and when you have made eight or ten of these, make the same number showing the girl swinging back, and then the same number going the other way. Now pin or fasten all your sheets

together at one side; hold the pinned side in your left hand, and open the book to the first picture, bending all the sheets downward firmly. Now release the sheets one by one, but very rapidly, and let them fly back, carefully watching the pictures as they quickly pass the eye. The effect is just as if you saw the girl actually swinging from one side to the other. This simple illustration should make the principle clear.

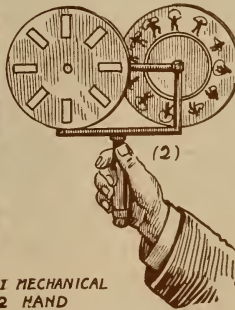
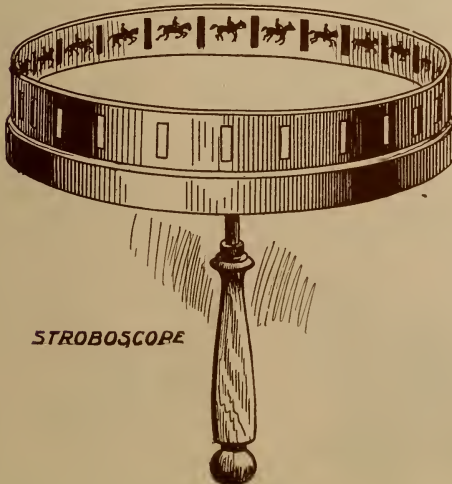
Something like half a century ago, toys founded on this principle began to appear, and among them were the Zoetrope, the Phenakistoscope and the Stroboscope, pictures of which are here shown. The Phenakistoscope is described as "a philosophical toy producing the appearance of objects in motion, as a person skipping rope. A disk, bearing a series of pictures of the object in successive phases of motion, is pivoted to a larger disk having a corresponding series of radial slits. When the two are revolved together, before a mirror, an observer looking thru the slits sees reflection of each picture only momentarily thru its own slit, and the series is rendered continuous by the



PHENAKISTOSCOPE



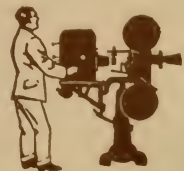
ZOTETROPE

1 MECHANICAL
2 HAND

STROBOSCOPE

persistence of vision. The Zoetrope, known as the Wheel of Life, is constructed on the principle of the Phenakistoscope, but having, instead of a disk and a mirror, a revolving cylinder with slits, thru which a succession of pictures on its inner surface are seen in apparent motion. The Stroboscope is an apparatus by means of which there is exposed to the eye a rapid succession of figures. These figures represent the successive stages of some activity, such,

for example, as the flight of a bird, or the movement of an animal or human being in walking or running. The essential condition for successful fusion of such a series of pictures is that the eye shall see one image for an instant and shall then be supplied with an entirely different image, the first being covered so as to avoid any blurring or fusion of the two successive pictures. The Stroboscope is usually made in the form of a cylindrical case, in which a succession of vertical slits are cut. Back of each of these slits is introduced a single figure which lies behind it. As the cylinder is rotated, this figure is cut off, after having been seen by the observer, and a new slit comes before





the eye, a second image is exposed to view, and so on."

These toys were the immediate forerunners of modern

Motion Pictures, and they were based on the same principle. We already had "magic-lanterns," or stereopticons, and by means of painted or photographic glass slides we could throw pictures on the screen one at a time. But they could not be thrown on the screen rapidly enough to produce apparent motion, and so it became evident that instead of a glass slide something flexible would have to be substituted. Mr. Eastman, of the Eastman Kodak Company, proved to be the man who was to furnish the next link in the Moving Picture chain, for he came forward with the flexible celluloid film that could

be rolled upon a spool or reel. Next came numerous inventions of cameras and projection machines (lanterns), notably those of Mr. Edison and Mr. Powers, and then the taking and making of what we now call Motion Pictures was started on its journey. It is, no doubt, clear to you now, that this long strip of film contains countless small pictures, and that they are thrown on the screen one at a time, but in such rapid succession that the eye cannot count them, and we think it is only one picture with the figures in it in motion. I forgot to mention that a man once placed a large number of cameras along the side of a racetrack, and arranged things so that every time the horse took a step a picture was taken, each with a different camera. When he held all the



finished photographs together, and moved them like the swinging-girl pictures I told you about, he got the effect of a horse in motion. But you can readily see that he was a long ways off from Motion Pictures, because, according to his method, he would have to have many thousand cameras and operators to take a single picture, whereas only one of each is now required. You can figure it out for yourself; they now take sixteen pictures a second, and a full reel runs about sixteen minutes, or nine hundred and sixty seconds. Besides, there was the trouble of unmanageable glass plates, for if you have ever carried around a dozen, you will understand how difficult it would be to manage several thousand, and then how could you move them in front of a lantern at the rate of sixteen a second? And how could you shut off the light for the tiniest fraction of a second, while

you were taking off one picture and putting on another? If you did not do this, one picture

would blur the other, and you could not see either one distinctly. And so there were a hundred different problems to solve; a hundred different links in the chain to be put together; a hundred different troubles. The cave-men of many thousand years ago helped, as I have shown you. The man who first invented the "Jumping Jack" helped—altho this toy indicated the love of motion more than it did a method of producing it. Hundreds of men have all lent a hand in producing the great Motion Pictures of today, and to each we all owe a big debt of gratitude. Don't you think so?





PRINCE ALEXANDER FERDINAND OF PRUSSIA, THE KAISER'S YOUNGEST GRANDSON, AND HIS BEAUTIFUL MOTHER, THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA

(Photographs by UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD)

Royalty and the Movies

By ERNEST A. DENCH

EVEN royalties have yielded to the fascination of the "movies."

King George, after seeing "Quo Vadis?" at the Royal Albert Hall, in London, gave out instructions for a miniature cinema theater to be erected at Buckingham Palace.

In making this move, His Majesty has studied the interests of the royal children, who had never witnessed a cinema exhibited before. The King and Queen think highly of the educational value of the Cinematograph, and this is one of their chief reasons for introducing this innovation.

The Kaiser confesses himself to be a picture "fan." He has had a Motion Picture theater built in the Potsdam Palace, so that he can entertain a number of distinguished guests whenever he wishes to. The films shown mainly relate to current events in which the Kaiser has participated.

The Christmas before last he published a handsome volume entitled "The Kaiser on Film." The book contains reproductions from different films, which serve to show the Kaiser in all of his varied activities.

The Kaiser first took a liking to the "pictures" during one of his recent summer cruises aboard the *Hohen-zollern* to the North Cape. He discovered the court photographer, who always travels with him, in the act of taking a Moving Picture one day. The same night, when the film in

keep four court photographers at his various palaces, whose duties were to snap His Majesty at all times and in all postures. Now he has attached a cinema operator at the palace at Madrid, where he has a bioscope theater, which has been converted from a billiard-room. Hardly a day



LADY BERYL LE POER TRENCH, OLDEST DAUGHTER
OF THE FIFTH EARL OF CLANCARTY, ONE OF
ENGLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

question was shown aboard the yacht, the Kaiser was hugely delighted with what he saw. From that time onwards, he has always posed as cheerfully as possible for Motion Picture camera-men, and under all circumstances.

As for King Alphonso of Spain, he has simply gone picture-crazy.

Until a few months ago, he used to

passes without King Alphonso visiting the Royal Cinema. On the screen daily appear the very latest pictures of the monarch.

Why, only during his last visit to Paris, he arranged that the films covering his movements there should be dispatched promptly to Madrid, in order that Queen Ena would be able to see them without delay. Each



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN



PRINCE WILHELM OF HOHENZOLLERN
(ON THE RIGHT), HIS DAUGHTER,
PRINCESS AUGUSTA VICTORIA,
AND EX-KING MANUEL,
HER FIANCÉ



MARSHAL HERMES DA FONSECA,
PRESIDENT OF BRAZIL



THE EX-QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, HER
SON, KING MANUEL, AND KING
ALPHONSO OF SPAIN



THE GERMAN ROYAL FAMILY—THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN ON THE
EMPEROR'S FIFTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY, LAST YEAR

day, exactly eighteen hours after the actual event took place, the King's wish was gratified, for Queen Ena and her children saw them on the screen in the Royal Theater. The little Princes soon recognized their father, and cheered him enthusiastically.

Queen Ena is of the opinion that the day will soon be here when Moving Pictures will be telegraphed.

Some time back the King and Queen of Greece attended a Royal Command cinema performance at

their royal residence, and the films they witnessed met with their highest appreciation.

The ex-King of Portugal, before his marriage, was fond of visiting one of the Richmond (England) picture theaters whenever he was down in the dumps. The King's seat is paid for by his secretary, and both take their seats in the darkened hall, just as any ordinary person would.

An admirer of the beauties of the Kinemacolor is Mulai Abdul Aziz, ex-Sultan of Morocco. Recently he

paid a visit to the Kinemacolor London offices, and was hugely delighted when the marvelous natural-color process of Cinematography was explained to him. The ex-Sultan even went so far as to order for his residence in Algiers, a full installation of Kinemacolor apparatus, a camera and a library of films. This is how the ex-monarch will while away his spare time in future.

The Queen of Roumania, more familiarly known by her pen-name "Carmen Sylvia," is adapting her novels for reproduction on the screen. These are being produced by the Nordisk Company.

That the Queen is an ardent lover of the silent drama is proved by the fact that she recently had her private theater in the Pelesh Castle at Sinaia



KING GEORGE OF ENGLAND, AND HIS
CONSORT, QUEEN MARY



SOPHIA, QUEEN OF GREECE

converted into a luxurious and up-to-date cinema.

Almost every evening this royal personage is to be found in the theater, along with her suite and guests, viewing some of the latest films with evident enjoyment. The Queen is very partial to "Wild West" pictures because of their delightful scenery and the intensely human plots, sometimes requiring one such play to be run over three or four times.

Roumania's Queen's enthusiasm for Moving Pictures is so keen that she has now engaged a special photographer to film the private life in the palace and its estates from day to day. Shortly afterwards these are shown in the Royal Cinema.



THE MOTION PICTURE PICNIC

Great Actors of the Past

Charles Sutton Talks Entertainingly of the Old Days on the Stage

By "THE CHATTERBOX"

I SHALL never forget that day I spent with the Edison people when they were in California. It was Monday at the studio—not "blue Monday," for days are never dismal with the jolly company of actors with which J. Searle Dawley has surrounded himself in Long Beach, California, and where, under the clear skies of the "Riviera of America," the Edison Company was producing some of its best work.

But even actors must rest, and "all work and no play" being one of the traditional tenets of the profession, Monday is given over each

week to "props," the scenic painters and the stage carpenters, that they may catch up on their schedule while the group of actors plans work and talks "shop."

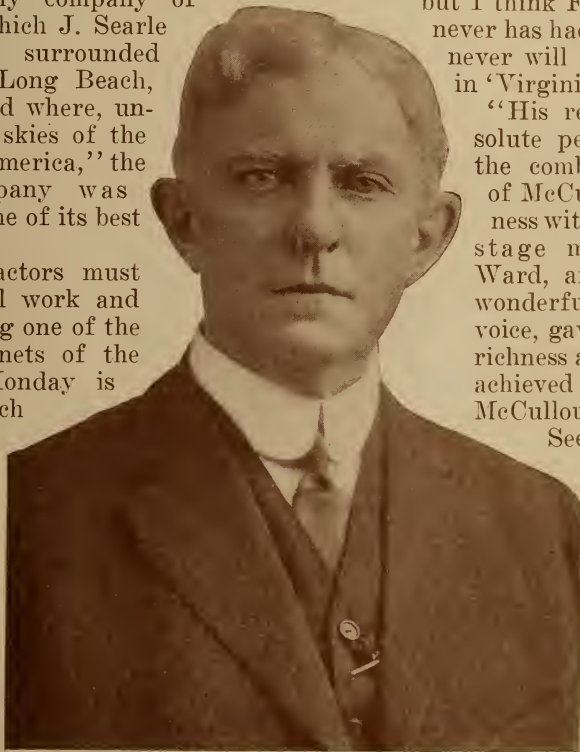
The subject under discussion, and a huge one it was, was the relative worth of Frederick Ward and John McCullough in "Virginius," in which each had his particular following.

"Having worked with each of these great men," said Charles Sutton, dean of the Edison Company, and formerly one of the best known character actors in the profession, "I may be prejudiced, and stepping on McCullough's toga while playing Lu-

cullus to his Virginius, and being bodily lifted and thrown against a real stone wall for my awkwardness by the great tragedian, may have something to do with this prejudice; but I think Frederick Ward never has had, and probably never will have, his equal in 'Virginius.'

"His reading was absolute perfection, while the combination of all of McCullough's greatness with the marvelous stage managership of Ward, and the latter's wonderfully seductive voice, gave to the play a richness and finish never achieved at the hands of McCullough."

Seeing Mr. Sutton in a reminiscent mood, the group of actors, composed of Miss Laura Sawyer, formerly with Ada Rehan; Ben Wilson, for years one of the most popular leading



CHARLES SUTTON

men in stock in New York and Brooklyn; Sidney Ayres, late leading man with the Selig Company; Miss Jessie McAllister, the idol of Eastern stock-company admirers, and a half-score of others equally well known, urged the speaker to tell of the stars of former days, intimates of Mr. Sutton, but known to the present generation of actors chiefly thru memoirs and autobiographies. The name of Eben Plimpton was mentioned.

"Ah, there was an actor," said Sutton; "there was an artist that had that elusive, inexplicable gift, magnetism, developed to the tenth power. What actor of our day," queried the gray-haired character actor, with the air of a teacher quizzing his history class, "could hold an audience for ten long minutes while he addressed a soliloquy to a rose held in his hand?"

"So great was this capacity for holding his audience that Plimpton might be up stage behind an ensemble of fifty people, each of whom was engaged in business or dialog, yet the eyes of the audience would be centered on this silent and unoccupied figure of what I consider the greatest reader, if not the greatest actor, this country has ever produced.

"Old man Couldoc, another really great actor of this country, of whom you youngsters know so little, had this magnetic quality, and, in my estimation, has never had his equal in old-men parts, his greatest rôle, I think, being in 'Saints and Sinners.'

"Poor, eccentric, talented E. J. Henley, the producer of 'Deacon Brody' and other successes, whose reputation as a great actor was so marred by his unreliability, was another old-timer who is chiefly remembered for his wonderful work in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Paul Jones' and several other classical and historical plays.

"J. H. Stoddard, now long dead, but ever to be remembered by millions of admirers as the producer of that wonderful work, 'The Long Strike,' and the 'Bonnie Brier Bush,' will be always idealized by us older actors as one of the greatest of our time."

Mr. Sutton's vast experience, his intimate relations as a co-worker with some of the greatest actors of the present and past generation, have given him an exhaustless fund of anecdotes and intimate glimpses into the private as well as stage life of these people, that makes him one of the most agreeable companions and fascinating characters among present-day actors.

While he will modestly disclaim credit for any successes he has made in the four years he has been in the Motion Picture field, the public and press alike speak of his Napoleon, in "The Prisoner of War," produced by the Edison Company, as the greatest impersonation of the Little Corporal ever thrown on a screen, and in the most glowing terms of the blind fisherman in "The Judgment of the Mighty Deep."

In love with his work, Mr. Sutton takes the same painstaking care with his character work among the silent actors that he did when he was prominently identified with Ward, James, Daly, Jarrett, Henderson, and scores of other great actors and producers.

"Of one thing I am certain," said he, "as a sure cure for objectionable mannerisms in actors there is no better teacher than the Motion Picture screen. To see ourselves as others see us, to pick out the little characteristic gestures, to be able to discard what is bad and to know by the faithful reflection of one's image on the screen what is good, has been a boon to the silent actors and a method of training and education by which some of our so-called great actors on the stage might well profit."



Wholesale Theft

By RUSSELL E. SMITH

My sweetheart is an actress
Upon the picture screen—
The sweetest little actress
That I have ever seen.

Some day I'll steal the reel she's on—
That's what will occur—
And then, you see, I'll have a million
Photographs of her.



All Nations Tried in Symbolic Ways to Endow Inanimate Objects with Life. Moving Pictures Are the Evolutionary Triumph in That Respect

MOVING PICTURES, which have expressed so marvelously to the waiting world all national traits, tastes and traditions, infusing them with the attributes of the human being, had an artistic ancestor of no mean reputation in the marine figure-head. Brought before the mind's eye, they unfold a reel of fascinating history, once only to be found in booklore, but now made a wonderful reality thru the agencies of Moving Picture operations.

When Hon. George Von L. Meyer, then United States Secretary of the Navy, issued orders that all sculptured or carved adornments must be removed from the vessels of our national fleet, a custom ancient, superstitious and sentimental became a tradition—a legend of the sea. It affected all branches, too, of the merchant marine. It was the dawn of a new civilization for the seafarer, who looked to his figure-head for protection, favorable winds and all good influences which should bear him safely away on his voyage and return him as safely to his home port. A threat to paint the figure-head black in time of mutiny caused a captain's orders to be immediately obeyed.

These wooden ornaments, sculptured from wood and metal, gilded and illuminated, were but revivals of a very ancient custom. All nations, from the very earliest ages, strove in various, symbolic ways to endow inanimate objects with life. That this

seemingly strange effort should at last find expression has been proven by the present-day wonders—the great scientific triumph—Moving and Talking Pictures. The figure-head acquired motion only thru its detachable construction.

Figure-heads recall a series of mental scenarios in which these insignia played a very important part as representations of famous personages or events. A barge, decorated along its prow with carvings of the lotus-flower, places upon the mental screen, Cleopatra. She is floating down the Cydnus, reclining under a purple canopy. This beautiful Egyptian queen is attended by cupids and naiads. The oars are of silver, the music of lutes and lyres. In her train of barges and galleys-of-war are vessels with carved figure-heads of deities and other symbolic ornaments. How prized these figure-heads were as spoils of war! In triumphal procession, they were borne to the victor's home, for they represented all the superstitious sentiment of medieval ages, which was so highly valued.

From Egypt, the figure-head custom was adopted in Greece, Assyria and Babylonia. Animals proved popular models among the ancient Athenians. The owl, perched on a vessel's prow, was indicative of wisdom; that of the cock, vigilance and courage. The apostle Paul, according to the Book of Acts, took his departure from Melita in a vessel "whose sign was Castor



THE FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "NATCHEZ"

and Pollux." Lions have adorned thousands of British ships, and the eagle figure-head was a favorite with Americans. An old bark called the *Swallow*, which was once engaged in shady emigration schemes, had a little, yellow swallow nestling on her bowsprit.

The Romans often substituted paintings instead of carvings to symbolize the names of their vessels. An-

other peculiar idea was to have a pair of piercing eyes painted on the vessel's prow. These were never omitted, no matter what figure-head design was used. The Chinese still have eyes painted on their vessels. The Norsemen shaped their vessels' prows very high, and in the likeness of some monster as formidable as many of their famous vikings. As Moving Pictures hope to ward off all dangers



1. FIGURE-HEAD ON CLEOPATRA'S FAMOUS BARGE
2. ANCIENT GERMAN FIGURE-HEAD



THESE ELABORATE FIGURE-HEADS ARE NOW A THING OF THE PAST
IN THE AMERICAN NAVY

to humanity by the exposition of all phases of evils, so these pictorial signs, symbolic of life, were supposed to ward off all dangers lurking in the depths of the ocean.

As we view national personages of all eras make indelible history on the screen thru the medium of Motion Pictures, so the marine figure-head did honor to national celebrities of each period. Napoleon the Great, in the guise of a figure-head, saw the Arctic on the prow of a whaler, that was lost in the 80's. He wore all the glory of tricolor cockade and cross of the Legion of Honor. Lord Cornwallis in a brilliant coat of red and yellow, Commodore Morris, the Dukes of Wellington and Brunswick all had figure-head honors in marine history. During the war of 1812, the American frigate *President* had a likeness of President Adams as its figure-head.

The frigate *Constitution*, endeared to us as "Old Ironsides," which is still preserved at the Charleston Navy Yard, has a very interesting figure-head history. Its first symbol

was that of the demigod Hercules. A cannon-shot carried it away and a figure of Neptune replaced it. In 1833, Neptune was superseded by a reproduction of President Andrew Jackson. This latter selection made a political controversy of no mean order, and that it would be destroyed seemed inevitable. It was finally removed and placed in the navy yard for safe-keeping under close guard. Later it was returned to the *Constitution's* prow, with a sentry to guard it. In 1845 a successful effort to steal the figure-head was made. Within recent years an effort was made to sell a figure-head to the United States Government. It was claimed it was the original Andrew Jackson figure-head stolen from "Old Ironsides." The offer was refused.

As the women of all nations hold an exalted place in the world of Moving Picture romance, so they do in figure-head lore. The custom of naming ships for noted women had quite a vogue among early British ship-owners and ship-builders. In nearly



MARIE—THIS FIGURE-HEAD IS USED
AS AN ORNAMENT IN THE GARDEN
OF THE PEABODY HOUSE,
MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

every case, the bows of these ships bore a likeness of their patronesses, carved or painted. Lady Havelock, dressed in flowing robes, bearing a roll of parchment, roamed the seas as a figure-head, as did Lady Jane Grey, Florence Nightingale and Jenny Lind. Reproductions of Indian princesses were used on both American and English ships. Even carved figure-heads of female relatives of whaling captains decorated the prows of those American craft of past years. The likenesses were said to be remarkably realistic.

One of the finest of American figure-heads is preserved in the R. S. Peabody garden at Marblehead, Mass. It once graced the clipper ship *Western Belle*, built at Bath, Me., in 1876. Sampson, one of the best-known carvers of figure-heads, was the artist. It is a full-size figure of a woman with her left arm outstretched. In it are sheaves of wheat. Her right hand holds her skirt. A careless curl lies on her breast. It is believed that Sampson

had once worked in marble, as this figure-head, so admirably executed, proved he was a natural genius in a novel art.

In the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., is another figure-head of a woman. She holds before her a medallion on which is supposed to be a painting of Thomas Jefferson. It was picked up on the shore of Cape Cod after a heavy storm. The sea alone knows its history. The *Glory of the Sea* was another ship which bore a very interesting female figure-head. This image of a woman had extended arms holding a trumpet. The ship *Cyclone* had a winged figure; the ship *Witch*, a traditional red-gowned Salem witch, while the *Imperial* carried a figure-head of a Greek woman



THE FAMOUS ANDREW JACKSON FIGURE-
HEAD STOLEN FROM THE
"CONSTITUTION"



FOURMALINE—FIGURE-HEAD OVER PORCH
AT PEABODY HOUSE, MARBLEHEAD,
MASS.

in flowing robes of white and gold. Captain J. Henry Sears has the latter in his garden at Brewster, Mass.

As large sums have been expended to prepare certain Motion Picture plays, so monetarily these figure-heads of our merchant marine and national navy, now very rare relics, were costly symbols. The city of Cincinnati paid \$5,700 for St. Gaudens' design for her namesake's figure-head—the United States cruiser *Cincinnati*. The U. S. S. *New York* had the seal of that city reproduced on her prow, another costly insignia. Bela L. Pratt, the eminent sculptor, did a figure of "Hope" for the cruiser *Rhode Island*, and was paid in proportion to his high artistic standing.

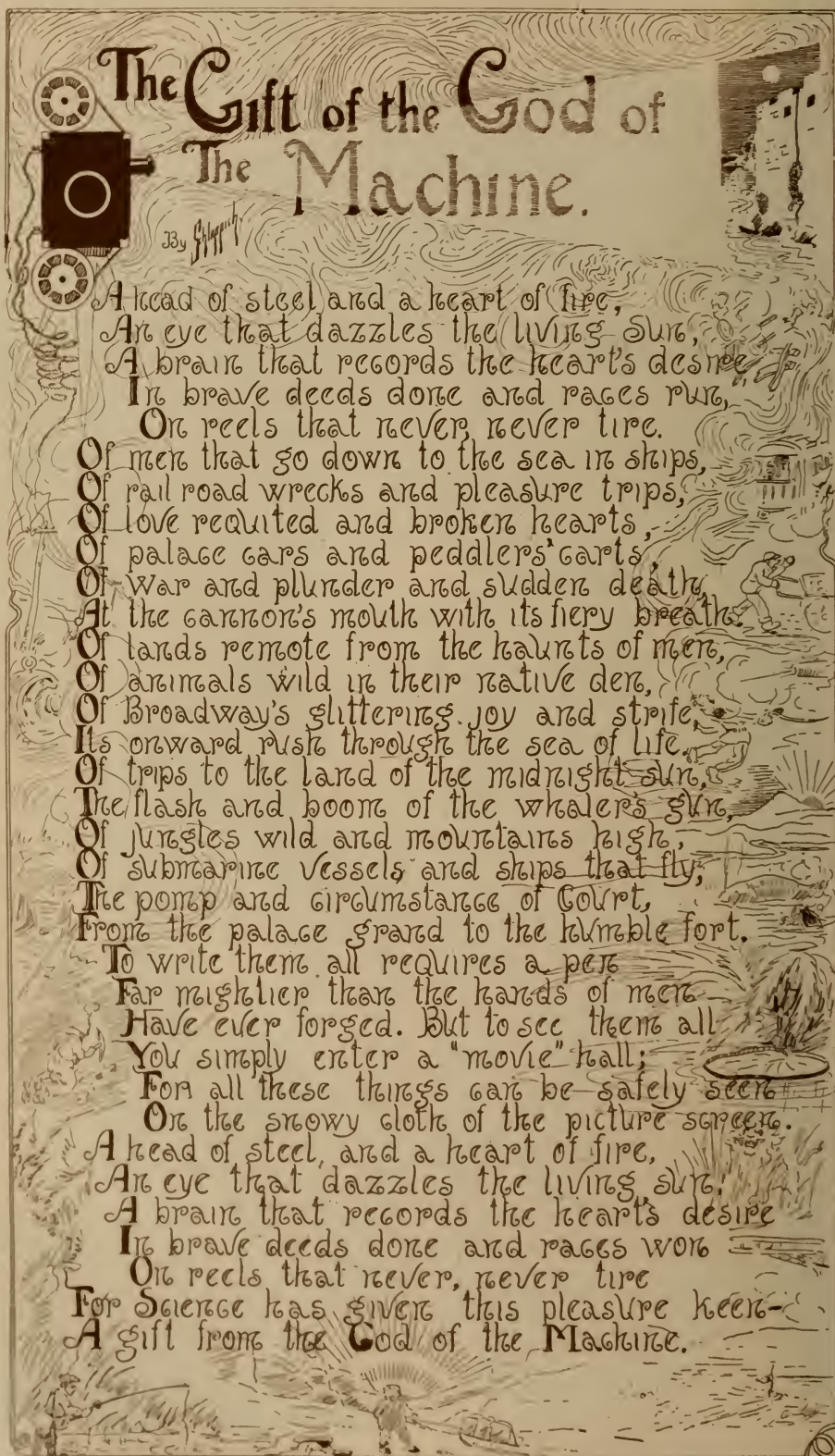
Very easily do Motion Pictures depict personal achievement, devotion to patriotism, religious belief, *esprit de corps*, self-conceit or self-aggrandizement. These various styles of figure-heads did the same in an immature, mythical fashion, yet they were really showing traits of character which prevailed among master-mariners, ship-owners and ship-builders. They developed a remarkable sentiment and

belief, which regarded the buoyancy and motion of sea-going craft as living things. For them, they had awe and deep veneration.

Seemingly the Moving Picture has nothing to fear from the rampant utilitarian spirit of today, which spelled the doom of the figure-head. Whatever has been slowly and inexorably banished from the past in everyday life, the artistic spirit of the miniature stage conserves. The reel and the screen are the mirrors of the past, as they are also the mirrors of the ever-expanding present.



A FIGURE-HEAD AT BREWSTER, MASS.



The Gift of the God of The Machine.

By Gilbert

A head of steel and a heart of fire,
An eye that dazzles the living sun,
A brain that records the heart's desire,
In brave deeds done and races run,
On reels that never, never tire.
Of men that go down to the sea in ships,
Of rail road wrecks and pleasure trips,
Of love requited and broken hearts,
Of palace cars and peddlers' carts,
Of war and plunder and sudden death,
At the cannon's mouth with its fiery breath,
Of lands remote from the haunts of men,
Of animals wild in their native den,
Of Broadway's glittering joy and strife,
Its onward rush through the sea of life,
Of trips to the land of the midnight sun,
The flash and boom of the whaler's gun,
Of jungles wild and mountains high,
Of submarine vessels and ships that fly,
The pomp and circumstance of Court,
From the palace grand to the humble fort.
To write them all requires a pen
Far mightier than the hands of men
Have ever forged. But to see them all
You simply enter a "movie" hall;
For all these things can be safely seen
On the snowy cloth of the picture screen.
A head of steel, and a heart of fire,
An eye that dazzles the living sun,
A brain that records the heart's desire
In brave deeds done and races won
On reels that never, never tire
For Science has given this pleasure keen—
A gift from the God of the Machine.

AN HOUR WITH ETHEL CLAYTON

By M. B. HARVEY

THE Lubin studio is a large place. After wandering about aimlessly in it for some few moments, I stumbled upon a particularly obscure spot—and paused. For here, far away from all the others, a girl sat reading. The light from a little window, set high up in the whitewashed wall, fell directly upon her head, showing me a rioting mass of many shades of red, with here and there an odd touch of gold to lend variety. She looked up—and then I saw that her eyes were as palely blue as the sea at dawn; deep, mysterious orbs, set far apart.

"May we not be introduced?" I asked. "I'm from the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and you are Ethel Clayton, who has brought Shirley Rossmore into life as a picture heroine."

"Then you've seen 'The Lion and the Mouse' on the screen? Maybe I didn't just love to introduce one of my favorite characters to the pictures! I had so many ideas as to how I would play her!"

"Both you and Shirley are to be congratulated," I added. "For 'The

Lion and the Mouse' is as satisfactory a film as it was a play—and Shirley has lost none of her charm."

"I thank you kindly, sir"—and Miss Clayton smiled. I felt and liked the friendliness of that smile, and screwed up courage to ask her a question.

It was the old, old question that appears in every interview with a picture actor or actress. "Miss Clayton, do you like photography work? You've been an actress on the regular stage, and so your viewpoint should be indeed interesting."

"Like pictures? Indeed I do. Altho I was on the stage for quite some time and played many parts, both large and small, in stock, and as Emmett Corrigan's leading woman, and in vaudeville, I never want to go back. I have heard actresses say that they missed the footlights, the

people, and, most of all, the applause. I did, too, for a little while. It seemed a bit unsatisfactory to play to just a camera. But I began to realize before very long that the camera was only a symbol and stood for the millions who would eventually see my work. And I felt, too, that my work had to be mighty good, and that I had to look my best always when play-



ing before that little camera, so that the millions would approve. And, besides, a few words of praise from a discriminating director have come to mean as much to me as the wildest round of applause ever did in the old days."

Miss Clayton wore a gown of white broadcloth, marvelously plain as to line and design. About her waist was a wide, soft girdle of black silk. Clothes show to very good advantage on this girl, who is tall and slender, with a figure particularly adapted to the latest thing in modes.

"I must be well dressed," said Miss Clayton. "Every few weeks I run over to New York, just for clothes. I am rather fussy about what I wear. If a thing doesn't become me, I wouldn't buy it or accept it as a gift. One should always know what is suitable to oneself—and what is not. And how foolish for a woman blindly to follow the fashion without considering whether or not it is adapted to her type. A few days ago, in New York, I bought five evening dresses, a couple of afternoon frocks and ordered several suits, all for a picture I am to begin next week. I must be as well dressed in pictures as I was on the stage. When my things begin to show the ravages of time, or to accumulate too much of the studio's dust, I donate them to the wardrobe, for I cannot bear to wear a thing once it has lost its fresh daintiness." And this is very typical of Ethel Clayton.

"There is one thing in my life that brings me more pleasure than anything else I've ever owned. That's my car! I've had it over a year now—and when I'm not in the studio, I'm in the car. I love to go out into the country for the day, just stopping now and then at a particularly pretty spot to admire the scenery, to pick a handful of blossoms, perhaps to get

something to eat. That machine has brought me a new and deeper understanding of the beauty of this old world; it's given me a better color and a fine bill of health!" And her glowing face and clear eyes testified to that.

"Wont you have a look at my room?" she asked. Now, if there is one thing more than another that is particularly interesting to the average "civilian," it is a peep into that wonder region known as an actress's dressing-room. So I followed with alacrity. Everything in Miss Clayton's little room would satisfy the most exactly dainty mortal. It is furnished and hung in deep rose-pink, and the many pictures in their white frames are of those actors among whom Miss Clayton's life has been lived. A big silver frame on her dressing-table contained an unusually good portrait of the actress herself. Seeing my attention fastened upon it, she smiled a bit and then took it out of its frame.

"If you like it as much as your eyes say you do—it's yours," she remarked, placing it in my hands. And I liked it very much indeed, for it brought out each unusual feature of Miss Clayton's face with marked clearness—the thoughtful eyes, the sensitive, half-grieving, half-smiling mouth.

Then we said good-by. She came as far as the gate with me and saw me out of Lubinville safely. And somehow or other, altho I had met her just for a few short minutes. I liked Ethel Clayton. I had liked the look of her when I saw her first, the frank gaze and gladsome little gestures, then the deepness of her voice when she spoke of her work. But more than any of these, I liked the personality of the girl who looked out of the pale blue eyes—the girl who is Ethel Clayton.





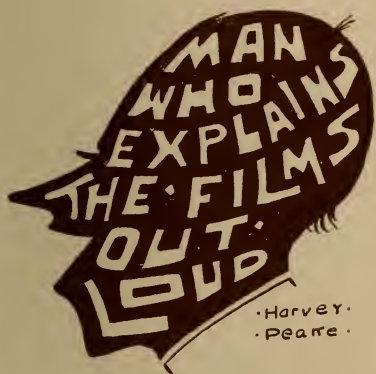
The Photo-Plagues

Being the Diary of a Failing Mind

By GLADYS HALL



PREFACE.—I am a photo-fan—one of the most rabid and one of the most harmless of the species. Nightly I attend the show, and pay my devoirs to the screen. I know



every actor, actress, company and director by name, in alphabetical order. And I am going mad. With the week's decline, the land of film-dom will know me no longer. In this brief diary I propose to illustrate the causes of my insanity, that others of my kind—true, ardent disciples of the screen, will recognize the milestones, and thus avoid my hideous fate.

MONDAY NIGHT.—"That is a train," the man in back of me began tonight; "it is crossing a trestle—see! The flagman is signaling it to stop: Yes, that is Bushman—they say he always—" an indistinct murmur resulted; then, loud and clear again, "No, that is not his wife—it must be his sweetheart—yes—ah!" My mind dizzied, spun, stopped. The pictures' charm had gone. Remained only that voice as it monotoned on in useless, audible explanation. I left.

TUESDAY NIGHT.—My favorite actor was on the screen tonight. His facial expressions are my joy. In front of me sat a woman whose head-gear defied the Audubon Society. Wanly I suggested that she remove it.

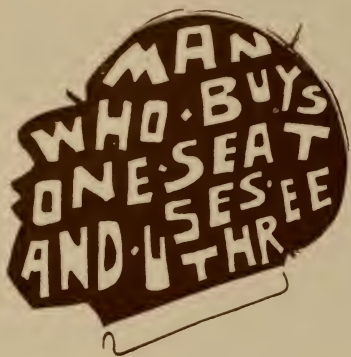
Tartly she responded that it was well below my range of vision, and that "some people made her sick." My spirit was breaking even then, else might I have ventured an authentic denial. As 'twas, I played battledore and shuttlecock all evening with one hundred dollars' worth of aigrette, and went home with granulated eyelids.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.—The theater was crowded as I entered tonight. In the middle of the house I espied a seeming vacuum. It was but seeming. A portly male occupied a seat well in the middle of the aisle; to right and to left of him were two unpaid for—but, alas! not unoccupied seats. One held a stiff, formidable raincoat, a stalwart umbrella, and most of the gentleman's limbs. The other embowered such accessories as his hat, gloves, evening papers, and overshoes—and both were encircled with protective, defiant arms. I stood thru the performance.

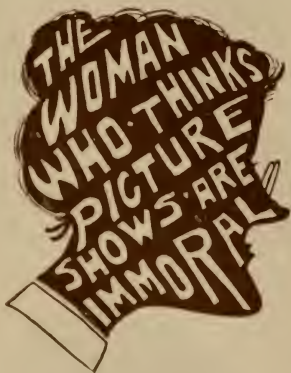
THURSDAY NIGHT.—I selected a meek, unbelligerent-looking female to sit next to tonight, as being inoffen-



sive at least. Young love was being depicted on the screen, with its various attributes: tender, not strictly timed osculation—clinging palms—drowning-in-the-pools-of-her-eyes, etc. I sat



enthralled, atune to the springtide sweetness of it, when a thin, querulous voice whined in my ear: "Indecent, I say—no wonder our young folks are so brazen these days with examples like this to go by. These photoshows are breeding-grounds, I do declare, breeding-grounds of vice. Now, when I was a girl, we——" Each word was being emphasized with a dig from a



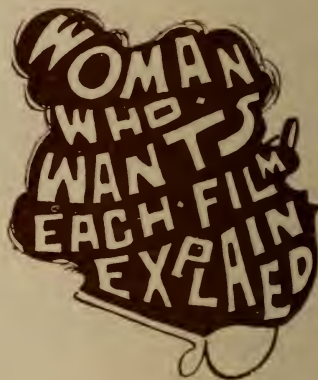
spinsterly elbow, and I felt another cog in my brain slip.

FRIDAY NIGHT.—"Now *what*," demanded an interrogative-looking female of a penny's-worth of husband; "*what*, Jebediah, does that mean—'Lovers No Longer'—why cant they make their meaning clear? And *what*—will you tell me *why*? I know *that*, Jebediah—do I look stupid?—but I'd like to know just exactly *why*——"

"Madam," I interposed, drearily, "you will find the complete story in the last issue of the MOTION PICTURE

MAGAZINE." That was the last flicker of my dying spirit.

SATURDAY NIGHT.—Half the show was over. I had known peace. No plague had been made manifest. My hopes rose. Perhaps, after all, my tottering mind was to escape the brink. I had not noticed a newcomer at my right—a man—when, rumbling, sonorous, unmistakable, came a peaceful snore. An arm slid amorously,



withal somnolently, in the direction of my shoulder—a head wavered uncertainly in the same chaste direction. I dodged skilfully. There would be half-minute intervals brought about by a waking snort, then a gentle relapse—the sonorous dirge again—the Morpheus-inspired calisthenies. For one awful, abysmal moment my mind toppled—clutched. I cast one last, despairing glance at the beloved

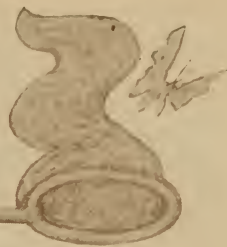


screen—then was I borne out shrieking—hopelessly, eternally *mad*! Mad! Driven mad!—and by the PHOTO-PLAGUES!



Diary Letters from Edith Storey

TO AN UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT



Santa Monica, Cal., Feb. 12th.

DEAR UNKNOWN FRIEND—This is to be a diary letter—because—oh, there are many reasons; work is one, and rest is another—and I can give you better glimpses of my various selves this way.

I've returned just now from Catalina Island, where I've been working on a five-reel drama. You may judge from this item what a most industrious person I am, by nature. For I came to this Land of Sunshine to rest, and I've interspersed the long, lazy hours with my work. And I feel a great, great deal better for being thus anciently wise.

Do you know, my friend, I find California quite up to my expectations. We cannot say that of many places, can we? Or of many things? Not that I am a pessimist, only that I appreciate so fully the beauties of this fragrant, Western coast.

Santa Monica, Cal., Feb. 22d.

You ask me, dear Unknown One, what I look like in true life. What a question to ask a woman! Don't you know that I would, by the instinct of my species, either under or overrate? I think the screen portrays me very truly, but, because you are inordinately curious, and I am inordinately modest, I am sending you these snapshots to further enlighten you. You say you think me characteristic, whimsical, human, limitlessly endowed. You are very nice. Very satisfactory. Tell me what you think of the snaps.

Santa Monica, Cal., March 4th.

Didn't I say you were curious, O Unknown One? I almost suspect you of being a woman. But, because you are unknown, I will gratify that painful bump—until it swells anew. I was born in the city of New York—are you disappointed? And—oh, further blow to Romance—I went and was “edicated” in the public schools. But even the mechanism of those halls of learning could not daunt my footlight love. I played juvenile parts e'en while imbibing the three R's—in “Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,” for one thing; “Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,” for another, and in “The



Little Princess" and Proctor stock for the others. At first, let me whisper it to you, I missed the applause, when I went into the Motion Picture work—missed the sea of faces, and the vital, tangible, human sympathy; but that was just at first—it's not necessary, and I've recovered bravely. Think of the many audiences who do me homage now! It gives me doubly the old thrill.

Santa Monica, Cal., March 16th.

DEAR "BUMP"—I haven't written you these many days for a very big "because"—I've a new hobby! It's fishing. I'm captive to the sport. Quite, utterly fascinated. Some day soon I'll send you a new snap of me surrounded by my "catch." And I promise you not to do any trick-work by making double exposures, and putting in more fish than I am entitled to. More questions, oh, insatiable man! Surely, the gods gave me good nature! Yes; I've been only with two companies, in answer to your first query—Méliès and Vitagraph.

I've just told you of my new hobby for fishing, but previous to that I was the devotee of all the water sports and riding in the country. Have I written you of one of the difficult feats

I performed in my work? It was when I had some trick-riding to do, and I made a fall so extremely realistic that Gaston Méliès and the camera-man were pale with fright.

Santa Monica, Cal., March 18th.

DEAR STRANGER IN THE FLESH—So you have been seeing me on the screen and reading Dumas. How really coincidental! For I, too, read Dumas—he and Hugo being my favorites among the literati, and I see myself on the screen but purely for art's sake. I like to study the pictures—to view them critically, and thence to depart inspired with new ideas. You cannot wring an admission of vanity from me, can you? And you have tried so hard!



Santa Monica, Cal.,
March 21st.

FRIEND OF THE PEN AND INK—I did not know that such impertinence could be. I did not know the interrogation point had been made mortal man. I know it now. Yes; I do mind rehearsing. Yes; I do sing and play, for my own particular edification. Outdoor work, Western field work and comedy, these are my favorite lines, and this for your crowning audacity: I measure five feet and five inches and I weigh one hundred and



thirty-eight pounds. Are you answered? Unfortunately, there is one large, plump, juicy (?) that I cannot reply to. You plead, like a small, rainy-day boy, for a tale of thrilling experiences from here on this Pacific slope. I've had none as yet, and, just to punish you for your unparalleled curiosity, I won't write you until I have had—take that!

Santa Monica, March 25th.

I have just seen a "run" of one of the reels of the South American picture I mentioned in midwinter. In it I took the part of an Argentine girl, and my opposite was William Taylor. I was a heroine as usual, with riding, shooting, a revolution and some thrilling scenes.

You just can't realize how exhilarating it is to see oneself in the film. It is as if your ghost or entity appeared before you and exactly reproduced your actions, your very thoughts! And at times you are not satisfied with your other self at all, and, as you watch it, you seem to urge it to do better, to do different. But it is implacable—it is yourself as you had willed it to act.

I like the Spanish type of girl, for they are natural, and I want to be natural in all my work. Passions that seem out of place in a drawing-room



and that stilt one's emotional self for fear of overdoing them,

may run at will with your Andalusian beauty. She is given to free expression, and one may throw oneself bodily into the rôle. As I watched my Spanish self I hardly knew gentle me. My new screen self was whimsical, violent, passive, hated and hating, loving and loved, in quick succession. I am quite afraid of myself after this.

March 27th.

DEAR HIDDEN FRIEND—I will confess—I came out here run down from too much heavy work in New York. I needed a change. Everything here is so different.

We usually finish posing or rehearsing in time for a dash down to the beach, almost in front of the studio, and then for a glorious swim in the sea. I would like to be a mermaid—it makes me feel buoyant to think of it, and I worship swimming—a long, hard pull outside of the breakers, with the sting of salt in the eyes and hair that rejuvenates you so.

There have been straw-rides and dances, too; but I have big news! The studio gave my mother and me a surprise farewell dinner. It was at the Breakers Café, and was so jolly. On

(Continued on page 154)



A Visit to the Edison Studio



By CECILIE B. PETERSEN

THE Edison studio is a long, low, gray building, about the color of a dreadnought and with the same mysterious and unapproachable air about it. The first illustration shows the front view of the building, with a portion of the company and a number of the directors ready to start out to take exteriors.

On this Saturday afternoon, as I mounted the somewhat steep hill from the Bronx station, Andy Clarke and Yale Boss were playing baseball in the empty lot across the street from the studio, and I entered the studio somewhat precipitately to escape the rather wild throws of the pitcher. Passing thru the waiting-room, that fly-paper for the uninvited, I entered the studio.

The Edison studio contained four different "sets." The second photograph shows a portion of two of these sets, and gives an idea of the powerful light needed. The photograph was taken some time ago and shows Mare MacDermott, Miriam Nesbitt and two other actresses rehearsing a scene from "The Portrait," while in the set adjoining, William Wadsworth,

Edward O'Connor, Edna Flugrath and Mrs. C. J. Williams are also rehearsing.

This photoplay gives a very clear idea of the difficulties under which a Moving Picture player works. Overhead, the powerful Klieg-lights flash and roar, sending down a warm and dazzling light; before them, a relentless camera takes note of every movement and every flicker of emotion, while a hard-to-please director keeps up an unceasing flow of directions; on all sides visitors, supers and players look on, while stage-hands and carpenters pursue their various avocations; and on a small, marked-off stage the players must depict comedy or drama, farce or tragedy, and by no slightest glance or movement must they show that they are aware of what is going on about them.

On the afternoon of my visit all four sets were built. On the first, which is a little removed from the rest, was a representation of a newspaper office, but since nothing was going on there, I turned my attention to the second.

Here was a typical country school-

house, decorated for some entertainment. On the platform sat the trustees, while on the floor, cleared of its desks, the young people danced. At one side, clad in an ill-fitting pink dress that had seen better days, and with her dark hair in a long braid down her back, sat Miriam Nesbitt, a wall-flower. She played her part perfectly—as she always does. She sat leaning slightly forward in her chair, and her wistful eyes followed Augustus Phillips, who was dancing with Bliss Milford. Suddenly there was a stir among the dancers. Miss Milford snatched a tintype from her partner's hand, and there was a merry scramble for it. He finally recovered it and held it on high, laughingly, while the other girls basely deserted their partners and reached for it. Suddenly, "Listen!" he said, "there's the music!" He put his arm about his partner, and the dance was on

again. The picture, forgotten, slipped from his hand and fell on the floor, unnoticed, save by one. The wall-flower rose and crept out among the dancers, who jostled her unmercifully. Her goal reached, she looked about quickly, stooped, secured it, and hid it in her ridiculous sash. Then, with shining eyes, she crept back to her chair by the wall.

I could see no flaw in the performance, but the director was not quite satisfied, and we—my guide and I—left him explaining his wants, and passed on down the studio, past the third set, where the carpenters were erecting a bargain counter, to the fourth and last.

This set was built for the combination dining-room and kitchen of a humble home. At a table in the center of the room, Benjamin Wilson, his "screen" wife and mother were finishing breakfast. As we approached,



Mr. Wilson rose, and kissing them both, went out with his arm about his wife, while the mother began to "tidy up."

"That scenario was written by Mr. Wilson," my guide explained, "and he is directing it himself as well as playing lead."

We made our way back to the schoolhouse, and arrived just in time.

"Lights!" came the order from the director, and the lights flashed on.

"Two bells!" The bells clanged, the camera-man turned, a lively waltz-tune emanated from some hidden piano, and the play was on. Actors strolled in from various quarters and stood watching. Opposite me, a portly policeman leaned against a pile of scenery and conversed with a Chinaman. Charles Ogle, his sleeves rolled up and a busy "dont-interrupt-me" look on his face, hurried by with a bunch of manuscript under his arm. Andy Clarke strolled in, resplendent in a red tie and a new overcoat. Some one called him an invitation to come over and be introduced, but "Andy" shied away. "Aw, I aint got time," he objected, and strolled over to watch the dancers.

"One bell!" came the order. The bell clanged and the lights were flashed off.

Miss Nesbitt tossed the photograph to Mr. Phillips and tripped off to the dressing-room. The music ceased, but a moment later a tantalizing tango tune stole forth. Mrs. Bechtel and Edwin Clarke assayed it, with marked success. Suddenly there came an interruption from behind us.

"Oh, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Osborne!" cried an excited voice. "Oh, I've had such luck! There was a fire at the hotel; I was there, and who do you

think I saved and brought here? Look! It's Muriel Armstrong!"

I turned in some astonishment. The voice was charged with such real excitement, that for a moment I wondered whose it could be. I might have known. It was Mary Fuller, "Dolly of the Dailies," herself, rehearsing a scene for her series. Her pretty hair was slipping down over her ears, her cheeks were ablaze with color, her eyes sparkling as she told her story to the editor. Bessie Learn, as Muriel Armstrong, reclined wearily in an office chair, scarcely noticing what was going on.

"Hey, boys!" shouted the editor, "here's Muriel Armstrong!"

Two or three reporters, Yale Boss among them, ran in and gazed at the girl unbelievably. The editor turned.

"Come, little girl," he urged. "You'll give us your story, wont, you?" But the girl shrank back, terrified. Miss Fuller went a little nearer and laid her hand on the arm of the chair. "Tell us all about it," she said gently.

The girl began weakly. "There were some men——"

"Chinamen?" prompted Dolly.

"Yes, Chinamen," the girl caught at the word eagerly and continued with her story, while the reporters joyously took down the "big scoop."

It was all very realistic and very thoro. Miss Fuller takes her work very much to heart, and she has managed to instil the same point of view into the rest of the company.

The rehearsal over, I turned regretfully toward the door. The studio has a strange fascination for all who come near it. It is a busy place, but the work is of a kind that seldom palls, no matter how hard it is.



Enigmas

By ANDREW JOSEPH SODICH

A howling mob yells, noiselessly,
Its violence wreaking, harmlessly.

Beneath the brine a ship goes down;
All lives are lost, yet safe and sound.

A screeching train is silent, too;
A lad his sweetheart does not woo.

A pistol shot, a man falls dead—
He still enjoys good health, 'tis said.

These incidents—now where are they?
You'll find them in the photoplay.

PUBLIC OPINIONS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CONDUCTED BY GLADYS HALL

SPECIAL NOTICE

FRIEND CONTRIBUTORS—Beginning with this month, and continuing henceforth, an award will be offered for the best verse, article or letter submitted to this department. The award will be one year's subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and first place in the department. Competition will run rife, no doubt, for competitors are many, but Justice will sit enthroned, and we will endeavor to judge with strictest impartiality. Decision will be based largely on *originality, true sincerity, striking thoughts*, such as appreciations or criticisms of value, or *beauty of expression*, all of which may be manifested equally well in verse or prose. As stated before, the strictly sentimental is not sought.

This month the wreath of laurel goes to Edward A. Lifka, St. Louis, Mo., for:

AN APPRECIATION—TO ROMAINE FIELDING.



is pictures, pictures here and there,
We see them 'round us everywhere;
Some good, some bad, some passable,
And some that are not classable.

All players do their very best,
And I am sure 'tis quite a test
To try and please the public taste—
How oft must efforts go to waste!

But 'mong the ones who claim our praise,
Whose work brings joy in many ways,
Whose efforts ne'er fall flat or stale,
Whose pictures never yet did fail.

Who puts into each different part
His very soul and willing heart,
And strives to make the public see
A lesson—e'en for you and me—

He who all this praise deserves
Is made of kindness and nerves,
And bears a heart that's big and true—
Friend Fielding, 'tis none less than you!

Versatility, thy name is Baggot! This is the sentiment conveyed by "Chick" in the following:

TO KING BAGGOT.

There are tall ones, small ones, lean and mean ones: handsome and ugly ones: black and white ones—some are good, some are bad, some are rich, and some are poor. You may take the best of them all and mould the parts together into one perfect player. Place that player beside King Baggot—there would be no comparison. King is king over them all when it comes to playing doctor, tramp, preacher, lawyer, villain, lover, teacher, father, brother, detective, knight, farmer, miner, or any of the other thousand parts he is master of.

POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Blondina is rival claimant with the Pathé Frères for the possession of Jack Standing. She sets forth her claim in

JUST A LITTLE ADVICE.



If you've never had a sweetheart
(Boys and girls, this is for you)
Go to a picture playhouse.
There you'll find your love most true.

For the girls there is Earle Williams,
Warren K. and Wallie Van,
Leo Delaney, Harry Myers,
Harry Morey and Answer Man (?)

For the boys there's Lillian Walker,
Alice Joyce and dear Pearl White,
Florence Turner, Norma Talmadge,
Lillian Gish—she'll please you quite.

But for me I'll take Jack Standing,
He's my hero, it sure seems;
Pathé claims him now for acting,
But I claim him in my dreams.

A "Motion Picture Friend" sends a truly encouraging letter to the players in general, and Harry Carey in particular:

May we, thru your fine magazine, say how we enjoy the splendid acting of Harry Carey, of the Biograph? His face, once seen in a play, is never forgotten. It is so expressive. No part seems too difficult for him. Also, isn't Mrs. Mary Maurice a darling?

We love 'most all of the players, and think they must be happy to know of the brightness they give the world and lessons taught those who, perhaps, would never learn them otherwise.

Betty Ethridge, of Fulton, N. Y., generously pleads with us to print *some one's* verse to Clara Kimball Young—not necessarily her own—but "somebody's." That "somebody's" shall be hers:



Of all the maids who are so sweet,
Of all the maids who are so neat,
There's not a single one can beat
Clara Kimball Young.

There's many a one that I adore,
And many I want to see some more.
But the one I'm *always* looking for
Is Clara Kimball Young.


Her acting is the superfine,
Her face and features are divine.
I'd say good-by to my last time
For Clara Kimball Young.

And if you haven't seen her yet,
Just go and take in "Love's Sunset."
And then your fate you will have met
In Clara Kimball Young.

And now I know what I will do,
I'll tie this to a bird of blue
And send appreciation true—
Oh, Clara Young—to you!

A dare for King, the detective! Let him now prove his skill is the gauntlet flung by Miss Helen Murray, 106 Park Street, New York. But we have saved his reputation.

TO KING BAGGOT.

f all the actors I have seen
Upon the Moving Picture screen,
One only took my heart by storm.
With manner fair and stalwart form.

When you play the part of detective,
Your art defies confines;
But one thing I dare you to detect—
The one who penned these lines.


In an infinite variety of feminine loveliness, J. H. K. perceives an infinite variety of good. Each hath a charm—to each he leans in turn. He tells us:

Solomon possessed a thousand wives—possibly not all love-affairs, but his keen desire to acquire knowledge by a study of this interesting species. The many brilliant women reflected on the Motion Picture screen make a choice seemingly impossible. Were I a king and desired a queen capable of conducting affairs of state, the woman to wear the crown would be Anne Schaefer. If in search of a wife who would cling to me thru misfortune, my choice would be Kathryn Williams. I would trust her implicitly, even if suddenly deprived of sight. If desiring an interesting wife, whose conversation across the breakfast-table would be as sparkling as a mountain brook, the woman who poured my coffee would be Edith Storey. If seated at the fireside in a cozy home, the wife at my side would be Leah Baird. If a youth, with all its joys, I would wed Norma Talmadge. If in search of an exciting life, I would gladly marry Ruth Roland. If wedded to Anita Stewart, I would, if necessary, become a modern Raffles in order to provide a luxuriant home and exquisite gowns for her—she would adorn them so very charmingly. But—why rave? These are only pleasant day-dreams that can never come true.

Who would a Mormon be!

Ernesta Hoawald, of Astoria, writes that she has not been long in this country, and therefore does not feel fully confident of the tongue. The tribute is sincere, therefore we bid her welcome to the American shores and to the department:

TO EDITH STOREY.

never saw a face and form
So fair as yours, Edith Storey—
Your artistry takes all by storm.
Your acting is a glory.

Youthful slenderness is yours
And grace and harmony:
You are the sweetest on the screen
For many—and for me.

May your future life be all sunshine,
And many hope it, too.
May every joy in full be thine,
I wish it thru and thru.

Here, indeed, is a worth-while tribute to John Bunny—even to comedians comes uplift. John E. Sykes is the author:

TO JOHN BUNNY.



he question of all censorship
Would solve itself today,
If writers of scenarios
Would follow Bunny's play.
I've never seen him in a part
Of which I could complain,
And I have seen him many times,
And hope to see again.

I like to know men of his kind,
So full of good, clean fun,
That when I see them on the screen
I do not care to run;
That if I have close by my side
Some one that's very dear,
I can with easy conscience think:
"I'm glad John Bunny's here."

Then, hail, John Bunny! prince you are,
I count you as my friend,
And if I never meet you here,
I'll hope to in the end.
And should I meet you anywhere,
On sea or on the land,
I'll doff my hat and say to you:
"John Bunny, here's my hand."

A "Western editor, who has the pleasure of Miss Anderson's acquaintance," sends the following poetical sentiments to Mignon Anderson. They are daintily, aptly sung, and therefore:



air that is gold, eyes that are blue,
Eyes in which laughter and sunshine play;
Lips that the June rose, bright with dew,
Might envy, so red and sweet are they.

Figure that's dainty and trim and neat,
Witching and winsome, nothing less;
From golden head to twinkling feet,
Vision of feminine loveliness.

Heart that is gentle, heart that is true,
Heart that of guile has never a trace:
Soul that's as pure as her eye's bright blue,
Lovelier still than her form or face.

You are a sage—then tell me, sir,
How can I keep from loving her?

NOTE.—In reference to the announcement made at the beginning of the department, it is requested that all contributors send their full names and addresses. Names will be withheld if desired.

GLADYS HALL, *Editor.*



GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

THE Edison Company is now doing "Fantasma," which the Hanlon Brothers made almost as famous as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and one of the Hanlons will play his original part.

John Stepling has joined the American Company at Santa Barbara.

We have to record the sad fact that Carlyle Blackwell has left his old love, Miss Kalem, to become a Famous Player.

Harold Lockwood, who is as long as Mary Pickford is short, says that he lacks a quarter of an inch of six feet. Who would have thunk it?

Dont forget that the Great Artist Contest is drawing to a close.

Two years ago Gene Gauntier and company invaded the Sahara Desert for Moving Pictures, and there formed the acquaintance of a rich sheik named Bostowie, who demanded, in the name of Allah, that she become his wife—his fourth wife, mind you. Of course Miss Gauntier, who is now appearing in three-part Warner's features, treated the rich Arab's proposal as a huge joke and has never given it a second thought to this day. Imagine, then, her surprise upon receiving a mysterious-looking package thru the mail one day recently, which, when opened, was found to contain a roll of parchment covered with Arabic characters. Within the next hour New York City was scoured to find an interpreter who could translate the strange document into readable English. This is what the interpreter made of it: "Oh, Divine One! sent upon earth by gracious Allah to make men's hearts beat faster, thou art to me as the bubbling spring to a thirsty camel. I implore thee to grace my caravan. Bedecked in jewels as a queen, thou shalt be my favorite. For thee I will put aside my other wives—yea, the three of them. In a vision Allah did command me to send thee my milk-white mare, my beautiful mare of the desert, my most priceless treasure. When you tell me your habitation, I will send the mare. May Allah direct your footsteps to my tent once more.—BOSTOWIE."

Mr. Costello Barnes of New York is a frequent visitor at the Vitagraph Theater now that he thinks he can see really fine work there. "Not that I love Caesar less, but Rome more!"

Helen Holmes (Kalem) is the most traveled of all photoplay stars. The crown of "Champion railroad star of the world" rests gracefully on her fair head.

Dorothy Phillips, formerly of the Essanay Company and whom Savage called "the kid Nazimova" in "Everywoman," has returned to the stage and will appear in the title rôle of "Pilate's Daughter."

They are organizing a baseball team down at the Vitagraph studio.

George Ade, one of America's greatest humorous writers, has been engaged to write some Essanay plays.

Captain Jack Bonavita, famous lion-tamer, is anxious to return to the pictures and show that he can do with his one arm what no other man can do with two.

Everybody of any consequence in filmdom is expected to be present at the International Exposition at the Grand Central Palace in June.

Mary Fuller has just won a popular player contest in Texas, and at this writing is ahead in a similar contest in St. Louis. Where is the other little Mary?

At the recent election in Chicago every female member of the Essanay Company voted, except Ruth Hennessy, who simply said: "Let the men wear the pants."

Our critic, "Junius," says that Griffith's "Battle of the Sexes" is fine, but by no means his best.

Romaine Fielding's admirers would like to get after the person who made his votes in the Great Artist Contest read 10.015 in the May issue, when he had over 12,000 votes in the April issue. What a lot of trouble a little figure can make! And it made a difference of 20,000 to Mr. Fielding.

Edna Maisou, under the direction of George Stanley, has created a Quaker girl hard to excel.

New York photoplay patrons are busy quarreling over the respective merits and demerits of the Strand and Vitagraph theaters.

Wilfred Lucas says that in Cleo Madison and George Larkin he has the best team in the business, our Great Artist Contest to the contrary notwithstanding.

Marguerite Clayton, G. M. Anderson's clever little leading woman, has been known at the studio for a long time as a "good Indian," and now she is taking the part of one.

The Texas State Sunday-school Convention has asked that we notify the film companies of their demand for more educational films of a religious nature.

Muriel Ostriche is an accomplished dancer and has recently carried off several prizes.

Harry Carey, formerly champion cracksmen of the Biograph Company, has joined the Progressive Motion Picture Corporation, and his first five-reel feature will be, appropriately enough, "The Master Cracksmen."

Florence Hackett, of the Lubin Company, offers a prize of ten dollars in gold for the best article of five hundred words arguing that the demands upon a successful film actress are greater in their variety and are more taxing than those of the stage. The articles must be typewritten on one side of the paper only and received by Miss Hackett at the Lubin studio, Twentieth Street and Indiana Avenue, not later than June 15. The winning article will appear in the August number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

The great organ in the Vitagraph Theater has 300 keys, 500 stops and 54 pedals, yet Clara Kimball Young is trying to learn to master the beast.

Augustus Phillips is now a really-truly criminal. He was found guilty of falling to stop his auto at a crossing and fined \$5.

Ella Margaret Gibson is the youngest leading lady in the Vitagraph Stock Company. She is the star of the Western contingent located in Santa Monica, Cal., and in spite of her youthfulness has portrayed many difficult parts.

Rosemary Theby is the latest to buy an auto, and it's an Oakland.

That "Million Dollar Mystery" of Thanhouser's promises to run a good race with "Adventures of Kathlyn" and "Perils of Pauline."

Romaine Fielding's "Horrors of War" ought to be of unusual interest, considering that its five reels were made so near the seat of the Mexican war, and by an excellent director and player.

Gwendolyn Pates has joined the Selig Company.

"My Official Wife" is Vitagraph's latest, which Director James Young says is a world-beater.

Norma Phillips has made the acquaintance of more world celebrities than any other young woman on earth.

We have with us this evening Claire McDowell (page 32); Edgar Jones, Frankie Mann and Louise Huff (page 37); Alice Washburn and William Wadsworth (page 80); G. M. Anderson and Evelyn Selsbie (page 75); Anita Stewart, E. K. Lincoln, Harry Morey and Rogers Lytton (page 57), and Florence Lawrence and Matt Moore (page 44).

Dolly Larkin has left the Lubin Company for the Frontier.

Since the agitation of the threatened revolution in Ireland has become rumored in the daily press, Kate Price, of the Vitagraph players, has given notice of her removal from Kings Highway. She says this is suggestive of monarchical government, and she is in favor of Home Rule.

George Cooper has left Vitagraph to become a Universal villain.

Everybody should read the first instalment of Mr. Brewster's article on "Expression of the Emotions," in the July issue, containing about twenty illustrations.

Mayor Fitzgerald, of Boston, played opposite Barbara Tennant—for at least one moment—in an Eclair picture soon to be seen.

There is a great deal of gossip as to how we got Mary Fuller's diary. Never mind—we have it, and we are going to print several pages of extracts from it. Does she know it? Yes, but what can she do?

Bruce McRae is the latest stage star to yield to the lure of the screen.

Here is an interesting item: Maurice Costello used about two dozen "extras" in the opening gambling scene in "Mr. Barnes of New York." Unknown to Mr. Costello, one of them was a professional card sharp who works the transatlantic steamers. A New York detective saw the play, "spotted" his man on the film and, as a result, is now warning officials all over the world to be on the lookout for this man, stating that his appearance on the screen is the best description that can be given.

The autobiography of Jack Warren Kerrigan will appear in our July issue.

They say that two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time; nevertheless, Adele Lane has just played two distinctly opposite rôles in two different Selig plays and in the same week, doing first one and then the other, alternating.

We have heretofore tried to keep track of Edwin August's Moving Picture movements, but now we must resign. Irving Cummings is another, altho he says he is now *permanently* located with the Thanhouser Company.

Wallie Van is an expert motorboatsman, and has won many a cup for Commodore J. Stuart Blackton.

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "The Shadow of the Past"; second prize to the author of "Her Mother's Weakness."

The Great Artist Contest

An Unparalleled Struggle Drawing to Its Close

The Great Artist Contest Has Attracted Worldwide Attention Among Photoplay Lovers, and in Two More Months the Jury of Voters Will Render Its Verdict.

OVER one million eight hundred thousand votes have already been cast into the ballot boxes of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE by the lovers of what is best in the silent drama. And there is room for twice that number more. The Great Artist Contest was inaugurated to find out what photoplayers were considered the most artistic actors by their friends and critics, the public. Such a verdict would not be conclusive unless worldwide or universal interest was aroused. And the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has put forth its most strenuous efforts to encourage a verdict for what promises to be the most thoro, interesting and enlightened contest ever conducted for readers of a magazine.

It is common knowledge that many players are more popular than others. Their pretty or expressive faces win them friends in the audience. The appealing rôles that they have been assigned to shape tears, laughter or emotion at the will of the silent actor. But this is not what we are looking for. Photoplay has ceased to be a seven-day wonder, and while its censor, friend and supporter will always be the audience, that audience, ourselves, has come to discriminate, to demand better and higher things. We demand that the actor not only looks well, is well cast, but that he interpret his rôle with all of the artistic feeling and intelligence of the actors of the regular stage. We are, therefore, asking you to help us decide who is the most artistic actor and actress now appearing upon the screen. Your verdict, of several million votes, will be recorded in this magazine, and given every other possible publicity.

Several leading studios have agreed to cast their most artistic players in prize-winning scenarios which will be furnished by our readers. The details of the Photoplay Contest are announced later in this article.

Since the appearance of the May issue, we have been overrun with letters calling our attention to the fact that Romaine Fielding, the popular and praiseworthy lead of the Lubin Company, was credited with 12,660 votes in the April issue, and that his vote appeared to shrink to 10,070 votes in the May issue. We beg to announce, and we trust in so doing that our explanation is sufficient, that these last figures are a printer's error, and the verified account of Mr. Fielding's vote was 30,070.

We have received letters containing votes and interesting critical comment from every country on the civilized globe. One letter, from far-off Melbourne, Australia, came to us with six cents postage due, and we trust that this is not a verdict of "nominal damages" for the writer's favorite actors, Mabel Normand and James Cruze.

In the coming number, we will publish several pages of the most interesting letters, and assure our readers, who have not yet made up their minds, that many interesting bits of criticism and commendation will gladden their eyes.

The contest will close on August 20th. The October number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, appearing on sale September 15th, will contain a full announcement of the winners of the Great Artist Contest. The August number, appearing July 15th, will contain a full explanation of the

most interesting photoplay contest yet inaugurated in any publication. The last coupons entitling readers to vote in the Great Artist Contest will appear in the August number, on sale July 15th, and will be received up to August 20th, when the contest closes.

In entering your vote, and those of your friends, in this contest, please remember that you are helping to accomplish high ideals: the selecting and crowning of the most artistic photoplay actor and actress of the period, exclusive of his or her popu-

larity and good looks; the raising of the standard of both photoplay production and acting; the opportunity, by public approval, of permanently establishing the career of finished actors in photoplay. Study the work of the silent figures upon the screen, ask yourself why certain ones appeal to you, why they are supreme artists, and let our great army of readers know the result of your verdict. You will find this a most interesting and self-helpful aid to the enjoyment of photoplay.

THE RULES OF THE CONTEST

Each reader is entitled to vote once a month, on the printed coupon, for the

GREATEST MOTION PICTURE ARTIST

Each vote must contain the name of a male player and the name of a female player, and may also contain a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity, good looks, personality, etc., and they may excel in drama, tragedy, comedy, villainy portrayal, or anything you please. A good critic can recognize artistry in a comedian or in a villain just as in a player who plays heroic or emotional rôles.

While no valuable prizes will be given, the winners of this contest will be awarded the highest honors that can come

in the theatrical profession—the stamp of public approval.

This contest will be capped with a fitting climax—A ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE PHOTOPLAY in which the winning team is to play. After the present contest is over, we shall offer a prize of one hundred dollars for the best scenario, and the story of the same will be published in this magazine.

We shall select, say, twenty of the best scenarios and submit them as "Prize Scenarios" to the different companies, offering them at "usual rates," in which their players who receive the highest number of votes shall play, and the amount received will be awarded to the writers of the scenarios. Thus, there will probably be twenty prizes or more instead of one.

THE GREAT ARTISTS AND THEIR VOTES TO DATE

Earle Williams (<i>Vita</i>)	224,200	Benjamin Wilson (<i>Ed</i>)	24,100	Harry Carey (<i>Bio</i>)	6,610
J. W. Kerrigan (<i>Vic</i>)	213,305	Rosemary Theby (<i>Lub</i>)	22,890	Bessie Epton (<i>Selig</i>)	6,510
Mary Pickford (<i>F. P.</i>)	195,405	Owen Moore (<i>Mutual</i>)	22,785	Sidney Drew (<i>Vita</i>)	6,465
Mary Fuller (<i>Edison</i>)	184,845	E. K. Lincoln (<i>P. P.</i>)	22,415	Wallie Van (<i>Vita</i>)	6,225
Arthur Johnson (<i>Lub</i>)	132,355	Leah Baird (<i>Imp</i>)	22,360	Octavia Handworth	
Alice Joyce (<i>Kalem</i>)	122,200	Beverly Bayne (<i>Ess</i>)	22,260	(<i>Excelsior</i>)	6,155
Marguerite Clayton		Pearl White (<i>Pathé</i>)	22,215	Muriel Ostriche (<i>Prin</i>)	6,135
(<i>Essanay</i>)	114,700	Mabel Normand (<i>Key</i>)	22,010	Betty Gray (<i>Bio</i>)	6,115
Carlyle Blackwell		Gertrude McCoy (<i>Ed</i>)	20,810	Walter Miller (<i>Imp</i>)	6,105
(<i>F. P. Co.</i>)	102,015	Julia S. Gordon (<i>Vita</i>)	20,805	Phillips Smalley (<i>Rer</i>)	6,045
Crane Wilbur (<i>Pathé</i>)	98,990	Leo Delaney (<i>Vita</i>)	20,710	Helen Gardner (<i>H. G.</i>)	6,000
Francis Bushman (<i>Es</i>)	96,800	Augustus Phillips (<i>Ed</i>)	18,655	Yale Boss (<i>Edison</i>)	4,915
Edith Storey (<i>Vita</i>)	87,250	Jessalyn Van Trump		Mabel Trunnelle (<i>Ed</i>)	4,735
Clara K. Young (<i>Vita</i>)	85,085	(<i>Majestic</i>)	16,445	Lois Weber (<i>Rer</i>)	4,210
Florence Lawrence		Anna Nilsson (<i>Kalem</i>)	16,320	Ethel Grandin (<i>Unit</i>)	4,180
(<i>Victor</i>)	75,335	Kathlyn Williams (<i>Se</i>)	14,960	Chester Barnett (<i>War</i>)	4,130
Anita Stewart (<i>Vita</i>)	66,165	Marguerite Snow (<i>Th</i>)	14,750	Marguerite Fischer	
Florence Turner (<i>F. T.</i>)	65,670	Dorothy Kelly (<i>Vita</i>)	14,220	(<i>American</i>)	4,095
Lottie Briscoe (<i>Lub</i>)	64,535	Irving Cummings (<i>Th</i>)	12,895	W. C. Miller (<i>Bio</i>)	4,090
Romaine Fielding (<i>Lu</i>)	64,460	Jack Richardson (<i>Am</i>)	12,610	William Russell (<i>Bio</i>)	4,070
Maurice Costello (<i>Vit</i>)	64,295	Guy Coombs (<i>Kalem</i>)	12,580	Ford Sterling (<i>Unit</i>)	4,005
Blanche Sweet (<i>Mu</i>)	54,105	Wallace Reid (<i>Nestor</i>)	12,540	Edward Coxen (<i>Am</i>)	4,000
True Boardman (<i>Ess</i>)	52,475	Ruth Roland (<i>Kalem</i>)	12,460	Mary Charleson (<i>Vita</i>)	2,985
G. M. Anderson (<i>Ess</i>)	50,820	William Shay (<i>Imp</i>)	12,410	Lillian Gish (<i>Mutual</i>)	2,935
Vivian Rich (<i>Am</i>)	45,030	Marc MacDermott (<i>Ed</i>)	12,285	Alice Hollister (<i>Kal</i>)	2,820
Lillian Walker (<i>Vita</i>)	42,510	Frederick Church	12,165	Barbara Tennant (<i>Ec</i>)	2,770
King Baggot (<i>Imp</i>)	38,810	Henry Walthall (<i>Mu</i>)	10,005	Rogers Lytton (<i>Vita</i>)	2,740
Norma Talmadge (<i>Vit</i>)	33,225	Mary Maurice (<i>Vita</i>)	8,635	Richard Travers (<i>Ess</i>)	2,720
Pauline Bush (<i>Maj</i>)	32,860	Earle Metcalf (<i>Lubin</i>)	8,350	Louise Lester (<i>Am</i>)	2,720
Florence LaBadie (<i>Th</i>)	31,315	Claire McDowell (<i>Bio</i>)	8,275	Ruth Stonehouse (<i>Es</i>)	2,625
Ethel Clayton (<i>Lubin</i>)	30,825	Harry Benham (<i>Than</i>)	8,270	Mae Marsh (<i>Mutual</i>)	2,550
James Cruze (<i>Than</i>)	30,655	Billie Rhodes (<i>Kalem</i>)	8,180	Harry Morey (<i>Vita</i>)	2,515
Ormi Hawley (<i>Lubin</i>)	30,005	James Morrison (<i>Vita</i>)	6,775	William Mason	2,500
Thomas Moore (<i>Kal</i>)	28,890	Marguerite Courtot		Edgar Jones (<i>Lubin</i>)	2,465
Harry Myers (<i>Lubin</i>)	28,165	(<i>Kalem</i>)	6,715	Flora Finch (<i>Vita</i>)	2,450
Edwin August (<i>E. A.</i>)	26,595	John Bunny (<i>Vita</i>)	6,645	Charlotte Burton (<i>Am</i>)	2,440



LAMAR
JOHNSTONE



ANITA
STEWART



CLARA
YOUNG



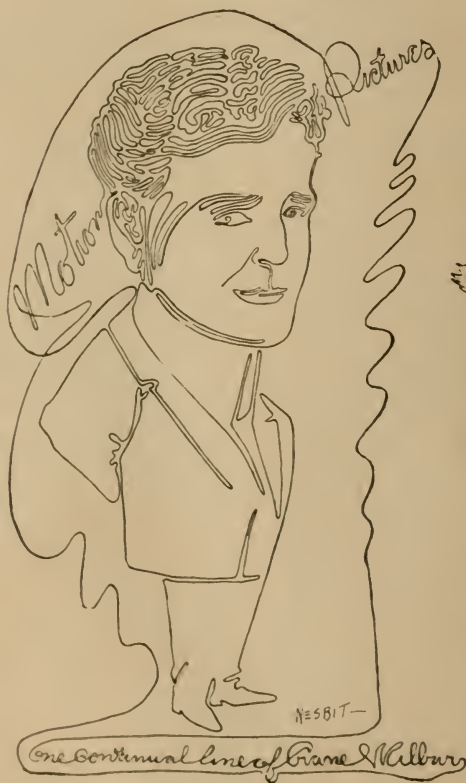
FRED MACE



BRYANT
WASHBURN



MORRISON



BLACKWELL



WALTHAM



MARGUERITE CLAYTON



TRAVERS



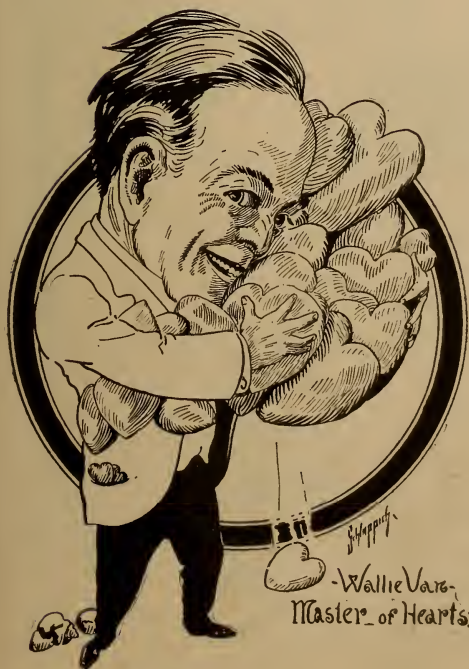
BUSHMAN



FIELDING



MACDERMOTT



Wallie Vane.
Master of Hearts.



HUGHEY MACK

OVERHEARD AT THE MOVIES



He: "Why in the world does the management have such poor singing between reels?"
 She: "I presume it is because he can't afford to show good pictures and he fills in with bad music so we'll appreciate the pictures more."



Helen: "I had an awful fright at the Pastime theatre last night."
 George: "Is that so? Who was he?"



The Optimist: "I tell you the photoplay is the real article, it brings things home to you that you've never seen before."
 The Pessimist: "Huk! My laundry man does that, too."



Little Willie: "Mamma, why don't the lady give some of her hair to her husband?"



Baseball Fan: (As player on screen steals second) "Slide, you lobster, slide!"



ANSWER DEPARTMENT

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

Mrs. E. H.—George Gebhardt was Percy in "Mabel and a Sweetheart" (Keystone). Thanks for the fee.

JOSEPH S.—Charles Ray was Foster in "The Black Sheep" (Broncho). Herschel Mayal was Hogan in "From Out of the Storm" (Kay-Bee). He also played in "The Claim Jumper" (Kay-Bee). Roscoe Arbuckle was Fatty in "Fatty Joins the Force" (Keystone). Your wish reminds me of that toast: "Here's to our wives and sweethearts, may they never meet!"

DIXIE W.—Dwight Mead is playing in a stock company at Seattle, Wash. Marlon Leonard is producing her own plays in Brooklyn and releasing thru Warner.

LAURENCE, THE FOOL AND Co.—No, no, my friend, those words were not meant for you. Glad to know about your friend. Can't tell you the price, but if you write to the General Film Company, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, they will give you full information. Joseph De Grasse was Sandy in "The Measure of a Man."

POLLY, 13.—What are the best seats in a Motion Picture theater? There are no best seats, but ask the proprietor which are the best seats, and he will tell you that they are the receipts. Get back numbers direct from us. Isabelle Rae in "A Bunch of Flowers" (Biograph). J. S. Gordon in "Luella's Love-story" (Vitagraph). Charles Bartlett opposite Mona Darkfeather in "The Hopi Raiders" (Kalem). Arthur Ashley was Thorn in "Dr. Polly" (Vitagraph). Yes, a very fine thing.

SUNSHINE, CHICAGO.—Gladys Hulette was the princess in "A Royal Romance" (Edison). Gertrude Bambrick was the

girl in "As It Might Have Been" (Biograph). Thomas Santschi was Bruce in that Selig. Francis Todd in "When Lincoln Paid" (Kay-Bee). Chester Withey in "The Circle of Fate" (Kay-Bee). James Cruze and Florence LaBadie in "A Leak in the Foreign Office."

FLOWER E. G.—You have made yourself scarce lately. H. S. Mack was the grandfather in "If It Were Not for Polly" (Biograph). Robert Drouet was the husband, and Charley Perley was the friend in "The Husband's Experiment" (Biograph). H. S. Mack was the hero in "His Father's House" (Biograph). Mr. Powell was the villain. Samson would have made a good actor—he could so easily have brought down the house.

M. K. P.—Wilfred Lucas and Blanche Sweet in "The Massacre" (Biograph). Anna Little in "The Mystery Lady" (Broncho). Elsie Greeson in "Just a Song at Twilight" (Majestic). M. L. Pardee was the daughter, and Henry King the lover in "The Power of Print" (Pathé).

GOLDIE.—Benjamin Wilson was the Cleek in "The Chronicles of Cleek" (Edison). Cowboys don't usually tie their horses. If they were slow horses, perhaps they would tie them to make them fast.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—William Worthington was Ed, and Rose Gibbons was Rose, in "The Man Who Lied" (Victor). Mildred Hutchinson was Audrey in "The President's Pardon" (Pathé).

BUMPTY-BUMPS.—Jack Juslee was the editor in "Making a Living" (Keystone). The late Joseph Graybill in "The Stigma." Louise Huff was Eileen in "The Reward."



LOTTIE D. T.—Charles Bartlett and Mona Darkfeather had the leads in "Red Hawk's Sacrifice" (Kalem). Harry Carey and Claire McDowell in "Waifs" (Biograph). Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "Between Two Fires." Thomas Santschi and Kathlyn Williams in that Selig.

ANTONETTE M.—Harry Millarde was Kenneth, Alice Joyce was Bess, James Ross the father, and J. Mackin the detective in "The Hand-print Mystery" (Kalem). Baby Lillian Wade and Frankie Wade in "A Splendid Sacrifice" (Selig). Harry Myers in "The Pale of Prejudice" (Lubin).

THOMAS W., NEW ZEALAND.—Thanks for the program. I notice that you use the word "spool" instead of reel. Florence LaBadie was the widow in "Rosie's Revenge" (Thanhouser). Charles Murray was the parson in "Just Kids" (Biograph).

VESTA.—Harrish Ingraham was the brother in "A Thousand Dollars Short" (Pathé). Percy Winters was the husband in "Moths" (Lubin). No cast for "Life." And that reminds us that Life is the greatest conundrum of all—we all have to give it up.

MIDGET, DALLAS.—Alice Joyce and Harry Millarde in that Kalem. Tom Forman was His Excellency in "His Majesty" (Lubin). Louise Glaum and Jane Wolfe as Mildred and Sybil in "The Masquerader" (Kalem).

MARGARETTE, DORCHESTER.—Something is

wrong with your liver when you say that life is a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying and a great deal of lying. Gertrude Bambrick in that Biograph. You refer to Andy Clark.

VANCOUVERITTE.—Ethel Kelton was Florence in "Indian Fate" (Kalem). Mona Darkfeather was the Indian girl.

O. D., GREENVILLE.—The censors in Chicago are getting so particular that they will not allow a player to strike a match. Dolores Cassinelli and Jacques Jensen had the leads in "Too Late" (Selig). Ned Finley opposite Edith Storey in "The Cure" (Vitagraph). Wait until you see "The Christian," then you will see art and acting combined. Letter is interesting.

EUGENE E. J.—Sorry to receive such a letter. Kathlyn Williams and Thomas Santschi had the leading parts in that Selig. Your votes were received.

R. L. B.—Norma Talmadge's photograph appeared in March, 1913; June, 1913, and December, 1911. She has never been chatted. Yes, I have traveled on the Erie. The trains go so fast that the telegraph poles look like a fine-tooth comb.

MELVA.—Your letter was very interesting. So you have a desire to plant pumpkin seeds rather than to be an actress? You show good taste. Harry Springler was Tom Ashley in "The Hidden Clue" (Reliance). Fritz Brunette was Lady Margaret, and Glen White was Sir Arthur in "The Militants" (Imp). Harry Pollard was John Everett, and Margaret Fischer, Mary Wood in "Withering Roses."

LINCOLN C. P.—Ollie Harbuval was Alice in "At the Eleventh Hour" (Selig). Harriet Nottter in "An Equal Chance" (Selig). Miss Johnson was the daughter in "An Actor's Romance" (Selig). Alma Russell was the girl in "A Living Wage."

N. N., NIAGARA F.—Charles Kent, Anita Stewart and Julia S. Gordon in the picture you enclose.



Said Dick, "I always used to hate Astronomy; now I think it's great. For thru my telescope I see A star that sure looks good to me; Its radiance is so dazzling, that It makes my heart go pit-a-pat. And so I often gaze afar To see this Moving Picture Star."



DONALD L.—Thanks for the information. You say Brinsley Shaw is playing in Edgar Jones' company with Lubin. Charles Perley, Louise Vale, Isabella Rea, Mrs. Walters and Glen White are with Biograph. Frances Mason, Jack Hopkins and Howard Missimer are with Kismet Film Company.

ROQUA, OKLA.—Hal August was the brother in "Withered Hands" (Powers). Marion Cooper's picture in March and April, 1913. Your drawing of the three owls is good. You say they represent the Greenroom Jotter, the Photoplay Philosopher and the Answer Man. Thanks.

PAUL L.—Anna Nilsson in "Retribution" (Kalem). Charles West and Claire McDowell in "The Tender-hearted Crook" (Biograph). Bessie Eyton in "Hope" (Selig). Belle Bennett was the wife in "An Accidental Clue." Maurice Auverso was Charles in "High Treason" (Cines).

ANTHONY.—Your writing is improving. Haven't heard where Billies Mason and Bailey are. Yes, we will chat Crane Wilbur very soon.

M. A. H.—Thanks for the drawing on the envelope, also for the postals. They are very familiar.

F. A. R., WELLSVILLE.—Florence Lawrence is still with the Victor Company of New York. Robert Bolder was the lawyer in "The Girl and the Curtain" (Essanay). Ormi Hawley and Ada Charles in "The Two Roses" (Lubin). William Brunton in "A Million in Jewels." Frank De Vernon the son in "His Father's Choice."

EDITH AND EARLE.—If you think Kine-macolor is not a success for dramas, you must admit that their scenic is fine. Harry Myers is the physician in "The Pale of Prejudice" (Lubin). Edward Coxen had the lead in "The Dream-Child" (American). Thomas Chatterton in "The Primitive Call."

HAPPY FRANK.—Charlotte Burton and Edward Coxen in "Flirt and the Bandit" (American). Lionel Adams and Mabel Turner in "The Great Discovery" (Lubin). Mabel Normand in "Love and Dynamite."

MRS. J. LONDON.—That subtitle was wrong. A vocation is a business or calling; an avocation is a sort of sideshow that takes one away from one's calling.

PESKY CUPID.—Dolly Larkin in "His Excellency" (Lubin). Tom Forman opposite her. M. de la Parlelie was Cassius in "Into the Lion's Pit" (Powers). Glen White was Sir Arthur in "The Militants" (Imp). That is the first time I was ever called a sphinx.

GLADYS KING.—Richard Stanton and Clara Williams in "Divorce" (Kay-Bee). Mabel Van Buren in "Tony and Maloney" (Selig). Florence Lawrence was the wife in "The False Bride." Mildred Gordon the leading woman in "Helping Hand."

GRACE W.—Winnifred Greenwood was Marie in "The Trail of the Lost Chord" (American). Lionel Barrymore in "The Lady and the Mouse" (Biograph).

E. B., CONN.—Betty Burbridge was May Sawyer in "Turning the Tables" (Lubin). Charlotte Burton was the girl in "In the Days of Trajan" (American).

MARGARET L. J.—You should provide yourself with a pair of judgment scales. Don't discredit a player because he has a fault. You should weigh his merits and demerits. To denounce him because he has two faults when he has twenty virtues is folly.

EULA C.—Haven't that player's whereabouts as yet. As soon as he is located, I will announce it.

CANARSIE MERMAID.—Doris Mitchell was the woman in "Stone the Woman" (Essanay). All Vitagraph plays are censored. Margarita Fischer in "The Withered Roses" (Beauty).



"Gee! but this is a lonesome place. There aint no movies for five miles."

VIRGINIA.—Dont like William Worthington's hair combed in the center? I am sorry you had such an experience with your theater manager. Such things will happen. Kempton Greene in "What's in a Name?" (Lubin).

BETTY BELL.—Your letter is interesting. That was Eleanor Woodruff in that Pathé. Arthur Johnson is playing right along. He directs more than he plays.

F. A. K.—Maurice Willcox Stewart, of the "Five Stewarts," is now with Biograph. He formerly played with Viola Allen. Most players study their parts. Pauline Bush always studies her part and acts it many times before the final scene.

F. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Mr. Anderson

is a part owner of the Essanay Company. Essanay is phonetic. The Ess stands for Spoor, and the An for and, and the A for Anderson—S. & A. There are no signs of his going with Vitagraph. Nothing in the Pickford-Crane Wilbur matter. Your French is good enough for a graduate of the Swedish Hospital.

SUNSHINE.—No, to your first. You refer to Louise Orth. Hughie Mack and Josie Sadler in "The Honorable Algernon."

NELLIE C.—Anna Little is with Universal. Edward Coxen was with the Kalem Company before joining the American. Edwin August seems to be settled down at last, and now Irving Cummings comes along to take his place as the champion "strolling player."



"Never mind, Jumble, p'raps we kin go in t'morrow."

ETHEL S.—Dr. Charles Pabst, an eminent physician of Brooklyn, recently wrote to the Biograph Company complaining about the use of bichloride of mercury as a suicide poison, claiming that the mere mention of it tended to create a desire in others to take that poison. The doctor received a courteous letter, stating that they were very glad to coöperate with him in the matter, and the doctor is pleased to find that the film companies are always willing to help a good cause. Your request is granted.

PONTY, N. Z.—Roscoe Arbuckle was the umpire in "Speed Kings" (Keystone).

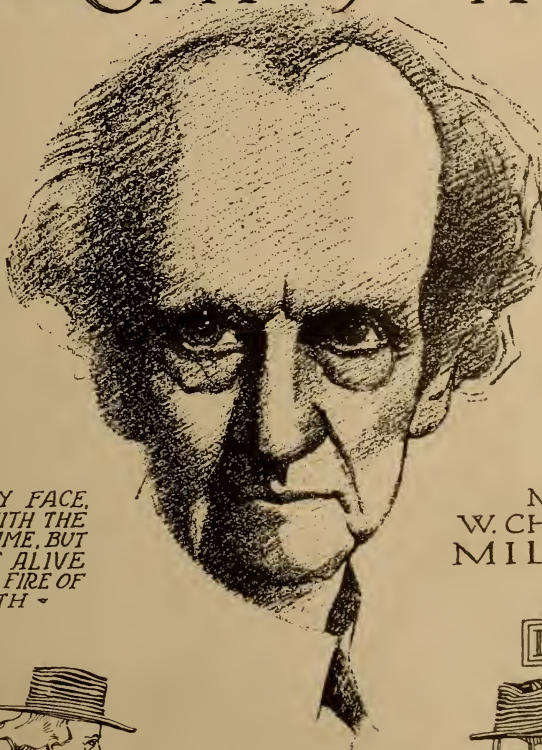
KITTY R.—I am getting too proud to be

called merely "The Answer Man." I think I ought to be called the EDITOR of the Inquiry Department. That Edison was taken in the studio. You say you would like to see Earle Williams and Marguerite Clayton together.

BILLY, JR.—So you think Arthur Johnson "grabs a girl and kisses her like he was going to tear shingles off of a house"? Louise Huff in Lubins. Nothing doing.

ANNA J.—Velma Whitman was the girl in "Her Father" (Lubin). Helen Holmes was the girl in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). Ruth Roland was the girl in "The California Snipe Hunt." Louise Vale was the wife in "The Dilemma."

A Dear Old Man of the Movies.

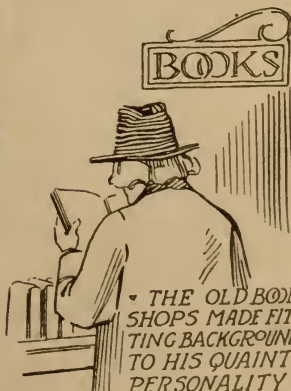


*A KINDLY FACE,
MARKED WITH THE
HAND OF TIME, BUT
WITH EYES ALIVE
WITH THE FIRE OF
YOUTH.*

MR.
W. CHRYSTIE
MILLER



MR. MILLER WAS
A FAMILIAR FIGURE
ON 14th STREET, THE
HOME OF THE OLD
STUDIO



THE OLD BOOK
SHOPS MADE FIT-
TING BACKGROUNDS
TO HIS QUIANT
PERSONALITY.

EDITH AND EARLE.—Eleanor Woodruff was the girl in "The Finger of Fate" (Pathé). Ruth Stonehouse was the girl in "The World Above" (Essanay). Ethel Clayton was Miss Dean in "The Catch of the Season" (Lubin). Hazel Buckham was Eileen in "Eileen of Erin" (Domino).

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—Mary Pickford had the lead in "Hearts Adrift" (Famous Players). Robert Ellis was Jack in "Perils of the White Lights" (Kalem). Gertrude Robinson was the girl in "The Wedding-Gown" (Biograph). Blanche Sweet and Gertrude Robinson in "The Sentimental Sister" (Biograph).

TUO R.—Tom Carrigan and Adrienne Kroell in "The Stolen Face" (Selig). Please don't ask if Miriam Nesbitt sings.

E. M. F.—Boyd Marshall and Muriel Ostriche in "His Imaginary Family" (Princess). Harry Pollard in "Fooling Uncle" (Beauty). Famous Players have a studio in Los Angeles.

Miss W. T.—What! Changed your affections from Kerrigan to Edwin August, have you? Your heart, like most women's, resembles the moon; it is ever changing, but there is always a man in it.

C. B. B., Ohio.—Charles Ray in "A Military Judas" (Broncho). Francelia Billington in that Majestic. Address Marguerite Courtot, care of Kalem Co.

B. E., Houston.—Harry Carey was the tramp in "The Mirror" (Biograph). Walter Miller was the husband in "The Mothering Heart" (Biograph). Peter Lang was the father in "A Hero Among

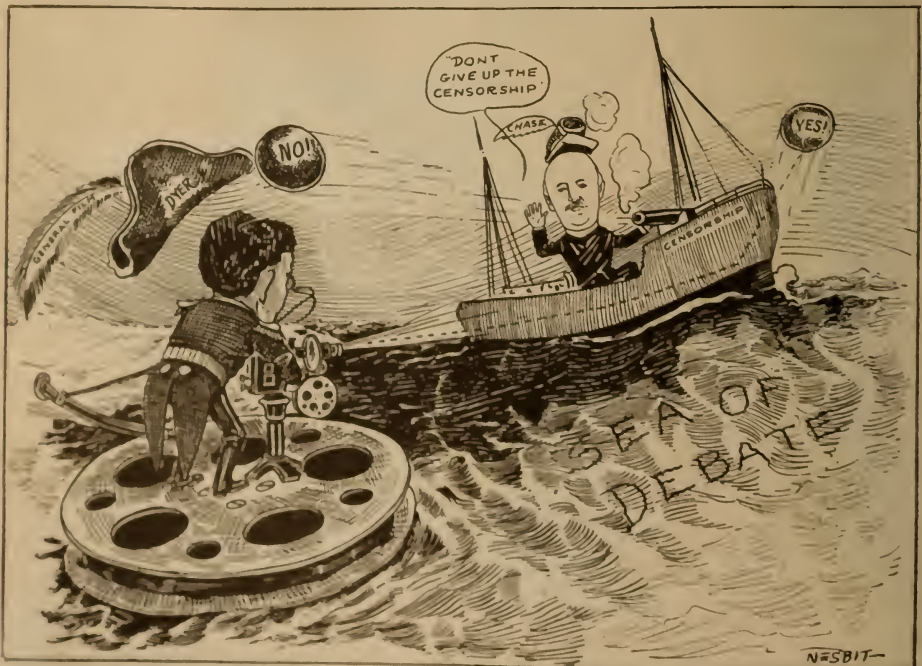
Men." That was Isabelle Lamon and Jack Standing in "The Depth of Hate."

KEWPIE, 18.—That's it; when we are first born, it is hard to teach us to talk; and when we grow up, it is hard to teach us to stop talking. Stella Razetto was the young girl, and Harold Lockwood the lad in "The Dangling Noose" (Selig). Seymour Hastings was the foreman, and Dollie Larkin the wife in "The Locked Door" (Lubin). Jack Standing was the millionaire in "The Millionaire's Ward" (Pathé). William Garwood was the husband, and Francelia Billington the wife in "The Toy" (Majestic). Peggy O'Neil was the girl in "The Man in the Hamper" (Lubin). Florence LaBadie had the lead in "A Peaceful Victory" (Thanhouser). Harry Millard was the real estate man in "The Hunchback" (Kalem).

Mrs. L. F.—Maude Fealy and James Cruze had the leads in "The Woman Pays" (Thanhouser). Ethel Cooke the stenographer in "What It Might Have Been."

Mrs. C.—The picture you enclose is of Earle Foxe. He is now with Mutual.

ERNEST P. M.—I decline to advise you about choosing a wife, except to say that you should choose one as you would choose a shoe—one that will wear well. Louise Vale and Glen White had the leads in "The Fallen Angel" (Biograph). Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "The Vagaries of Fate" (Lubin). Harriet Notter was the girl in "Bringing Up Hubby" (Selig). Bessie Eyton and Wheeler Oakman in "The Uphill Fight" (Selig).



ECHOES OF THE GREAT DEBATE ON CENSORSHIP

L. A., LOS ANGELES.—Phillips Smalley in "The Leper's Coat" (Rex). Ethel Grandin was the girl in "King, the Detective."

K. O. CONFUCIUS.—Irene Boyle and Robert Ellis in "A Modern Jekyll and Hyde" (Kalem). Victor Potel was Bill in "Hard-luck Bill" (Essanay). I did not see that Nestor. Perhaps Wallace Reid.

MARY ELLEN.—Muriel Ostriche was May, Jean Darnell was Grace, Billie Noels and Noland Gane the suitors in "The Farmer's Daughter" (Thanhouser). Sally Crute was Beth in "The Price of Human Lives" (Edison). Eugene Pallett was Jack, Francelia Billington was May, and Howard Davies was Bill in "The Bravest Man" (Majestic). Marguerite Snow and William Garwood in "Her Fireman."

PINKUMS.—Yes; Alice Joyce and Tom Moore in "The Unseen Terror" (Kalem). Irene Hunt was Ruthy Jacobs in "The Faith of Her Fathers" (Reliance). There are two Huff girls with Lubin. Dorothy Davenport was Kathleen in "The Heart of Kathleen" (Domino).

FLORENCE M.—Francis Ford was the outlaw in "A Wartime Reformation" (Gold Seal). Joe King had the lead in "The House of Bondage" (Universal). Harry Myers in "A Question of Right."

SIMPLE ELINOR.—There is no way of locating that player until you know the exact title of the play and the company who produced it.

ANTONIO Z.—Tom Moore was the lead in "The New Minister" (Kalem). Harold

Lockwood was the lieutenant in "The Fighting Lieutenant" (Selig). Charles Arling in "The Frozen Trail" (Pathé). Ethel Clayton and Harry Myers in "The Catch of the Season" (Lubin). Arthur Smith was the bank cashier in "Out of the Depths" (Lubin). Tom Carrigan was the son in "A Modern Vendetta" (Selig).

MARION H.—Gaston Bell was Jefferson Ryder in "The Lion and the Mouse" (Lubin). I do not think that "The Lion and the Mouse" is anywhere near the best that Lubin has done. I agree with you that Ethel Clayton is a charming player, but I do not think she was happily cast in that piece. Jack Standing in "The Winning Hand" (Pathé).

RIGOLETTO.—Ormi Hawley was Edith in "The Two Roses" (Lubin). Marshall Neilan and Gertrude Robinson in "The Wedding-Gown." That was Richard Morris in "The Two Roses" (Lubin). Thomas Santschi in the Selig pictures. Get back numbers direct from our Circulation Department.

LOTTIE D. T.—The word Dago is a corruption of Diego (James), San Diego being the patron saint of the Spanish. It was first applied to the Spanish, and now to the Italians. Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "Before the Last Leaves Fall" (Lubin). Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen in "The Return of Helen Redmond" (American). You think Lillian Walker's dimples are fading away? Nonsense, they're growing deeper every day.



"Whoopee! maw, here's where Movin' Pitchers come from."

CUPID, No. 2.—The Great Artist Contest was started in the February issue. Jack Richardson is still with American.

RUTH C. M.—Dorothy Gish was the daughter in "The House of Discord" (Biograph). Yes, just send in the 15 cents. Henry Walthall was chatted in April, 1914.

W. T. H.—If I had it "W. H. T.," I confused you with my friend Taft. Your letter was a relief; I thought you were dead. Kenneth Casey is in vaudeville in England, and his mate, Adele De Garde, is not playing much with Vitagraph. Perhaps they both should be in school. Thanks for your "Answer Man. Answer Man, you dear, lovely soul, why wont you tell us your name? You know you're our idol, our much-beloved one, and should enjoy a world-wide fame."

BEULAH F.—Yes; Warren J. Kerrigan is from Louisville, Ky. Cant answer the personal questions you ask.

PAUL I. C.—Anita Stewart was Agnes in "Agnes," which was changed to "A Million Bid" (Vitagraph). Ormi Hawley was the mother in "Madeline's Christmas" (Lubin). Home is the place where we are treated best, but where we grumble most.

HELEN S.—Wallace Reid was Dr. Cooper in "The Spirit of a Flag" (Bison). Fannella Billington was Mollie in "Mollie and the Oil King."

F. W.—Frances Ne Moyer was the leading lady in "A Whining Mistake." No, he was not a native. You refer to Charles Chary. Goldie Colwell was Pundita in "Adventures of Kathlyn" (Selig). No; Mrs. Fiske did not play in "The Bishop's Carriage" (Famous Players). She only played in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

MARGARET M.—Victor produced "The Restless Spirit." Warren Kerrigan was the husband. Frances Ne Moyer and Mae Hotely in "His Slideshow Sweetheart" (Lubin). Thomas Chatterton was the minister in "The Open Door" (Broncho). Darney Sherry and Robyn Adair in "A Military Indus." Robert Ellis was Jack in "Perils of the White Lights."

EVELYN, 20.—Edith Storey was Marie

in "The Strength of Men" (Vitagraph). Maata Horomona was Hinemoa in that play. Grace Cunard was Grace in "The She-wolf" (Bison). Gertrude Bambrick in "Near to Earth" (Biograph). Anita Stewart in the Vitagraph. Jane Fearnley was Cora in "In a Woman's Power" (Imp). She is now with Vitagraph. Nellie Navaree was Nellie in "A Race for an Inheritance" (Gaumont). Paul Panzer and Isabelle Rae in "The Prodigal Brother" (Pathé). Your letter is interesting. You had better remain a ranch-girl than to come to the city.

LOTTIE D. T.—Francis Newburg and Adele Lane were the leads in "The Cypher Message" (Selig). James Lackaye and Florence Radinoff in "The Suit at Ten" (Vitagraph). Usually on the 20th of the month.

FERN D. KALAMAZOO.—Rose Tapley was the widow in "His Tired Uncle" (Vitagraph). Marshall Neilan in that Rex. William Taylor and Bertie Pitcairn were the fellows in "Master of the Mine" (Vita). That Vitagraph was taken in North Carolina. Billie Rhodes and Paul Hurst in "The Cave Man's War" (Kalem).

SMUDY, NEWARK.—I never make after-dinner speeches. At that time I am always too full for utterance. I would surely faint away before a half-acre of shirt-fronts, and I could never collect my thoughts in an Arctic landscape. Norbert Myles and Ethel Phillips in "The

Electrician's Hazard" (Kalem). Elizabeth Burbridge was Molly in "Slim and the Indians." Edgar Jones was William Dow in "Treasures on Earth" (Lubin).

CORINNE D.—Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers in "The Moth" (Lubin). Barbara Tennant had the lead in "The First Nugget" (Eclair). Frederick Vroom had the lead in Majestic's "Man's Awakening." Marguerite Snow had the lead in "Peggy's Invitation." Winnifred Greenwood and Ed Copen in "The Miser's Policy" (American).

KATHARINE.—Your letter is very interesting. I have seen advertised plays by



"I wonder how I got in this magazine!
There is nothing for me to do here!"

the International Film Company, and I believe Sidney Olcott started a company by the same name.

ERNIE.—Ben Hendricks was Snake Sykes in "The Price Demanded" (Lubin). Earle Williams and Dorothy Kelly had the leads in "The Line-up" (Vitagraph).

RED, N. C. D.—Harry Beaumont was Beldon in "The Witness to the Will."

CLARA F. E.—Myrtle Stedman is with the Bosworth Films. Norma Phillips is the Mutual Girl, and Mayme Kelso is the aunt. I would be glad to have your opinion. So you want Birdie Charmeuse, Johnny Cannuck, Ellaye Phan, Johnnie, the First, and The Pest to come back? Yes, they have all deserted me.

GRACE K.—Your letter looks like a Chinese prescription for indigestion. The play was staged in California.

LAWRENCE LESTER.—Thanks for your clever lines. They are pasted in my choicest scrapbook. And now they are asking us to publish a little book entitled "Good Things by the Answer Man," containing "all of the wise and witty things that have appeared in this column," and it is under consideration.

BETTINA, 16.—Charlotte Burton was Eleen in "Unto the Weak" (American). Irene Hunt was Ruth in "The Faith of Her Fathers" (Reliance).

EDNA K., TACOMA.—Walter Miller, at this writing, has not located. Yes, it is the same Moreno. I must keep my word—when no one will take it.

STELLA C.—Harry Myers had the lead in "His Best Friend" (Lubin). Yes; Pearl White is back with Pathé. Yea, verily, crook dramas and sex plays are getting altogether too plentiful. What's the matter with the world?

HELEN B.—Will send your letter to Mr. Kerrigan.

VICTOR A. G. R.—First of all you should read all of Dickens. It is almost as important as history. To be familiar with his novels and his characters is as necessary to a well-educated person as it is to be familiar with the Bible.

MISS D., NEWBURGH.—I really don't know what Walter Miller eats, but no doubt he is quite particular. Isabelle Rae was the wife in "A Bunch of Flowers" (Biograph). So you think that Ben Wilson and Earle Williams are the only two who know how to wear an overcoat? Clarence Elmer was the son in "Match-making Dads" (Lubin). That is the same reverend. Earle Metcalf was the doctor in "Price of a Ruby" (Lubin).

That Vitagraph was taken in the studio. Thanks for the bill.

S. WEMYSS S.—Pray don't state that we advocate capital punishment merely because we published that story. We can't control the themes of the manufacturers, nor can we always select the stories we want. Do you expect me to express an opinion on capital punishment in ten words? Those who know most about Washington don't class him with the really great men of history. When you ask me to state why Kerrigan is more popular than Baggot, I pass.

DOROTHY R.—Ella Hall was the princess in "A Modern Fairy Tale" (Rex). Yes, that is Wallace Reid with a moustache.

E. H. S., SANSALITO.—Thanks for the genuine shamrock. Helen Marten, of the Eclair Company, is considered one of the beauties of the screen.

HELEN L. R.—Carlotta Doti was the daughter-in-law in "The Third Degree" (Lubin). Helen Lynn was the wife in "Victims of Vanity"

(Pathé). Darwin Karr was the country sweetheart in "Betty in the Lion's Den" (Vitagraph). Augusta Bolle was the girl in "Abide with Me." I do my dreaming in a twin bed, but it has no mate.

ESTHER S., BELVIDERE.—Haven't heard where Billy Mason is. Earle Foxe is with the Reliance. Betty Gray in "The Bartered Crown" (Biograph). Henry King was with Pathé last.

J. McB.—Jack Conway was with Kalem last. Clara Goodstadt and Charles Hundt had the leads in "Roses" (Eclair).



THE PATH OF THE PHOTOPLAYER IS NOT ALWAYS STREWN WITH ROSES



"Look, Jimmie, the man's takin' Movin' Picters of us."

MR. HENDERSON.—Vitagraph puts out about 3,000,000 feet of film weekly, viz.: about ten reels a week of 1,000 feet each, sixty copies for U. S. and Canada, and 250 copies for foreign countries. When I said that marriage was not a failure in most cases, I did not refer to divorce cases.

E. M. PIERRE.—Sorry, but Powers wont tell who the friend was in "The Folly of It All." They wont even answer our letters. Yes; Lois Weber is Mrs. Smalley. Nestor produce in California, also Rex, but the latter and Powers and Imp have New York City studios.

CARRIE F., PHILA.—I understand that the weight of the earth is forty-six hundred and forty-three trillions of tons, and that it moves at the rate of eleven hundred miles a minute, but I wont swear to these figures. Marion Leonard is producing her own plays. Nope; John Bunny is not dead. You are wrong about the Pacific Ocean—look it up in your geography.

CHESTER W., CLEVELAND.—Essanay is the only company E. H. Calvert has played with. You wonder why Ben Wilson is starred more than is Augustus Phillips by Edison, when, on the speaking stage in the same company, the latter played leads, while the former had only minor parts? Dont you know that the bestest of actors do not succeed well in photoplay sometimes? They often do not photograph well. But I was under the impression that Phillips is starred quite

as much as is Wilson; if not he deserves to be.

MURL S.—Your letter is very interesting. Adien signifies "To God I commend you." Good-by is a contraction of "Good be with you." Farewell means "Be happy" or, literally, "May your journey well."

E. F. H.—Harry Carey was Guiseppe in "The Well" (Biograph). Florence LaBadie was the leading lady in "Her Gallant Knight" (Thanhouser). Charles Brandt was Tommy's father in "The School Principal" (Lubin). Riley Chamberlin, William Russell and William Garwood were the three suitors in "Some Fools There Were" (Thanhouser). William Garwood is now with American. John Steppling, formerly of Biograph, Essanay and Nestor, is now with American.

TALGARTH, CLEVELAND.—I can give you no part of the desired information: sorry.

HORTENSE D., NEW YORK.—Jean did not belong to Florence Turner, but to Larry Trimble, who belongs now with Florence Turner's company. Augustus Carney is now Universal Ike.

Because we didn't get the promised picture of Orni Hawley, as agreed. Nothing doing on the relationship questions. Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers in "His Wife" (Lubin). Harry Benham and Maude Fealy in "Frou Frou" (Thanhouser). It seems that the American News Company issued printed slips to newsdealers, stating that *Motion Picture* was discontinued, but it referred to a small publication in California. William Russell and Louise Vale in "The Dilemma." Brinsley Shaw with Lubin. Louise Vale in "The Fallen Angel." Margarita Fischer with American. Beauty brand. Yes.

ALAN M. S., NEWARK.—Thanks for your photograph. Send stamped, addressed envelope, and we will send you a list of manufacturers. Dont know where you can get a complete list of players.

QUEENIE.—Tom Carrigan was the son. Alma Russell his wife. Adrienne Kroell the mother, and Clifford Bruce the father in "A Modern Vendetta" (Selig). Vivian Prescott and Charles De Forrest are now playing leads in Crystal. Yes; Charles Murray is now with Keystone.

LOTTIE D. T.—Augustus Phillips and Gertrude McCoy in "All for His Sake" (Edison). Iva Shepard was the wife in "The Hand That Rules the World" (Powers). O. C. Lund and Barbara Tennant in "The Devil Fox of the North." Many think that Miss Tennant resembles Miss Joyce. Ed Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood in "Fate's Round-up."

EVELYN W.—Adrienne Kroell in "A Modern Vendetta" (Selig). Letter is fine.

GERALD L. K., HURON.—I cannot advise you to adopt literature for a profession. While a few of our great writers have prospered, such as Scott, Washington Irving, Mark Twain, Cooper, Macaulay, Dickens, Dumas, Reade, Disraeli, Ruskin, Bulwer, Hugo, Mrs. Stowe, Emerson, Longfellow, Byron, Froude and John Stuart Mill, the large majority have lived and died in poverty. Yet there is a compensation in writing, aside from the gratification it gives. That which is written lives. Who was England's prime minister when Oliver Goldsmith was starving in a garret? Who was President when Poe was a poor, despised poet? Who were the great political leaders and statesmen who drove Dante out of Italy? Who was king when Chaucer was founding English literature? Who built the pyramids—that marvelous engineering feat? Yet the smallest poet of that time is found in every library. Writers are immortal, but that does not buy bread.

MARIE, of CHICAGO.—Ethel Davis was Ethel in "The Stolen Identity" (Powers).

G. R., BROOKLYN.—The only thing to do is to get a sample scenario and put your idea in proper form before submitting it.

HURON, OHIO.—Dont know how far Robert Drouet jumped into the water in "The Battle of Shiloh" (Lubin), but it was a championship jump. You mustn't think when two players have the same last name that they are married or related. Claire McDowell was Olga, and Harry Carey was Ivan in "Her Hand" (Biograph).

J. B. D.—You can give a female player only 15 votes and a male player 15 votes on one coupon, but not 30 votes to any one player in the Great Artist Contest. Owen Moore is with Mutual (Reliance).

GLORIA.—Earle Foxe opposite Florence Lawrence in "The Girl of the Woods" (Victor).

W. T. II., CHIC.—So you would lop off one of the Cæsars and add the Answer Man to the list of world's great men? Quite right. None of the Cæsars could hold down my job on \$7 a week. How old is Answer Man? Why, going on 73. The big, new, elegant Strand Theater opened April 11. It is much better to walk a block than to walk a plank. Write oftener—I like you much.

JESSE J. S.—Lillian Gish had the lead in "During the Round-up." There is no limit to the number of questions you may ask, but, for the love of me, be reasonable. Jessie Stevens was Miss Brown in "Love's Young Dream" (Edison). I'm not the author of "The happiest life that ever was led is always to court and

never to wed." I believe just the contrary. No, not divorce court.

ESTA, 20.—Mercy on me!—you want to see John Bunny play Romeo? And why not Roscoe Arbuckle as Hamlet? Thanks for the generous fee. Did you know that the quarter you sent me contains 13 stars, 13 letters in the scroll, 13 feathers in the tail of the eagle, 13 parallel lines on the shield, 13 horizontal stripes, 13 arrowheads and 13 letters in the word "Quarter Dollar," yet I haven't had a bit of hard luck and am willing to take more chances.

WOOF-NUFF.—Your letter was long and interesting. So you really saw and liked Crane Wilbur? He called here the other day. *Veni, vidi, vici.* Write again.

JOYCE-MOORE.—Octavia Handworth is not with Pathé, and Pearl White appears to be their leading lady. Yes, to your Alice Joyce question. Jacksonville.

ANGELO.—You forgot to sign your last name. She is a year older now. Too many death-scenes? Yes, but death is the surest thing you know and the surest thing you dont know.

C. M. Q., NEW HOLLAND.—When there is an important or expensive scene being taken, they sometimes have two or more cameras at work, and they sometimes take two or three views of the same scene, with the same camera, in case one is spoiled. They pick out the best of these and make up one reel only, which is the original. From this original they make numerous copies, positives, for exhibitors.



WILL SHE SURVIVE THE ATTACK?

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—Rose Evans was the mother in "Cupid's Caprice" (Selig). Yes; Tom Carrigan is on the stage with his wife. Your letter is very interesting. Watch out for the diary of Crane Wilbur.

U. I. S., NATCHEZ.—Gwendoline Pates is with Selig now. You refer to Gertrude Robinson in that Biograph. Thanks.

CHARLOTTE H.—Remember that beauty is the first present Nature gives to a woman, and the first it takes away. Doc Travers is with the Essanay Company, at Chicago. Bernard Siegel was Dr. Bernstein in "The Third Degree" (Lubin).

R. S. R.—Florence LaBadie was the girl in "The Lie That Failed" (Thanhouser). Mary Powers was the little girl in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin). Edna Mae Wilson in "A Turn of the Cards" (Majestic). Ella Hall the granddaughter in "The Jew's Christmas" (Rex). Florence LaBadie, beauty in "Sea Shell."

TERESA S.—Walter Smith was John in "Out of the Depths" (Lubin). Edgar Jones was the son in "Treasures on Earth" (Lubin). Louise Huff was the girl opposite him. Lionel Adams was the gangster in "The Gangster's Sacrifice" (Lubin). Francis Bushman is in Chicago.

CHAS. W. S., NORFOLK.—Your letter is much appreciated. We dont usually give ages, but Mary Pickford is now about twenty. William Morris was Mrs. MacMiche in "The Good Little Devil."

MAISIE.—Sorry, but I cannot tell the name of the play by your description. No, the Clearing House will typewrite your scenario for you. It is usually the fault of the operator because he does not allow the cast to remain long enough to be read.

ANNA F. D.—You refer to Edgar Jones. Carol Holloway was Mrs. Hunt in "Above the Law" (Lubin). Pearl White is with

Pathé, and Blanche Sweet with Mutual. Those classic lines, "And he had no hair on the top of his head, the place where the wool ought to grow," were not writ in my honor. Hair wont thrive on brains.

NORMA H. D., DEL.—Louise Huff had the lead in "The Reward" (Lubin). You refer to the Biograph blonde, Louise Orth. Address Pearl White in care of Pathé now. We dont keep all Frontier casts. Your letter is interesting.

OLGA, 18.—It costs me more time to abridge these pages than to write them. It is very hard to say what you want to say in few words, and in words that sink in. I want these pages to be more luminous than voluminous. Come soon. George Cooper has left Vitagraph.

MURE S.—You ask if lawyers go to heaven? I know of one who did. He applied to St. Peter for admittance and, on being refused, threw his hat inside the gate. The kind-hearted saint permitted him to step in to get it, and the shrewd lawyer took advantage of the former's fixture as doorkeeper by refusing to come out. Yes, to your second. Edwin August has left Universal to form own company.

E. H., NEW ZEALAND.—Thanks very much for the clippings. Jenny Lee was the mother in "Her Mother's Oath" (Biograph). She was wonderful in that play. Haven't heard anything about the American scandal. Thanks.

LAWRENCE L.—Yes, I will pass your verses on to the proper department. Elsie Greeson is now with Majestic. Glad you are to be married. What is home without a nother?

BIG BEN.—Please dont ask who the man with the moustache was sitting at the banquet table—give me more information about the play. No pictures are taken at the Edison plant in New Jersey.



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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

When answering advertisements kindly mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

IRENE D.—William Russell was Francis Levison in "East Lynne" (Thanhouser). Marguerite Snow's picture in March, 1914.

CLARA K.—Ella Hall in "The Jew's Christmas" (Rex). Edwin August played both parts in "Stolen Identity" (Powers). Your poem is good, and it will, no doubt, be published.

ELFRIEDA.—Leona Hutton was Myrtle in "The Buried Past" (Kay-Bee). Emerson Downs was the lover in "The Spell" (Powers). Mrs. Hunt was the lead in "A Military Judas" (Domino). George Gebhardt was the young man in "The Price of Jealousy" (Pathé). When in doubt tell the truth. Jackie Kirtley was the girl in "Making a Living" (Keystone).

JANE F.—You refer to Kathryn Williams. Myrtle Stedman is now with Hobart Bosworth Company. Interesting letter.

NORA C.—Ray McKee was Jim in "Her Sideshow Sweetheart" (Lubin). Ethel Kelton was Florence in "The Indian Fate" (Kalem). Buttermilk is my favorite beverage when cider is not good. Yes; Hazel Buckham played for Broncho.

M. A. D.—So you liked Little Mary in "Hearts Adrift," but you did not like his first wife? An excellent play. Am I married? Zounds! and all that sort of thing. Kindly stick to your own particular line of business. Norma Talmadge's chat soon.

LOTTIE D. T.—Sydney Ayres and Vivian Rich in "Trapped in a Forest Fire" (American). Francelia Billington and Lamar Johnstone in "The Baby" (Majestic). Marcia Moore and Ray Taidlau in "Her Legacy" (Kay-Bee). Stephen Purdee and Anna Nilsson in "A Shot in the Night" (Kalem). Ray McKee in "A College Cupid" (Lubin). Claire McDowell and James Cooley in "Beyond All Law" (Biograph). Bless your heart, no. Good-

ness gracious (Vitagraph), but you are long-winded, also short-sighted.

IMOGENE.—Jere Austin was the villain in "The Chest of Fortune." Harry Millarde was the brother in "The Handprint Mystery" (Kalem). James Ross was Marguerite Courtot's father. Isabelle Rae was the wife in that Biograph. Yes; John Ince. Ralph Ince with Vitagraph.

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—Rosemary Theby was Anna in "His Wife" (Lubin). Wheeler Oakman and Bessie Eyton were Reginald and Madge in "A Tragedy of Ambition" (Selig). Belle Adair and Clara Horton in "Coming Home" (Eclair). Frank Newburg and Harriet Notter in "A Message from Home" (Selig). Thanks.

ELLIE EILEEN.—Jessalyn Van Trump in "A Turn of the Cards" (Majestic). Not Wallace Reid, but William Garwood. Your letter is a trifle long—your terminal facilities need overhauling.

LOUISE B.—Louise Orth in that Biograph. Florence Hackett and Lottie Briscoe in "The Parasite." Ruth Hennessy was Celia in "Cupid and Three."

KERRIGAN FIEND.—Are you serious when you ask what is the length of time from the creation to the birth of Christ? Well, Sir William Thompson says that it is one hundred million years, and the writers on sacred chronology say from 3,483 to 5,872 years—take your choice. George Cooper and Margaret Gibson had the leads in "The Old Oak's Secret" (Vitagraph). Rita Bori was the mischief-maker.

GLORIA.—Alice Hollister was the daughter in "The Shadow" (Kalem). Rosa Koch was the young sister in "When Pierrot Met Pierrette" (Eclair). Cant tell you yet whether I shall lend my rooting abilities to the Brooklyn Nationals or to the Feds. No more Komic films.



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TAKING THE LOAD FROM HIS BACK

MISS E. HAMMOND.—I believe Mary Ryan is playing on the stage now.

CHARLOTTE G.—Ray Gallagher was Joe in "In Mysterious Ways" (Lubin). David Wall in that play. House Peters was leading man in "The Pride of Jennico."

JANICE MEREDITH.—He probably meant London when he referred to perpetual twilight, for in June and July the twilight there lasts till morning, when twilight begins. Haven't heard where Mr. Hull is. Edward Dillon with Majestic.

BEATRICE D.—Unquestionably, Edith Storey's best work was done in "The Christian." In that play she depicted every kind and shade of emotion. It was her great opportunity, and she made full use of it. J. W. Johnston has left Eclair.

LORETTA, 15.—Leo Delaney opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Blue Rose" (Vitagraph). Their pictures appear on the May cover. Keystone release three reels a week. Hazel Buckham in "The House Across the Street" (Rex). Marion Emmons was Tommy in "The Measure of a Man" (Lubin). Guy Oliver was Nat, and Joe King was Jim in "Reconciled by Blood" (Selig). Lionel Adams and Fannie Cossar in "The Love of Beauty."

MINNIE C.—I enjoy this work because I have reason to believe that others enjoy it. Lester Cunco was Jack, Myrtle Stedman was his sister, and William Duncan the reporter in "By Unseen Hand." Harry Myers in "A Deal in Oil" (Lubin). Mary Ryan was the girl in "The Rattlesnake" (Lubin). Lillian Drew was Alice in "The Other Girl" (Essanay). Harrish Ingraham had the lead in "The Smugglers."

THOMAS A. B.—Dorothy Kelley, William Humphrey and S. Rankin Drew in

"The Drudge" (Vitagraph). Frankie Mann was the girl in "The Double Chase" (Lubin). Adelaide Lawrence was the child in that Kalem. Marguerite Risser in "Gypsy Love" (Pathé). Mr. Anderson's first name is Gilbert.

MOLLY M., CAL.—Marcia Moore was the girl in "A Highland Romance" (Broncho). Richard Stanton in "The Heart of Kathleen" (Domino). Write direct to Gene Gauntier, and no doubt she will send you one of her photographs.

B. B. WELLINGTON.—Please don't ask me to tell you how many Motion Picture manufacturers there are in America. There is a new concern springing up every day. Romaine Fielding played the lover in "When Mountain and Valley Meet."

RETTA, BROOKLYN.—So you go to the photostudio when your teacher wants you to do fancy work. I guess you don't do fancy work because you don't fancy work. Yes, that's the same William Clifford, of Bison, Méliès and Broncho. Eddie Lyons is still with Nestor.

TOM W.—Thanks very much for the clippings; they are interesting. You ought to see Henry Walthall and Blanche Sweet in "Judith"; they are very fine, and it is a beautiful play.

HERMAN.—Whatcha mean by calling me an old fossil? This department is to give information to those who ask if—not for calling me names. I am a baseball fan, but not to the extent of throwing bottles at the umpire. Earle Williams, I think.



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Extract from THE LONDON KINEMATOGRAPH AND LANTERN WEEKLY

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The Grand Central Palace is an ideal place for such an event, which is of a mammoth size, and while the exhibits call for a building of such capacity it is pleasing to see that there is ample room for all to view things without being unduly incommoded. As a matter of fact there are between sixty and seventy representative firms in the country that are taking space at the Exposition.

We know as men to whom initiative and enterprise are the mainspring, as it were, to our existence has shown that to confine ourselves voluntarily to a narrow groove we shall inevitably be saddled with a legacy of failure. We have got to reach out and perfect by the experience and brains of others, as well as merely applying the knowledge we may ourselves have acquired, and using the brains with which we have been endowed. That is what this Exposition and Convention enables us to do. It is a circumstance which provides us with opportunities, and the penalty will be on our own heads if we neglect such opportunities.

EXHIBITORS AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN THE INDUSTRY ARE BEING ATTRACTED FROM ALL PARTS, AND MANY IN THE OLD COUNTRY WILL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CUSTOMARY SUMMER QUIETNESS TO SPEND A BRIEF AND PROFITABLE HOLIDAY IN NEW YORK.

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June 8th to 13th

Office of the Committee

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PHONE No. 344 MURRAY HILL

When answering advertisements kindly mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

MURL S.—So you have joined the little army of admirers of Warren Kerrigan's figure in "Samson." His shape seems to be more admired than his acting, altho that play did not give him many opportunities for fine acting. Lillian Gish was the girl in "A Woman in the Ultimate." Elmer Booth was the husband in "An Unjust Suspicion" (Biograph).

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—Barbara Tennant had the lead in "The Devil Fox of the North" (Eclair). Yes, she was fine in that. We have slides in thousands of theaters in the United States, and some of the Canadian exhibitors show them.



IN MEXICO

First Soldier.—In that last battle we got orders to hurry up and get thru fighting.

Second Soldier.—Yes, the Moving Picture film gave out.

EMMA N.—When I said persistency means success, I did not refer to success in learning my identity. Richard Travis with Essanay. Edna Luby and Lionel Adams in "Shadows" (Lubin). Chat with Mona Darkfeather in the April issue.

HOUSTON INQUISITIVE.—I am sorry, but we did not keep your letter on file. We have to hire a van to take the letters away after they are answered. We will interview Alice Joyce soon again.

IDA M. W., NEW ZEALAND.—George Gebhardt was the lead in "The Wooing of White Fawn" (Pathé). Thomas Santschi opposite Bessie Eyton in "Sally in Our Alley" (Selig). Mme. Massart and M. Magnier in "A Thief of Hearts" (Pathé). The others are unknown. You refer to Gertrude Robinson in "The Wedding-Gown" (Biograph). Yes; Francis Bushman in "Thru the Storm" (Essanay).

You refer to Hal August in the magazine. Joseph Baker in "The Intruder."

E. M. F.—Your letter is long and interesting. No, I answer very few personal letters. I have very little time to answer, altho I like to receive letters.

POLLY WADDLE.—Mary Charleson was the girl in "The Warmakers" (Vita-graph). Romaine Fielding was the harmless one in "The Harmless One" (Lubin). Gladys Brockwell was leading woman. J. W. Johnston was Rob Roy in "Rob Roy" (Eclair). William Garwood and Jean Darnell in "Conductor 663."

PAUL L. S.—And now you call me a "rare old bird." Guess that's a compliment. That was Brinsley Shaw in that Lubin, formerly of Essanay.

MURL S.—Your letter is very interesting. Dwight Mead is now playing in Seattle, in a stock company.

MITCH.—John Smiley and Justina Huff had the leads in "The Engineer's Revenge" (Lubin). Edwin Carewe and Edna Payne in "The Mexican Spy" (Lubin). Joe King and Stella Razzetto had the leads in "A Splendid Sacrifice" (Selig). Isabelle Rae and Walter Miller in "A Bunch of Flowers" (Biograph). Edwin Carewe is no longer with Lubin.

VYRGYNYA.—I am sorry that Warren Kerrigan causes your "heart to assume all kinds of shapes," but I hope it stays in the right place. Your brilliancy is blinding, your wit inexhaustible; I envy you.

FATTY WELLINGTON.—You can get the colored portraits from our American office if you subscribe direct. You refer to Harry Carey as the crook in "The Tender-hearted Crook" (Biograph). Yes, you have to have the idea first, and then I would suggest getting a sample scenario for style. Carey Hastings was the wife in "The Old Folks at Home" (Thanhouser). Your letter is interesting.

MARY P.—Mary Pickford was the lead in "Hearts Adrift" (Famous Players). Rhea Mitchell and Thomas Chatterton had the leads in "A Barrier Royal."

G. J. TEMPLE.—Kempton Greene was the lad in "The Cry of the Blood" (Lubin). Cleo Madison was Warren Kerrigan's last leading lady, altho several others take turns leading him. Your verses about "Little Mary" have been handed to Gladys Hall, editor of the Popular Players Department.

Mrs. G. A. S.—Thanks for your suggestion, but there are reasons why it is not considered advisable to place the casts of characters at the head of each story.

A LONDONER.—Address all the players in care of the studio. Bessie Eyton was the dancer in "The Dancer's Redemption."

J. E. L.—We have used very few of Broncho Billy's stories in our magazine, but we have one this month. I guess that the best known man in the world is John Bunny. But it does not follow that he is the most popular.

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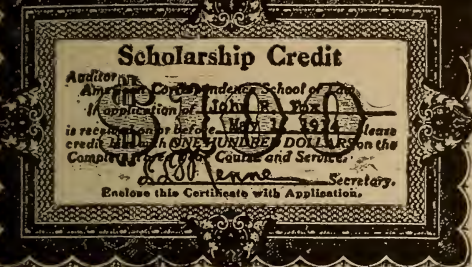
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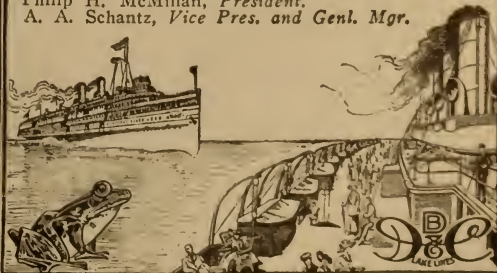
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OLGA, 18.—I think I know why our chats are so popular. You all like to learn that the players are but human beings, and you like to know how and where they live. As Lamb says, "It is with some violence to the imagination that we conceive of an actor belonging to the relations of private life, so closely do we identify these persons in our mind with the characters which they assume upon the stage." Yes; Crane Wilbur was asking for you.

JACK, DECAVOIS.—May Abbey was the mother in "Phantom Signal" (Edison). Thomas Forman was Corporal Phillips in "A Romance of the Northwest" (Lubin). Dollie Larkin was the girl. William Duncan and Grace Tregarthen were the brother and sister in "The Little Sister" (Selig). Louise Glaum was the girl in "Universal Ike Gets a Goat" (Universal). Louise Vale was Madge in "The Dilemma." Irving Cummings now with Thanhouser.

B. B. C., EVERGREEN.—Edgar Jones and Brinsley Shaw were Dixon and Reyó in "In the Gambler's Web" (Lubin).

PEGGY, 20.—The picture you enclose is of Walter Miller, and not Tom Moore. The Vitagraph dog's name is "Shep."

Mrs. J. H. M.—Yes, I saw "Out of the Depths," and I agree with you about the "silly girl." She was a fine character. Yes, I also saw "The Reformers" (Biograph). That was also a fine play. Your letters are always interesting.

V. L. K.—Francelia Billington was the princess in "The Heart of a Fool" (Majestic). Marguerite Courtot was Ethel in "The Riddle of the Tin Soldier" (Kalem). Lillian Christy and Edward Coxen in "Courage of Sorts" (American). Earle Metcalf, and not Romaine Fielding, in "A Momentous Decision" (Lubin). Harry Myers had the lead. Dan Mason was the comedian in "The Comedian's Downfall."

LAURENCE THE FOOL.—No doubt that picture was just a flash of Lloyd George. Gabrielle Robinne was Jeanne in "The Constancy of Jeanne" (Pathé). Vedah Bertram has been dead about two years, and she died from appendicitis.

Mrs. V. R. V.—Blanche Sweet had the lead in "The Coming of Angelo" (Biograph). Forks were not introduced into England until the sixteenth century, so that director made a mistake.

SHIRLEY A.—Francis Bushman was Frank in "The Other Girl" (Essanay). Glen White was Sir Arthur in "The Militants." Mary Pickford has a sister Lottie and a brother Jack.

SYDNEY GIRL.—James Cooley had the lead in "So Runs the Way" (Biograph). You think James Cruze has the finest eyes on the screen, but I suppose you refer only to those of the masculine gender. Don't forget Clara Young's.

CHAS. B. HENRYETTA.—The players you mention are acting every day same as usual, only you don't get the films they appear in. Komic films discontinued.

FRITZ, DUNEDIN.—Why don't you just write to the players and find out for yourself? Mae Marsh was the girl in "For the Son of the House" (Biograph). Charles West was one of the sons. Vitagraph release a film every day, two of them being two-reelers.

A. LUTH.—Elsie Greason was the girl in "Just a Song at Twilight" (Majestic). Edith Borella was Mrs. Fielding in "The Cricket on the Hearth" (American). Sydney Ayres was Edward, and Caroline Cook was Blind Bertha in "The Cricket on the Hearth." G. O. Ramey was the wife in "His Father's Home" (Biograph). Helen Holmes was Millie in "Explosive D."

CLARIBELLE.—You are all out of joint with things. Knock and the world knocks with you, but that's all the good it does. Can't you find something worthy of praise? Gwendoline Pates is now with Selig.

Mrs. C. J.—Edward Peil was Ernest in "Two Roses" (Lubin). If your husband smokes more than three cigars a day, he should not begrudge you a box at the photoplay theater once a week.

O. A. B., WALLA WALLA.—You just look on page 132 of the March 1912 issue, and you will see why the wheels sometimes seem to turn backward in a picture.



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SCENE FROM "MARTHA'S REBELLION" (EDISON). SEE PAGE 77

O. M. W., WELLINGTON.—Ethel Clayton was leading woman in "Partners in Crime" (Lubin). Julia Bruns was the new wife in "No Place for Father."

S. C. H., COLUMBIA.—Audrey Littlefield was Laura in "The Lonely Heart" (Selig). Robert Ellis was the country boy in "Perils of the White Lights" (Kalem). Harry Norton was the office-boy in "The Real Miss Loveleight" (Essanay). Ethel Cooke was Mrs. Benham in "A Leak in the Foreign Office" (Thanhouser). Ethel Davis was the girl in "Into the Lion's Pit" (Powers). Harry Beaumont was John in "An American King" (Edison).

DALPHINE, N. Y.—You say that it is a mistake for a player to leave the company in which he or she became popular, and you say that Florence Turner, Florence Lawrence, Gene Gauntier, Helen Gardner and others are examples. How about Fred Mace, Warren Kerrigan, and others?

F. F. AND G. B.—Mildred Manning was the girl in "Concentration" (Biograph). James Morrison is playing for Vitagraph. Tom Powers was lecturing in England last. Clara Williams with Kay-Bee.

HELEN VESTA.—Mildred Hutchinson was the daughter in "The President's Pardon" (Pathé). Rene Alexandre was Robert. Mlle. Olist his wife, and Mme. Robinne was Gabrielle in "God's Warning."

DOROTHY S. B.—Lillian Wade was the little girl in "Love Before Ten" (Selig). Marie Weirman was the blind girl in "The Guiding Light" (Lubin). Vivian Rich was the girl in "The Scapegoat" (American). They usually use a dummy when the fall is very deep.

E. B. FRZ.—Helen Holmes and William Brunton had the leads in "Delayed Special" (Kalem). They both played in "Million in Jewels" (Kalem). Rosemary Theby in "A Question of Right" (Lubin).

WILLIAM J. H.—Who was the greatest actor who ever lived? Bless your heart, I don't know. Some think one, and some another. But Coleridge says of Kean, "To see Kean was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning." Then there was Garrick, the friend of Dr. Johnson, and many modern actors, like the Booths, who attained great respect, but there is no telling who was the best.

OLGA ADMIRER.—Isabelle Lamon and Richard Travers had the leads in "Thru

Many Trials" (Lubin). Ruth Stonehouse and Bryant Washburn in "Chains" (Essanay). Vera McCord was opposite Anderson in "Broncho Billy's Mistake" (Essanay). Lionel Adams in "The Love of Beauty" (Lubin).

WILBUR, N. Y.—Frances Ne Moyer and Ray McKee in "The Best Man" (Lubin). Yes, every photoplay should contain several beautiful pictures, and if the directors would insist on it the camera-man would always produce them. Clear, sharp photography is not art.

A. M. B.—Ray Gallagher was the son, Henry King the father, Bettie Baird the mother, and Velma Whitman the sweetheart in "Her Father" (Lubin). Carlyle Blackwell was the lieutenant, and Knute Rahm was the servant in "The Plot of India's Hillmen" (Kalem). Yes, that was a fine scene—a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye.

FIREFLY.—Betty Gray was leading lady in "The Bartered Crown" (Biograph). Yes, I have missed you. Guess they were bought curls. I believe it is generally conceded that woman is the fairest work of the Great Author—the edition is large, and no man should be without a copy. He made woman after He had experimented with man. Does that square me?

BETH, OF ST. LOUIS.—The magazine only printed the names of those players who received 200 or more votes, but there are several in the contest who have not received 200 as yet.

E. A. R., NORWICH.—Velma Whitman and Harry King had the leads in "The Eternal Duel" (Lubin). Louise Vale and William Russell had the leads in "The Dilemma" (Biograph). That was Leona Hutton in "The Woman" (Broncho).

M. A. D., BRONX.—You say you are watching Leo Delaney's nose grow. Can't give you the exact number of engagement rings that have been used in the films to date, but it is somewhere around 9,276,989.

ADELAIDE N. L.—You must have dipped your pen in a bucket. Be more charitable. Carlyle Blackwell is with Famous Players.

AUDREY M.—Robert Harron was the sweetheart, Mae Marsh the girl, and Henry Walthall the villain in "The Little Tease" (Biograph). It was Atlas who is supposed to have said, "Give me a fulcrum to stand on, and I will lift the world."

(Continued from page 117)

the table was a wonderful reproduction of a locomotive and Pullman car, bearing the inscription: "Vitagraph Special, Brooklyn Bound."

There were flowers everywhere, and I think I shed some real tears at parting. It is hard to say good-by where your friends have been so true and kind as my Santa Monica ones.

And now I'm going back to New York—to more work, and an apartment and trolley cars. After this garden spot!

Let me say good-by to you, too, wont you? But you will see my other self many times; the self that excites me, puzzles me, makes me feel big or just "small potatoes" as I sit watching it.



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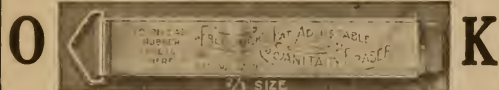


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TERESA H.—Thanks for the Easter cards. Thomas Chatterton was Pierre in "A Barrier Royal" (Broncho). Kay-Bee did not answer on the other question.

DAN CUPID.—James Cooley was the husband, Lillian Gish the wife, and Frances Nelson the sister in "So Runs the Way" (Biograph). Harrish Ingraham and Octavia Handworth were the husband and wife in "The Yellow Streak" (Pathé). Jane Novak and Robert Thornby in "The Return of Jack Bellew" (Vitagraph). Cleo Madison and J. George Periolat were daughter and father in "The Acid Test" (Victor). Harry Von Meter was the gambler in "The Gambler" (Imp). Francella Billington had the lead in "The Van Warden Jewels" (Majestic). George Barnes, Arthur Bauer, I. Tawramoto, Joseph Baker and Nan Barnard all played in "The Catspaw" (Thanhouser). Allen Forest and Pauline Bush in "Harmony and Discord" (Gold Seal). Will Sheerer was Burke in "When God Wills" (Eclair).

JAMES A. R.—"Local Color" was taken in North Carolina by Ned Finley for Vitagraph. No; Tom Powers is not connected with Vitagraph. You will have to select that leading comedian for yourself.

MRS. B. K.—You say why not start a contest by letting the readers give me a name? You suggest "David," because you are sure my mail is as large as "Goliath" and that I seem to kill it each month.

POPULAR PLAYER PUZZLE

FOLLOWING are the correct answers to the Popular Player Puzzle that appeared in the March issue. The first prize went to W. Augusta Harris, of 120 Myer Street, Hackensack, N. J.; the second to Miss Goldie E. Reynolds, of 5 Thirteenth Street, Troy, N. Y., and the third to Mrs. Mamie A. Young, of 327 Main Street, Wheeling, W. Va.

1—Reid; 2—Storey; 3—Learn; 4—Little; 5—Lincoln; 6—Walker; 7—Dale; 8—Field; 9—Mason; 10—Stonehouse; 11—Sawyer; 12—Reelm; 13—Tennant; 14—Gray; 15—Wall; 16—Snow; 17—White; 18—Bushman; 19—Brook; 20—Steele; 21—Booth; 22—Bell; 23—Boss; 24—Manning; 25—Wade; 26—West; 27—Standing; 28—Lane; 29—Church; 30—Greenwood; 31—Burns; 32—Drew; 33—Jay; 34—Rich; 35—Ostriche; 36—Gunn; 37—Hunt; 38—Berry; 39—Bush; 40—Green; 41—Payne; 42—Baker; 43—King; 44—Golden; 45—Brown; 46—Sweet; 47—Dunn or Dmme; 48—Elder; 49—Foote; 50—Foxe; 51—Cooper; 52—Forman; 53—Marsh; 54—Miller; 55—Law; 56—Prior; 57—Penn; 58—Ray; 59—Wolfe; 60—Weed.

OWL, 18.—No; Florence Lawrence is not back with Lubin, she is still with Victor. Perhaps you saw one of the very old films, or perhaps it was a revived one. No, you wouldn't know me if I did tell you my name. Better to be a witty fool than a foolish wit, but I hope I am neither.

LOUISE, OF ST. LOUIS.—Leo Delaney was Carl in "The Blue Rose" (Vitagraph). Yes, to that Biograph. Thanks.

ELMORE L. M.—You were quite fortunate to win those tickets; now you can see picture shows until January, 1915, free. Leah Morgan, 831 Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa., is the secretary of the Correspondence Club. Write to her for particulars. Victoria Forde had the lead in "For the Freedom of Cuba" (Bison). Your letter is interesting.

MARIE E. C.—Marguerite Snow was the girl in "Put Yourself in His Place" (Thanhouser). Ernestine Morley was Madge in "The Story the Old Gate Told" (Lubin). "Samson" is playing on Broadway, but in time it will be shown in the smaller theaters everywhere. Muriel Ostriche was the ticket girl in "How Filmy Won His Sweetheart" (Thanhouser).

MATILDA, N. C.—If you have your way, you will rule or ruin this department. Dont expect me to keep track of all the new picture companies that are springing up everywhere like mushrooms. I fear that some of them will not last long.

MARY JANE.—E. K. Lincoln and Anita Stewart in that Vitagraph. Any film company will buy your scenario if it appeals to them, whether you have taken a course or not. Elsie Albert had the lead in "Sleeping Beauty" (Warner).

GEORGE W.—Mabel Trunnelle has been on the stage in New Orleans, Syracuse, and in the Shubert All-Star cast in Philadelphia. Yes, that's the same Peggy O'Neill in "Peg o' My Heart," at Cort Theater, New York City.

LEFFY, BUFFALO.—So you cant find the origin of "Night drew her sable curtain down and pinned it with a star." It is from a poem by Macdonald Clarke. It is oft quoted, but seldom found in the quotation books. Ethel Clayton opposite Harry Myers in "A Doctor's Romance" (Lubin). Your letter is much appreciated.

BLACKY, CHICAGO.—Boyd Marshall was the physician in "All's Well That Ends Well" (Princess). Yes; Muriel Ostriche. Henry King was the mate in "The Mate of the Schooner Sade" (Lubin). Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood were the leads in "The Money-lender" (American).

FRANCES A. B.—Isabelle Rae in "A Bunch of Flowers." Walter Miller was Harry. Ruth Hennessy was Prudence in "The Wedding of Prudence" (Essanay). Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood in "The Young Mrs. Eames" (Selig). Charles Ray was Michael in "For the Wearing of the Green" (Domino). Tsuru Aoki was the son in "Courtship of O San."



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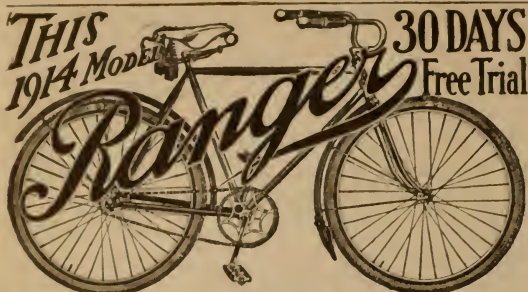
VIOLET M.—Can't answer your first question—against the rules. Harry Mainhall was the detective in "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (Essanay).

RUTH M. C.—As Pliny says, "No man is always wise." E. K. Lincoln was Richard in "The Wreck" (Vitagraph). Julia Gordon was Rosa in "The Warmakers" (Vitagraph). Benjamin Wilson was chatted November, 1913.

MAUD S. V.—Tom Forman was the president in "His Excellency" (Lubin). James Cruze had the lead in "The Cat-paw" (Thanhouser). Gladys Field is not dead, but she is married; California.

(Continued from page 86)

but it is not its equal from any angle. If the title rôle had been played by a less handsome and less interesting player than Warren Kerrigan, it would hardly rise above the common place. "Ivanhoe" was a similar play, and of almost equal merit. "Les Misérables" and "Napoleon" are in another class of spectacles, and neither is noted for its fine pictures, nor for exceptional acting, save in the title rôles. "Million Bid" is one of the most successful of modern features. Its wreck scene is quite wonderfully done, but it is a question if these "stunts" should not be classed as craftsmanship rather than as art. It is well acted, has an engaging plot, but is devoid of artistic pictures. "Mr. Barnes of New York" is perhaps a shade better than "Million Bid," except that the title character's personality does not dominate the play as it should. It is more picturesque, contains more fine pictures, but is not based on such an intense or universal theme. "The Spoilers" fails to rise above the average feature in merit, and has but little to recommend it, save the name of a great author, interesting acting by Mr. Farnum, and one or two excellent "stunts." These nine plays have had the center of the stage for the past month, not to mention "Perils of Pauline," which must not be taken too seriously. For fine acting, the laurels should go to Edith Storey, Earle Williams, Blanche Sweet, Charles Kent, Anita Stewart, William Humphrey and Henry Walthall, in the order named.



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ALICE R.—William Brunton and Helen Holmes had the leads in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "The Reward" (Lubin). Harry Millarde in "The Chest of Fortune" (Kalem). Edward Peil and Ormi Hawley in "The Two Roses" (Lubin).

I. B. U.—That was the Thanouser kiddie in "Baby's Joy Ride" (Thanhouser).

rita W.—Ernest C. Joy was the doctor in "When the Debt Was Paid" (Majestic). Why not try to write photoplays?

MISSSES M. AND E.—You misunderstood me. On the stage the players usually face, or half face, the audience. This is necessary for several reasons, one of which is that when they speak they must be heard. But even so, you will observe often when one actor is facing the audience, the person to whom he is talking has his back to the audience. It would look unnatural if they all squared their shoulders to the footlights at all times. You will find that only the inferior players of the screen insist on always facing the camera.

RUTH S.—Vera Sisson opposite William Garwood in "The Ten of Spades" (Majestic). The sister in "The Swan Girl" is not cast. Mme. Robinne was the Black Countess in that play. Ruth Roland and Edward Coxen in "Perils of His Life" (Kalem). Irene Howley and Irving Cummings in "Her Rosary" (Reliance). Earle Metcalf was the friend in "A Momentous Decision" (Lubin). Otis Schaefer was the child in "The Heart of the Law" (Essanay). Others will be answered later.

GERTIE.—Yes, Maude Fealy is a beautiful girl. She has been a Broadway star. Can't tell you about Mignon Anderson. Charles Horan was the miller in "Golden Cross" (Thanhouser). A. Ellery was the count, and not Harry Benham. John Lehnberg was the villain. Louise Vale was the angel in "Fallen Angel" (Biograph). Glen White was the villain in the Biograph.

HELEN B.—I have the answers to your puzzles—clever of me, wasn't it? So Earle Williams reminds you of a statue. Alice Joyce is not vivacious enough, and therefore you prefer Crane Wilbur and Mary Pickford. Every one to his taste.

ELLA B. H.—Henry is unknown in that Thanhouser. Florence LaBadie was the girl in "The Elevator Man" (Thanhouser). Harry Benham was Alan-a-Dale in "Robin Hood" (Thanhouser). Isabelle Rae in that Biograph.

POLLY D. F.—Bud Duncan, Harry Hoston and Eddie Ford were the three men in "Fred's Nurse" (Thanhouser). Marguerite Loveridge was the nurse. You refer to Domino. What blonde?

TRUBY O.—That must have been one of Byron's kisses in that play—"A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love." Marguerite Snow was Anne in "The Dancer" (Thanhouser). Helen Badgely the child.

GEORGE, TROY.—Myrtle Stedman and Tom Mix had the leads in "Cupid and the Low Camp" (Selig).

E. S.—I agree with you. You know it comes hard for an actor to play the part of a minister—they are so different! Pearl Sindelar has left Pathé and gone on the stage. You know that it is always the loosest spoke in the wheel that rattles most.

THREE OHIO GIRLS.—Mona Darkfeather was the Indian girl in "A Dream of the Wild" (Kalem). Harry Beaumont was the lead in "The Witness to the Will" (Edison). Harry Benham and Lila Chester in "The Childless Hour."

GERALDINE.—Yes, I am what they call a self-made man, but I fear I made a poor job of it. Mildred Harris was the girl in "Divorce" (Broncho). Florence LaBadie had the lead in "The Elevator Man."

PAULINE W. F.—I did not say that all directors may select their own plays. Sometimes they have to do plays that are distasteful to them. You think Mr. Costello does not select the right kind of plays and is living on his past great reputation: perhaps he can't get the plays.

BEATRICE C.—The Fairbank twins in "Their Great Big Beautiful Doll" (Thanhouser). Charles Ray and Anna Little in "The Path of Genius" (Kay-Bee).

OPELIKA, ALA.—Vera Sisson played opposite Warren Kerrigan in "The Bolted Door" (American). Kathryn Williams was the girl in "I Hear Her Calling Me" (Selig). Louise Huff and Chester Barnett in "Her Supreme Sacrifice."

E. T., COLUMBUS.—I guess G. M. Anderson is the favorite of the gallery-gods. That is the *highest* praise one can have—applause from the upper balcony. Eleanor Kahn was the little girl in "The Wedding Cake" (Essanay).

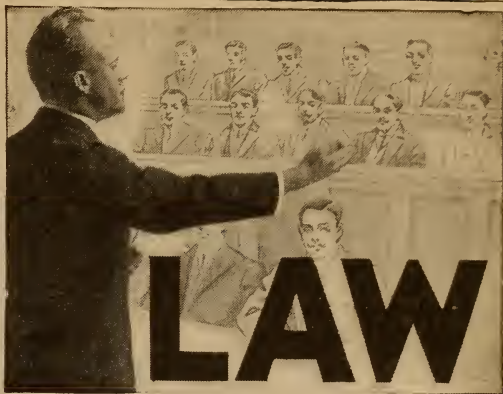
H. W., KANSAS.—Yes, Warren Kerrigan is really a twin. "The Desert Tribesman" (Thanhouser) was taken at Bridgeport, Ct.

HARRY M. T.—The April cover was taken from "A Romance of Rowena" (Edison). Glad you liked it. The May cover was from "The Blue Rose." Yes. Address Dorothy Hughes here.

J. F. F., JR.—The Editor says he appreciates your clippings and thanks you.

HAROLD J. R.—Frank Borzage was John Carson in "Desert Gold" (Kay-Bee). Charles Ray was Jim.

HELEN L. R.—Thanks for the clippings. Glad you liked the show. Stella Razzetto was the mother in "Little Lillian Turns the Tide" (Selig). Charles Wellesley was Van Alstyne in "Love, Luck and Gasolene" (Vitagraph Broadway). Miss Starr, Miss Hartigan and Irene Howley were the girls in "The Blue or the Gray" (Biograph). Edward Earle was the nephew in "The Ghost of Mother Eve" (Edison). Billy Bailey was with Life Photo Company.



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AGNES S., WESTERLY.—George Barnes was the oldest boy in "The Protector's Oldest Boy" (Thanouser). Arthur Johnson directs mostly.

EMMA F. R.—Your system of economy reminds me of the boy who spent his last dime to buy a purse. Blanche Sweet was Judith in "Judith of Bethulia" (Biograph). Wheeler Oakman was Reginald in "Tragedy of Ambition" (Selig). The Huff girls are sisters.

PHYLLIS C.—You mustn't call yourself an old maid; say "bachelor girl." An old maid is one who has been made a long time, and you are only forty. Lots of time yet, cheer up! Have no cast for "Lord Chumley," nor for "The Cloister and the Hearth" (Hepworth).

THOMAS B. F.—Kay-Bee is at 1792 Allesandro Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Edwin August is going to start a company of his own.

LIZZIE OF LONG ISLAND.—Charles Bartlett and Billie Rhodes in "The Tigers of the Hill" (Kalem). Warren Kerrigan is in California. Arthur Ashley was Billy in "An Officer and a Gentleman" (Vita-graph). O. C. Lund sometimes plays opposite Barbara Tennant. George Morgan was the country lover in "Our Mutual Girl" (Mutual).

EPHA S.—Lillian Walker and Wallie Van were the leads in "Dr. Polly" (Vita-graph). Your Bushman verses fine.

M. S., PEEKSKILL.—I have received the following enlightening letter from Mr. Rich. L. Hollaman, of the Eden Musée, which contains the information you want: "Eighteen years ago we inaugurated the Moving Picture at the Eden Musée as a permanent added attraction. The machine we used was the Lumière, of Paris, our contract being with them for the use of the machines and rental of films. The subjects at that time were short lengths, from fifty to one hundred feet. The subjects were 'The Crying Baby,' 'Jumping the Hurdles,' 'Feeding the Sheep,' etc. The first three-reel subject produced in America, so far as I know, was the Passion Play, sixteen years ago. This production I supervised, with the assistance of the late Mr. John L. Vincent, State Manager of Niblo's Garden Theater, and Mr. Albert Eaves, the costumer of that time. The scenario was written by the late Salmi Morse, of San Francisco. It was acted and filmed on the roof of the old Grand Central Palace, Forty-third Street and Lexington Avenue. This production ran continuously for nine months at the Eden Musée and was considered to be the highest production of the Cinematograph art at that time." Many thanks to Mr. Hollaman.

BETTY W.—May Ruby was Lucy in "Captain Jenny" (Gold Seal). Betty Schade was the wife in "A Race with Death" (Rex).

GERTIE.—You call early and often, but you are always welcome. William Nigh was the clerk in "The Clerk" (Majestic). Yes; Jessalyn Van Trump was the stenographer. Dont you know Fred Mace yet?

RUTH S.—Yes, that's the kind of play we want—those that please and preach. Mademoiselle Davids in "A Modern Portia" (Pathé). Ethel Phillips was the mother in "The Breath of Scandal" (Kalem). Velma Whitman and Henry King in "The Mirror of Death" (Lubin). Jack Standing in "Kenton's Heir" (Pathé). Please dont ask twenty-five questions all at one time. Divide them in sections.

RAE K.—Betty Baird was Sallie Spriggs in "In Mysterious Ways" (Lubin). Yes, Francis Bushman usually answers all of his letters. Thanks, but I am very much like a lamp; if I am turned on too low, I dont give much light; and if I am turned too high, I smoke. (I prefer Durham.)

AUDREY B.—Just write Audrey Berry, in care of Vitagraph; she will answer.

GRACE W., SALIDA.—Louise Beaudet was the woman in "My Lady of Idleness" (Vitagraph). Margaret Prussing was the girl in "The Way of Life" (Selig). Dolores Cassinelli was with Selig last.

MELVA.—I did not see that play. I must take off my hat to you, miladie; yours is bright, breezy and babbling; but you ask few questions.

PEBBIE B.—This is, after all, a rather thankless job. Most renowned writers (ahem!) leave their thoughts behind them as an everlasting monument; but I write only that which tomorrow must be forgotten and thrown into the waste-basket. Edward Peil was the husband, Orni Hawley the first wife and Ada Charles the second in "Two Roses" (Lubin).

EVA A. C.—George Steele was Lincoln in "The Sleeping Sentinel" (Lubin). Harold Lockwood had the lead in "Northern Hearts" (Selig).

MILDRED G. T.—Edith Storey is down South now. Florence Turner is still abroad. Lillian Wade is the child in that Selig. Edythe Auderton and Ray McKee in "That Terrible Kid" (Lubin).

HELEN M.—Why dont you write a verse for Charles Ogle and then send it in? Blessed be he who has nothing to say and insists on not saying it. Mona Darkfeather and Charles Bartlett in "Indian Blood" (Kalem).

OLGA, 17.—Ich denkeyeihnen sehr veel. So you really met Crane Wilbur at the Regent. Marguerite Gibson was the girl in "The Riders of Petersham" (Vitagraph). Come right along.

VERNICE E.—Norma Phillips was Margary in "The Mutual Girl." "Perils of Pauline" is being shown now. No!

ELSIE MURIEL.—Your letter is very interesting. Earle Williams is just what you say—a perfect, dignified gentleman.



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EDYTHE H.—Pathé will not tell who the bridegroom was in "A Rash Revenge." Yours was as bright as a spring morning in August.

ELFRIEDA.—What, you here again? Whitney Raymond was the chum in "Caprice" (Famous Players). Yes, he's the same player who was with Essanay. James Kirkwood is now directing for Famous Players.

BEDELIA.—Henry Walthall and Dorothy Gish in "Her Mother's Oath" (Biograph), a play never to be forgotten. Blanche Sweet in "The Stolen Bride" (Biograph). Thomas Chatterton was the minister, and Charles Ray and Hazel Buckham the leads in "The Open Door" (Kay-Bee). Ah, encore!

GEORGE S.—Charles Chaplin was the comedian in "Between the Showers" (Keystone). George Stanley has left Vitagraph, now directing for Universal. Clara Williams is with Kay-Bee.

L. A. M., BOSTON.—Clara Williams and Richard Stanton in "The Frame-up" (Domino). Mildred Harris and Cyril Gottlieb in "The Bondsman" (Domino).

MUEL S.—Why Warren Kerrigan should smoke cigarettes is beyond me. Why do we eat? Your letter is fine, but you don't ask about the players. Méliès are releasing plays under the General brand.

PAULINE S.—Florence Radinoff was the wife of Harry Morey in "Wild Animals at Large" (Vitagraph). Yes, 104 is pretty light. Crane Wilbur won the contest in that St. Louis paper.

BESSIE A. R.—William Brunton had the lead in "The Refrigerator's Captive" (Kalem). Frances Ne Moyer plays mostly in comedies.

MILDRED E. T.—Larry Peyton and Marin Sais in "The District Attorney's Duty" (Kalem). Myrtle Gonzalez and Alfred Vosburg in "Millions for Defense" (Vitagraph). Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "Inscriptions" (Lubin). Harold Lockwood was the gentleman in "When Thieves Fall Out" (Selig). If you speak of the universal love of Motion Pictures as a "craze," I shall call you crazy.

M. U. G., CRYSTAL FALLS.—Read Earle Williams' diary in May issue. Arthur Johnson chatted in February, 1912, and December, 1913. Write direct to the manufacturers for pictures. I haven't time to answer by personal letter; sorry.

INQUISITIVE PEGGY.—That Lubin play was taken in Dayton, Ohio, and the Vitagraph in Santa Monica, Cal. J. W. Johnston has left the Eclair. John Stepping has gone with American.

JEAN R.—Louise Orth was the girl in that Biograph. Yes, she is the Biograph Blonde. Bessie Eyton was the girl in "The Master of the Garden" (Selig). Marin Sais in "Intemperance" (Kalem). So you think that the facial expression of Mae Marsh cannot be beaten.

J. S. L.—A mad world, my masters, when people like you cant respect the rules of this department. Francis X. Bushman. Your pen is very much like a race-horse: the less weight it carries, the faster it runs.

ARLEEN.—Avant! You must be more charitable. That player you mention did the best he could, and perhaps he did just as his director told him. Louise Vale was Madge in "The Dilemma" (Biograph). William Russell was the Governor. Dave Wall in that Famous Players. Virginia Pearson is now with Pathé.

KATHRYN B., ASTORIA.—Tom Moore and Stephen Purdee in Kalem's "The Christian," not Vitagraph's. Charles West was the son and Mae Marsh the girl in "For the Son of the House" (Biograph). Henry King and Velma Whitman in "A Mexican Tragedy" (Lubin). Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "Seeds of Wealth" (Lubin).

MARGOT, TORONTO.—Lafayette McKee was the Colonel, and Goldie Colwell was the girl in that Selig. Tom Carrigan had the lead in "The Fifth String" (Selig).

MRS. A. A. T.—To settle the dispute, Romaine Fielding played in "The Harmless One" (Lubin). Mr. Todd still acting.

BLONDY.—I do not know what it is about Mary Pickford that charms. Perhaps it is her naturalness, or her vivacity, or her good nature, or her grace, or her humility, or all. She may not be as pretty as Alice Joyce, nor as great an actress as Edith Storey, but she excels both in some respects. Florence LaBadie had the lead in "Beauty Parlor Graduate."

MARIE L. B.—Webster Campbell was Roger and Joseph Carle was the persistent suitor in "The Secret Marriage."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LETTER-WRITING is a habit that we cannot very well do without. Some of us do not appear to appreciate nor acknowledge all of the letters that we receive, but take the sending or receipt of them away from us and it would destroy a function as useful as breathing, eating or sleeping.

The editors of the magazine beg leave to acknowledge the hundreds of interesting letters on all phases of the Motion Picture business that are daily coming to their desks. We regret that we have space to publish only a few of them. We can assure our friends and readers, however, that each letter is read carefully and assigned to its proper sphere of usefulness. Communications from our readers are either published, sent to the actors or studios to which they apply, or, in some cases, are incorporated into special articles.

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ing them. The touch-and-go of letter-writing is, perhaps, sometimes a sentimental side of business that is part of the day's work. And in this light we welcome communications from all of our readers.

The following is from William L. Harper, of Ridgway, Pa.:

Being in a letter-writing mood, I take pen to write a few words in commendation. I have just glanced thru the May number of your magazine, and that mere cursory glance gives me reason to believe your magazine is the best ever. To be candid, I believe, doubtless with many others, that the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, in its short life, has done more to popularize the "movies" than any other force. The May number is indeed a revelation. I have read Mr. Collier's article on censorship, and thoroly agree with him. Indeed I may say in truth that even now the "movies" are sometimes flat and uninteresting. There are too many love stories and not enough of those films which depict life as it is. Let us have more of those virile, red-blooded stories which set us thinking. I attend the "movies" at least five times a week and sometimes oftener, when I am not too busy. I take great interest in subjects which deal with improvement of labor conditions, civic righteousness, conservation and other live topics; and, with the hope of seeing such subjects, I attend as often as possible.

I also take considerable interest in your Great Artist Contest, which is bound to be a success under your management. Your Answer Department is great. I sometimes wonder if the Answer Man is not merely a machine which needs no sleep. Your "Photoplay Philosopher" is fine, and gives me much food for thought. I would like to see some classic and modern fiction, the good kind, put into film. It seems to me they would leave a more lasting impression than the common run of film. I would suggest such authors as F. Marion Crawford, Philip Verrill Michels, Roy Norton, Rex Beach, Gene Stratton Porter, Robert Barr and others. I hope the day is not far distant when this procedure will be more generally followed than now.

With many wishes of success for your excellent magazine.

There's truth in the West—perhaps less society, but discerning eyes. The accompanying letter from Las Vegas, N. M., is well worth reading:

E. Las Vegas, N. M.
Feb. 22, 1914.

DEAR MR. BREWSTER:
May I come in? You will probably wonder after reading this just why I came in, or at least why I did not "spress mahself" in fewer words; being a woman it is possible the opportunity to talk cannot be resisted, together with the knowledge that I have been quiet in the past, when I so much wanted to write to the M. P. M. All this by way of introducing myself as one of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE'S interested readers. As a lover of the silent drama, I could not do without the splendid magazine which contains so much about the people we have learnt to admire for their fine work on the screen. I enjoy reading the M. P. M., and rejoice in the arrival of each new number as having something pleasant in store for me. The Photoplay Philosopher is always interesting, and the Chats with the Players help us realize our shadow people are real live folks. Surely the Answer Man's happy way of imparting information makes friends for the M. P. M. I am very much interested in the Great Debate concerning the present important question of censorship.

When answering advertisements kindly mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

There has been so much improvement in Motion Pictures during the year just past, and it is apparently due to those connected with this great industry. Considering the universal attention being attracted to the present standard in Motion Pictures attained by these capable forces, with such artists as Clara Kimball Young proved to be in "Love's Sunset" interpreting the characters (and this is only one of the many high-class dramas being produced; the majority are those which tend to make us think, broadening our minds to view things justly and seek only the best), I am wondering why we should not trust to those forces to give us the best always, since that seems to be the intention. More and more the gruesome or objectionable are being eliminated from the photoplays as much as possible not to detract from the thread of the plot unraveling a moral (sometimes we must have a moral taught us), with producers demanding clean plays from the writers. It seems to me the film people are striving to please the public.

This is not intended to convey to you an opinion concerning censorship, tho my remarks bear a resemblance, as I am not acquainted with the conditions existing for either side enough, so please read between the lines (this is not a scenario, or I would not dare ask that), only an earnest desire for the future success of this important industry. I really intended this to be just a note of thanks to you and your efficient staff for existing, and for "reel" pleasures that are real, so with apologies for intruding, will again disappear into the world of "silent fans" (of course you know such a world exists).

Sincerely a well-wisher,
Mrs. N. E. D.

This contributor from Spokane, Wash., has evidently made a careful study of pictures and picture actors:

Spokane, Wash. Feb. 20, 1914.

DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

Altho I have been a reader of your wonderful magazine for the short period of four months, I take privilege and opportunity of writing you this letter.

I shall begin this correspondence by expressing my opinions of a few plays I have recently seen. I refer to "A Hopi Legend" (Nestor), "The Trail of the Lost Chord" (American), "By Man's Law" (Biograph) and "The Jew's Christmas" (Rex).

The first of these, written and produced by Wallace Reid, contained one great and very noticeable mistake. Indians are never known to employ the kiss as a token of love, yet Mr. Reid overlooked this fact when "the wandering brave" of the story kissed the Hopi maiden. This, in my judgment, should be charged against him as a very great fault. "The Trail of the Lost Chord" certainly was a fine play. The author surely shows his ability and talent in the writing of such work. Edward Coxen's acting is also to be commended.

"By Man's Law" is another play that is deserving of praise. The able directing of Mr. D. W. Griffith and the superb acting of D. Crisp and Mae Marsh aided greatly toward the making of it such a strong drama.

To Miss Lois Weber we must also bestow our recognition of her intellectuality as a photoplaywright, for her play, "The Jew's Christmas," was a very meritorious piece of work. The magnificent success of this play on the screen caused many other authors to write scenarios closely similar or on the same construction.

In regard to the players, I wish to say that the ever-popular J. Warren Kerrigan is my favorite movie actor and hero.

Billie Rhodes, of the Kalen Company, is a very good actress, but I do not like to see her wearing skin-and-hide "costumes," such as she was forced to wear in the pictures "Cavemen's War" and "Perils of the Sea."

I consider the Universal Company very for-

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"The Little Stocking"	Imp
"A Motorcycle Elopement"	Biograph
"Downfall of Mr. Snoop"	Powers
"The Red Trail"	Biograph
"Insanity"	Lubin
"The Little Music Teacher"	Majestic
"Sally Ann's Strategy"	Edison
"Ma's Apron Strings"	Vitagraph
"A Cadet's Honor"	Universal
"Cupid's Victory"	Nestor
"A Good Turn"	Lubin
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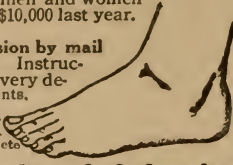
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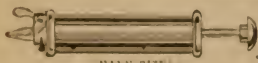


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fortunate in securing the services of that celebrated comedian, Augustus Carney, as he is one of the funniest actors that ever appeared on the screen.

Tom Moore, of the Kalem Company, may be popular, still he shall never be so famous that the cigar manufacturers will use his name for a new brand of ten-centers, because the poet who bore the same name has already beat him to it.

In conclusion, I wish to say that I acknowledge the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to be the best periodical published. I also read the other film publications, yet truth compels me to make the statement that the M. P. M. is superior to all, in that it is the most interesting, the most entertaining, the most inviting and the best illustrated in existence. I am,

Most sincerely your admiring reader,

IRWIN J. CUNZ.

Yes, we agree with you. This idea, with less dramatic wording, is screened in every Moving Picture theater in Greater New York, and is in the form of a note from the Fire Commissioner:

GENTLEMEN:

In view of the many casualties in Motion Picture theaters, due to the panic caused by some fiend shouting "Fire!" would it not be a good idea to continually show the following on the screen in large letters:

IF SOME FIEND SHOUTS "FIRE,"
PLEASE DO NOT START A PANIC.
KEEP COOL: EACH PANIC MEANS DEATH!

or words to that effect, and thereby we could possibly teach the public to disregard the demon's call to their own destruction. The idea would be to instill a disregard for the cry of fire similar to the effect now shown by our school-children when the fire-alarm is sounded in their schoolrooms; they simply get up and get out in orderly fashion.

Very truly yours,

B. VON SESKIL.

(Continued from page 36)

"I am Kitty's mother," she declared, in a voice of both humility and pride; "and the magistrate has heard the chapters of my life since I disappeared. I tried to stand alone—and failed."

"Come with us, mother—with me," implored Kitty.

The woman in dingy blue shook her head sadly, and moved toward the courtroom door. The young girl thief was still there, awaiting her sentence or freedom.

"It is only by living with sin," she said, "can I hope to redeem myself. My heart must fight its own battle against my hands."

And, like crystal gazers coming the future, thru the glass door they saw her take the young thief in her arms again, the child she had saved from the gray buildings, into whose shadows hope does not enter.

"I'm a Girl" is the signature to the following vivacious letter. Perhaps we deserve the praise—anyhow, we like it:

DEAR EDITOR:

The March edition of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is great. The cover was beautiful. I have wanted a colored portrait of Lillian Walker, but you didn't have any. I'm sure that the cover alone is worth fifty cents. The Answer Man was fine. The Gallery was just wonderful. Greenroom Jottings are ripping. The March number certainly is best yet. If you keep on improving, I am sure the magazine will be worth twenty-five cents, and it's cheap at that, believe me. There is only one thing that I don't like—foreign pictures. They are nothing compared with our American plays. In some pictures the cast act as tho they were babies. But American plays are tip-top.

Very sincerely, with all good wishes for Editor, Answer Man, the Interviewer and Green-room Jottings, and everybody else.

The following letter speaks for itself, and we deem its writer a truthful prophet and that many others feel as he does:

DEAR SIRs:

Reading of revivals in the November issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, I would like to make a few suggestions. Why not get Biograph to revive "The Battle," and build it into a three-reel picture? "The Battle" was undoubtedly the greatest one-reel picture ever produced; also Vitagraph's "Vanity Fair," Edison's "The Battle of Trafalgar" and Selig's "Davy Crockett."

I would like to see Vitagraph produce "Othello," with Rogers Lytton as the Moor; "Joan of Arc," with Edith Storey as Joan; also "Rip Van Winkle," "The Life of Napoleon," "Hiawatha," "Faust" and "Robert Bruce," which should be produced on an equal with "Quo Vadis?" and "Les Miserables." Surely America can equal Europe in producing high-class pictures. Hoping the film companies take notice and get busy, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
ALFRED BERGMAN.

25 S. Irving St., Worcester, Mass.

Molière said: "There are peaches—and peaches." 'Tis the same with comedy, we reckon:

DEAR EDITOR:

I received my copy of the March number of your magazine today, and must say that it is unquestionably the best yet. And that is saying much, for I have always thought it superb.

I have enjoyed the various articles so much. Especially did I applaud the one entitled "The True Humor." I would not have fewer comedies, for we all need to laugh, but I would have a higher standard set, as the writer advocates. The Vitagraph Company is most justly given credit for maintaining this standard, for their comedies are always bright and refreshing, but, on the other hand, there are far too many of the other variety, disgusting persons of intelligence and refinement by their vulgarity and rank inanity. One company in particular seems to make a specialty of farce comedies of this order, in which the players make up with hideous false noses and deport themselves like imbeciles. They may appeal to the children, but surely no person of intelligence could think them funny.

I hope you will continue articles of this character in your magazine, for they are sure to do much in raising the ideals and standards of the picture play.

The debate by Canon Chase and Mr. Dyer is magnificent, and sure to settle a big question.

With every best wish for the magazine,
NORMA M. HALL.
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NOTICE

It being our earnest desire to co-operate with the advertiser and his agent, and appreciating the fact that we must be near at hand so as to keep in touch with our clients and be of real service to them, on May 10th we will remove the Advertising Department of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to 171 Madison Avenue, New York City. The home office of the magazine will remain at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, to which address should be sent all remittances, plates, etc.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

171 Madison Avenue at 33rd Street
New York City

F. G. BARRY

Advertising Manager

GREAT ARTIST CONTEST

In the May issue we announced that the voters in this contest could write brief letters and send them in with their votes, stating *why* they vote as they do. From among several thousand we have taken the following, principally on account of their brevity:

I consider Arthur Johnson the greatest artist because of his ability to portray with sympathy and understanding the most varied of rôles. His finest parts are "The Endless Night," "Cissy's Little Way," "The Voice of Angelo," "A Leader of Men," "Lord Algy," "The Parasite," "The Burden-bearer" and "The Benefactor."
MERCEDES VON BEDOW.

The votes I enclose for Romaine Fielding only partly express my wishes for his success in the contest. His wonderful expression and ability to portray any character with realism have established a place for him among the greatest actors in the films.

His acting in "The Accusing Hand" and "The Harmless One" was the best I have ever seen. He was very good in "His Western Way," too. Here's the best of luck to my favorite and hopes for a long chat with him in your splendid magazine.

KATHARINE R. SPRINGER.

I vote for Mr. Bushman as the greatest artist.

In the plays called "A Brother's Loyalty," "The Power of Conscience" and "The Hour and the Man" I thought Mr. Bushman was excellent. It makes no difference just what Mr. Bushman plays in, for he is always good. I think the greatest artist playing today is Mr. Bushman.

ALICE KELLY.

An actor who is unsurpassed in ease of expression is Wallace Reid (Universal). His acting makes a lasting impression upon one. Having seen him once is enough to convince any one what an imitable actor he is. In "In the Heart of the Hills" his acting could not have been better.

F. X. I.

I vote Romaine Fielding the greatest artist because of his wonderful impersonation of any character, no matter what. For instance, think of "The Cringer," "Good for Evil" and "The Harmless One," and those are only three from many.

MRS. A. LONG.

I think Kerrigan the greatest artist because no matter what part he takes, whether farmer, derelict, king or cowboy, he takes it to perfection. He lives in the part and puts his whole heart and soul into it.

G. K. LYNCH.

I vote Mary Pickford the greatest artist because her work in "In the Bishop's Carriage" was the finest piece of work I had ever seen.

I vote Romaine Fielding the greatest artist because his work in "The Harmless One" was superb.

My second choice is Alice Joyce, because she plays such innocent parts.

Max Linder takes very good comedy parts.

KITTY ROYAL.

I vote for Alice Joyce because she is the best actress on the screen. Besides exquisite beauty of form and face, she is a wonderful actress. Her finest work is in tragedy. In the following plays she was fine: "Our New Minister," "The Handprint of Mystery," "The Hunchback," "The Riddle of the Tin Soldier," and many others whose names I cannot recall. Give her more tragedy plays and her skill will soon be known.

MISS MARIAN WAT.

The following short letters are my reasons why I think Earle Williams and Mary Pickford the greatest artists:

Earle Williams is, without a doubt, the greatest artist in his line. His work in "Love's Sunset" was most wonderfully done, and in this rôle, as in all rôles, his great emotional talent places him above all criticism.

Mary Pickford ranks first in my opinion as "The Greatest Artist." The clever manner in which she played the two extremes, mountain girl and society belle, in "Caprice," her accomplished acting in spite of her youthfulness, and her winning ways will surely bring her such fame as only she deserves.

E. F. REGLIN.

P. S.—Enclosed find coupon for the Great Artist Contest.

Enclosed you will kindly find twenty votes in favor of Francis X. Bushman and Mary Fuller. Also ten votes for Earle Williams and Edith Storey. I shall very gladly tell why I consider Mr. Bushman the greatest artist. In every photoplay in which I have seen him he makes the character which he portrays so real. This was particularly true in "Dear Old Girl." His acting in this was superb. He made Ted Warren live right before you. This was especially noticeable in the part where, as the lover, he was suddenly bereft of his bride-to-be. This was most wonderfully real and pathetic and could not help but stir the sympathy of those fortunate enough to have witnessed the performance.

The Essanay people are indeed to be congratulated in having so talented and real an artist in their midst, and I hope that Mr. Bushman, as well as the entire company, may have a most brilliant success in all their undertakings in which they strive to please the Motion Picture public.

MISS BARRIE.

I vote Pearl White the greatest artist, as her characterization in "Some Doins." especially the *bed scene*, was so natural. She is the favorite with us.

MRS. E. R. HEILMAN.

I think this contest by right ought to be called the "Beauty Contest," for that's the way it looks to me, for nearly all the ones in the lead are there with their looks and nothing more. I think in a contest like this everybody should forget the good-lookers and think of those who really work, for many a picture could not be produced if it wasn't for the villain and his many treacherous ways. I do not call it acting by just kissing a person when the time permits, for you do not have to know how to act to do that, but, as you will admit yourself, not in any one of these contests has any of those who have played the contemptible parts been voted for.

E. B.

I am enclosing votes with the letter. I vote J. Warren Kerrigan the greatest artist because of his characterization in "The Ashes of Three." I think any one that could take the part of Bud Halworth in that play must be an artist as well as an actor. I was very much impressed with that play.

MRS. H. KOONS.

P. S.—I do not expect my letter to be printed, but I just had to give my opinion.

I choose Romaine Fielding as my ideal of a great artist, owing to his ability to so perfectly portray the character he assumes and his power to visualize the scene.

I'm a convert to the photoplay, and I'm now enthusiastic and interested.

MARIE KARLL.

We are giving Crane Wilbur, Pathé, all our first choice votes because we have seen him play such widely different parts as the ones in "The Secret Formula," "The Smuggler" and "The President's Pardon," etc., and in every one he makes one think he is really the character he portrays.

MISS HELEN BIRD.

Every Blemish Removed In Ten Days

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PEARL LA SAGE, former actress, who now offers to tell women of the most remarkable complexion treatment ever known

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To every reader of this paper I will give full details of this really astounding treatment. Let me show you. You do not risk a penny. Send me no money—just send your name and address on the free coupon below and I will give you full details by return mail.

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JAMES C. WALSH, Manager

I vote Romaine Fielding the greatest artist because he is far above the ordinary Moving Picture actor. The realism of his acting is wonderful, and his characterizations in "The Clod," "The Harmless One" and "The Rattlesnake" were superb.

Sorry the people do not show him greater honors for his splendid work.

MISS L. BECKER.

I vote Earle Williams the greatest artist for his manly bearing and his modesty each and every time he appeared for public opinion. As to praise or criticism in his behalf, I feel confident that much of the stronger portrayal of human characteristics lies dormant and must be brought to the surface.

F. M. B.

I am enclosing both coupons under the same envelope, one for the month of April and the other for May. It's a pretty hard question to decide which is the greatest artist. Well, I have thought a great deal about it, and it's Miss Alice Joyce. She has a way of acting and entering into the different parts she takes that no other actress has. I have seen her as an Indian maiden, as a Western girl, a Spanish señorita, a society girl, a princess and a beggar, and every part she has filled to perfection, so I'm sending my vote for her, and I hope she will win.

GERTRUDE MOHENCY.

Mary Pickford easily first, for absolute *naturalness*, for untiring energy, for nerve and daring often shown, for *inventiveness* in improvising "business" and situations, for *perfect* control and use of expression, and for *always* "getting things across."

Screen contemporaries hold her very high in estimation, and they are the best judges.

M.

There are so many great players whom we love. Their work is perfect (if this expresses it). God bless all of them.

S. B.

Please excuse this terrible-looking coupon I am sending you. My mean brother took it from my magazine and wrote the names of his favorite players on it. I chanced to find it before it was mailed and erased (as best I could) the names he had put there and tried to write the ones I wanted there. I will write them here, in case you can't make those out that are on the coupon: Rosemary Theby, Carlyle Blackwell; second choice: Edith Storey, Harry Myers.

I wish to cast ten votes for Mary Pickford, the greatest artist, because I think that's just what she is. I have seen her in several pictures, and in almost every one of them she displayed a few characters to perfection.

I vote Earle Williams the greatest artist because his characterization in one of his pictures was wonderful. He expressed every emotion.

K. G.

Last month I sent in coupons voting for Naomi Childers and Arthur Ashley. How is it their names do not appear in the contest?

F. DAUER.

Please find my "Why" letter below, and I hope you will publish it.

Fans—Please go and see Kerrigan in "Samson" and "The Ashes of Three." That will prove to you why Jack W. Kerrigan is the greatest artist. Could Jack "make good" in "The Christian"? Yes, and make everybody else good, too. Don't renege. Remember the right bower of hearts is trump. He must win.

A PASSAIC KERRIGANITE.

Why do I vote for Mary Pickford? Because to me Miss Pickford is the most versatile and charming of the screen artists. As the little, blind Juliet, and as the ragged little squatter, "Tess," she ran the gamut of emotion from deepest sorrow to highest joy in the most natural and artistic manner, and her portrayals are always effective and convincing.

MISS MARGARET SHERIDAN.

I just had to drop a few lines to give you my opinion, and I was more than pleased to see some of the good ones which I have been casting my votes for are coming up the ladder. I trust the good work will keep up, and also wish to add the best of luck to your magazine in all the future.

ANDREW G. HUSKDT.

I am voting for Mary Fuller in the Great Artist Contest for two reasons:

1. She acts so natural, and there does not seem to be anything put on about her. And, oh, she is so modest!

2. She does not go to extremes in dress, and yet she has some of the prettiest gowns and street-clothes that can be seen in this country or any other.

AN ADMIRER.

I vote Vivian Rich the greatest of lady artists. While watching her act the play seems a real happening to you. Any one having seen "For the Crown" can never forget how very natural and unaffected she was. Not only in this play, but in all others in which she has played she has given this impression.

WILMA E. KOEHN.

Why I vote Earle Williams an artist:

Earle Williams does not act, he lives his parts as none but an artist can. In the "Vengeance of Durand" we have him under severe trial of both love and hate. In this his artistic ability speaks for itself.

He is a quiet, superbly natural actor—no ranting. A face that expresses volumes without speech.

L. A. C.

I am voting for Florence Turner as the greatest artist because she can take any part. She is just fine in comedies, and also in dramas and heavy parts. She interprets her parts just as they should be. She has the most wonderful facial expressions of any one, and her part is always acted to perfection.

T. A. ROSE.

I vote for the four following: Mary Pickford, Carlyle Blackwell, Mabel Trunnelle and Edwin Mackey because of their unaffected ways. They act so naturally.

E. L. JENNINGS.

If you have seen "In the Bishop's Carriage," "Caprice," "Hearts Adrift" and "Tess of Storm County," you will not ask why I vote for Mary Pickford. Never camera-conscious, expressive in every movement, sweet and graceful, acts with charm and sincerity. Here's to Little Mary, the greatest artist of all!

SYDNEY RUSSELL.

I cast my votes for Warren Kerrigan and Mary Pickford because of the sincerity and truthfulness of their playing. Neither ever overact their parts, but live them in the proper spirit, and the expressions which at all times play upon their faces go deep down into your heart and rouse the better man within you, sending you forth, after you will have seen the picture they appeared in, a better fellow, filled with a strong determination to do only those things which will bring joy to others and make some fellowman's cross the lighter. There are other players who are in this same class, but "Jack" and "Mary" have been my favorites for the past six years, and I expect to remain loyal to them.

EDWARD A. LIFKA.

In May's issue of the magazine I note a request that letters be sent to you stating "why" each one of us considers each certain actress or actor the greatest artist.

Now, Mr. Editor, my idea of the greatest artist in Motion Pictures is Crane Wilbur.

Would it not be ridiculous, foolish and also impossible to try to furnish sufficient adjectives of praise in order to express how very individually excellent Crane Wilbur's acting is? If there were such a high degree of comparison as "most perfect," it could not nor would not reach the desired point of appreciation of this one exceptionally emotional actor, Crane Wilbur.

MARIE DOUGHNEY.



OIL PAINTINGS. By Master Artists

THE July cover design of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be a reproduction of the painting by James G. Tyler, the famous marine artist, entitled "Ship at Sea," in all the original colors. This picture has never been reproduced and the canvas is our own property. This cover will no doubt attract a great deal of attention, and thousands will buy the July number in order to secure this beautiful poster cover, as well as to read the sea story which the painting illustrates. For the many who will want to preserve this picture and frame it, we have had made up 500 extra copies from the original plates, without any lettering save the artist's signature.

When framed, one can hardly tell whether the reproduction is an original painting or not. We are now prepared to send these pictures postpaid at 25c. each to any address. Having given its value to our readers, we will sell the original oil painting, 16x18, for \$100. We have also purchased paintings by J. G. Brown, Louis Deschamps, Bruce Crane, Arthur Parton, George Inness, W. Granville Smith and other celebrated artists, which we purpose using as soon as they are related to Motion Pictures for illustration, and which we shall announce later. Better send along your 25c. now for this Tyler picture before the supply is exhausted.

ART DEPARTMENT

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You Will Be Interested in This Story!

One night last Spring a Young Man dropped into a Moving Picture Theater with a friend. A "Blood-and-Thunder" Western story was being shown—you know the kind. "Pshaw!" said the Young Man, "I could write a better story than that." "Why don't you?" asked his friend. That started the Young Man to think, and he investigated.

Here Is What He Found!

He found that twenty million people attend thirty thousand moving picture theaters in the United States every day. "Surely," he thought, "it must require quite a number of motion picture plays to entertain all these people." So he investigated further.

He found that the demand for good moving picture plays exceeds the supply—that there are more moving picture plays bought each month by producers than there are stories by all the high-class magazines in the

United States combined—that the producers pay from \$15.00 to \$100.00 for good plays, and carry standing advertisements in the magazines inviting writers to submit their work.

He found that many men and women—clerks, teachers, stenographers, students, housewives—people in all walks of life, with no literary training whatever—were making money in their spare time writing these plays.

This was enough for the Young Man. He took up the work himself. He found to his delight that his lack of literary training was no handicap, no descriptions or conversation to supply—just IDEAS developed into plays under the simple rules required by the producers.

In six months he was earning more than his regular salary writing plays at home in the evening. His job interfered with his writing, so he quit his job. More than this—he is his own boss now. Remember, this Young Man is no genius—he had never written a story in his life—he simply saw an opportunity and GRASPED IT.

You Can Succeed in This Work

Your Ideas Are Worth Money

You have had ideas which you thought would make good moving picture plays—better than some you have seen on the screen. If you haven't, suppose you give the matter a little thought. Go to the theater tonight. Note how simple the stories are—yet these simple little plays brought their writers \$25.00, \$50.00 or \$100.00 each. How about that incident at the office or in your home, or that you heard or read about? Don't keep it bottled up—write a motion picture play around it and sell it for \$25.00 or more.

Literary Training Not Necessary

If you are possessed of imagination—and who is not?—if you are ambitious and can use more money than you are making now—if you have tried to become a story writer and failed because of insufficient literary training—THE MOTION PICTURE PLAY OFFERS A SHORT CUT TO SUCCESS! Think of seeing YOUR OWN IDEAS on the screen in your own town, before your friends! This is to experience a satisfaction that cannot be described.

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Others are doing it! You have the ideas! Let us teach you how to use them in this new and profitable work. Our simple and interesting Course will teach you everything you need to know to succeed, how to write and how to SELL your plays. Our Course has been prepared by a WRITER OF NATIONAL REPUTATION. You probably have enjoyed many of his plays on the screen. He will give you his PERSONAL HELP AND ADVICE throughout the Course. He will teach you his methods, by which he SUCCEEDED.

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HOW WEAK EYES ARE STRENGTHENED BY EXERCISE

By

C. GILBERT PERCIVAL, M.D.

IN THIS, which is undoubtedly the most active period in the history of man, every one of our faculties is called on to do more, and to respond to a longer continued extraordinary strain than ever before.

"Take things easy" may be very good advice, but most of us, who know how our competitors are hustling, fear that the practice of it would furnish us with a free seat on a bench in the park, instead of a cash income.

More energy, more concentration, are required to keep up with the leaders nowadays—hence our nervous exhaustion is greater. Busy city life with its clang, clatter and rush, even most of our time-saving inventions and modes of travel keep the nerves on edge, and give them no opportunity to rest during our waking hours.

Now the eye is one of the most delicate centers of the nervous system. This is clearly proven by the fact that the first place a physician looks for symptoms of paralysis is at the base of the optic nerve—if there are none in evidence it is taken as positive proof that there is no danger.

This will clearly evidence that nerve exhaustion means eye-exhaustion and finally eye affection if nothing be done to correct it.

If, however, the blood circulation in the eyes is kept normal by the proper kind of simple and safe exercise, they continue healthy, normal and strong.

Besides this nervous strain that I speak of there are many other features of modern life which tax the eyes unduly.

Our schooling, once confined to the simple rudiments of education, is now so extended that the books of a school child of today would cause a child of thirty years ago to look aghast—hence at the threshold of practical life we start to unduly tax our eyes.

The glitter of city streets—the speed of traffic—the riding in fast trains—the viewing of scenery from train windows as it flashes quickly by—and above all, the habit of reading every time we have the opportunity in our busy careers, under all sorts of unfavorable conditions—these all add to the extraordinary burden which our eyes are asked and expected to carry without assistance of any kind.

And, remember, that though your arms may rest, your body may recline, and every limb, and other sense may be to a great extent dormant at times, your eyes are always seeing unless they are closed—always active during every waking hour.

Hardly any wonder then, that eye strain is so common and up to recently so many have had to call on artificial aid in order to see at all.

You know the eye is just like a little camera. It has the lens with the iris opening which enlarges and contracts agreeably to the amount of light existing. It also has a dark chamber which may be compared to a camera bellows, and the retina corresponding to the sensitive plate. It has three sets of muscles—one turns the eyes in any direction, one controls the iris, and one operates the focus.

When, through nervous exhaustion or overtaxation, the circulation of blood in the eyes becomes weaker than is normal, these muscles become flabby and refuse to act up to their usual standard, and the eyes do not focus easily if at all. Premature old-sight is the result.

The muscles still do their best to focus properly; eagerly struggle and strain to properly do the work which your brain commands them to do—strain and struggle so hard in fact that they affect the tired nerves, and not only cause headaches of which this is the most fruitful cause, but put the entire nervous system under a pressure which extends to the stomach and

digestive organs, and brings on nausea and dyspepsia.

What eye specialist is there who has not heard from his patient: "Why, I had no idea in the world that it could be my eyes." There are many physicians in fact, who look to the eyes for one of the first causes of stomach trouble.

It is perfectly amazing in reviewing the progress of science, surgery and medicine in the last fifty years, that the methods of correcting eye affections, even of the simplest kind, seem to have been entirely overlooked.

Science in physiology is correcting deformities which used to require harnesses or mechanical support. Surgery is correcting displacements which heretofore caused life-long confinement. Physicians are departing more and more from the old-fashioned practice of continual drugging, and using more rational methods of restoring and preserving health.

But, until the recent discovery of this system of exercise to which I refer, no matter how simple your eye-trouble was, you were told that you had to wear eyeglasses.

Now eyeglasses are not necessarily to be despised. They are a great invention in their way—so are crutches.

But you would not relish the anticipation that you had to use crutches all your life—nor would you. Just as soon as your sprained ankle, for instance, were in condition to stand it, your doctor would instruct you to touch it to the ground gradually and exercise it to bring back the normal circulation necessary to enable you to discard your crutch. Exactly the same with a broken arm—exercise it as soon as possible to bring it back to normal.

The wearing of eyeglasses is just exactly like using a crutch for life. Instead of growing stronger by their use, the eyes grow weaker, and you probably are well aware of the fact that in order to see perfectly the wearer of glasses must change them from time to time for new and stronger ones.

Let us see what authorities say on the subject of eye massage: Doctor De Schweinitz, of Philadelphia, Professor of Ophthalmology in Jefferson College, makes the statement that in treating so serious a condition as dreaded cataract of the eye, massage of the eyeball "has been followed by improvement in vision and deepening of the anterior chamber." The Medical Record, in writing of the same serious ailment, urges the great value of "any means

that would bring an increased blood supply" and considers that "the most feasible plan seems to be properly applied massage."

It would, of course, be impossible to satisfactorily or even safely give this massage (or exercise) with the hands, but this problem was successfully solved a few years ago by a New York specialist, who realized through experience how many troubles of the eyes could be quickly corrected by this method.

The greatest and most practical inventions usually seem the simplest and most obvious once they become known, and this one is no exception to that rule. So simple is it that any one can use it in their own home without instruction, yet it is so safe that there is not the slightest chance of giving the eyes anything but great benefit, no matter how long they may have been affected.

This system of exercise is fully explained, also many interesting scientific facts about the eyes are given in a little book on the subject, which will be sent without cost if you address Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mention having read this article in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

It may, with reason, be suggested that at no time could this system have been perfected more opportunely than now. At no time has the world demanded more perfect men and women; and if your eyes are weak, whether you wear glasses or not, it is not necessary for any one to point out its disadvantages—perhaps you even consider glasses a disfigurement to a certain degree—surely they are an inconvenience.

Of course you cannot put new muscles in an eye, as you would a new tire on an automobile, but you can restore health to these muscles and give them the same original strength that assures the thorough performance of their natural work.

Personally I have seen this system in a few months make a boy of eighteen entirely independent of glasses who had worn them continuously for twelve years; also enable old folks over sixty to discard their glasses in an incredibly short time. Therefore, I believe it is safe to assume that many thousands of spectacles will cease to be useful as this system becomes generally known, and I am sure that every one whose eyes are affected in any way, whether a wearer of glasses or not, will be greatly interested in the little book which tells so much about the eyes and their care.

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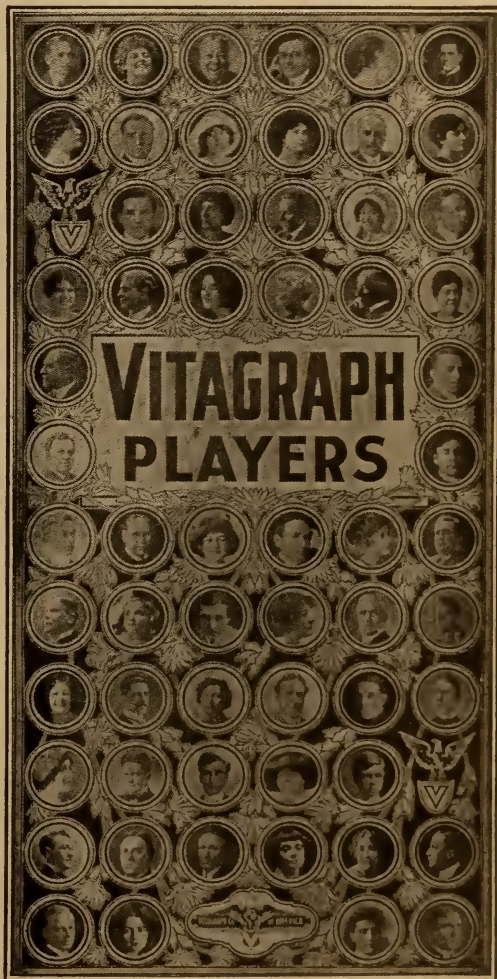
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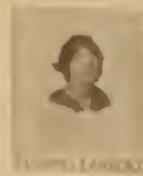
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., B'klyn, N. Y.

Formerly "The Motion Picture Story Magazine"

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AUDREY BERRY, of the Vitagraph Players



The Ethics of the Profession

(Biograph)

By JANET REID

"It brings me back to my college days—this place." Dane Harris, wealthy broker, successful man of affairs, paused for a brief instant to reminisce. Seldom indeed that he permitted himself that luxury. Life, for him, had no Present, held no mellowed Past; it knew only Future—Future, holding in her laden palms the twin boons of Money and Success. His wife, sweet-faced, gently autumnal, smiled at him with eyes that held the wistful look of one who has, all unwillingly, lived her life alone.

"Rum old haunt, I think it," his son declared; "such a seedy crowd—"

"They were not seedy in my day," Harris defended; "the pick of the bunch used to head straight for here every time we hit the big city. I wonder where they are heading for now. I've lost track of them all. I'm beginning to be sorry—"

"Sign of decrepitude, Dad," laughed Ralph.

"You've been so very busy, dear," his wife reminded him, as she had had, so often, to remind herself.

"I beg pardon"—a pleasantly modulated voice broke into the family conclave—"am I mistaken in thinking you—"

"Gordon!" ejaculated Harris, springing to his feet with an unaccustomed agility; "gad, old man, you've come in opportunely. I was talking of college days—and, after all, you were the largest part of them for me—but I'm keeping you; bring your party over here—we'd be delighted. My wife and son, Doctor Gordon."

Gordon's "party" consisted of one—a one palpably dear to him—a slim, warm-flushed girl, with dark, questing eyes and eager scarlet lips. "My wife," introduced Gordon, and the pride in his voice was very evident—glad and unashamed. To one of the party, at least, that pride was a fact easily appreciated. Ralph Harris, sipping a liqueur, thought no eyes he had ever seen had been so tenderly sweet; no smile so fair and gracious.

"You've changed, old chap," Harris was saying, in quite the easy camaraderie of the vanished college-chum days. Gordon's gravely moulded face became suddenly graver, almost stern.

"I've had a life calculated to change a great many things, Harris," he said. "There have been grim battles to conquer—battles not always of the flesh; there have been issues to

face that have demanded the best a man has to give—it has not always been easy. Perhaps it has left its mark.”

“You were always too white for this work-a-day world, Richard,” Harris laughed lightly, feeling his element was not that of the man who spoke so solemnly. “Have there been no compensations?”

“There has been one compensation”—Gordon’s voice lost its stern-

that she was young and fair, and talking, with a certain sparkling vivacity, to Ralph; then veered abruptly to what did interest him—to the passion as strong, if widely variant, as Gordon’s—the Street.

“How’d you like to get in on an easy thing—a sure thing?” he began. “I’ve the inside track, Richard, and I’ll let you in. It’s Combined Steel, a pooled stock, selling at sixty-six and three-quarters now—tomorrow——”



GORDON INTRODUCES HIS WIFE TO RALPH HARRIS

ness and became almost caressing—“my wife. She has been the ease of life to me, Harris. Sometimes I think I’m too old; that I cannot give her what a younger man could give—a man who has not had to look on the poor, scarred face of life with her harlequin mask stripped off—but if I have failed, she has never given a sign; and she has had my life’s one love. That’s all that one can give—”

“She’s very lovely——” Harris gazed at the girl abstractedly; he was not interested. He noted vaguely

Long into the evening the old chums talked, while Mrs. Gordon and Ralph laughed and jested, and Mrs. Harris divided her more or less unsought attention between the two couples. Her keen, motherly eyes noted a restless impatience in the dark eyes of the doctor’s wife—and she wondered; and then noted, too, that Ralph was drinking in every word with an ill-concealed eagerness—and she feared.

Two lives, each one an entity, independent of each other, perhaps for-

getful of the other's very existence, will run their separate ways for years; then, quite without preliminary, they will verge again. For what? Is there, then, a preconceived scheme of things? Is the check-board laid out before this life, and all the moves planned in readiness? Has each man his destiny awaiting him? Are we the pieces on the board? Or are we the captains of our fate? Who knows? Furthermore, oh, merciful Veil, who *wants* to know?

like the way in which a magnet draws a piece of half-resisting steel in Olive Gordon's approach to Ralph. So intelligible is the language of the eyes, so clarion clear is youth's call to youth, that these two met on a footing perilously close at second sight. What did the life-long devotion of a man like Gordon mean, when young, gray eyes looked passionate adoration into hers? What were issues, and spiritual battles, and laurels dearly bought to the wild



“HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GET IN ON AN EASY
THING—A SURE THING?”

It was not many days later when, the doctor's office hours over, the maid presented Mr. Ralph Harris' card, and that gentleman was ushered in, gray eyes roving the room, while his lips explained his errand—the delivery of a letter from his father.

“It's business, no doubt,” the doctor said, glancing at the envelope, “and I'm very dull when it comes to the technicalities of the Street. If you'll excuse me, my boy, I'll run into the office and master the contents. Ah! here is Mrs. Gordon—she will play hostess in absence of the host.”

There was something curiously

leap of the blood? What was faith—what was honor—what was the sacramental bond—to this?

“It's wonderful,” young Harris was breathing, as he detained her hand; “isn't it?” Olive nodded mutely and beckoned him to be seated.

“We must see each other often,” the insistent young voice went on—“mustn't we?”

“We cant”—Olive breathed the words fearfully—“you—you must remember—that I'm married—”

“That's all I can think of.” The note of despair was tragical—to one wise in falling leaves, and changing

seasons, and ebbing tides, and loves that wane like the young moon, it would have been humorous.

"Well"—Olive spread out her pretty hands in a little gesture of being rid of the subject, and laughed—"that being the case, there's nothing more to be said."

When the doctor re-entered the library, his face was very grave, very preoccupied. He handed young Harris a slip of paper.

"There is the amount," he said quietly. "I think that is all the answer required." His tone held no warmth of invitation, and, to the two watching him with the keen eyes of guilt, he looked suddenly old and tired. His eyes held the strained expression of one who has worried much, and his lips were tightly compressed.

"Richard, what is it?" Olive's voice was fearful, as Ralph made his departure with something less than his habitual *savoir faire* and the doctor sank into his easy-chair.

"Nothing, dear love"—he drew her to him tenderly—"only that I've had a hard day. Mrs. Grant died this morning—two operations this afternoon—and a horrible slump in steel. It meant dealing out five thousand dollars to cover my margin—that's what young Harris came for. We can't afford to make inroads like that—I should have had a more level head than to begin playing the Street. But Dane was so almighty sure of the proposition, and it seemed so friendly of him to put me on—but I'm tiring you, little love; I'm sorry. You know I seldom or never allow that pretty head to know my private miseries—I must be getting old to forget. Don't think of what I've been senile enough to babble on about—"

Olive rose petulantly. "It was inconsiderate," she complained; "it's given me a headache—I'm going to have a nap before dinner."

The doctor looked after her a second in surprise. She was always so equable, so well-balanced, so unfretted, and—sometimes he regretted it—so emotionless. But he had learnt,

as we who grapple with realities do learn, that there is no perfection entirely without flaw—that sometimes the imperfection is the dearest charm. And he was tired tonight—his head ached, too. He fell asleep, dreaming that he was doling out packets of \$5,000 cheeks to an Olive suddenly turned to ice—a beautiful, glacial figure.

The country stretched for miles around, a plain all diamond-strewn with snow. The sun shone, and the air, dry, tonic, invigorating, stung Olive Gordon's cheek with an added glow. They had arrived only the night before—she and the doctor. The long years of a work well done, the stress of financial difficulties not clearly understood, the strain and moil of the daily grind had told at last on Gordon's constitution, and a long rest in the mountain air was the only remedy.

As Olive scanned the landscape with misted eyes, she frowned impatiently. "How long, oh, Lord, how long?" she groaned inwardly. "It was bad enough in town, where I could divert myself at will; but here—and Richard an invalid—" In the distance loomed a familiar figure—or rather a figure familiar thru many dreams—Ralph Harris. He was coming toward her with steps that barely touched the ground.

"This is Fate!" he exclaimed exultantly—"now will you believe?"

Suddenly, to the restless girl, the country did not seem so dreary; rather were they the Elysian fields. She looked into the gray eyes all alight, and smiled. "I do believe," she said.

Upstairs, in the suite of rooms assigned to them, the man who had come for a rest was reading a letter, with drawn face and grim lips. The letter meant another \$4,000, or practical destitution—\$4,000, or poverty for the girl-wife who was his heart's blood—\$4,000, or the blur of the ruined speculator on that fair name he carried in his beloved profession. And that \$4,000 he did not have.

"Harris will help me," he thought, "for the sake of auld lang syne."

He had forgot, when they had decided to come to this spot, that Harris had a home here, and that he had spoken of making frequent winter trips to it for rest. When Olive came up, a few minutes later, he failed to note the excitement she was laboring under in the stress of his own anxiety—that anxiety for her.

"Do you happen to know, my dear," he queried, "whether the Harrises are here?"

The girl started. She was young in concealment, and, after all, Richard had been good. "Why, how should I know?" she demanded; "they are your friends, Richard."

"I think I'll phone," the doctor said drearily. "I've got to see Harris—at once. I hate to tell you, dear, but the time has come when you must face a situation that bids fair to become crucial. Steel has gone down again, and I must pay in four thousand dollars more to cover my margin. If I don't—well, the toil of years, financially, is gone. I haven't the money."

Olive's pretty mouth dropped at the corners. "I'm sorry," she said coldly, "but I think you were very foolish, Richard, and very thoughtless of me to begin something you know nothing of—at your age, too."

The man in the chair, weighed under his heavy man's burden, turned white under the heedless words. He was weak and overladen, and she was hitting him in his most vital spot. "I'm sorry, dear," he said, "but you are mistaken in one thing—I did it with you in mind. I've never given you all I wanted to—I've never been able to. I thought I saw my chance. It has failed. Surely, surely, you will not fail me, too—you've been so loyal, little love."

Olive frowned. Downstairs, Ralph was waiting. These words rested heavily on her conscience. She did not think it necessary to say that her loyalty had been of the passive order—that it could not stand under temptation. And so she covered its

decay with a smile and left the doctor alone—to think it out. Here was the flaw: that for the realities she did not care—on the surface of things they stood hand clasped; beneath, they walked apart.

"Well?" Ralph rose to meet her as she rejoined him, eagerly.

"Well—I guess we are ruined, financially." Olive dejectedly faced him.

"Then you know what it means, don't you? It means poverty—pov-



"IT MEANS POVERTY—POVERTY THAT WILL BE WORSE WITH THE YEARS"

erty that will be worse with the years. Gordon is not a young man—he is older than his years because of the strain he has labored under in his profession. He will go down, and you will go with him." Ralph watched her keenly. "You will go down," he repeated, "and that will break his heart far more than losing you now, when you have never known want thru him—and so—come with me, sweetheart, beyond the touch of all these bruising things. We are young and strong now, and life is all before us. It is calling us, and it says, 'Together'—shall we go?"

They went—in Harris' new car. Harris sent a brief, explanatory note

to his mother. Olive left no word. She knew that a parting message would be an insult to the man whose proud name she was smirching. He had been so proud of that name—so proud of her. The two things he held most dear, most sacred—how would he hold them now?

The car seemed to fairly lift from the frozen, rutted ground—it was winged, alive, a sentient thing, keen to the fact of its mission.

dropped—dropped—fathomless distances. A shriek rang out—a shriek of curdled blood and hideous fear; then came a sickening, splintering crash—a moan or two—and, on a gaunt tree overhanging the cliff, the horribly ominous cawing of the crows.

"Doctor Gordon to see Mr. Harris," the butler announced, and Gordon entered on the heel of the announcement. He was a man of few words.



THE MAMMOTH MACHINE CLUTCHED THE AIR—HURTLED INTO A YAWNING SPACE—DROPPED—

"Ralph," the girl said to him, as he drove ahead at reckless speed—"Ralph, do you believe in the old saying: 'The wages of sin is death'?"

"No," came the laughing answer; "but then, I've never sinned, dear heart, so how should I know?"

"But this," breathed the doctor's wife—"this is——"

"This!" Ralph laughed triumphantly. He turned to claim her lips. "This, sweetheart, is——" The mammoth machine clutched the air—hurtled into a yawning space—

Swift and clean as his own knife, he cut to the heart of the subject.

"I'm all in, Harris," he said, as he dropped into a chair; "this loss wipes me out—more, I haven't got it. What can you do for me?"

"Nothing." Harris' voice was crisply business; "I'm sorry, Richard. I thought the proposition a good one. I'm the loser myself. I'd do what I could if it were possible—but I can't make it."

"It means just this to me," said Gordon, slowly—"the clean loss of

all I have—the beginning again at the bottom rung—at my age. It means—it means—Olive——”

“I know.” Harris was sympathetic, firm. “I am sorry, Richard, tho that does not help you—but, really, old man, I’ll have to be frank. I can’t do anything for you.”

The doctor leaned forward—his lean, nervous hand grasped the end of the table. “You must know, Dane,” he said grimly, “what straits

They found a note in her hand, clutched as she fell. It read:

I am going away with Mrs. Gordon. She loves me, and I cannot see her suffer in poverty. I have my inheritance.

RALPH.

The doctor unclenched the taut hand and read it first. He read it very slowly. Then he read it again, and again, and yet a third time. Then he handed it to Harris. “I



MRS. GORDON ESCAPES INJURY AND SENDS A BYSTANDER FOR MEDICAL AID

I’m in to trail my pride in the dust and beg this aid of you. That’s what I’m doing now—begging it of you—in God’s name. Remember the old days of share and share alike. You were generous then—fair-minded—on the square. For those old days, Dane, because an old friend asks you, not for himself, but for one who is dearer than life——”

Outside the closed door there came a heavy thud, and a maid burst it open, white of face. “Mrs. Harris has fainted,” she gasped; “come quick!”

think you ought to read it,” he said, with a curious gentleness in his voice.

There came the sharp ringing of the phone, and Harris answered, ashen-faced. Mrs. Harris, slowly reviving, was lying on the couch, and the doctor, eyes still intent upon the note, stood by the window.

“God!” gasped Harris. The receiver dropped, nerveless, from his hand. “There’s been an accident,” he said—“the car—Ralph—Ralph, they think, is——” The final, dread word was lost in the catch of his throat. His eyes sought the doctor’s

face. It was oddly impassive—the face of one who has reached the outermost pits of torture, and is for all time hence immune. “Gordon,” he said breathlessly, “Mrs. Gordon has escaped—my boy—my boy—oh, Gordon, in the name of heaven, don’t be ice—don’t turn on me. I know your grievance may be a righteous one, but you can’t do this thing, Gordon—it’s my boy, my little boy——”

Gordon looked Harris keenly between the eyes; then he met the stricken gaze of the poor mother, whose mute lips had not uttered a sound since the news came. A life

was ebbing out—that life the one responsible for the loss of his little girl. He was a doctor, with the high call of his profession at his back—a life to be saved, no matter whose that life might be—a life to be saved—and the honor of his name. His love was gone, wiped clean from the slate; but his honor, the purchase price of which no one could gauge, remained. He lifted his head. The man was gone—the physician remained—the healer of men’s bodies made potent by the victory of soul.

“I’ll go, Harris,” he said—“please God we’ll save him yet.”



Journalism Taught by the “Movies”

MOTION PICTURES were put to a new educational use recently, when they were introduced into the School of Journalism at Columbia University in New York City, as a permanent means of instructing the students in reporting actual events first hand.

Only those films are to be used which show events of local or historical importance, such as a reporter would meet with in his everyday work. It is planned to hold these Motion Picture shows frequently, which all the students in the school are required to attend. When the show is finished, the students must go to the school’s “city room” and write up their stories under a time limit. In this way it is hoped to put the students under actual newspaper conditions as much as possible.

The faculty of the School of Journalism has been aware of a defect in the system of instruction for a long time, that of having the students report actual happenings in the city. It was discovered that when a student

was sent out on an assignment the instructor had no way to learn whether important facts were omitted or whether certain facts were exaggerated, if not falsified, unless an account of the same event happened to appear in the daily newspapers. It was to remedy this that Motion Pictures were adopted, for now the instructors can become familiar with all the facts of the story, and thus check up the students’ stories.

It is also hoped that the Motion Picture will give the students an opportunity to write graphically and accurately under pressure. The faculty realized that one of the greatest difficulties in reporting quickly happening events was to preserve in the story the proper perspective and sequence of events, especially if written under excitement. By using Motion Pictures the faculty thinks it sees a solution of this problem.

The first series of pictures shown was on the Balkan War, which gave the students an opportunity to act as war correspondents.

A vertical illustration on the left side of the page depicts a man in a dark, hooded garment climbing a tall, ornate clock tower. The man is positioned near the top of the tower, with his hands and feet visible as he ascends. The clock face is partially visible, showing Roman numerals. The style is a detailed woodcut or engraving.

The Hand of Horror

(EDISON) BY KARL SCHILLER

SOMETIMES Stephen Clark wondered whether John were his fault or merely an anomaly. His wife's part in their son he had never questioned; she had given him her own delicate features, her wistful smile, her innocent eyes, deeply lashed; but of her white flower-soul the boy had not a trace. Margaret—that was different. She was the spirit of the dear, dead woman in a different flesh. With closed eyes, listening to her voice, he could have believed Lilas beside him. So far their union had not failed, but the son of it—was it his fault, or whose? For John was wild, a sower of tares, a reaper of tears. Stephen had tried the argument of the birch switch until the boy was grown ridiculously tall; he had tried, in secret, the aid of prayer, and, at last, hopelessly, he had turned him over to Margaret, and she, too, seemed to be failing.

Then there was Frank Henley. Stephen's former trade of steeplejack called for steel-fibred nerves, a will responsive and responsible, and a steady hand and eye. Now he had become a contractor and employed others to do the dangerous work. Frank qualified well and was an invaluable assistant, but a thorn in the old man's soul, nevertheless. For it was John's heritage this stranger lad had taken. Stephen Clark could forgive much to his son—wild adventures, lawless deeds, even actual crime—but he could not condone cowardice. And, in his sick soul, he believed his son to be a coward. He had seen the fear of height more than once in the boy's eyes, had sensed the inward nausea of dizziness, visible only in the dead pallor of the young skin. The easiest jobs went, therefore, to him, while the father writhed in soul to see his assistant climbing nimbly and unafraid where swallows built their airy nests beneath the steeple eaves.

Frank Henley sauntered along the street, whistling aimless fragments of melodies between his teeth. His hands were jammed into his pockets awkwardly. He did not feel really at home upon the solid earth, and his supple fingers, like a musician's hand, were crude when it came to doing common, earthly things. Yet now he was also climbing—a mental steeplejack among the pinnacles of his castles in the air. He had

never in his life felt dizzy on any structure reared by man, but the loftiness of his planning caught his breath and made his brain reel. He was in love, but did not yet realize it. Twenty-eight clean-lived years had taught him none of the symptoms. All that he realized now was a face before him ever—waking, sleeping and yonder on the daily heights he trod. Margaret—what a smile she had!—his heart thrilled to the memory of it—and her small, pale hands like white violets, and her mouth—The boy blushed and stemmed the current of his thoughts resolutely, calling himself a fool—the old tale of the employer's beautiful daughter and the poor apprentice over again. Well, he'd never tell her, anyhow; he'd just beat it for another city and—"

Here Fate took a hand.

Out of a towering loft building stumbled a man, frantic with haste, and on his footsteps a curl of threatening gray.

"Fire!" shrilled the man, hysterically—"fire—fire—fire—"

"Stop, you fool!" Frank was shaking him in healthy disdain. "Why, John!"

The boy wrenched himself free. Across his horror-stamped face writhed another expression, a sort of cringing shame. "Margaret"—he jerked a shaking thumb backward—"inside there—leggo! I'm goin' f'r help." He jerked free and swayed, coughing and muttering, down the street. Frank waited to hear no more. Used to clean, unbreathed, upper air, he strangled thru the murk of the halls—up—up, calling aloud the name that was dear to his tongue:

"Margaret! Where are you? Margaret! Courage, sweetheart, I'm coming to you—"

The tender word came unconsciously, and, strangely, it was the only one she heard as she was slipping out into the darkness of a swoon. At the moment of passing, sudden joy held her back an instant, giving her subconscious mind the will to cry his name aloud. And then he was with

her, his arms about her, and she was no longer afraid. No stranger wooing ever wooed than this—no more terrible background than that stain of wavering red and gray.

"The laces—John was here to steal them. I tried to stop him—his cigaret—" She did not realize that she was confessing her brother's guilt. The woman-instinct to put off the longed-for confession of love was hers even in this place of death.

"Margaret!" he cried, unlistening; then, over and over, "Margaret—Margaret—Margaret—" That was all, but enough; and in the midst of the smoke and flame their lips met for one ecstatic moment. Then he swung her to his shoulder and turned to fight a way to the street.

"And I'm to go up this afternoon," Frank cried eagerly. "One hundred advance pay—one hundred more when it's done. Pretty soft, eh? One more job like this, and we'll be able to start housekeeping."

The sure joy of possession thrilled his tone as well as the proprietary hand he laid across the girl's. Stephen looked at the pair pridefully; then his glance caught his son, and he sighed. John sat sullenly, crumbling his bread on the cloth, with no appearance of listening; yet below the heavy lids his eyes gleamed covetously. One hundred already! He glanced slyly at Frank. Perhaps in his pocket this moment! Not all the wealth in the world would have tempted him to take Frank's place astride the steel hands of the great clock in the tallest tower in the city—what good was money to a dead fellow, anyhow? Yet he resented the other's acquirement of the job.

Margaret's eyes were tragic. "Oh, Frank!"—it was a wail of primitive woman-fear—"but the tower's so high. When I was a little girl I used to think it reached to heaven. Don't go—never mind the money. I'm—I'm afraid!"

"Nonsense, child," laughed the lover, easily; "it's a cinch. The superintendent and some of the fel-



FRANK TAKES A LOOK AT THE STEEL HANDS OF THE CLOCK THAT
HE IS TO REPAIR

lows and I were up in the clock-room yesterday. I looked out thru the door—it's no job at all, really, honey. The hands are as firm as a railroad bridge. I'll wait till the hour-hand is in easy reach; then one step out, and it's a matter of fifteen minutes or so, and I'm back with a lump of dollars." He jumped up from the table and caught up his coat. "Going to see me off, honey?"

She followed him to the door, lifting her clouded face. "Oh, I hate it—the work!" she cried, against his rough cheek. "Mother all her life lived in the shadow of dread. She was terribly afraid. Every time a knock came on the door she could picture father's body outside—crushed and broken. I know how she suffered now. It's born in us both—the horror of the heights. Father thinks John is a coward, but I understand."

"Dont worry, girlie," he soothed her. "You cant lose me so easy as that."

"Frank!" Her eyes suddenly blazed with resolution—"Frank, I just cant stand it. I wont live mother's life over again. I love you; you know that, dont you? But if you keep on steeplejacking, you'll have to give me up." Her voice changed, trembled. "Come down, dear," she pleaded. "There's lots of work to be found down here—and there's me—I'm here—and I cant ever go up with you, even in imagination. *I'm afraid to love a steeplejack!*"

He looked down, troubled; but in his quiet eyes was no hint of yielding. "Why, you're asking a bird not to fly, honey," he said gravely. "It's in me to climb—I love it—it's my work, and a man's got to do his work in the world."

"Then how about me?" she cried passionately. "Where do I come in, in your life? Dont I count at all?"

"You're everything in the world," he said—"everything; but—why, Margaret, *a man's got to do his work!*"

"I mean what I say," she warned him.

He looked into her eyes, and his heart grew heavy at what he saw there. For she did mean what she said. But he turned.

"Where are you going?"

"To the tower, Margaret," he said sadly; "good-by!"

Below him three hundred feet of

tered a flock of starlings poised on unafraid wings above the cruel space, yet terrified by a single movement of his hand. The work went more slowly than he had reckoned, or perhaps his hand was interrupted by his thoughts. And the steel beam was slanting a little more sharply as he drove home the last screw. He turned the handle of the door that led back to safety; then his brows knit in a sharp frown.



THE GUILTY JOHN GOES MAD AS HE SEES THE HOUR AND REALIZES WHAT HE HAS DONE

sheer stone — down — down — down. The human beings were ants; carriages and cars were beetles; not a sound of the noisy life below came to him, riding the slender steel of the great clock's hour-hand. It was a quarter of four, and the hand stood almost horizontal. He had been in far more peril times without number, and the old joy of the spaces would have filled his heart had not Margaret's words weighed so heavy there. About his head, as he worked, twit-

He shook the door more violently; then, impatience oozing into apprehension, he flung as much of his weight as he dared against it. It held fast. He drew a long, slow breath, trying to realize the meaning of his position. Locked out! In mid-air! On the hour-hand of a clock that was every moment moving downward!

He tried to clear his mind of horror and to steady his thoughts into thinking-trim. In fifteen minutes the hand would slant uncomfortably; at half-

past four it would be out of reach of the door; at quarter of five, if he could hold on so long, he must inevitably fall. He had never before tried to picture what it would be to fall. Shutting his eyes, he could imagine it: the sliding; the clammy fingers, numb from the strain of holding; the last touch of the steel as the fall began—down! past the windows where, perhaps, horrified faces would be staring—down! nearer and nearer,

not die until he must. He stared into the round, glazed, white clock-face, trying to focus his attention. Presently he found himself counting with feverish haste, and laughed grimly. Ten moments of life gone already! What ought he to do? Perhaps he should pray. But the words would not come; only one word—Margaret!

In a flash he was himself again. He clung to the thought of her, sanely, quietly. She had been right. No



WITH ONE SUPREME EFFORT, MARGARET RESCUES FRANK FROM HIS PERILOUS POSITION

watching the stones of the street rise up.

He wondered whether he should be able to think as he fell. Would it hurt when he struck, or would sense be snuffed out, as a candle-flame?

In a frenzy of revolt and insane, physical shuddering, he hurled himself against the unyielding wood. The movement, with the added slant of his seat, nearly dislodged him. He clung, sick with his escape, to the steel before him with hands slippery with sweat. He would be cool. At least, he would

man in his perilous profession should impose upon a woman the agony of a life of strained listening, tense waiting.

"Sweetheart," he said aloud—"Margaret—you'll never know how I thought of you these last few, precious moments. You won't understand that you helped me die like a man—"

His seat was sliding very rapidly downward now. Above his head poised the minute-hand. The quick transfer brought a short respite; then, faster than before, he felt himself

swinging toward eternity. His fingers slipped, caught again. The door was far above him now. Should he go down with eyes open or shut? He must not shriek. He closed his lips firmly. "Margaret!" his soul whispered. One last glance at the door—

"Frank——" It was her voice, or



"HE DIED BEFORE HE REALIZED WHAT HE HAD DONE—MY POOR LAD!"

an hallucination—her face, or his dream of it, and her strong, steady hand, firm on his sliding ones.

"Listen to me, dear," she said clearly. "Don't let go. I am going to help you. Just keep holding on and holding on——"

But it was her next words that gave him the strength to obey.

"I love you, Frank—you just hold on and keep remembering that——"

"It was John," said the old man, brokenly. "God pity him! Tell Frank, Margaret—I can't——"

The bitter truth faltered out between sobs—how John, with thievery in his heart, had followed Frank to the tower; examined his coat in the cloak-room, locking the door for security, and, not finding the one hundred dollars advance money, had gone away. Margaret had come on him half an hour later, in Frank's room, staring at the watch on the table and laughing very low and monotonously. From his wild words and wilder gestures she had divined the truth, and love had winged her feet.

"He was mad—he must have been——" moaned the gray father, over and over. "It was a mercy that he died before he realized what he had done—my poor lad!"

Death is more forgiving than Life! With the erasing of the sinner, it often erases the memory of the sin. Now and always, in his remembering, the father would think of his son as the little, timid toddler with his mother's wide, wondering eyes.

"Margaret," said Frank, slowly. "I must tell you something. Dear, I want you more than I want anything in this world; but I know now that you are right—it would be selfish of me to marry you. If I

could change myself, I'd try to learn another trade, *but I can't change.*"

The girl looked up into her lover's face humbly. And suddenly the meaning of her own womanhood was born in her. Life with Frank would mean hours of torture, early gray in her hair, worry-lines in face and heart; but it would be *life* in all its fullness and deepness. She drew his head down to her.

"I've started in loving you, and I can't change, either," she laughed. But her kiss told him everything she could not put into words.



The House OF DARKNESS (LUBIN)

BY NORMAN BRUCE

This story was written from the Photoplay of SHANNON FIFE

JAMES GRESHAM was dead. On all the earth there was no one to mourn him, unless it were tiny Ruth, his granddaughter, shedding weak, little, eight-year-old tears over her doll, and perhaps old Wilks, the butler, who had known his master, good and bad, for fifty years. Many a child left a greater lack behind than he—this silent old hoarder, with his covetous eyes and secretive smile that never parted his lips as tho in fear of letting a secret out or drawing in a breath of human fellowship. For years he had hidden in his dusty, gray home like an old, hoary spider, and for prey. For years, gossip tongues whispered, he had watched the pile of his wealth mount higher by painful, ant-like degrees, until somewhere behind the blank, white face of the house was stored a treasure rich as the fabled Kidd's—gold and jewels, they said, with awed nudges, for the old man would change none of his golden pleasure into dingy bonds or stocks. And now he lay dead in the common democracy of the grave. Not one bright disk of metal should he ever touch lovingly, nor catch, in his dark, narrow home, the warming fire of a single jewel.

"The girl gets it all, whatever it is," yawned Henry Collins. He and his partner—brother John—stooped over the will that named them the legal advisers and trustees of Ruth Gresham until she became of age. "I expect the most of the talk about

Gresham's fortune was old wives' gossip, but we'll have to find out. Did Wilks give you the keys?"

"This morning—yes." John drew them from his pocket. "Funny one, this——" He touched a small, twisted, crooked thing dangling from the ring. "Hang it all, if it doesn't look like the old fellow himself, somehow!"

"The key to his soul—or his strong-box," said his brother, lightly. "There's great talk about secret rooms and chests of wealth, but I wager it boils down to a pretty low figure before we get thru. We'll run up tonight and take a look at things."

"Tonight? Ugh! The old place is gloomy enough in broad daylight," objected John.

"Pooh! You always were afraid of ghosts," laughed the other, affectionately. "And, anyhow, the Bennett case comes up in sessions next week, and we've no time to be digging for buried treasure then."

"Wilks," asked the child, solemnly, "Wilks, is my gran'dad gonod to Heaven?"

The old butler stifled his private doubts on the subject and nodded valiantly. "'Course he is, Miss Ruth," he agreed, "'course he is. He's singing psalms and playing his harp right lively up yonder this blessed minute."

"Gran'dad 'll like Heaven, 'cause the streets 'n' houses is all maded of

gold," said Ruth, with uncanny directness. "How'd he go, Wilks? Thru ve roof? Wist I'd been awake to 've sawn him." With a sudden, eerie veering of mood, she dropped to her knees and clasped her dimple-pricked hands in the devout attitude of an Infant Samuel. "Now pray me, please, Wilks," she directed. "Gran'dad's too dead to hear my prayers tonight."

The brothers felt their way down the graveled walk in silence. The



"NOW PRAY ME, PLEASE, WILKS,"
SHE DIRECTED

rank smell of crushed tansy leaves stained the pure air—or perhaps it was something else. Certainly they no longer walked comradely together as they had come. Life, the Alchemist, has two prime reagents—one is Love; the other, Greed. Either can transform the human soul. In the imaginations of each of these two more-than-brothers flamed the sallow glitter of gold. With what they had seen that night in old James Gresham's secret strong-room, had come Desire, and its twin sister, Hate. They cast sidelong, suspicious glances at one another, which met, wavered, and, finally, met again.

"Well?" said John, with an effort at nonchalance. "Well?"

The other shivered and drew his

hand waveringly over his eyes. "Ugh! think of the old skinflint's spinning such a golden web under our eyes all these years," he said. "The last of his line, except the little girl. You know, they say the Greshams were once pirates and highwaymen, and that old rattle-trap of a house back there has seen more than one queer thing. I'd believe anything after what we saw tonight. Well, the girl'll be rich."

"Yes," agreed his brother, slowly, "the girl *will* be rich——"

The moon shuddered down across faces suddenly distorted with new, cruel lines.

The months dragged by aimlessly in the little village, unconscious of undercurrents of elemental passion. In the grim, gray house on the hill, Ruth prattled over her dolls as joyously as any child, while Wilks pottered drearily around the echoing shell of rooms, refurnishing them with the grandeur of old days and peopling the moth-riddled divans and rat-hunted alcoves with the shades of the long dead. The venturesome boys of the village dared each other to climb the hill at night, while the rooks in the naked elms shrieked hoarsely, like lost souls. Visitors, to rap the corroded knuckles of the front-door knocker, were few—two only, in fact. And, strangely, after that first visit, they came singly, with backward glances of unease. Stealthy footsteps creaked the loose boards of stair and bedroom at odd hours. Shadows, that fled guiltily at a noise, flitted across the bare walls. Now and then a rheumatic lock squealed like a taunting tongue, and the vitals of the house groaned to sly steps. It was inevitable that the sore truth should fester to the surface before long.

"You! I thought so!" sneered Henry Collins, detaching himself from the gloom of the doorway. "And how long, my thief-brother, has this been going on?"

"Brother-thief is better," snarled the other. "I have as much right

here as you. Besides, I was—was only hunting for a paper——”

The two men looked steadily into one another's eyes a moment. Then Henry laughed out, in a sound negative to mirth. “Dont let's pretend,” he said shortly. “We understand each other. We're both after the old man's money. Well, what about it?”

“Hush!” muttered the less courageous criminal, with a slanting look about the mouldy walls, half-revealed by the sooty flare of a single candle. “Dont say such things——”

“Afraid God will hear—or old Gresham?” jibed Henry, bitterly. “If there's anything could bring the dead back, the thought of losing his gold would raise the old miser. Well, are you coming home? I'm not going to leave you here.”

“You dont trust me,” whined John. Suddenly he looked at his brother sidewise, with the effect of peering thru closed eyelids. “And I dont trust you, either, you dirty spy,” he snarled. “Suppose we both come up here to live, then? We can tell people we're settling the estate. Nobody knows how much money there is here, and we can settle it our own way.”

Henry smiled amiably, but in his eyes, had his brother noticed it, was the look of a Cain. “Very well, old man,” he said almost affectionately; “have it your way.”

“Business,” said the brothers, vaguely, to the village curious—“inventories—settlements——”

“Oh, yes,” sympathized the curious—“how unfortunate for you! They say the old place is haunted, you know.”

Behind their backs, heads were shaken ominously. “I dont know what's got into the Collins boys,” they said. “Their law business is a wreck, and they look ten years older in a month. H'm! there's a curse on everything the old miser yonder touched—except Ruth.”

The village was partly right. The house on the hill was haunted—not by evil spirits, but by evil deeds; not by ghosts of men, but by wraiths of

thoughts; not by echoes of voices, but of passions, hate, envy, suspicion, greed. In the hearts of the brothers these emotions smouldered, and the sulky smoke of the hidden fires crept up, strangling all their old, sweet brother-love.

Terrible thoughts become terrible deeds, if dwelt on long enough. One damp, autumn day John, tramping moodily thru the rotten leaves under a sky as leaden as his reflections, heard the sound of a boulder starting up from its hollow on the hillside above him. Before the thought had



HAD COME DESIRE, AND ITS TWIN
SISTER, HATE

formulated in his mind, he leaped aside with the reflex movement of his terror, and the stone, mowing a wide swath of destruction, tore by him down the slope, scorching his very heels. A glance upward revealed no visible cause for its descent, and the man whom death had grazed so nearly went home with murder in his heart, meeting his brother's bland greeting in sullen, inarticulate rage.

It was perhaps a week later when Henry was called from sleep by the crash of his dream about him. He blinked his eyes open upon a room still vibrating to a noise and pungent with the bitter taste of powder. One moment, and the thin trickle of blood

between his clenched fingers brought him, cursing, to leaden, unsure feet. Swaying and blinded by the pain, he crept along the damp hallway to a thread of light below a door, ajar. The desiccated matting complicated his steps; the wall, where in groping he brushed it, was stained sinisterly. In the doorway of his brother's room he paused. Was that crouching figure, terror-shaken, guilt-ridden in every craven line, his brother John, with a revolver in his hand? A quiet came over the wounded man, more evil and threatening than speech.

"In ten years he will be a raving maniac—or sooner," he thought, with satisfaction. "He must stay here—he would not dare carry the gold away if he knows I am alive and watchful. He cannot spend it, nor hide it, nor enjoy it. And then——"

In the morning Wilks, palsied with fright, brought to John a note smeared with bloody finger-prints, which he had found pinned to the gate. Before the lawyer could tear the paper into senseless bits, the butler had read the four words it contained and turned away with chilling veins. So the old house was to know more tragedy, then. For the note had read simply: "Beware. I shall return."

"Poor little Miss Ruth!" groaned the old man, wretchedly. "Lord spare me for her sake till the end o' all this darkness has come."

Perhaps the angels heard and heeded. For the days and months widened to years, and Wilks grew more infirm and feeble, but he did not die. Ruth unfolded to a blossom-girl, all fragile pink-and-whiteness and soft curves and haloed hair. The village youths stared at her wistfully, but kept a distance, awed by the sinister tales of her ancestry and the contradiction of her lovely, innocent face. She was a regal, hot-house rose in a rank garden of leprous growth and rotting fungi, begging mutely for transplanting to a healthier soil. Philip Lane, a young doctor, on a visit to his aunt in the village, found his eyes upon the girl as she drooped

above her hymn-book, on his first Sunday in church; a physician's eye at first, that noted the exquisite moulding of her, the pallor shading off from her cheek to the delicate temples and the timid wistfulness of the young, blue eyes. An aged man was with her who met the stranger's appraising stare resentfully, like a toothless, senile old watch-dog. The next day something more than medical curiosity prompted him to ask the village fathers, gathered for conversational purposes in the village inn, something of the history of the girl. As he spoke her name, a bearded stranger, drinking off a glass of ale at the bar, turned, listening.

"Yep, lives in that rotten, old, gray house on the hill," related the authorities, with relish. "It's a crazy old shack, just holding together like the folks in it, all 'cept th' gal. John Collins lives thar—uster be a lawyer here in th' town, but when ol' man Gresham died, he made him 'n' his brother guarden o' th' gal, an' th' brother skipped out. Say, you'd orter see th' old fellow! Crazy as a loon! They say he's got a mint o' money hid som'ers——"

"Liars! You're a pack of liars!" shrilled a high voice behind them. A tottering, bowed, shrunken figure stood in the doorway, shaking a shriveled fist above his white head. The face was terrible to see, with its white, seamed glare of greed. He swayed, weak with senile rage. "I've not a cent there—not one—liars—thieves——" Frothing at the mouth, he fell to the floor. Philip knelt at his side, probing skillfully.

"He must be taken home," he said authoritatively. "Where does he live——"

"In the house o' darkness yender," was the awed reply. "That's John Collins, or the corpse o' him."

Very near a corpse, indeed, he was as he lay in the hollow of the four-poster, an hour later.

"I think," said Philip, when, finally, he left the sick-room and descended the stairs to the tattered gorgeousness of the drawing-room,

where Ruth was waiting—"I think that I had better remain within call tonight, if you have a spare corner to put me."

"Is Uncle John worse?" she asked him with grieved young lips. "Will he die like granddad long ago?"

"I hope not," said Philip, looking admiringly into her candid eyes; "but I think—yes, I am *certain*—it would be better for me to stay."

Strange how well acquainted a

has a piano, very old and quavery like Wilks' voice, and boxes of money and things."

"Oh, not *money*," he reasoned gently. "You mean something else, I guess."

"Well, it's all yellow and dusty and hard," she said indifferently.

"Uncle John was counting it once and forgot to shut the door at the top of the stairway, so I went down to see, but he got very angry and told



"THEY SAY HE'S GOT A MINT OF MONEY HID SOM'ERS——"

pair of young people can become in a few hours! Ruth, who had never, in her short, lonely life, known a man besides Wilks and old John, regarded the young doctor's well-looking face with the puzzled pleasure of a child shown a new toy. They walked in the garden and talked of sweet, simple things: her flowers; the cat; the birds, and the village life, buzzing below. Only once, and with the naivete of a child, did she touch the fringe of the tragedy that hung like a pall above the ancient roof-tree.

"There's a queer room in the house that no one knows about, except me and Uncle John," she told him. "It

me never to come there again. I don't want to, anyhow. It smells all choky and horrid."

The sick-room brooded in the shadows, silent save for the hoarse rattle in the old, yellow throat on the pillow. A draught of air waved the curtains aside and set the lamp-flame afficker. The dying man stirred and opened his eyes, groping among the shades for reality. It came like a spectre of Vengeance from among them and stood beside the bed. The lean jaw sagged down, and the spare, white hair bristled with horrid unbelief.



"YOU'VE SAVED ME THE TROUBLE OF
KILLING YOU"

"You!" shrieked, at last, the wretch on his death-bed. "You!"

"Yes, John, *I!*" laughed out Henry Collins. "Haven't you a better welcome for me after all these years? No? Well, then, listen. I came back to kill you——"

The sick man cowered, gasping on the pillows. "And to take the money that you've saved so carefully for me." Henry's smile deepened. He bent lower. "But you've saved me the trouble of killing you by dying so conveniently, so I'll just take the keys to the strong-box, here under the pillow, and be gone. Good-by!"

As he knelt before the chest and flung back the rotting lid upon the tarnished treasure, he laughed again as Mephistopheles laughs on the stage. "It was clever of me—very—to leave him," he muttered—"only forty-five, and he looks seventy. The devil's been his bedfellow these ten years. And now I may help myself unhindered."

"No!" shrieked John Collins behind him—"No! I'm not so dead as you thought, you see." He rocked with insane mirth, and the lamp he carried fell crashing from his palsied talons and spluttered on the stone spiral of the secret stair. The figure, arisen from its bed, that confronted him was so horrible in its decay and

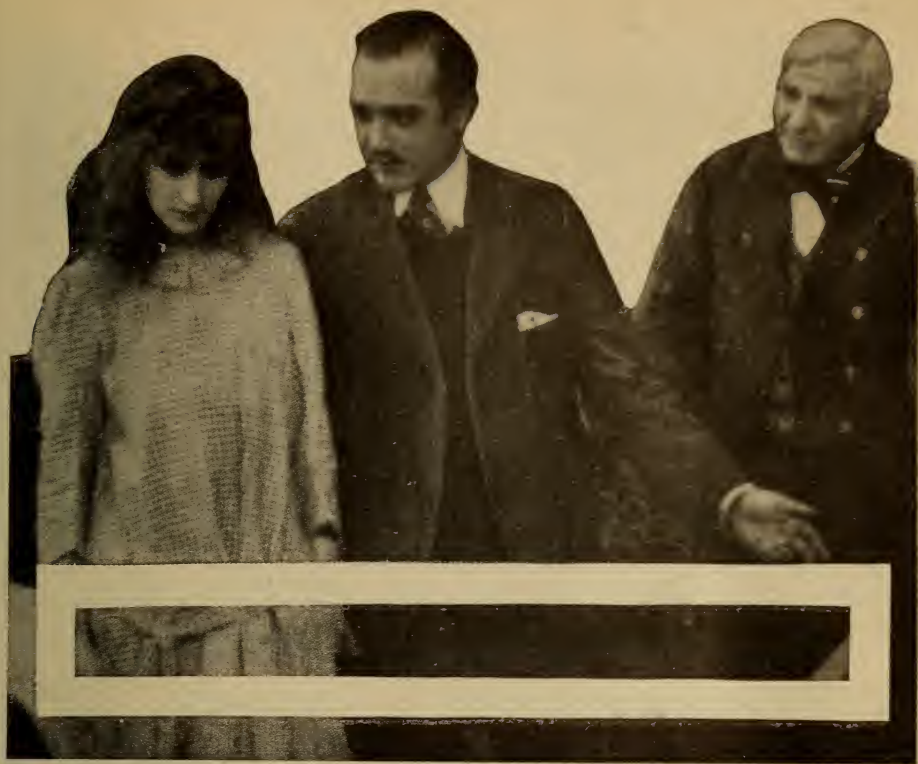
shroud-like garments that Henry hesitated an instant, and the pause was his death-sentence. The rotted floor beneath his feet fell away, hurling him down steep and slimy walls to a vault far below. As he clawed desperately on the foul stones, vainly seeking an outlet, the horrible face of his brother peered over the edge.

"Dug your own grave," he chuckled, with rasping wheezes for breath. "I fixed the nest for you ten years gone by—trapped! Ha, ha—you're very clever now, aren't you, down there, so snug! Gold? You

wanted my gold? Well, here's a little for you. I'll be generous—here—here!" A rain of coins stung the face below. Then came jewels; a merciless, cold fire thru the choking atmosphere. What was the matter, that the wild face above should twist so strangely? Is John, too, dying? The tiny treasure-vault is red as blood—the stairs a mocking spiral of flame from the ruined lamp! Escape is cut off! The miser writhes across his ill-got gold, trying to shield it; then, as the heated metal sears his flesh, ungrateful after all his love for it, he flings himself away and down



IT WAS PHILIP WHO CARRIED RUTH
FROM THE CRUMBLING RUIN



"I HAVEN'T MUCH MONEY, SWEETHEART, BUT——"

into the pit, dragging after him the chest of gold, that buries the two brothers beneath a metal shroud.

It was Philip who carried Ruth from the crumbling ruin of the house and, as the lovely face lay unconscious against his shoulder, dared to touch the full child-lips with his own.

Later, as she came slowly back to life in the shelter of a village home, she opened her eyes upon the tremulous face of old Wilks and the strange look in the eyes of the young doctor bending above her. The butler tried to speak, but could not for the

tremble of his shriveled lips. It was on Philip's tongue to tell her of the fate of her home, but other words came without his volition.

"Sweetheart—little flower-girl—" He had her in his arms, somehow, and suddenly she was no longer a child.

"Do—you love—me?"

"Always, dear—*always*," he promised. "I'll try so hard to make you happy. I haven't much money, sweetheart, but——"

"Oh, *that's* all right," she sighed happily against his shoulder; "I hate money, anyway. It's so ugly and dusty and cold!"



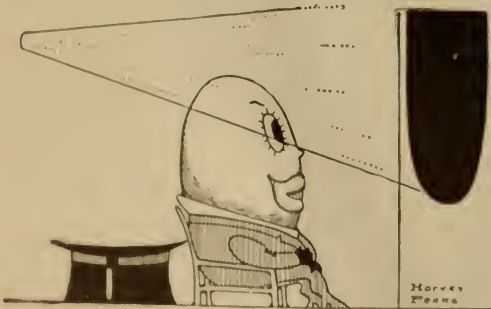
Mother Goose of the Motion Pictures

By HARVEY PEAKE



"Ba, ba, black sheep,
Have you any wool?"
"Yes, sir—yes, sir,
Three bags full;
One for my master,
One for my beau,
And one to change for tickets
To the Motion Picture
Show!"

"Where are you going, my
pretty maid?"
"To the Motion Picture Play,"
she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty
maid?"
"If you'll take me to others, sir,"
she said.



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great
fall;
Now nothing can make him a
smiling face show
But three or four reels at a
Motion Play Show.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
But they both agreed on Picture
Plays
For entertainment clean.





This story was written from the Photoplay of HENRY MACRAE

THE salt air stung the nostrils with its indefinable pungence. A slightly rising, westerly wind stirred and rattled the dilapidated old sign of Ye Red Dog Inn. A bit in the distance, yoho-ing at their work, stood some six or seven of the pirate group. They made a vivid splash of color on the tarnished gold of the day—a gold fast dimming into ugly gray. Drink—the sea—and probably the devil—had moulded them as they were. Open-shirted, brilliantly sashed, capped in pirate fashion, redolent of rum, they were the crew who had sailed many a desperate voyage, pillaged for strange treasure, rioted in human blood, raided the pearl-fishers of the South Seas and sacked the homeward-bound merchantmen, laden with a fortune in silks and spices from the Orient.

Close to the steps of Ye Red Dog stood a knot of three in earnest confabulation. They were the captain of the pirate brig *Eleanor*, the first mate and the captain's daughter. As desperate buccaneers as ever navigated a pirate ship, they had in their bearing a softer aspect—a gentler touch than graced the godless group

laboring with their ship's stores. Maybe it was the girl whose femininity lent to the two rough men that finer touch. Dearly loved daughter of one, eagerly coveted sweetheart of the other, she cast the grace of her womanhood even into the blood-drenched, brine-soaked lives of these two.

"Then I shall go?" The girl raised her flower face and besought her father's scarred, tattooed countenance anxiously. So white was her brow, so delicately coral her cheeks, that Clifford, her lover, inspired by the odd sentimentality that comes to such men as he, called her "Atoll Flower" instead of Marie.

"It'll be a rough v'yage, my little gal," the grizzled captain made reply, "and I'm a'most afraid——"

Clifford laughed. "What, old shipmate, do I hear you say afraid? You well remember how we boarded our staunch brig yonder and scuttled our water-logged schooner?"

"Aye, aye," smiled the captain, "and her lubberly look and honest rig, with the sweet name *Eleanor*, has caught us many a prize."

"I'll take care of Atoll Flower,"

broke in Clifford, with conviction; "it's the thing for her. Let's be off—the boys have their stores stowed by now, and the brig's awaiting us."

Keener than the gleaming or blood-rusted blades of the buccaneer knives, more cruelly cold than the mercilessness of the pirates themselves, are thwarted human passions—jealousy.



"IT'LL BE A ROUGH V'YAGE, MY LITTLE GAL"

ambition and love. On the pirate ship *Eleanor*, bound for the plundering of merchant ships, these three ran rife. Even on the South Seas, on coasts where the refining subtleties of civilization have never laid their intricate touch, loves are born unmasked and fester in the slighted breasts to the breaking point. Cunning greed, parents' ambitions, and scheming for more than gold, abound. Thus it was that while Clifford bore in his heart a clean, loyal love for his Atoll Flower, Betty, daughter of the ship's cook, in

turn loved him. And again, in turn, Mansher, second mate of the *Eleanor*, loved her. Presiding, evil-genius-wise, over this tangled skein of loves and hates, sat Betty's mother, nicknamed "The Owl"—perhaps for her cast of countenance—perhaps for the ill-omen reputed to be that bird's significance.

It was the night of the third day out—the dingy-sailed, black-prowed craft, *Eleanor*, was heading S.S.W., and a silver moon bathed the lulled Pacific. At the helm stood one of the pirate group, watching, in hazy, rum-soaked fashion, the luff of the sail. Down below, the crew were trolling a jolly stave. In the bow, close to the lazy ripple of the *Eleanor's* stem, cheek by cheek, sat Clifford and Atoll Flower, dreaming dreams that were not fashioned from a pirate's woof and warp. In the shadow of the deck-house, closely touching also, sat Betty and Mansher, but theirs were the dreams that the pirate ship knew and exulted in—dreams woven and gloated over by "The Owl."

"Do away with that white-faced water-witch—and then I'll marry you," Betty was repeating. In a fitting ray of moonlight she scanned Mansher's evilly scarred countenance craftily. "Are you loosenin' up on your nerve?" she queried scornfully. "Where is the devil-may-careness of other lassie's sweethearts? What have you ever done for me! When have I ever come in for your share of the spoils? Why should I marry you? Tell me that."

"Precious little of the loot I've laid my fists on," the second mate responded sullenly; "the claw-fingered crew—they get there first—"

"Yes—and why?" the girl followed up eagerly. "Why are they so greedy? They want it for that girl of theirs—that's why. If she was out of the way, they'd not care. They'd go halves. I tell you I know they would. And the old dame says so, too."

The last was a clincher. Aside from his hopeless passion for Betty, Mansher had the seaman's deep-rooted superstitions. Chief among them was his firm belief in the omniscience of "The Owl"—his dread of her as some sort of evil spirit, despite the fact that she was the mother of Betty. That tender tie did not enter into Mansher's scheme of things.

"A'right," he acquiesced, after a brief pause, "I'll see that it's done. Betty, and then—may the devil have me if I don't get you——" He laughed harshly, crushed her to his massive chest, and left a kiss on her false lips, that held his heart if it had lost his soul.

Long afterward, Marie knew that she must have fallen asleep and dreamed on after Clifford left her that night. Her dreams were sweet ones—of some lovely, softly tinted, perfume-fanned atoll in the South Seas, sovereign alone by Clifford and herself, far from the reek of blood and the wild recklessness of pirate bands. Born and bred in such an atmosphere, the heart of the girl had learnt to crave for gentler things. Perhaps love made her wise. At any rate, she was awakened by the gentle splash of water on her hand, and awoke to find herself the sole occupant of a jolly-boat afloat on a sheet of shimmering silver, limitless and apparently unbounded. Followed one of those long stretches of time that seems to the stricken consciousness to have had no beginning and to be without an end. Fright, thirst, hunger, fear, dread of death, and then the far worse dread of life—all these the girl knew. And then, at last, came landfall.

To the girl's half-glazed eyes but a hazy outline was visible—the curving

beach; the giant palms; the rude native village, huddled, after its fashion, close to the water's edge; and what appeared to be a confused medley of brown giants, gesticulating and uttering sounds that gave a faint, lulling echo to her ears. As the boat, fast losing its buoyancy, drifted still closer to the shores, Marie roused herself, realizing, with that unailing instinct of self-preservation, that she was about to be flung on the doubtful mercy of some savage tribe of islanders, and that the sharper her wits were, the safer her skin. She had



THE "ELEANOR"

From the famous painting by Jas. G. Tyler

no idea what island, or group of islands, she had been inadvertently flung upon; but her knowledge of the South Sea islanders in general had taught her that they were inclined to be friendly, easily propitiated, childishly pleased at small favors. However, it was not the pleasing graciousness she was struggling to acquire that proved her salvation. She had not reckoned on the inveterate superstition of the savage—she could not see herself, white-robed, whiter-faced, ethereal, approaching the shores, apparently from out of the Nowhere.

So great was the excitement prevalent on the island, that Marie waded



THE WRECK OF THE "ELEANOR"

to shore unmolested as her boat's keel scraped the shallow bottom, and made her appearance among the half-naked group on the beach. Well that she was a pirate's daughter, born of blood that cannot be quelled, nursed on deeds too dark and fearsome to narrate, else the savage tribe, stripped to their loins, would surely have struck an agony of terror to her heart. To her infinite amazement, her appearance seemed to have the effect of some sudden bolt from heaven. A total silence ensued; then the entire group fell to their knees, uttering an indescribable jargon of sounds and holding forth beseeching hands.

Then, and then only, Marie noted the slim figure of a young savage tied to a tree and writhing in contortions of terror impossible to describe. With the intuitive imagination of her sex, aided by a knowledge of savage proceedings, Marie knew that the boy was about to be done to death, and that she was accorded the distinction of being thought supernatural. Therefore, half-fainting, weary, starved as she was, she made pretext of ordering the lad released; then fell to the ground, a crumpled, beaten, sun-parched little deity.

Long days followed on the unknown isle, kist by the tropical sun and

fanned by breezes heavy with strange perfumes. In lieu of the fright the girl knew she ought to feel toward the giant race, she came to experience an odd, protective pity for them. They were so simple, so childish, so dependent in their brute strength. Marie basked in the sun and lived on breadfruit and cocoanut milk, offered to her in all servility by the women of the tribe. And, thru the long, lazy days, she dreamed of Clifford, knowing surely that he would find her there. No ship laden with rarest silks—no treasure of hidden opium could lure him now. As a pirate loots, as a pirate fights, just in such fashion does a pirate love. Theirs is the love of a strong man's blood, fed on the winds and the tides, nurtured on daring deeds, quickened by desperate adventure and valiant bouts with life and death.

And death drew near to the voyagers on the *Eleanor* even as the stranded girl dreamed of her strong sea-rover.

The pirate brig had captured a trading-schooner loaded with copra, and, on the wings of the trade-wind, was threading her way thru the smilingly treacherous channels of the Southern Archipelago. For days the captain had mourned the inexplicable



THEY WERE STANDING OVER HER AS SHE OPENED HER EYES

disappearance of Marie, and Clifford was well nigh distraught with the mystery. She was missing—dead—the lashings of the jolly-boat lay empty, that was all they knew.

On the dawn of the day of days, a peculiar, fan-shaped cloud appeared on the eastern sky-line and, with a rapid, whirling motion, bore down upon the island home of Marie. The natives stood on the beach in frightened groups, and then, with startled calls, fled far into the brush. No need to tell them of the coming of the death-dealing typhoon of the South Seas.

With all sail spread, straining in every timber to reach the island, the

Eleanor scudded toward the sandy bay. Back of her, whirling in a dance of death, funneled the toiling clouds, with a wall of creaming water whipped along beneath.

The mass of wind and water struck the ill-fated brig within a mile of the island. For a moment she struggled in the unholy grasp of the monstrous seas, then lay back, a sinking, sullen hulk. The bodies of the pirate crew churned and tossed in the tangled rigging, or were swept like litter toward the beach.

One small boat remained, the captain's dory, and a maddened, half-drowned handful rushed for it and lowered it into the yawning gulf. In

an instant the cockle-shell of a boat lay poised above them on a mountainous wave. There was one chance in a thousand for life, and the remnant on the sea-swept deck took it, took it fiercely, swiftly and gladly.

Marie was sleeping just outside her hut. They were standing over her as she opened her startled eyes—her father, her lover and, in the slight distance, Mansher, "The Owl" and Betty. Because her father's pirate

fore Clifford put the fatal bullet thru Mansher's heart, that unfortunate victim of love and superstition fired, wildly amiss. His bullet pierced the heart of Chief Kama's son, and the tribe were turned into hostile cannibals on the instant.

Then followed a running battle fearful to witness—the natives brandishing their long spears, the pirates using muskets and knives with fine indiscrimination. And when Clifford,

Marie and the captain reached the dory at last, they left stretched on the blood-soaked sands the prone bodies of Mansher, "The Owl" and Betty.

In the dory headed for the open sea the weary captain fell asleep, and Clifford and Marie sat together, facing the unknown outcome of the seas.

"What shall it be for us now, Clifford?" the girl was asking. "Must we go on this way—always blood and death and danger?"

The pirate smiled. On one hand lay the wide, uncharted seas, with perhaps a port of Polynesia at the journey's end. They had water, a fair wind and native food to last a few days. On the other hand, a fair, slim girl, with snowy brow and coral cheeks and a wealth of love-light in

her eyes. The pirate smiled again, and beneath the sea-tan and the scars of the sea the smile was passing sweet.

Then, turning to the girl who was as life to him, he softly breathed:

"It shall be a coral reef where the blue Pacific is the bluest, where the air is soft and full of strange, sweet smells, where human blood shall not be spilled and treasure shall rust away; it shall be all these things for us—now—Atoll Flower."



A RUNNING BATTLE FEARFUL TO WITNESS

blood was in her veins, Marie turned on Mansher, whose scarred face was wreathed in a palpably forced smile.

"You did this—you set me adrift!" she challenged, gentle eyes ablaze; "you're fine and loyal to your ship, you are—you—you scum of the sea."

Without a word, Mansher turned and fled for the dory on the beach, followed by Clifford and the lurking natives in close pursuit.

Blood runs hot in the South Seas—friendship is hate in a trice. Just be-



Annette Kellerman as Neptune's Daughter

(Universal)

By WALTER H. BERNARD

FORTY-FOURTH STREET, between Sherry's and the Hippodrome, is a very busy street about eight o'clock in the evening. The clubs empty their silk-hatted members into it, and start them, often unsteadily I fear, on their way to be amused. The Harvard and Yale clubs stand like stern sentinels frowning at each other. The Algonquin welcomes an influx of thirsty mortals, and sends them away again smacking their lips. Taxicabs and cabs rush back and forth, taking and receiving gaily dressed people at Sherry's. In marked contrast, the long, tired line of ticket-buyers crawls slowly to the gallery entrance of the Hippodrome.

In the midst of these surroundings, I entered the Royalton one evening for a quiet smoke in the Brown Club. The rooms were empty and quiet when I went in, but hardly had I lighted my pipe and perched my feet on a near-by chair when the door opened and in walked George Hibbett. "Well, old man," he said, "this is bully; I am glad to find a classmate and some one to talk to, for I'm so lonesome that it seems as if I must confide my troubles to some one. This town is so busy that it has little time to bother with my small affairs, and I confess that I am up against a hard proposition."

I was surprised to hear this from George, as I had understood that he had been doing some dramatic work, and had gained a very creditable reputation as an actor.

"What the deuce is troubling you?" I asked, unable to hide my surprise. "I thought you were starring in one of Belasco's plays, and that all the critics in New York were fairly begging for a few words from you regarding the correct interpretation of Hamlet, or the probable success of an English drama if presented on our coarse and dance-crazy American stage."

"No, this is not true," said George seriously; "I am not yet classed with David Warfield, but I suppose that I have done well. You see I am facing the problem which confronts many actors today. It is the question of how best to maintain the high standards of dramatic art profitably. 'Art for art's sake' is a wonderful thought, but the executed idea does not pay bills. The young actor today must struggle against overwhelming odds to become successful, and must be content with a small income. It is wonderful to conceive the character that one portrays, live the part and transmit it to others in the way that you think it should be transmitted; it is great to feel that you are a part of a

story whose lesson is going to influence the lives of thousands; but the pay for such work is very small indeed, and the competition very keen. The movies have opened a new field for us, however, in which the financial remuneration is much more satisfactory. Somehow, tho, I feel by going into such work one loses the dignity of his profession. In short, I have had

tremendous sacrifice, the hardship the picture actor is obliged to assume? This was impressed upon me when I was in Bermuda this winter. Annette Kellerman was down there heading a large company producing 'Neptune's Daughter.'

"I dont know much about the plot of the play, but it seems that a small child, who is the principal character,



ANNETTE KELLERMAN

an offer from a big Moving Picture company at a large salary, and I do not know whether to take it or not. What do you think about it?"

I was interested at once. "Suppose you consider," I answered, "that I know nothing about art except what I learnt from Pop Poland in college, and suppose I answer by suggesting another version of the question, which may not have occurred to you. Do you realize the danger connected with picture work? Do you realize the

dies and is born again as a mermaid and daughter of Neptune, and thereafter lives under the sea. It seems that while at play she encounters a mortal who kills her. When her father learns of her death, he swears eternal revenge, and bids his other daughters seek the murderer and avenge their sister's death. After a long search, Annette Kellerman, who takes the part of one of the daughters, meets the mortal, fights with him and kills him. The scenes representing

this part of the story were produced in Bermuda. You can imagine the wonderful possibilities for such work there. There are innumerable tiny lakes, caves, heavy foliage, and even the ocean, which can be used to make the pictures realistic.

"Now, the actors did not care to have people watch them at work, so they would get an early start from the hotel in the morning, and drive

free from the clouds, and the air is soft and balmy.

"When we reached the island, we found the company assembled, ready for the scene. Annette Kellerman, who seemed to be very nervous, was pacing up and down the beach, with her arms folded. Her husband, the photographer; Brenon, the manager; Hooper, his assistant, and others in the company were hustling about. All



NEPTUNE SWEARS ETERNAL REVENGE

away into the country before any of us were up. It became a game of hide-and-seek, in which we were usually beaten.

"I remember one day, however, when it was rumored that the most important picture of the plot, the scene where Miss Kellerman kills the mortal (Brenon), was to be taken the next morning on the island where there is an aquarium. We took the hint, and the next morning we sailed from the Princess dock bright and early, headed for the island. It was a typical Bermuda day, when the sun is not quite

attention was fixed on a tank which had been built on the beach. It was square, and open at the top. I should think that its dimensions were about sixteen feet. It looked like a great cube, three upright sides of which were built of cement: one side rested on the ground, one open to the air, and the one facing us, made of glass. This glass was ground so that it was possible to take pictures thru it without blurring the film. It was about an inch and a quarter thick. A covered, canvas passageway was built up to the glass side of the tank, so that

the photographer could take a picture of the action within the tank by placing his camera at the further end of the passageway, and yet exclude all the surroundings. The walls of the passage were covered with blankets, to exclude the light, so that the interior of the tank was the only part of the place that was lighted.

"Every one was rushing about getting rocks, moss and weeds to place in the tank to make a background for the scene, and to make it look like the bottom of the ocean. They carried

to break the glass. He was told, but not convinced I fear, that all was well, and that it was perfectly safe. However, to prepare for misfortune, Hooper and Sullivan bound their arms and hands in bagging and took up their positions on each side of the camera, within the camera passageway. They did this so that if the tank should break they could help Brenon and Miss Kellerman to get out. Should the tank break, however, there was little chance of their ever getting out alive, for their bodies



SCENE FROM "NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER"

from the aquarium a large turtle, fish of all kinds and colors, and dumped them into eighteen tons of water within the tank. The fish swam around among the rocks, and, as one looked thru the glass, the scene represented exactly what one would expect to see beneath the sea. Brenon was everywhere, suggesting, instructing and posing.

"When he had finally finished and was ready for the picture, he called to Miss Kellerman and told her that he thought there was a chance of the glass breaking, and suggested that it be tested. He feared that the displacement of two bodies would cause enough additional pressure, you see,

would be driven by eighteen tons of water thru a hole of jagged glass.

"At last, the photographer took up his position with Sullivan and Hooper within the passage, and the canvas was nailed down behind them to keep out the light. Brenon and Miss Kellerman, in their costumes—which, by the way, were very scanty, exposing much of their naked bodies—prepared to climb the ladder and get into the tank."

"Do you mean to say," cried George, "that those two people, knowing that the tank would probably break, and that they would be cut to death, dared deliberately to climb in there?"

"Certainly," I replied; "it was part of the work, and they never even complained, altho it was evident that Miss Kellerman was exceedingly nervous."

"We just held our breath as they slowly slid into the water. Nothing happened. They grew bolder, rehearsed the scene, and six pictures were taken of it. We could hear the buzzing of the camera as the crank was turned. When they came out for air, after the sixth picture, it was suggested that they go thru the scene

taken by Sullivan and Hooper were useless. Everything, including actors, photographers, assistants and scenery, had been wiped away completely as if by magic. The whole catastrophe was so sudden that for the moment we were stunned. Scattered in the path of the emptying tank was a confused mass of debris, including fish, 'unggling' turtle, rocks, seaweed, all hurled in every direction. Our hearts jumped into our mouths as we thought of the probable fate of poor Miss Kellerman and Brenon. They too had



THE MERMAIDS IN "NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER"

once more so that they might keep a picture for themselves, since it would be one of the greatest pictures ever produced. We saw them take a deep breath and once more go under water. Hardly had they disappeared when there was a 'Boom!' like the echo of a firing cannon, and immediately the canvas passage was swept away, and tons of water rushed out thru the smashing glass. It carried with it the bodies of Miss Kellerman and Brenon, fish, rocks, the turtle and everything else that the tank contained, and swept the photographer, Hooper and Sullivan off their feet and mixed them up with the rest. The precautions

been shot by the force of the flood twenty feet away. Surely they had no chance. They must be killed. Their bodies lay perfectly motionless among the wreckage. We rushed over to them as soon as we came to our senses. They were shockingly cut and bleeding, and we thought them surely dead. Much to our relief, we found them still alive. Thank heaven, Miss Kellerman's injuries were not dangerously serious, altho she was badly cut on the right leg and foot. Poor Brenon was a sight. His left arm was slashed from shoulder to wrist, and he was cut all over his face and neck. It seemed that he must bleed to death.

"Daniel B. Fearing, of New York, however, was the man on the job. He had heard the noise and came out in a launch to the island, carrying in his hand a bottle of brandy. He gave some to Brenon, and in a little while the poor fellow began to regain consciousness. He was delirious, and

side. George arose and went to the door. He returned with a paper. We looked at the front page of it together. Big headlines announced some new facts about the Mexican situation. Further down the page I read this headline: "Moving Picture Actor Leaves Fortune—Estate Esti-



LEAH BAIRD

ANNETTE KELLERMAN

ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE INTERIORS IN "NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER"

began giving orders to proceed with the picture. It was all we could do to quiet him. An inspection of his wounds showed that no arteries had been cut, so by binding a cord about his shoulder the flow of blood was stopped."

My story was interrupted by shouts of "Extra! Extra!" coming from out-

mated at One Hundred Thousand Dollars Left by the Late—" I looked up; George was reading it, too.

He smiled. "Say," he said, "were those pictures spoiled?"

"No," I answered; "the photographer had presence of mind enough to hold the camera out of danger when the water came."

Realization

By L. M. THORNTON

I'd like to sail the broad canals
Of Venice by the sea;
I'd like to scale the crumbling walls
Of China's dynasty.
I'd like to take a trip to Mars,
If I by rail could go;
I'd like to sit all evening at
A Motion Picture show.

I'd like to look into the depths
Of old Vesuvius' maw;
I'd like to stand on Sinai's height,
Where Moses gave the Law.
I'd like to cross Sahara's sands,
But that's too far to go;
So one fond wish I'll realize,
And 'hat's the picture show.



(VITAGRAPH)

BY

DOROTHY DONNELL

Captain ALVAREZ



This story was written from the Photoplay of H. S. SHELDON

THE lazy afternoon drowsed on the low, flat roofs and squat towers of the town. The leprous white of the house-fronts, peering thru black holes of windows like a blind man's stare, made young Wainwright's eyes ache. Everything seemed out of focus, somehow, to a vision that had hitherto been accustomed to the sturdy honesty of Manhattan skyscrapers. This dull, blank, breathless Argentine town was full of sinister silences, and the air taut with an unseen crisis. His soul, too, was out of focus.

"Hang it all!" he reflected, jamming his clenched fists into his trousers pockets and looking discontentedly out into the hard glare thru the window-shutters. "Why, this is a civilization of savages, and the queer thing is that they have the manners and graces of gentlemen. Old tyrant Rosas, now—Spanish-Indian-mulatto—orders his citizens shot down in the street as suavely as he would guzzle a cocktail. That cut-throat, Lirzo, who'd gladly strangle me in the dark—and will yet if he gets

a chance, I wager—begs my pardon for entering a door ahead of me! The outrage this morning was some of his work, I suspect—"

The straight, Anglo-Saxon brows met fiercely at the recollection. A woman knocked down in the broad daylight in the market-place by a squad of Federal soldiers, and not a man to protest! His jaw tightened. If it weren't for one thing, he would beat it back to white people. Business be hanged! But Bonita—

He felt the rustle of her presence behind him now and turned with the ardor of an unconfessed lover. She was the niece of Don Arana, minister to Rosas, and his host, and the young American, in the presence of her slender, wistful-browed beauty, felt poignantly what none of the laughing, lively New York girls had ever made him feel—that she was a woman and made for loving.

"What are you doing here, señorita?" he asked banteringly. "Isn't this the hour of *siesta*—I don't believe I ever saw you in broad daylight before."



A WOMAN KNOCKED DOWN IN THE MARKET-PLACE AND NOT A MAN TO PROTEST

The girl made a languid gesture that spoke many things. In her eyes slumbered a fire—but it slumbered. She was a wire waiting an electric spark to burn into hot life. The tones of her voice were low with vibrant undertones; her skin pale, warm, fragrant. His imagination knew the feel of it, but he had never touched her—yet. Between them was the remembrance of nothing—the possibilities of much.

"I could not sleep." She phrased the words in careful English, quaintly blurred. "I have very much grief in my mind—my people"—another gesture—"out there, they die for *libertad*—if I were a man—" The hidden flame flared suddenly, then sank hopelessly.

"I am very glad you are not," he thought. "Yes, señorita," he asked lightly, "what would you do?"

"Fight!" she cried, the taut strings of her voice a-quiver. "I would fight until the wicked tyrant were without harm; until the peons were free as well as the well-born. I would bleed—die—gladly—"

"Hush!" he said. "It is not safe

to speak of such things. The walls are listening. What would your uncle say?"

"Oh, my uncle!" She smiled secretly and veiled her eyes. "*Si, si*, of course, my uncle. And you, señor—*you*, also?"

He leaned swiftly toward her.

"What if I were to join General Uruiza and his revolutionists, Bonita? Would you—be glad?"

Their eyes met. Again his imagination bodied the smooth, cool red of her lips to his, but he did not kiss her, nor move. Only his soul swayed toward her. She was a being of fire, to be won by fire.

"Would you," he begged hoarsely—"would you, Bonita?"

"Yes."

"And Lirzo?"

"Oh, him—"

Wainwright flung caution and reason aside, as from the beginning of the world Adams have surrendered to Eves. "I will go!" he cried. "Tonight Miguel, the messenger, shall take my pledge of service to the revolutionists' camp.

"And Mephisto shall go with you,"



CAPTAIN ALVAREZ ASSUMES COMMAND OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS

she whispered eagerly. "It will then be a little as tho I, too, were fighting; for only you and I of all the world can ride him."

In Latin America the walls *do* listen. Else how did it come that in the darkness of that very night the pocket of Miguel was robbed, as he rode thru the sentient, wily darkness, and the morrow's sunrise looked down upon a twisted, black-tongued face upturned to the brazen sky from a clump of palmetto shrub?

Wainwright, lingering over his adieus at the home of Don Arana, was surprised by the appearance of Lirzo, handsome and evil; Gonzalo, chief of Federal police, and an escort of soldiery.

"I mus' beg great excuse," bowed Lirzo, his white teeth agleam with malice between the curling wings of his moustache, "but Señor Wainwright can doubtless explain—no?"

He was holding out, as he spoke, a folded paper, which Wainwright recognized with a start of horror. His message to Uргуiza! He set his jaws and faced the music like a man. In his thoughts, grimly humorous, he was laughing at himself—"Escaped Yale football, New York traffic—and

now to get shot by a bunch of comic-opera niggers!"

"Ah, ah! Zen I regret, bot we mus' arres' the señor——" Lirzo's small eyes shifted to the face of the girl, white against the dark of her uncle's coat. "Pardon, señorita——"

Wainwright stepped forward angrily. He would make a fight for life, at least.

"You'll have to answer to my country if you harm one of her citizens," he warned.

Lirzo shrugged his shoulders and flashed his white, evil smile. "Keel? But no!" he drawled. "On'y Señor Wainwright cannot stay longer here—he mus' depart on the fruiter that sail tonight."

Again his eyes sought the girl, like a snarl of triumph. He gloated on her, with panting breath and cruel lips curled. Wainwright's heart was filled with primitive, male rage, but they were ten to his one. He could help her more *now* by going.

"Good-night, then, Señor Don Arana and Señorita Bonita," he said slowly. "I shall not say good-by."

The feet of the soldiery echoed on the bare, stone stairs without. Lirzo turned to the girl.

"He goes meek as a lamb, the



"NO, NO! I CANNOT LET YOU GO!"

gringo," he sneered. "It is good that this *loyal* house fall not under the suspicion of our beloved President."

Treacherous things have a hateful beauty of their own—tigers, swamps, serpents, the flame-and-orange fungi that smear the border of the bog. Lirzo, lithe, shapely, dark, was handsome. He was the type to whom an innocent, lovely girl is a challenge. Bonita was innocent and lovely. And now there was no big, blond, burly brute of a gringo to stand in his way. Well content, Lirzo bowed.

"Our Lady give thee sweet rest, *cara*," he said—the last word in a whisper—and was gone. Don Arana shook his head distressfully.

"I am sorry," he said in Spanish to the girl. "Rosas is trying men's souls very recklessly. It might be that the revolutionists——"

She checked the words with a hasty kiss and went up the winding stairs to her chamber. She felt certain that it was not good-by. The moon sketched the acacia tree without the casement in sharp, black

shadows on the floor. She knelt in the window and looked away into the light that is woven of dreams. The water of the bay flashed on the white sand at the end of the crooked, narrow street—there the sunfish lay in fringed slumber, waiting the dawn to bring out their rainbow hues. There a ship lay at anchor—and America was far away—— Would she ever see the blue-eyed gringo again? In the white moonlight she smiled softly. The moments dreamed by into hours. Then a darker shadow detached itself from the shelter of the house-wall. Bonita pushed aside the casement.

"Señor!" she whispered. "But how——"

"It was easy," answered the Shadow. "My secretary was on board. He sails as Wainwright; while I swam ashore to fight for liberty, Bonita—and for you."

"Hush!" she answered hurriedly. "You must join Uguiza at once. Mephisto is yonder. Take him and ride. Not now, señor—some other time, perhaps——"

"I shall return," promised the Shadow, solemnly. The moonlight quivered with things unsaid. There were shadows of words, wraiths of kisses, dreams of caresses about them, but she thrust them by. The east was hazy with awakening day. She bent toward him.

"I name you Alvarez—Captain Alvarez," she said. "Your own name would be fatal. I shall harken to hear them speak of you. And now go, my captain; it is dawn-time—and farewell."

"Till I come again," said the Shadow, and was gone. The girl rested her rounded chin in the cup of her hands, looking away. He was not like the other men of her land. Lirzo was well-looking; but this one—he had eyes the blue of the sky, and white, girl's skin.

It was weeks before he kept his promise—weeks in which the fame of Alvarez, captain of the revolutionists, came to be found often on men's tongues. The Federal troops fell back aghast from his onslaughts, and Rosas was reported trembling in his barrack-like palace on the hill. At the head of his ragged troops, a Napoleon of scarecrows, the unknown Captain Alvarez committed brilliant errors of war—technique which effectively embarrassed and puzzled the

army trained to routine. One afternoon Don Arana called his niece to him. His grave face was mapped with fear.

"My child," he said slowly, "Alvarez comes here tonight."

"Here!" She clasped her hands. "Then you are going over to the cause of liberty. The Virgin has heard my prayer."

"A million pesos are in my keeping," the minister said doubtfully. "I am to send them to Rosas' troops tonight. Alvarez comes to suggest the *best road for the messengers—*"

Her eyes shone.

"But it may be dangerous for you here; you had better go to the convent for tonight."

"No, no," said Bonita; "I remain, my uncle."

The bronzed captain bowed over the white hand, but his lips did not touch it.

"Not yet," he said aloud, smiling at her; "when liberty comes to her own—and that will be very soon—then I may speak to you, señorita, of other things than war."

"When you speak, then, señor, I shall listen," she said, very low.

Don Arana received the captain gravely.

"Will you sit?" he asked. "Now,



ROSAS PLANS TO CAPTURE ALVAREZ DEAD OR ALIVE

here is my map. The line I have traced runs north from Mazo——"

"Again I am desolate to inter-rupt."

The men at the table whirled, and Don Arana, with a dexterous movement, sent the outspread map into the fire on the hearth. Gonzalo, the tool, and Lirzo, his master in spying, stood in the doorway. Lirzo let his glance glide about the room. It fell blighting on the girl shrinking into the shadows. The cruel smile straight-

The door slammed open.

"The gringo spy has escaped!" shouted Gonzalo.

"One thousand curses on you!" snarled his master. "How—when—"

"It was the horse he rode," gasped the miserable chief of police, cringing back—"that devil of a brute, Mephisto. Like that, the Americano got his legs aroun' the horse and rode straight for the fearful chasm of Mazo. It was death, but, por Dios! he headed the horse for the foot-bridge,



"HE SKIMMED ACROSS THE YAWNING CHASM AND ESCAPED US"

ened to a snarl. He pointed to Wainwright.

"Take the gringo spy away. Be sure of him this time."

"No, no!" Bonita moaned, "I cannot let you go!" The outer door clanged hollowly across her words. Lirzo came to her greedily.

"You weep for the cursed gringo?" he scowled. "He shall very surely die tomorrow—unless——"

"*Si, si?*" she queried breathlessly.

"Unless you promise to marry me."

The fire flickered out in her eyes, leaving embers. Yet she hardly hesitated. "Save him," she said tonelessly—"I will marry you."

and while, frozen with amazement, we held our fire, he skimmed across the yawning chasm and escaped us. He has the fear not at all, this *fuerte* Alvarez."

Bonita clasped her hands, with a great shudder. Safe—and she was free of her hateful pledge! With a wild gesture, she pointed to the door, yawning into the night. "Go!" she cried. "And never return hither!"

Lirzo obeyed. But in the doorway he turned to her a face of Threat incarnate.

"He and I shall meet again," he said. "And I and you, also, my fire-eat. *Adios!*"

"Bonita!" Her uncle was at her side, holding an opened note. She saw his fingers shake about the paper. "Rosas bids me meet him in the fortress, ready to fly the country with him in event of Federal defeat tomorrow. I go." He paused—listening; then, with resolute calmness, bent to her forehead.

"Good-night, my child," he said; "sleep well."

Bonita watched his tall form disap-

glare stood the blue-eyed gringo, with Mercedes in his arms. At the sound of her gasp the pair turned. Wainwright was the first to find speech.

"You dont understand——"

She looked at him wearily, as tho from a very great distance. There was no fury in her, only a tiredness.

"I do understand, señor," she said quietly; "and now will you please to go?"

He started again to speak, looked at



ALVAREZ AND MERCEDES CONCEAL THE BODY OF LIRZO

pear; then, with a long breath, turned. "Come, Mercedes," she said to her terrified maid, "we will retire."

Three hours later, thru her dreams, she heard sounds below. Slipping a silken wrap about her, she stole to the head of the stairs. Perhaps her uncle had returned. She listened. The sounds came again—voices——

"If I hadn't overheard Lirzo's plans, she would have been gone by now to one of the holes of that wily fox," Alvarez was saying. "You've been a brick to help me, little girl——"

Down the stairs swept Bonita and to the lighted doorway. In the candle-

her and bowed. The door closed behind him. Ensued, between the two women, a silence, broken by the sudden spit and snarl of rifle-bullets outside.

"Oh, he will be killed!" wailed Mercedes. She ran to the frozen girl, shaking her violently. "Señorita, you mistake. It was only out of gratitude he kiss me—that gringo! He had jus' kill Lirzo, who come to steal you, an' I hear the noise, come down an' help him wrap up the body so the bandits would think it you. An' now hark! They have foun' him again! Thees time they kill!"



THE WAR OVER, ALVAREZ'S THOUGHTS TURN TO BONITA

The last battle was finished. Liberty, victorious, flaunted its banners from every tower-top. Rosas, the tyrant, lay dead, and Don Arana and Captain Alvarez, after a terrible night in the Federal camp, awaiting the death-sentence of the dawn, found themselves unexpectedly free. Uguiza's rescuing troop of revolutionists held the camp. Amid the cheers and shouting, Captain Alvarez turned to Bonita.

"Señorita, why did you come to the camp before dawn?" he asked solemnly. The girl crimsoned. In the

night's list of battles the one which she had waged with her pride was not the least. And love had won; but of the winning it was hard to speak. His grave eyes were upon her, urging—they were blue as the blue of the sky. And, suddenly, the flame within her burned high, so that her cheeks became fire-signals. She put her hands up, drawing his head down.

"Because," she said proudly, "because, my captain, I love you."

And never in his sweetest imagining had he dreamed her lips so woman-warm and wonderful.



Our Life

By JOHN MAURICE SULLIVAN



ur life's a Moving Picture play,
Our days a reel unwinding;
And every word and deed of ours,
God's camera is finding.

Or good or ill, or false or true,
In gladness or in tears;
All, all will be recorded
On the canvas of our years.

No turning back is there for us,
The Picture can't be altered;
We are the actors in the film,
Our fault if we have faltered.

The SONG IN THE DARK

(ESSANAY)



BY ALEXANDER LOWELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of MAIBELLE HEIKES JUSTICE

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought."

LIFE and Death—God and Man—Finite and Infinite—how nearly are they linked! What little, fragmentary things make them indissoluble! A sudden breath of musk-rose after a May rain—the moon-path leading over black waters—the gold gleam of a child's curl in some sordid by-way—the glad, triumphant note of a bird-song in the dark!

Just as the tiny songster had given to the morning sunshine the glad anthem of his captive heart, so he was giving it now

to the moonlight. Angela, roused from her slumbers by the liquid outpouring, listened, incredulous. Trilling, sweetly defiant, exultant, the little thing of golden feathers was singing in the night. An odd choke caught the girl's throat as she listened; to her, lapped in the fine raiment of luxury from birth, petted, beloved, undenied, that rapturous melody seemed something quite apart—something strangely sweet, and very sad, and very, very brave.

"In the dark," she murmured,



"IN THE DARK," SHE MURMURED, "AND ALL ALONE, HE THINKS,
AND, THINKING, SINGS"

"and all alone, he thinks, and, thinking, sings." Softly she slipped from the bed and went to the cage, placing her palm over it with a little gesture of protective pity. Unheeding, the bird sang on. Angela leaned nearer, amazedly. The slender little throat was swelling and pulsing in a very ecstasy, and the tiny, bright eyes stared straight ahead, unblinking. "Blind?" the girl whispered. "Oh,

poor, wee thing—not that!" Kneeling by the cage, she waved her hand before it, on which flashed and scintillated Richard's ring, but neither the fluttering hand nor the sparkle of the jewels disturbed the little singer in the night; and Angela knew that he was blind. Back in her bed she lay, wakeful into the dawn, pondering many things. Somehow, they were strangely confused things: her past

life—the night—the coming of Richard into her life, bearing his gift of love—the bird-song—her future life with Richard in their newly built home; and then, insistent, urgent, clamorous, the night—the night. “How can he bear it?” whispered the girl to herself. “How can he ever bear it?” Perhaps, in some woodland glade, or mayhap only in John the bird-vendor’s humbler retreat, lived and sang his feathered, golden mate—and the poor, black, staring eyes could never see her gold. Angela wondered what life would hold for her if she, too, were singing in the dark; if Richard’s face—his dear face, all tender with his love—should be denied her. She shivered—and then the dawn broke, while the wee, blind thing of song trilled on.

The next afternoon, when Richard came for tea with Angela, a grave-faced lady greeted him, and her eyes were troubled.

“It’s a little bird,” she explained to the question in his eyes. “I bought it yesterday morning of a bird-vendor named John. I don’t know why, but something in its song came home to me as I think nothing else has ever done, and so—I bought it. Last night, or it must have been early this morning, he began to sing—to sing, dear, in the dark. I got up to investigate, and I found that it was blind. Blind, Richard, and singing its brave little heart out just the same—such a little, little thing—and yet so finely brave, Dick. Aunt Deborah is celebrating her seventieth birthday tomorrow, and she wants brother George and me to come help celebrate. I think I’ll buy her one of John’s birds. He gave me his address, and it will give me an excuse to tell him that my little bird is blind. Will you come, too?”



“YOU WILL PROSECUTE THE CASE, GEORGE?”

When Angela and Dick, accompanied by George, emerged from the dark cellar of the bird-vendor’s retreat that afternoon, their faces were curiously white. They had witnessed one of the most piteous, one of the most tragical, and one of the most useless sacrifices conceivable: two tiers of narrow, wooden cages placarded “Ready for Sale”; in those cages as many captive birds, beating their frail feathers against their sad captivity, singing their breaking hearts out—blind. And the explanation given by the immovable John, accompanied by many grins and gestures, was that the loss of sight improved the quality of the song.

“You will prosecute the case, George?” Angela caught her brother’s sleeve imploringly, after they had arrived home. “Surely you and Dick will never tolerate such criminal cruelty in silence?”

“I’ll hound the filthy beast to the ground?” declared George.

“Why so very deeply concerned, sweetheart?” asked Richard, wishing to divert Angela’s mind from a sub-

jeet that evidently preyed on it. The girl sighed and pressed her cheek swiftly against his arm. "Poor helpless little thing," she murmured—"poor, *brave* little thing—singing in the dark!"

George used all of his eloquence, all of his strength of argument, all of his persuasion when John came up for trial. The entire courtroom was tremulous with indignation. Clearly before all eyes stood a double tier of tiny, wooden cages, inhabited by the frail denizens of the woodland, singing—and blind. More clearly still did Angela portray, in her vibrant, sympathetic young voice the depths of night, and the glad some song coming from the depths of a far deeper night. And then, just as the magistrate and those present were keyed to the point of the heaviest sentence

permissible, Kominsky, the lawyer for the defense, haughtily announced that the State provided no law for the punishment of this offense. But, somehow, the brave notes of the little blind singers had penetrated deeper than written laws, and the magistrate gave orders that a new law should thereupon be instigated, and John received a public flogging, as some small meed for the wanton cruelty he was guilty of.

When Angela left the courtroom, accompanied by Richard, it was to be followed by the curses and imprecations of John and his friends.

"Do you suppose, Dick," she asked, voice weighty with the unshed tears—

"do you suppose that God gives them the sunshine in their hearts to compensate for what they miss outside?"

"I'm sure of it, dear—and that radiant song is the sunshine streaming out."

From the dingy courtroom, with its musty suggestion of past crimes, grim sentences, stern regrets, the flower-show seemed a pleasing contrast, and Angela hovered eagerly over the gorgeous blooms, attended by a flock of

young people, congratulating and offering donations to the future bride. Richard stood by in smiling silence, eyes feasting on the bright picture: the flushed face, the dancing eyes, the variegated blooms, the bevy of young people—how far a call from the tiny, wooden cages, the blind songsters and the night!

Outside, they stepped into the car once more, heavily laden. "Home," Richard ordered;

then he turned to the flower-laden girl, a laugh on his lips. There came a sharp explosion—a scream lost in its beginning—a car speeding out of the hastily gathered crowd—the monotony of the traffic again.

"And God said, 'Let there be light.'" The hand of Fate is immutable. The youngest heart, racing its wild life-blood away, will be struck down. The fairest day will die a leaden death. The bluest sea will tomb a ghastly tragedy. The brightest eyes—ah, me! Life's touch seems cold. "And God said, 'Let there be light.'" These were the words Angela whispered to herself as the doctor removed



THE ARREST OF JOHN, THE BIRD-MAN

the bandage from her maimed eyes. These were the words her waiting family heard as they gathered close to listen, and they fell on the ears of Richard with a piteous, wailing sound. Angela's eyes—and night—and night—— Then came a low, sobbing cry—a cry infinitely sad, passionately renunciatory: "Richard, my dear one, my dear one—I am blind——"

"Dear"—the tender, tremulous fingers rested still against his cheek—"dear, I know—you must not let my life embitter yours. It would if we should—should marry, dear; please—good-by!" Deeper than the renunciation of the light of her eyes came the giving up of love—the eternal parting from this man who was to have been to her life's best fulfillment.



"RICHARD, MY DEAR ONE, MY DEAR ONE—I AM BLIND——"

And then her groping flower-hands over his face, seeking, asking, needing. And then his kiss—a kiss that left him shamed while the hot tears fell, for the tears were for himself as well as for her. With a terrible clarity, he faced the stretch of years: the pathos his life would be tinted with—the sad dependence of her—the dreadful, aching pity of it all. With a man's loathing for the doleful, the tears of humanity, he shrank.

And, shamed, reluctant, dazed, Richard left the room.

Outside, on the broad stairway, George was standing, lips grimly compressed. "What has she said?" he asked, as Richard came down, and his eyes glinted as the man extended the diamond circlet, mutely. His keen, lawyer eyes probed the truth, even while the man-heart of him was forced to understanding. He clapped Dick's bowed shoulders and faced

him. "Be a man, Richard," he said—for God's sake!"

Night! Long, long eons of time, all of it night, all of it impenetrable, all of it softly, thickly close. In the midst of it a bruised, rebellious heart, struggling, resisting, bleeding. Tears! Hot storms of them—bitter, fevered, hopeless; tears from the soul's dark

pity, to offer his sympathy and a floral gift. Perhaps the look of the beautiful, sightless eyes raised to his as he spoke—the traces of a suffering beyond his knowledge—the everlasting helplessness of her—perhaps these things brought to him the enormity of his offense even against the least of God's creatures.

"I'm awful sorry, miss," he mum-



ENGAGED IN THEIR NIGHTLY CHESS BATTLE

waters of Lethe; tears that scarred for all of time. Down into the black depths of an awful, abysmal despair Angela went those days, and no kindly voice, no offered pleasure probed the lowered veil of her first agony. It was John—John, who had shut out the sunshine from so many tiny lives—who forced from her the first trace of interest. He came, compelled by superstition and a belated

bled, as she caressed the flowers gently. "I was afraid that—that—maybe what I done was sorter beginning—an' then the way I wished a curse, an' all that——"

"How could you know?" the girl said softly; "of course you couldn't. And I do thank you for the flowers, John—I know they are beautiful."

After that the night again—the night and the tears! Eternities of

nights and tears—realms of thickest blackness—purgatories of pain and despair. And then one night, just at twilight, a glad, triumphant song! Joyous, defiant, victorious over pain, the feathered, golden songster caroled forth his sweet, unvanquished faith—his radiant hope. The blind girl, listless in her chair, sat suddenly alert. She had forgot! There, in a

Downstairs in the library, Richard and George were engaged in their nightly chess battle. Mrs. Clifford sat reading and watching the door anxiously for Angela's coming. Perfect quiet reigned, broken only by the soft shoving of the chessmen, when out of the silence rose and swelled, and trembled, breathless on the air, a voice in song. What words



RICHARD HAD TAKEN THE WOMAN WHO SANG, TO HIS HEART

cage in the room beyond, a captive closer far than she—a captive who sang, and had sung, thru many, many such nights as hers—a lesser thing than she, who rose victorious over pain. As once before—how many weary lengths of time away!—the girl groped her way to the cage and placed her hand over the bars.

"We each of us have our mission," she whispered softly. "You have taught me that; for yours has been to sing into my heart a glad anthem of visionary hours—a promise—a wondrous hope."

there were, the listeners did not know. A soul hung there on that strain of song—the beat of a heart—the birth of a hope; and thru it all, reverent, pleading, impassioned, the woman-call to her mate—to her God.

The song broke off abruptly. Richard had crossed the library, closed the music-room doors, taken the woman who sang, to his heart, the light of a great truth in his eyes. And into the night of perpetual darkness, reaching unto the uttermost heaven, there stretched a Bridge of Stars.

The Pirates

BY GEORGE WILDEY



A curly-haired pirate of half-past four
Ran away with her dad one day,
Adown the cliff path to the harbor shore,
Where a rakish schooner lay.
And they boarded the ship and sailed away,
While ever the tide was high,
Into the ocean, beyond the bay—
My dear little girl and I.



And emerald green was the sea below,
And above was the sky blue, clear,
And the song of the sailors' "Ye-ho! Ye-ho!"
Was a gladsome thing to hear.
A colorful maze was the glist'ning spray
From the prow in circles thrown;
A tangle of quiv'ring sunbeams lay
Where the beautiful iris shone.




And over the ocean and round the world,
We sped on the white-winged ship,
And ever the emerald billows curled
With a rhythmical rise and dip.
We skirted green shores on the Southern seas,
In the realms of Wonderland,
Where monkeys swung high in cocoanut trees
By the whispering breezes fanned.



We were wafted by valley and plain and bluff,
And by mountains draped with snow,
Where sea lions played at blind man's buff
On the ice cakes down below.
A whale wallowed by in the frothing sea,
As he spouted his jet on high,
And we shouted aloud in childish glee—
My dear little girl and I.

We had sailed for a million miles or more
From the calm of the shelt'ring bay,
But we sighted again our own home shore
On the very self-same day.
And we anchored the good ship trim and tight
To the sailors' "Ye-ho! Ye-ho!"
In the glow of the homing harbor light
Of the Motion Picture Show.



Moving Picture Audiences

By BETH HASKAR

THE "movies" are responsible for a lot of things, and among the developments is the "Moving Picture audience." Perhaps the audiences do not realize that they are classified just as minutely as they classify the acts which they pay their money to see. But they are divided into several distinct types, according to those in the business of entertaining the public.

Most Moving Picture houses run from four to six hours a day, and, of course, each locality has its special kind of show and audience.

The following classification was made by the stage-man of one of the first-class picture houses in a big Eastern city. This house runs a continuous show from 10:30 A. M. to 10:30 P. M., with several good acts between pictures.

"How's the house today?" I asked the stage-man, as he dropped the "sheet" on a musical act.

"Oh, pretty fair, pretty fair," he replied. "Say, but you ought to have seen the audience last night. They was a pippin—everything went over, and say, my arms are still sore from working the curtain overtime."

"Do audiences differ much during the day?" I asked.

"Do they?" he responded in scorn. "Well, I should say. There's the 'milk-wagon' audience——"

"Milk-wagon!" I exclaimed.

"Yep; bums who come in to get a comfy seat and a nap; tourists waiting for an afternoon train, and a few who come in to really see the show. That's the kind you get in the morning. Then there's the 'business snatch' around noon. Them's the

business men and women who want to use up their noon hour and get their minds off their work. They're a nice, appreciative audience; but they keep coming and going, 'cause they cant any of them stay long. Then you get the 'matinée' bunch, along about three o'clock—ladies and kids, who have nothin' else to do but amuse themselves, and some shoppers and schoolgirls. Dont get much of a hand from them, tho they like the show all right."

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Well, you see it's this way: A lady comes in, and the first thing she does is to fill her lap up with her bag and bundles, then she fusses with her veil and hat, and puts those on her lap, too. There she sits, a-grabbing those things in her lap, and if she takes her hands off to clap, down slides the whole caboodle to the floor."

"That's so," I said; "I've not clapped many times, myself, because I couldn't."

"Then comes the 'five o'clock tea' crowd. They're the hungry, the homeless, and those tired out, with nowhere else to go. They sit back and dream of a nice juicy beefsteak until the real 'cream' audience comes for the evening shows. That audience is well fed, and comes out with the express purpose of seeing and enjoying a show, and will give a good hand when it likes a thing."

"I see," I said; "so the different audiences are: the 'milk-wagon,' the 'business snatch,' the 'matinée,' the 'five o'clock tea' and the 'cream'—am I right?"

"You're all there," he laughed. "That's them, and dont forget it!"



EXTRACTS

FROM THE

DIARY

OF

MARY FULLER

IT was a small green volume of limp leather, gilt-edged. On the front was a dancing elf and a spray of jasmine. It looked as if it might contain poems of spring spirit. And it did. How it came into our possession is not for publication. In self-defense, however, let it be stated that it was not stolen, and that the extracts made therefrom can do the great Edison leading woman no harm. In fact, those who read the following excerpts cannot fail to think more highly of the person who thus unconsciously unfolded the inner workings of her mind, because they reveal a mind of unusual intelligence and an insight into things that would do credit to a philosopher of riper years. The following extracts are copied verbatim, all names being omitted:

MARCH 15TH.—Saw ——'s picture in a paper today; cut it out and put it in my locket. He is undoubtedly the dramatic treat of this year, tho the play was not a success and the actress star miscast. He is superb—my idea of a fine actor and fascinating personality. What wonderful impressions his performance gave me, and what symphonies I could compose in his praise! I am glad the papers lauded him.

MARCH 16TH.—My music and my theaters! The golden silence! My beautiful New York! I want to snuggle down in it all like a happy bug in a rug. Billy phoned me today. He said he was moving out to Newark and would come in on the train every morning. I said, "Why don't you commute from Philadelphia—it's farther?" which "got his goat." I believe it is my sense of humor which has been responsible for my adventures and scrapes.

MARCH 17TH.—I have so many photo-plays written and lying in my trunk, with no chance of producing them. I wonder if I will ever have an opportunity to put on all the things I visualize in my day-dreams. To pioneer with one's original ideas must be very soul-satisfying. I also wish I could fall into the habit of going to bed early.

MARCH 18TH.—Tho spring is here, I decided to hang up some New Year's resolutions, so I jotted down six. Three of them are here; the others are too personal to set down: 1. Do the best you can, and after that don't worry. 2. Seek and accept only the best, the highest; shun all else. 3. Make keen, select judgments and stick to them.

MARCH 19TH.—Received another letter from the little girl in Boston today. She recalled the Boston trip to my mind. I remember it was on February 16th—we worked all day and all night up to 8 o'clock Tuesday morning on "A Princess of the Desert." (I don't know what it will look like, having been taken in twenty-four consecutive hours, and how I will look in it after a session like that.) Well, after stopping work at 8 A. M. that Tuesday morning, I went home, bathed, breakfasted, packed my bag, and our party left for Boston on the Knickerbocker Limited to attend the Exhibitors' Ball that night. We arrived late, dined, dressed and departed in taxis for the ball, which I was to lead with the president of the Exhibitors' League. Tho I had had no sleep since Sunday night, I was as lively as a cricket, and the applauding crowd intoxicated me. All of the photo-players were introduced singly on the stage and loudly acclaimed. Supper in an anteroom and flashlight photos for the morning papers, and then I escaped still alive and very much awake. The rest of the week we took scenes in Boston streets for a picture, and I visited all the theaters and supped at the Touraine. Our party left on Saturday, after a very delightful stay.

MARCH 20TH.—phoned today and thanked me for the gifts. Last week was her birthday. As I wasn't working in the morning of that particular day, I looked over my mail, and then rushed for the train. Went down to her rooms, took some spring flowers and arranged them in a vase on the table, put a new silk waist on the dresser with a note and prepared a nice birthday surprise. Then I came up-town and left the things to be discovered by her when she came home in the evening. I like doing things that will please other people.

MARCH 21st.—Rummaging in my trunk this evening, among faded love-letters and erst-while emblems I found two of my baby photos. What a queer pollywog I was! but as they say homely children make handsome grown-ups, there is hope for me yet.

MARCH 22nd.—I worked this Sunday morning at the studio, and then flew to my beloved Philharmonic concert. I arrived in good time, and, taking my accustomed seat in the back, I opened the lettuce and mayonnaise sandwich and proceeded to lunch. The usher looked at me doubtfully every time he passed thru the radius of mayonnaise smell, but the quick demolition of the sandwich and my cheerful abstraction disarmed him. The concert had started, and I was absorbing the beauties of Grieg, when "Raven Locks" passed down the aisle. Being in working clothes, I hid down under my hat, hoping to pass unnoticed, but how can a personality of eloquent silence hope to get by unnoticed? Just as I thought I was safe, he turned directly and bowed. During the intermission he came back, and we had a nice chat. "You dont need to be dressed up to enjoy music," he said, and I agreed with him. He is the sort of quiet, poetic personality that I like. One does not meet them often. The program was very good, tho I cannot enthuse over the new Dvorak symphony; I have heard it several times, and it hasn't registered yet. Madame

Alda's songs were deliciously fragrant. One of them—

'Tis night, and the flowers are standing,
Aglow from the kiss of the sun,
Still burning from his caresses,
And glad the night has come.
They sigh as they wait in the darkness,
And long for their lover, the dew;
Await, impatient, his coming—
Oh, that my love came, too!—

called "Expectancy," by Frank LaForge, was rapturous and made all the goose-flesh on my back rise (relic of primevalism); the other was equally good.

MARCH 23d.—I did battle with the dressmaker and tailor today. Dress-makers have whims of their own which cannot be dislodged, just as the genus "chauffeur" always goes down the street you dont wish to go down. Sweet perversities that come from heaven to test our patience and make us stinger! The dress-maker's art is necessary, and no lovely thing can be born save with much travail.

MARCH 24th.—Took some "Dolly" stuff on lower Broadway, and dont say "Some crowd!" A million can collect in a minute down there when the camera is produced. It

takes some manœvering to steal the scenes. We lunched at the Old Chop House, which is reminiscent of the Cheshire Cheese in London. I wonder if my signature and accompanying drawing is still in the visitors' book at the Cheese. Dear old Cheese, the service is so bad there—and the ventilation.

MARCH 25TH.—Today I had to save some one from committing suicide by jumping from the top of the Woolworth Building, forty-third floor (in "Dolly of the Dailies" No. 6). It makes one very squeamish to go up in those flying elevators; my heart turned several flip-flops. The view of New York and the channel is superb from the balcony, and I hope we filmed some of that lovely "distance" as





background. ——— was there; I like him immensely. He is *different*.

MARCH 26TH.—Heard my beloved Philharmonic today in a Wagner program. Most of my favorites they played. I like Wagner's music; it is so descriptive. I saw "The Life of Wagner" this winter and enjoyed the reminiscence of it. There is something beautiful and pathetic in reviewing the life of a great artist. The touch of memory seems to hallow it, and all its trials and sorrows paint themselves in such warm pastel tones. Sometimes it seems I can remember not only things that are past, but remember ahead to things that are to come.

MARCH 27TH.—I bought some shoes and a lovely new green hat today. I think I will wear it in "The Master Mummer," if that is produced soon. It is simply appalling how my letters pile up when I don't answer my mail daily. Sat up until 1 o'clock tonight trying to catch up, and when I sought my downy couch I was some tired. The rest of the night I was out on my broomstick. I believe all witches travel on broomsticks. Last night I dreamed of two persons. They both smiled at me for the first time in years and tried to speak to me, but I was silent, and they knew not what I was planning to do. My dreams are my only boon and pleasant counsellors.

MARCH 28TH.—Quite a shock to be called out of bed in the morning with the news that your studio has burned down, destroying all one's wardrobe. In my pink, brocaded dressing gown and blue slippers, I clutched my disheveled hair and said, "I cannot believe it; it cannot be," over and

over. When I arrived at the studio, what confusion! The main portion of the building was charred wreckage, the halls were cluttered with debris, and the floors swam in water. Contrary to reports, my wardrobe was safe both from fire and water, and all my precious "props," collected with care, were unharmed. Merciful Providence, or my lucky star, be thanked! Actors and employees were buzzing about like bees deprived of their hive, and every one was giving accounts of his particular valor in saving films or stove-plates, when, as a matter of fact, they were at home asleep during the fire. Firemen and reporters walked about with grimy faces and cups of coffee, giving an effect of recent heroism, which was not borne out by their actions earlier in the engagement. Some actors who had lost their wardrobes were busy with pen and pad, making a \$15 suit look like \$60 for the benefit of the insurance company. A little monetary circulation is good for the system. I investigated the loss, viewed the remains and listened to several heroes, mounted on piles of scenery, discourse on the event. Then I went out and bought some buttermilk.

MARCH 29TH.—Today ——— and I were to have motored to Long Beach, but it was too cold and wet, and I postponed it until later. Saw "Judith of Bethulia" and ———. Met "Z" and the machine, and we went to the McAlpin for supper, then dropped in to see some pictures.

MARCH 30TH.—I am



going to patent some clothes like the harness for fire-engine horses, to do away with this tedious buttoning and unbuttoning. I was very late this morning, and after my usual break-

fast of porridge, two eggs, milk, toast and jelly, I hurried down to work. My studio frowned down on me with a 9.45 A. M. look. Dear studio—a part of my warm life!

MARCH 31st.—Owing to the wreckage in the studio, we worked at the old Biograph on Fourteenth Street today. It is a small place, but rather homelike, and one's forces seem more concentrated—the way I prefer to work. The rooms, not having been used for some time, smelled dank and musty, and all the ghosts of former Biograph days came and leaned over my shoulder and told me interesting things as I sat in the dressing-room waiting for my cue. It was like conquering Time to go back and live with the spirits of the past. Lovely ——— was there in the springtime of youth; and ——— in his poetic beauty, as he appeared in "The Oath and the Man"; and tall ———, recalling the first time I saw him on the screen, in satin coat and buckled shoes, blessing a child at a church corner, in the snow; and ———, like a lily fair; and the keen-eyed one whom ———. So many interesting shadows, I was sorry to leave them at 11 P. M., when our work was finished and we started for home.

APRIL 1st.—I was buttonholed at lunch today by ———. How tedious some people are without knowing it! He can talk more in a minute than any one else in a month, and when started on experiences there is no stopping him. I was conducted verbally on an extensive shopping tour down Sixth Avenue, visited the bargain counters, had soda water at Riker's and ended up at the Hippodrome, regaled minutely with each act. Yes, you would describe him as voluble. "X" is very good to me. He surprised me with some lovely handkerchiefs. I told him it wasn't my birthday, to which he replied

he would look up the Saints' calendar and find one of my relatives as honoring that date, and for me to accept them in her stead.

APRIL 2ND.—I was awakened this morning by the cawing of crows. I leaned on my elbow and looked out of my window and listened to what they were calling to each other. The air was fresh and full of damp, flying clouds around my window, and I could smell the spring growing in the grass. What a longing for I-know-not-what possessed my soul! Half-remembered things from the past touched my hair; childish dreams floated back to me, and that sobbing Something, always in my heart, awoke anew. Why is mankind tortured with a yearning for the vague unattainable? Is it a memory of a thrice-happy state we have known in other incarnations? I suppose some prosaic persons would say it was one's liver out of order.

APRIL 3RD.—"X" sent me flowers again today. Lovely Easter lilies, calla lilies, red roses, lilies of the valley, yellow roses, tulips, jonquils and mignonette. He is very generous. I love them so. They and a few, cut-out magazine pictures I tacked up are the only things I look at in the room. The wall-paper is a chocolate brown

(no wonder I have the jim-jams). Some day I am going to have my own establishment: light-papered, dainty bedrooms, with filmy window-curtains and lots of flowers; quiet, somber sitting-rooms, where I can study, dream and scold myself, when necessary, without distraction. An automobile? To be or not to be; that has been the question for some time. I had a whim that I didn't want one unless ——— gave it to me (not as a matter of economy, but as a matter of sentiment), but I suppose that is absurd. I wish I could afford a large mansion. What delight to live in a place—



(To be continued next month)

Miss Briscoe vs. Censorship

LOTTIE BRISCOE, of the Lubin Company, says she is opposed to censorship of pictures on many grounds: First, that no two people agree on the matter of art; second, that the police regulations are sufficient to stop and correct any suggestion of immorality or indecency; third, that in her life she has been brought in conflict with much interfering officialdom.

When a little girl she was the first victim selected by Mr. Gerry, of the Gerry Society, whose ostensible objects are to prevent children appearing on the stage, however well they may be looked after, educated or brought up, and whether it was because she was the only child who appeared so constantly on Broadway, or whether it was because the Gerry Society thought it a great chance for publicity, she was a subject of constant attacks.

When "For Fair Virginia" was to be produced at Daly's, Mr. Gerry personally interfered and tried to stop it. Miss Briscoe went down to Mr. Low, then mayor of New York, and pleaded with him for a special license to appear. Her mother and her tutors were with her, and her childish eloquence so affected the mayor, that he granted her a permit against Mr. Gerry's and his Society's objections. When she was engaged to play "Puck"

by Augustin Daly, Mr. Gerry again interfered, and this time with better success. He tried to console her childish sorrow by the offer of a ten-dollar gold piece, which she threw back at him, crying: "I don't want your money, I want to play 'Puck.'" The only reason that she did not appear with Mansfield in his production of "The First Violin," tho she was under contract with him, was because of the Gerry opposition. However, in another piece, "My Friend from India," she successfully defied the Gerry Society, by having her dresses made and padded in such a manner that it added at least five years to her apparent age, thus making her look like a young woman, instead of a little child.

Even in Miss Briscoe's most distressful moments, her sense of humor rises triumphantly to the top. Some weeks ago she was attacked with gastritis, and her medical man, for purposes of diagnosis, thought it best to make an ex-ray photograph of Miss Briscoe's stomach. After facing the ex-ray camera she turned round to her physician and said: "It's always been said that we Motion Picture leading ladies are the most

photographed women in the world, but now I really *am* the most photographed woman in the world." Needless to say this is one picture of Miss Briscoe which will not appear.





JUSTINA AND LOUISE HUFF, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

THE oft-described walls and towers of Lubinville—that contrast of terra-cotta and pistachio green—were discernible thru the half-light of a misty spring morning, and at the lodge gate there was a crush of Lubin actors on foot and in motors, for the photoplayers' day was just beginning. After some necessary formalities, we found ourselves on the threshold of a tiny room, looking into the gray eyes of a blossomy little girl wearing a bobbing cap of some indefinite pattern and an enormous, stiffly starched apron. "Why, of *course*—come right in, sir. I'm ever so glad to see you." A soft, hesitant form of speech came from the lips of the gentle little stranger. "Wont you sit in our Chinese hour-glass chair? Cissy always says she's afraid it's going to give way where it tapers in the middle. So be careful."

While we risked a spill, the starched apron came rustling off the slender figure and the saucy cap let us see a twist of goldy hair. Quickly its owner gave a start of surprise. "Why, we haven't been introduced!" "Oh, yes, we have," we reassured her—"long ago, when you made your screen début as one of the dairymaids with Mrs. Fiske and the Famous Players in 'Tess.'" "Goody! Then, you do know that I'm Justina Huff, and not Louise. People mistake me for Cissy, and Cissy for me. But Cissy's ever so much prettier and cleverer." Miss Justina said it in such a matter-of-fact way that a re-

ply seemed unnecessary. "You see, I was in the midst of my morning cleaning when you came, and I thought you might have made a mistake and wanted to chat with some one else. We take turns in straightening our dressing-room," she went on, "and this morning is really Cissy's turn, but she loathes housework and promised to stop by the library for me if I'd do her work." "The Five Little Peppers," or one of Mary J. Holmes' classics, might appropriately be the choice of the absent Miss Huff, we thought, but said nothing.

"You should never guess that I were from the South—now, would you?" questioned Miss Justina, with a bewitching lilt and drawl. "People always say they know we must be." We were forced politely to agree with the people she mentioned. "Then you'd never guess that I were from Georgia, would you? We were both born in Columbus, but were educated in New York; then Cissy went on the stage for a season, and I nearly died of loneliness. She didn't have me to look after her, and all I could do was to make things—cakes and jellies and jams—and send them to her. When the season ended and we were together, we made up our minds that we'd never, never be separated again. And we haven't. When Mr. Lubin wanted Cissy, he said he wanted me, too. Cissy is playing leads for Mr. Edgar Jones, the Lubin actor-director, and I am playing ingénue leads for Mr. Joe Smiley."

It struck us as being a happy chance that both sisters should be little leading women in the same big organization. They are adding charm and daintiness to Lubin pictures, but Miss Justina declares that she doesn't want to be known merely as "that

to cook, whether it be roasts and chops or just desserts. There's not a woman alive who hasn't wished at some time or another that she could make just the dish to please—" (she hesitated a second, and the suspicion of a glow came to her cheeks)

"—some one," Miss Huff concluded.

At this juncture, the door swung open, and a diminutive figure, muffled in furs and with a few raindrops glistening on her muff, floated into the room. "Cissy, dear, do you know Maeterlinck has written a new book? I got it for you from the library!" Miss Justina's surprise almost made her forget her visitor, who got the shock of his life upon discovering that not Mary J. Holmes, but Maeterlinck, is the preference of the quiet, young girl who had been his vis-à-vis for half an hour. Louise Huff is a piquant little beauty with violet eyes, a mass of soft, blond

curls, and a delicate oval of a face. Yet more than this, she is five feet of tender, wistful charm and quaintness. Curiously alike, yet unlike, are the Huff girls.

"Oh, to chat me for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—ME? Cissy, dear, what shall I say?" Miss Louise asked her sister, with the least shade of shyness in her eyes.

"Oh, it's not a bit hard," her sister replied; "once you get started, the words come easily."

"Well," the newcomer rejoined—"please ask me something." She extricated herself from her fur coat. "But wait—perhaps you would like to see this book I picked up. It is filled with drawings by Kate Greenaway. You know, I've been called 'The Kate Greenaway Girl of the Screen,' and these drawings are ever so interesting to me for that reason." Instantly we agreed with the person



slender girl with the aristocratic air," but as Justina Huff who really acts. And she is willing to work for that name.

It seemed unique to find a screen actress whose hobby is old-fashioned cookery, and all the more unusual to find one who has been successful enough to have received an offer from a large distributor to supply their shops with her preserves. "I think every woman should know how

who had so aptly bestowed this sobriquet upon the youngest leading woman of Lubinville. She is all that the English artist of the last generation made her pictures of little people—enchantly quaint and droll. "But I'm quite a horsewoman, you know, and I don't think the Kate Greenaway boys and girls ever rode anything but hobby-horses. Mr. Jones—my director and leading man, you know—rides like a Frederic Remington plainsman and has taught me to ride my mount just like a real Western girl." A mite of five feet and ninety-nine pounds dashing over the prairies seemed a bit incongruous, but Miss Louise's mount was her pony, and her field of action the park bridle-path.

"Please don't laugh at me. Promise? Cross your heart?" We dumbly complied, and she continued: "Well, I want to play"—another comedienne who pines to play Lady Macbeth, we thought—"yes, I want to play Dickens. I long to be Little Dorrit and The Marchioness and Lucy Manette. I would rather the

public thought of me as one Dickens character than the heroine of a hundred modern photoplays."

"That's Cissy's dearest dream," Miss Justina interposed, "and she doesn't tell every one, but she has a plan—shall I tell, Cissy dear?"

"Oh, please—not now. You see, I want to play Dickens, and I have a quiet little way of getting what I want. Don't make me say more, will you? Just wait."

Another surprise! The fragile snow-drop of a girl, with a laudable and consistent ambition, and her sister, whom we guiltily admit we thought reveled in the Elsie Books, are revealed as avid readers of Maeterlinck! In truth, to chat with screen stars is to know them as they really are. Miss Justina, five feet one inch of quiet dignity, and Miss Louise, the same amount of girlish gayety, each said good-by in her own little way. And now do you know Justina and Louise Huff, bits of the old and the modern South, a little better than you did before you were introduced?

NORBERT LUSK.

MIRIAM NESBITT, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

MISS NESBITT may be found at the farther end of an hour's subway ride, a half-hour on the elevated, a fifteen-minute walk—or, rather, pant—up a steep hill, and a brisk knock at the door. But she is worth it!

Rap, rap! "Come in." Open sesame! And, presto, Miss Nesbitt!

She was writing a note, using her wardrobe trunk as a desk, and she greeted me cordially, albeit vaguely.

"Sit down and look around while I finish assuring this girl, whom I never heard of, that I positively cannot get her a chance as leading lady with the Edison Company," she smiled in a pleasant, brisk, sure-of-herself voice. "The hundred-odd costumes hanging on the furniture are the greatest trials of my life. Nothing up-to-date when I need it, nothing the right size or shape or state of buttons.

What Motion Pictures need most is a regular wardrobe mistress to do our clothes-worrying for us, to keep us in repair and to see that we have appropriate costumes for our plays. You might suggest that——"

While she finishes her note to the girl-she-never-heard-of, let us take a chair, gingerly on account of the white satin slippers, the pink-silk auto bonnet, the fur muff and lace parasol already occupying it, and look out of the admiring corners of our eyes at Miss Nesbitt herself.

She is neither tall nor short—five feet seven and one-half inches, to be exact; she is neither stout nor thin, one hundred and thirty-five pounds being the verdict of the scales; she is neither blonde nor brunette, with her chestnut hair, gray-blue eyes and fair skin. This sounds like a parody of Poe's *Bells*—"They are neither brute

nor human"—but it is a poor description of a hard-to-describe young woman.

Miss Nesbitt is electricity—a positive pole. Ideas sizzle and surge from her brain in a series of snaps and sparks. To shift the metaphor, she impales every subject of conversation upon a remarkably sharp point of view, as one sticks letters on a file.

"I have been with Edison for four years, and played in one hundred and fifty pictures; but before that, I served a long apprenticeship with Frohman and Savage companies on the regular stage," said Miss Nesbitt. "I was in the original 'Traveling Salesman' and 'Peter Pan' companies, and I played in 'David Harum,' 'The Road to Yesterday,' 'Rupert of Hentzau' and 'Sweet Nell of Old Drury.' I like the photoplay because it offers a chance for so much facial expression and good gesture work. Then, there's less jealousy in camera drama. We all like each other here, while on the stage every one is afraid every one else will get her job, and all join in a pean of loathing for the leads."

I was certain, somehow, even before I asked her, that Miss Nesbitt was a suffraget.

"Well, so I was before I was treated so rudely by the secretary of a woman's club, who refused to let me call on a friend staying in the clubhouse unless I would present written credentials," laughed Miss Nesbitt. "I suppose that's a very feminine reason for changing my politics, isn't it? Oh, yes, I believe in lots of interests to keep the rust off one's mind.

"I'm interested in mental science, too—it helps my work. I love to watch different types and to wonder what is going on in their heads; of course, ten to one, *nothing* is going on, but I like to try to find out, to watch expressions and gestures and characteristics.

What else do I like to do? Well, dance and swim and just sit in a big, friendly chair before an open fire, with a book of Pierre Loti, or Eliot, or dear Margaret Deland, and a basket of apples near-by."

Miss Nesbitt's father was Norwegian, and her mother English. Possibly this mixture of
(Continued on page 156)





Shadow Pictures, Shadow Theaters and Silhouettes

The Embryonic Motion Picture Was Bred in Legendary Death and Sorrow—
The Scientific Motion Picture of the Future Will Be a Con-
vincing Shadow of Actuality and Substance

By MARY TAYLOR FALT and MARY HARROD NORTHEAD

SHADOWS—a pair of scissors! What a far cry to the modern wonders—Motion Pictures! This present era is indeed “The Promised Land” of pictorial art for all who will migrate and drink at its great fount of learning.

To quote Elbert Hubbard: “Up to less than a hundred years ago, civilization was provincial. The few were able to travel and see. Superstition submerged the most enlightened. With Motion Pictures we have one of the great educational factors of the times. You get this amusement with Jeffersonian simplicity and practical democracy. You get your money’s worth without frills, fads and fussiness. Motion Pictures are making this old world a better and happier place because we are getting acquainted with the world. Motion Pictures satisfy because they *really show knowledge, customs and habits* of the world. Even great doctors prescribe them for nervous patients. They change their frowns to grins,” says the Roycroft philosopher, in his characteristic phrasing.

Fully to appreciate, respect and elevate Motion Pictures to their highest altitude, make a study of the various eras of pictorial art. You will discover what a debt the world

owes to the master mind who conceived Motion Pictures. He is of the elect. His success is monumental in comparison with the struggles of others. Amateurish and strange indeed were the devious paths pictorial art took to satisfy the reproductive and pleasure-loving tastes of all peoples.

In our previous articles on “Old Time Wall-Papers” and the “Old-Time Marine Figure-heads,” we endeavored to present two forerunners of Motion Pictures. Now, the real handmaid to their scientific development and that of the stereopticon, “the step-sister of photography,” “the poor relative of the art world,” and “the pioneer of the cheap portrait,” was the shadow picture, and later the silhouette.

Today the fashion world talks of the silhouette figure. To the uninitiated, it bespeaks frivolity, hobble-skirts and conspicuous femininity. To the art world and to Motion Picture projectors, it indicates one of the most potential art eras. To the fashionable charity bazaar, it means a clever, artistic attraction.

In the legendary origin of shadow pictures and the silhouette there are romance and tragedy intermingled. A lover, returning after a short ab-

sence, finds his betrothed dead. He rushes to her death-chamber. Mad-dened with grief, he goes to take farewell of her before her burial. He lives in a pictureless era. His only remembrance of her must be a mental one. What does he behold? There, on her chamber-wall, are her features in perfect outline. A candle at the

a wall, but on a white curtain, known as the screen. The candle of shadow-picture days is a pigmy in comparison to the lighting power for Motion Pictures. And, marvel of marvels! there, on this white screen, appear life-size people. They walk. They talk. The Creator is indeed a divine provider. The Book of Revelation is no myth. We cry with Omar Khayyam, that

Life after all is nothing but a magic shadow show,
Played in a box whose candle is the sun,
Round which we phantom figures come and go.



head of her bier cast her shadow. With reverent hand he traced her portrait. What a consolation! He believed that Divine Providence, to assuage his grief, especially designed her shadow picture on the wall.

Like this legendary lover, we now seek great, subdued chambers. They are halls of pleasure and instruction, however. We drink in romance, tragedy, humor—all emotions and phases of life, cast by a light, not on

Three thousand years before the Christian era there was a pageant of shadow creatures, who lived, loved and hated. The ancient Egyptians had shadow plays, it has been recently discovered. Java learned her legendary history thru the same medium. China favored religious shadow plays. India, on festival days, made them a popular divertisement. As late as 1850, shadow plays were being written. Henri Rivière was the author of the shadow plays of the "Prodigal Child" and the "March to the Star." They were tableaux in seven elaborate shadow scenes.

It is with the shadow pictures and silhouettes of England, France and Germany one discovers the most information pertinent to this article. Shadowgraphy was heard of as early as 1699, in England and France. From shadowgraphy were developed shadow profiles, shadow pictures and shadow theaters.

The following was the historic method of taking a shadow picture: The individual, assuming a rigid position, sat in a chair attached to what was termed a profile machine. A paper screen was placed near the poser. The primitive methods for lighting were so arranged as to cast the shadow of the sitter on the screen. Then the shadowgrapher traced the shadow profile, cast on the screen, with pen or pencil.

Etienne de Silhouette was one of the most distinguished amateurs who cut



out shadow profiles. Silhouette was finance minister during Louis XV's reign. He was born in Limoges, France, July 8, 1709. He had a most interesting career. As finance minister he became famous for his stringent economies and radical reforms. In the conduct of his office, during a very profligate period of French history, he pleased the economic faction. On the other hand, his reforms created his downfall and unpopularity. The extravagant faction preferred the old order of things. He was forced to resign his royal position. He retired and cut shadow profiles at Brie sur Marne. Thus has come down to us the famous name—Silhouette. The noted shadow profilist died in 1767.

Johann Kaspar Lavater was Germany's great shadow profilist of the eighteenth century. He delighted in the study of silhouettes. He believed these shadowy representations of the human being threw as much light on the human character as does a modern scenario. He studied as long and intently over his "shades" as do the Motion Picture companies over the intricate details of their craft. To

Lavater we owe our silhouette knowledge of Goethe. He made the shadow pictures of the great poet and his parents in 1774.

Many are and have been greatly indebted to the silhouettes at the National Portrait Gallery, London. After photography was discovered, many portraits of importance were identified from these silhouettes. Their historic importance to the world in general has been invaluable.

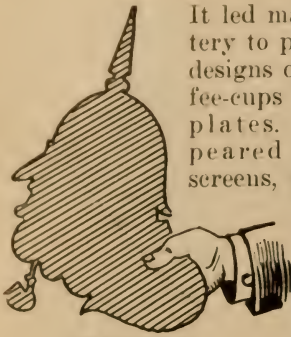
The taste for silhouettes spread over many arts. Ingenious artists of the shadowgraphy profession began to soften the cut-paper outline with hair-lines of delicate brushwork. The hair, dress and jewelry of the silhouette poser received touches of bronze or pencilings of gold. Then they began to mount the silhouettes. Wax, gold- and silver-leaf tinsel were used for mounts. They even formed the clasps for bracelets, were conspicuous on rings, and hung from my lady's neck as a necklace pendant.

The enthusiasm over the discovery of this inexpensive art, reproductive of the human being, caused it to be introduced even into the ceramic world.



By permission of the CENTURY MAGAZINE

THE RETURN FROM THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE
(Shadow Pictures by CARAN D'ACHE)



GERMAN

It led makers of pottery to put silhouette designs on vases, coffee-cups and china plates. They appeared on hand-screens, and even on memorial cards, the popular symbol of grief of those periods. The

French, English and German belles and beaux had the favorite silhouettes of Beau Brummel or sweetheart on patch-box, mirror-case, or other intimate belongings. They were secured openly or surreptitiously from some obliging shadowgrapher.

These shadow pictures brought about the shadow theaters. In Paris, in 1771, there was a noted theater for shadow plays. It was called Theater Seraphim. Séraphin Dominique Française was the owner. Take an imaginative visit to Theater Seraphim with me. What will we see? The stage is hung with a thin sheet. Behind, instead of before it, is as strong a light as that period could produce. Who are the actors? Two dummies in the shape of male or female figures, moved by two sticks fastened to their backs. They performed all sorts of antics, reflecting tragedy or comedy as each shadow



CHINAMAN



INDIAN

play appeared so crudely on the sheet. In 1787, shadow theaters added figures moved by strings to their programs, known as marionettes. Even in the twelfth and thirteenth and as early as the eleventh century

there were renowned actors in shadow plays.

Kings, queens and princesses patronized shadowgraphy in all its phases. Books of instruction appeared in 1774. They were very amusing. The instructors laid particular stress on "coughing, sneezing or laughing, a flickering candle or light." These must be strictly avoided, as such movements would "put the shadow out of place."

The artists, who traveled or opened shadowgraphy studios in those days, advertised under as many different names as do the Motion Picture companies. The more catchy, odd and novel the name, the more the fad spread. There were profilists, workers in skiagraphy, decoupage, papyrolamia, shadowgraphy, and papyrography. Then there were scissorgraphists, scissortypes, papyrologists, silhouettists and silhouetteurs plying the same vocation. Dickens' Sam Weller is recorded as very much interested in the "prófeel (profile) macheen (machine)."

Shadow portrait taking, or the cutting of profiles, full figures or groups out of black or white paper, with scissors or a penknife, was another phase of the shadow art. It was not only a commercial profession, but a coveted accomplishment. The English Princess Elizabeth, who was born May 22, 1770, made a famous scrapbook of the silhouettes she cleverly pre-



IRISHMAN



TURK

pared. Scrapbooks, filled with silhouettes cut from white paper and mounted on black paper, contained family groups, schoolroom scenes, etc. They perpetuated manners, customs and events for the education of posterity.

A collection of silhouettes dated 1804 had preserved religious processions and ceremonies, country and domestic scenes, children's games and

affairs. He located in Holland. He lost his fortune in the Dutch evacuation of 1813. Then he came to England. To retrieve his losses in Holland, he made portraits and other devices out of human hair. He then turned his attention to cutting silhouettes. So clever was he, he was soon enjoying the patronage of the royalty of the British Isles.

In 1831 we find him at Edinburgh,



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THE SPHINX II: MOSES LEADING HIS PEOPLE OUT OF EGYPT

(From a shadow picture by AMÉDÉE VIGNOLA)

the like. They had been cut out and mounted with great delicacy. Madame Tussaud, who made the famous wax models in the Palais Royal during the French Revolution, had a son who took "profile likenesses."

August Edouart was another famous Frenchman who was particularly noted as a scissor man. He was the most prolific and important of the scissorgraphists. Like Étienne de Silhouette, August Edouart quit France owing to a change of government not favorable to him and his personal

Scotland, cutting Sir Walter Scott's silhouette, also that of Charles X. The latter was then an exile in Holyrood Castle, Edinburgh. In 1835 he had Paganini's silhouette reposing in his album. The great violinist said it was the only likeness not a caricature. That same year he enthralled his patrons by cutting such extremely clever pictures as full hunting scenes, cavalry skirmishes and other sports.

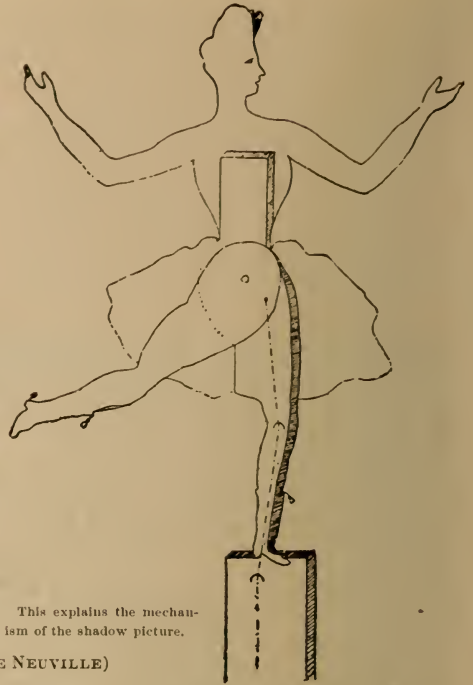
He cut Napoleon's silhouette, then mounted it on a scenic background like a modern lithograph. These par-



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A HUNGARIAN DANCER

(From a shadow picture by LEMERCIER DE NEUVILLE)



This explains the mechanism of the shadow picture.

ticular pictures had important places in silhouette scrapbooks. Today?—we witness Napoleon in every phase of his wonderful career on the screen. The Motion Pictures alone in this, and other noteworthy historical films, have earned a place in the halls of artistic fame.

This past winter the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities has been giving Thursday afternoon receptions and teas in Boston. They were presided over by prominent society matrons of Boston. The notable attraction was the loan exhibition of silhouettes. Many of them were specimens of Edouart's best work, for, with royal fame to back him, Edouart had crossed the Atlantic and toured the United States triumphantly. He cut the silhouettes of Millard Fillmore, ex-President of the United States; Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Franklin Pierce and many other distinguished Americans during this tour.

While at Saratoga Springs in 1840, he had the honor of cutting the silhouettes of the great grandchildren of Martha Washington, namely, Ed-

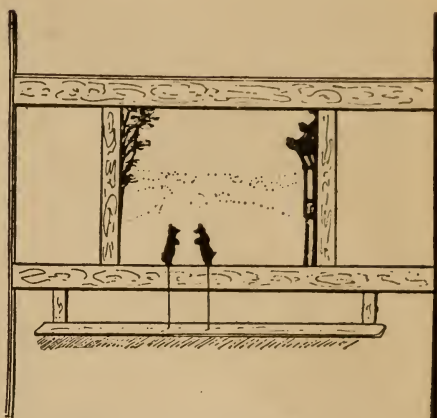
mund, Lloyd and Eleanor Rogers. There are, doubtless, venerable residents of New Orleans who recall his visit to that city in 1844. The only portrait of Whittier as a young man, said to exist, is a silhouette.

To Mrs. Leigh Hunt, silhouettist, in 1822, we owe the shadow portrait of Lord Byron, and to Henry Edwin, another silhouettist, those of Tennyson, Salisbury and Gladstone. Queen Victoria, her shadow portrait penciled in gold; Marie Antoinette, Mrs. Siddons, Tyrone Power are others of many of the world's greatest personages who were perpetuated by shadowgraphy. Hubard, a famous silhouette prodigy, made fame in the profession. He was in New York in 1833.

As shadowgraphy began in legendary tragedy, so it almost ended in like manner for its leading exponent. By the earlier years of Queen Victoria's reign, the silhouette's novelty had passed. Its subtle appeal was over by 1850. In 1849, Edouart completed his American tour. Returning to England on the ship *Oncida*, he was shipwrecked. With him were

many valuable volumes of silhouette duplicates. Out of the thousands he had accumulated in his years of endeavor, only a few were saved. His losses at this period were indeed unfortunate. He hoped, naturally, with such an extensive and comprehensive display, to revive England's interest in the shadow picture, and incidentally increase his fame and fortune. But the tide of the commercial silhouette turned adversely. To this day, however, it is adjudged an accomplishment to be clever enough to cut silhouettes. The fashionable charity bazaars give them honored places. As an antiquity, they are preserved with reverence. They find their way into the modern books of fairy tales as illustrations.

Today, science, like a mighty magician, coöperating with the genius of man, with his energy, industry and labor, has forcibly grasped the projected shadows of long ago, holding, preserving and making them marvels of scenic actuality and substance. The Motion Pictures bring the mountain



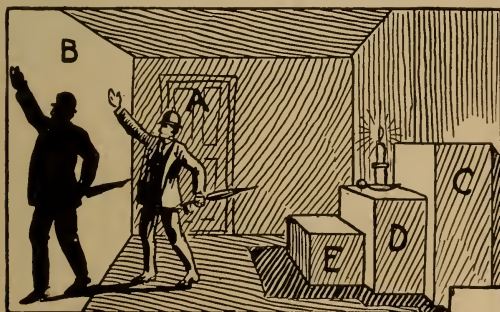
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PLAN SHOWING THE CONSTRUCTION OF
A. SHADOW PICTURE THEATER

Science and man's genius are in truth the divine agents to enlist all the elements of heaven and earth to reproduce the mysterious lure of shadow-land.

The following notes taken from Patterson's "Shadow Entertainments" may prove interesting to those concerned in reviving the art:

When sufficient room is available, "life shadows," such as are displayed in pantomimes, may be made exceedingly droll and interesting. The performers are generally silent, everything being explained by gesture. There are no limits to the effects that may be introduced in shadow subjects. They jump thru the ceil-



to Mahomet daily. The immortal man and the mortal man walk side by side.

Many distinguished names in the world's history once commanded nearly a half century in order to reach the admiring notice of mankind. Now, thru the instrumentality of Motion Pictures, they are made undying stars. Classics, histories, dramas, operas, poems, every worthy act of genius, have been and are being daily revived. Their influence on the present age is more active than in their first inception.

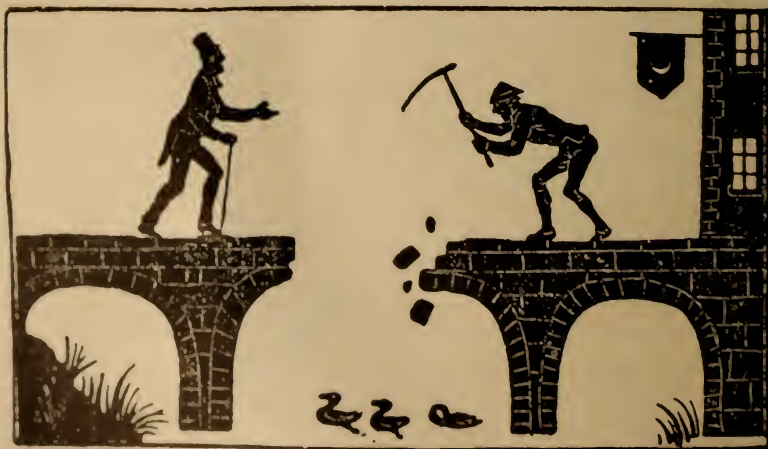


IT WILL APPEAR TO THE SPECTATORS
AS IF THE PERFORMER JUMPED
THRU THE CEILING

ing, generally wind up or interlard the performance, and are produced as follows: All lights must be removed from the room in which the spectators are gathered, and also from the space set apart for the performers, except one which must be placed as in the illustration. The stronger the light, the more distinct the figures. B represents the screen or sheet hung between actors and audience; A is the door thru which the actors appear on the scene; C is a very tall and strong box or table; D is a medium stand upon which the light is burning. The performer entering at B, his shadow is projected on the screen. Standing close to it, his shadow will be seen, life-size and very sharply defined, every action "speaking" distinctly. As he recedes and gets nearer to the light, this shadow increases accordingly, and when close to it he will appear of enormous dimensions. A receding and approaching figure, apparently fighting, make great diversion. The leap into cloudland is now easily accomplished by stepping upon E, and springing carefully over the light on to C. To spectators it will appear as if the performer had

jumped thru the ceiling. Most amusing imitations of everyday life may be performed; for example, the drawing of a tooth, a huge cardboard molar (concealed by the side of the patient's head) being shown to the audience, as having been at the bottom of the whole matter. A policeman may be thrown upon a table, drawn close to the screen, and an enormous saw made to appear as if being used in opening his stomach. The throwing back of the flaps of his coat will add a touch of something like reality—under this coat has been concealed a strange medley of things, supposed to have been eaten by him while making himself comfortable in certain kitchens on his beat. A sheep's head, a herring, a turnip, an onion, a gridiron, sausages, cakes, loaves and fifty other things may be "taken out" of him. Finally, he may be sewn up, revived and sent about his business, a hungrier and wiser man. There is absolutely no limit to the comic effects and "take-offs" which may be introduced behind the screen.

The accompanying illustrations will doubtless suggest other variations of shadow pictures without explanation.



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THE BROKEN BRIDGE
(A shadow picture by SÉRAPHIN)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

Jack Warren Kerrigan



THE KERRIGAN TWINS
JACK TO THE RIGHT



LONG before I became identified with them, my interest in Motion Pictures amounted almost to a fascination. It is now a source of keen amusement to me to recall those days when I used to stand on the curb and fight against the call of the five-cent show. I was "up-stage" with regard to Motion Pictures in those days, and, somehow, I thought it cheapened a man to be seen entering a five-cent house. But I had to go. The call was too powerful; so I would survey the street carefully in both directions, and then, when the coast was clear, I would dodge in to study the screen.

Long before an opportunity to enter the Motion Picture field presented itself to me, I had it all figured out to my own satisfaction that this was the most promising field in sight for a man of my (purely imaginary) talents. One day, in Brooklyn, a man in the employ of the Vitagraph accosted me, and, after excusing himself for his abruptness, he declared I was the finest type of man for Motion Picture work he had ever seen. Finally, he suggested that I try the work for a short time. I was doing well on the legitimate stage at that time, and the matter was dropped. However, during the next two years that conversation fermented in my mind. I was playing in Chicago in "The Road to Yesterday," when a member of the Essanay people saw my performance. After speaking of the matter with my manager, they made me a flattering offer to join their company. However, I was still a trifle "up-stage." In fact, it took me some time to overcome the prejudices of stage folk, and to realize that the five-cent theater was the greatest institution for the entertainment of all the people in the world.



However, my mind was open, and I visited the Essanay plant. Before I left, I had signed a contract for two years. The principal inducement which moved me to take this decisive step was the fact that my mother was in ill health, and that I could be near her, and personally care for her all the time.

I took to Motion Picture work like a duck to water. I started by drawing a big salary, and it has been increased from time to time ever since. After a month's work before the camera, I decided that I had found my vocation. New matters of interest arose each day, and I enjoy the work now just as thoroly as I did then. It took about a week for my "up-stage" opinions to fade away, and the realization to dawn upon me that a great new school of acting, comprehending unlimited possibilities for the sincere, careful actor, had originated in Motion Pictures. During the period I worked with the Essanay Company, I enjoyed an intimate friendship with George K. Spoor, and I will always look upon my association with him with the keenest pleasure.

Upon the organization of the American Com-

pany, I was the first member to be engaged, and at a salary that I could not well refuse. For a period of three years I played lead in every picture—at the rate of two a week—which that company produced.

I was drawn to the Universal Company on account of bigger inducements in every direction. The Universal offers the broadest field in the business for an actor. They furnish better stories, open an opportunity for greater versatility, and produce pictures on a greater scale than any other company engaged in the business of producing Motion Pictures. During my engagement with this company,

I have had furnished me greater vehicles thru which to practice my art than ever before, and as a consequence, I have improved and broadened my field. The production of "Samson and Delilah," in



which I was favored with the rôle of Samson, is the biggest and most spectacular Motion Picture ever produced in the United States. Such pictures as "The Magic Skin," "Dread Inheritance," "The Restless Spirit" and "Rory o' the Bogs," have furnished great opportunities for original and effective work.

Unlike many of my professional associates, I have not had prolonged experience upon the stage. The fact is I haven't had time, for I am now twenty-five years old and have been in Motion Pictures for nearly five years.

My professional career began when I set out from my home in Louisville, Ky., bound for New York, with unlimited ambitions, and experience in no line whatsoever. My mother had me checked for the ministry. Father had decided that I should be a lawyer, and one of my elder brothers (I am the eighth and the youngest son) had me picked for a prizefighter. However, a number of years previous to this I had decided that I should be an actor. This decision weighed so heavily upon my mind that I was useless as a worker. My father was superintendent of a large wholesale warehouse.

Instead of doing the work which was allotted to me, I used to build dens and tunnels among the empty dry-goods boxes, where no one could find me, and there spent most of my time reading. When I was driven from

this stronghold, I would go upon the roof and close the skylight after me. I have always liked solitude. During fine weather, I often went into the

woods and acted and declaimed to my heart's content, thinking all along what a shame there was no one around to hear and appreciate my talent.

I have always gone in for sports, and can run, swim and ride horseback with the next person.

My first stage experience was with Clay Clement, my brother-in-law, in his production of "Sam Houston."

I played the juvenile lead. I played a like part in "Brown of Harvard" and "The Master Key." Following these engagements, I

was featured in "The Road to Yesterday." I liked the

work on the stage. I

have never sown my wild oats, principally because the dizzy life has never and does not appeal to me. Time is too valuable and accomplishment too difficult.

I like a country life—dogs, chickens, horses, green fields and sunshine. I have the rainy days

to myself, and those days I spend at home—I daresay the happiest home in Hollywood, because my mother, my sister Kathleen, my brother Wallace and myself, all of us bosom pals, live together in our bungalow.





BY GEORGE WILDEY



WHEN BENDING SKY AND OCEAN MEET
THE SUN HAS DIPT TO RE-ST;
THE SHADES OF NIGHT HAVE FLUTTERED DOWN
TO RIDE THE OCEAN'S CRE-ST.
BUT STRAIGHT THE PILOT DRIVES HIS SAIP
WHERE ANGRY BREAKERS COMB,
AND DREAMS OF ONE TRUE HEART THAT WAITS
AND PRAYS FOR HIM AT HOME:
FOR EVER BRIGTLY SHINE'S THE STARS
THAT GUIDE THE SAIP AT SEA,-
BUT I NO GUIDING STAR MAY KNOW,
SWEETHEART, SAVE ONLY THEE.

ACROSS THE DEEP THE MAD WIND DRIVES
AND FILLS THE NIGHT WITH MOAN;
THE WAVES IN SURGING BILLOWS CURL
AND HUNGER FOR THEIR OWN.
BUT STILL THE GOOD SHIP BATTLES ON
AND CLEAVES HER GALLANT WAY;
AND STILL THE HELMSMAN GRIPS HIS WHEEL
AND BRAVES THE STINGING SPRAY:
FOR EVER BRIGTLY SHINE'S THE STARS,
THAT GUIDE THE SAIP AT SEA,
BUT I NO GUIDING STAR MAY KNOW,
SWEETHEART, SAVE ONLY THEE.



THE SAILOR'S WIFE MAY CALMLY VIEW
THE OCEAN ON THE SCREEN;
FOR THOUGH A SULLEN STORM MAY BREW,
AND STRAINING SAIPS CAREEN;
THOUGH FAR ACROSS THAT SEETHING SPAN
THE WHITE-CAPS GRIMLY SPORT,
FULL WELL SHE KNOWS HER OWN GOOD MAN
WILL STEER HIM SAFE TO PORT:
FOR EVER BRIGTLY SHINE'S THE STARS
THAT GUIDE THE SAIP AT SEA,-
BUT I NO GUIDING STAR MAY KNOW,
SWEETHEART, SAVE ONLY THEE.



Good and Bad M. P. Theaters

The Influence on a Community of a Wholesome Moving Picture Theater
as Compared with the Effect of a Degenerative One

By R. H. PRAY

I HAVE in mind a certain community on the West Side of Chicago, with which I have had opportunity, during the last two summers, to come into close personal contact, both with many of its members and most of its institutions. This particular community, altho an important part of the West Side of that busy metropolis, is far enough out from the "Loop," or



heart of Chicago, to isolate it into being almost what might be termed a small city in itself. I had noticed a number of these so-called small cities, districts or neighborhoods, about the various ends of Chicago, but I never had had the actual experience of being a part of one myself, until I received an appointment which put me in charge of the children's public playground in the above-mentioned community. My being in charge of a public playground brought me into close touch with the children of the neighborhood, and this relation in turn put me in

personal contact with nearly all of their parents; hence, right from the beginning a keen and genuine point of view of the neighborhood was given to me thru that all-important sociological factor, the family.

My business was to keep the children occupied and out of the mischief that the idle hours of a summer's vacation afforded them. Naturally, amusement played a very important part as an aid in accomplishing my purpose. I aimed to increase the interest of my protégés, by organizing athletic teams, inducing a friendly rivalry which was beneficial both to me and to the little denizens of the street. But, of course, I could not have them with me all of the time, as other amusements of the neighborhood naturally called to them, and so it behooved me to look into these interests and their effects. So, on first taking up my work, I began taking walks around the neighborhood and acquainting myself with the various influences which were being





brought to bear in every-day life on the people of this community. There was the usual corner saloon, as well as several other bar-rooms on the main street, some of them orderly places, but several of them veritable dens of vice and filth, allowed to run, no doubt, by proper pulling of the strings which operated the political head of the community. There were also several billiard and poolrooms which were frequented and usually crowded by the younger men and high-school boys. I entered these places many times for purposes of observation, and found the usual atmosphere of cigaret-smoke and profanity, attended in many instances by boys of very tender age. There was a dance-hall of a very degrading nature, in charge of people of questionable character, and this place was patronized by many of the young people in search of an evening's amusement.

Near the dance-hall was a Moving Picture show—one of the cheap variety, veneered outside with gaudy, colored placards and posters, often of a vulgar and suggestive type. The interior of the theater was in keeping with its slovenly outward appearance; narrow, confining, dark, damp and poorly ventilated, filthy and foul-smelling, could all be truthfully applied to it. The music, furnished by a piano and violin, gave vent with a tin-pan crash to all the ragtime pieces which were known as popular among the people who visited the place. I found that many of my young boys at the playground were frequenters of this pleasure resort; in fact, some were veritable "regulars" in attendance, being willing to do almost anything to get the required nickel which admitted them to the place. This naturally led me to make personal inquiry regarding the place, and on investigation I found that the apparent

degeneration which permeated the whole theater also had its effect on the screen. The manager of the theater was evidently trying to appeal to a certain low class or type, in his choosing of the films which the distributor had to offer, and reel after reel rolled off the stories of bloodshed and murder, of dissipation and dissolution, the settings being, in most cases, Western barrooms and gambling-dens. Tales of pseudo romance and love, immoral in their very essence, and unhealthy for the young women as well as the young men who frequented the place, were among the popular presentations of the photoplay. Children who flocked to the place were of an age when their ideas had not yet taken definite form, and these were subject to the evil suggestions offered by the manager, who sought to attract the public by appealing to their lower, more animal-like natures.

The deeper that I looked into the matter of this Moving Picture theater, the more apparent were its effects on the people of the neighborhood.

Taking the neighborhood as a unit, it readily could be seen that this theater contributed, along with the environment of the poolroom, the saloons and dance-hall, to its degenerative state. That the neighborhood favored degeneracy could not be doubted; its state or condition had fallen below normal, morally and in other respects. This condition in which the people lived, a sort of laxness or low state of ideals, was, of course, a state of mind of the people as a whole, and this state of mind, I think that I have the right to assume, was greatly influenced by this Moving Picture theater. Even tho every one in the neighborhood did not attend the theater, its influence upon





those who did was spread over the rest of the community. It had a strong influence on the younger members, influencing their choice of habits by bad and unwhole-

some suggestions, as I mentioned before. It seemed almost, as it were, to project its unwholesome effect upon the community as a whole, by limiting the choice of influence in a field where a great deal of good might have been accomplished, as I intend to show later.

Individual instances came to me thru many of the boys on the playground who were regulars at the theater. It seems as tho this theater had taken the place, in a psychological influence, of the injurious dime novel, which a few years ago figured so prominently as a cause for the delinquency and incorrigibility of city boys. Boys who became prominent, to my observation, because of their natural self-assertion, leaders of the gangs, the ones who were chosen by the boys themselves as captains of the athletic teams, were the ones who figured the greatest number of times in the juvenile-court cases of our neighborhood. When the gang went on a rampage, they were invariably always in the thick of the trouble or disturbance, and were known as bad boys. The real trouble was that the ideas and energies of the boys were converted into the wrong channels. Because of the longing for the dramatic element, which is perfectly natural in a growing boy, he is apt to make a hero out of a criminal. Ample opportunity was given the boys for this ill-directed hero worship, by the picture plays of the theater, in which often the hero was a criminal.

I had a direct confession from one boy, at heart a good boy and a born

leader of his fellow playmates, that he conceived the idea of a burglary from one of the picture show plays. I do not mean to insinuate that this one picture theater was the only bad influence on this community and its people, nor in fact that it was the ruling evil one. But I do intend to show that it had an evil influence as a general thing, and how this influence was counteracted and raised to a higher level by another Motion Picture theater, conducted in what might be termed almost an ideal way.

I had noticed a new building that was being erected on the main street, and hearing that it was to be a new picture theater, I was naturally curious and interested, as I had taken note of the influence of the other picture show. It was not long before I discovered that the promoter and owner of this new theater was a remarkable man, in fact a philanthropist, and a man whose ideas were to be of great social benefit to the community.

He erected a large, neat and commodious building, with a well ventilated and cleanly decorated interior. A pipe-organ, as fine as any church in the neighborhood could boast of, was installed, and good music beside this was also furnished in the way of an accomplished pianist. Nothing but the best of films were accepted from the distributor, and the manager, by his own personal influence, caused the city board of censorship to become more free in its condemnation and more discriminating in its selections of film plays. His aim was to educate his patrons as well as to amuse them — prominent weekly records of events were engaged and shown; sights of travel all over the country were a feature. His selections of humor, pathos, and love were of the cleanest and most elevating.





He conferred with me and helped me promote the Boy Scout movement by showing films of Boy Scout movements both in this country and in Europe.

I had a talk with him one day, and he had many good arguments to back up his idea of educating the public to better things. "Of course," he said, "I am in the business for the money, but I can make it in a way that will benefit my patrons. Unquestionably, the Moving Picture is the most direct appeal to the understanding. The printed page and the spoken words are tortuous paths to learning as compared to the royal road provided by the moving film. As a developer of intelligence, the contrivance cannot be highly praised, but as a direct and immediate appeal to the understanding it is the last word. Nothing that we have today can surpass it in its power to make plain either a mechanical process, an acted plot, or scenes in unknown lands. Moving Pictures of the right kind may be made a highly valuable element in education, amusement and general upliftment. These are facts that a thinking man or woman will not deny. There is a hue and a cry against the Moving Picture theater from one end of the land to the other, and the reason can be seen in this very neighborhood. Why is it that we hear, from juvenile, divorce and criminal courts, constant blame for wayward deeds laid on five-cent shows? The answer is greed—all managers are looking for the maximum possible profit. The only way that children and women can be guarded from the influence of evil pictures is by careful regulation of the places of exhibition. A rose will never grow from ashes. An act of law should be back of the exhibitor,

giving him power to refuse or return a film which is not what it should be—and, of course, the exhibitor should be a man who will refuse to take degrading films from the booking agent; hence, the film manufacturers will be acted upon and forced to put out better films, and the general embettering effect on the people will in time be noticeable. I am trying merely to educate the public of this neighborhood to choose between good and bad, and I think I am succeeding."

Other business men in the neighborhood, particularly the owner of the rival theater, prophesied a complete and rapid failure of his project, as it was not, according to their belief, appealing to the tastes and desires of the people of the vicinity. Indeed, it seemed as tho this was to be the outcome for the first few weeks, but then it soon became easily observable that his idea was beginning to take hold. In fact, it was discovered to be a comparatively easy matter to educate the neighborhood to the higher standard.

The two pipe-organ solos every evening became a strong drawing-card. I was told by the minister of the large church near my playground that, altho he disliked to see a pipe-organ desecrated by being played in a Moving Picture theater, it was really bringing more people to appreciate this kind of music, and hence bringing them to his church. The minister was soon won over by pictures of the Holy Land, accompanied by lectures in the new theater. The poorer people soon began to appreciate the cheap means of travel afforded by the evening travelogue, as they were advertised, and I often heard them conversing about the different places they had seen at the "movies," as if they had actually been there. The scenes of Ireland, when advertised on the





electric bulletin, always caused a number of "ould sods" to leave the saloon, knock the ashes out of their clay pipes, and go in for a little "memory"

trip back to the land of the shamrock.

A notable effect was seen in my playground boys: the regulars of the old show had changed and now became patrons of the new theater; the Boy Scout movement and similar films to their taste having taken a greater hold on their boyish interest than even the "Bucket of Blood" pictures of the other show. Those of musical ability and taste were taken up with the new music, and it was not long until the owner of the old show began to see a decrease in the number of his young patrons. The effect was ultimately felt in the juvenile court by a falling off of "bad-boy" cases. Many applied the playground as the cause of this, and, no doubt, it contributed its share to the betterment, but I am inclined to think it was directly due to the new and uplifting Moving Picture theater. As to saying that the new theater deducted largely from the number of loiterers of the poolroom, from the customers of the saloons, and from the couples of the dance-hall, would be making a very broad statement; but I am confident that it had this tendency in no small measure. For the young man who had nothing to do for an evening, it proved a wholesome and educative hour well spent, and came to be appreciated as such. For the young man and young woman in company, it provided an evening's

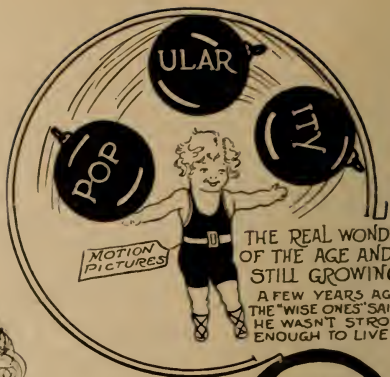
amusement of good suggestions, conducive to embetter them. For the tired husband and weary wife, with their restless children, it afforded a place of restful and uplifting amusement. This could not be said of the show which made it a business to appeal to a lower ideal and a weakening standard. Thus it can be seen that this era of the "movie" has given us a new means of communication in which a great deal of good can be effected in the way of education and general upliftment of the people, as well as harm due to the degenerative effect of immoral and suggestive pictures leading to wrong thinking and lower ideals.

As for myself, I confess that, aside from the material good that the new theater, with its wholesome pictures, was doing, I found a liking for the simpler joys that were mine for a dime. I, like hundreds of other mature folk who attended the show, admitted a childlike faith in the fortunes of Cinderella and her prince, a hearty mirth over a runaway hat, and a romantic delight when the girl of the lighthouse rock won the heart of the shipwrecked millionaire. I have always loved pictures, and am glad that they have come to life, even tho, like all things living, they unfold infinite possibilities of both good and evil. Just as letters have softened the hearts of men, neither "permitted them to be wild," so will the wholesome picture drama increase the human sympathy, that foundation of all social virtues.





REAL ACTION

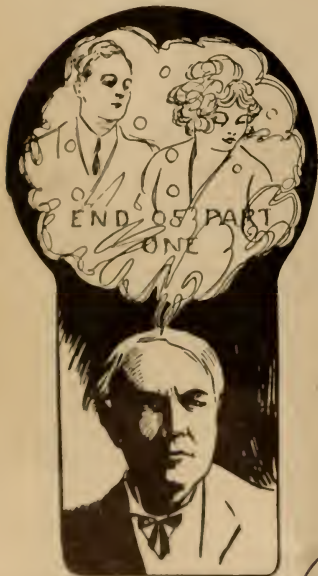


THE REAL WONDER
OF THE AGE AND
STILL GROWING.
A FEW YEARS AGO
THE "WISE ONES" SAID
HE WASN'T STRONG
ENOUGH TO LIVE

SHALL
THE
PLAYS
BE
CENSORED



A REEL
QUESTION



REAL GENIUS IS
RESPONSIBLE



BILL
DEVLIN

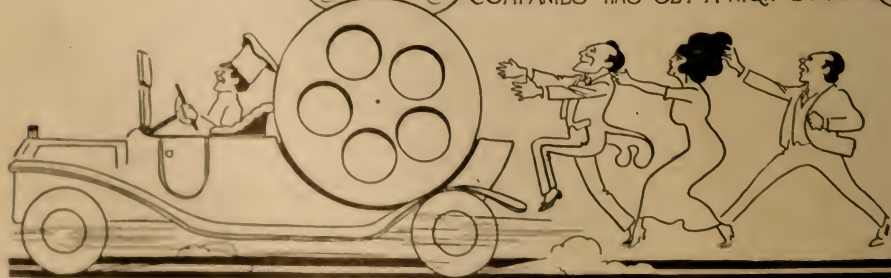
REEL
BEAUTY
IS
REAL
BEAUTY



REAL
HORSEMANSHIP
AND DARING



THE REAL MONEY PAID BY THE REEL
COMPANIES HAS SET A HIGH STANDARD



EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS BY Eugene V. Brewster

.....

IT is a peculiar thing that the commonest and most important things around us, we know the least about. It does not occur to most people to inquire why, when we hear or see something that is very funny, we burst out into a convulsion of laughter; or why, when we get bad news, such as the death of a loved one, we weep; or why, when we are filled with rage, our faces become distorted and our eyes fairly blaze. These manifestations of our feelings are called facial expressions of the emotions. The face is a remarkably expressive structure. There seems to be no limit to its possibilities. Just examine the accompanying illustration and note the numerous bundles of muscles that every face contains.

When it is remembered that each muscle can be brought under immediate control, it will be clear that a

large variety of combinations can be made; and when it is noted that many of these muscles are acted upon by the emotions, independent of the will, it will be realized that the face is indeed a wonderful organization.

Ask a crying child why it is crying, and it will tell you that it is because it has broken its doll, or lost its kite, or has been slighted by its companions, as the case may be; but ask why it wrinkles

its brow, closes its eyes, draws its cheek upward and distorts its whole face in the act of crying, and it will tell you that it is because it comes natural, that it feels like doing these



THE MUSCLES OF THE FACE



THIS CHILD IS JUST LEARNING TO
EXPRESS ITS THOUGHTS BY MEANS
OF ITS FACIAL MUSCLES

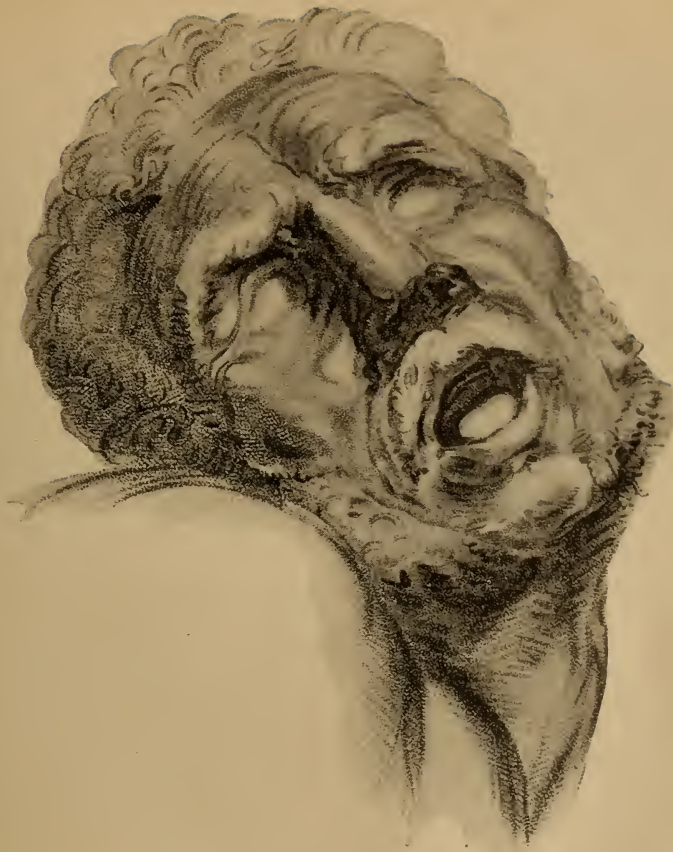
things and cannot help it. I wonder how many of my readers know just why that child's face is affected in that way. Again, how is it that when we see a child crying we know instantly the state of that child's feelings? And how is it that we can read the human countenance so readily and recognize a large variety of emotions and feelings merely by the expression?

There are various ways of expressing our feelings, and even the lower animals have different ways of showing them. Strike a dog with a cane, at the same time assuming a threatening attitude, and the animal will express fear in several different ways. It will probably put its tail between its legs, hold its head downward, draw its ears close to its head, utter a low growl, and perhaps turn, eyeing you from the corners of its eyes, and slink away. Thus in several different ways does it express the emotion of fear, principally by posture, gesture, intonation, and facial expression. A human being may act very much the same, under similar conditions, but his face will be more expressive than that of the dog.

If you were asked to name all the emotions and feelings you could think of that could be expressed by the face, how many could you name? The more common ones, such as fear, joy,

sadness and anger, would occur to you at once, but after that you would pause. As far as I know, nobody has ever yet attempted to make a list of such emotions and feelings, and such a list would doubtless be subject to criticism, because some would declare that certain emotions cannot be depicted by the face alone. For example, doubt and dread. Let the best actor or artist in the world try to show these two emotions, and how many of us could tell them apart? Let us make a list of some of the principal emotions and sensations, with a view of naming only those which can be depicted by the face:

Abhorrence	Derision	Longing
Admiration	Despair	Lust
Adoration	Devotion	Madness
Affection	Diffidence	Magnanimity
Alarm	Disappoint- ment	Malevolence
Anger	Discomfiture	Maliciousness
Anguish	Disdain	Meditation
Antagonism	Anxiety	Meekness
Appreciation	Dismay	Melancholy
Apprehension	Distress	Mercy
Arrogance	Distrust	Misery
Artlessness	Doubt	Mockery
Astonishment	Dread	Nobleness
Avarice	Duplicity	Obedience
Avengement	Eagerness	Obstinacy
Aversion	Ecstasy	Pain
Benevolence	Egotism	Passiveness
Benignity	Enmity	Penitence
Bestiality	Entreaty	Piety
Bravado	Exasperation	Pity
Bravery	Fascination	Pitilessness
Candor	Fear	Pleasure
Caprice	Ferocity	Praise
Captiousness	Fickleness	Prejudice
Caution	Firmness	Prudence
Cheerfulness	Fury	Quarrelsomeness
Combativeness	Gladness	Quiescence
Compassion	Gloom	Radiance
Compacency	Gratefulness	Rage
Conceit	Gratification	Rancor
Condescension	Grief	Rascality
Confusion	Grouchiness	Reluctance
Contempt	Guilt	Remorse
Courage	Happiness	Repose
Covetousness	Hatred	Reproach
Coyness	Haughtiness	Reproof
Craftiness	Hope	Repugnance
Credulity	Hostility	Repulsion
Crossness	Humility	Resolution
Cruelty	Hypocrisy	Respect
Cunning	Idolatry	Rest
Curiosity	Imbecility	Restraint
Deceit	Impatience	Sacrifice
Decision	Innocence	Sadness
Deference	Jealousy	Sagacity
Defiance	Joy	Sarcasm
Delight	Kindliness	Satisfaction



J. WARREN KERRIGAN, AS THE BLIND "SAMSON,"
SHOWING PAIN, DESPAIR, DISTRESS, ETC.

Scorn	Suspicion	Valor
Selfishness	Tenacity	Vanity
Shame	Tenderness	Wonder
Shrewdness	Terror	Worry
Sincerity	Thankfulness	Wrath
Sorrow	Threat	Wretchedness
Stupidity	Tolerance	Yearning
Submissive- ness	Trust	Yielding
	Uprightness	Zeal

The objection probably will be made that several of these are identical, and that it would be impossible to depict one without confusion with another. But it must be borne in mind that there are only two real synonyms in the English language—the words *begin* and *commence*; that no other two words mean precisely the same thing. It might be difficult to show the difference between two such similar words as *pleasure* and *joy*, but a careful writer would choose one or the other to convey a certain meaning, and he would not be con-

tent with the other word. Joy is the stronger word. It may be difficult, even impossible, for an artist to paint a picture of two faces, one showing reproach and one showing reproof, so that the average person could tell which was which; but we know that the words *reproach* and *reproof* mean different things, and that a careful writer or actor would discriminate. Thus, no two words mean precisely the same emotion or sensation; there is just the merest shade of difference or intensity between one and any other that may be named.

Now, it is very possible that some of us cannot tell the difference between one expression and another. Just examine the numerous illustrations that are scattered thru this article and try to study out what each means, and how and why you came to those conclusions. The titles of some



HOW MANY DIFFERENT EMOTIONS
CAN YOU READ IN THIS FACE?

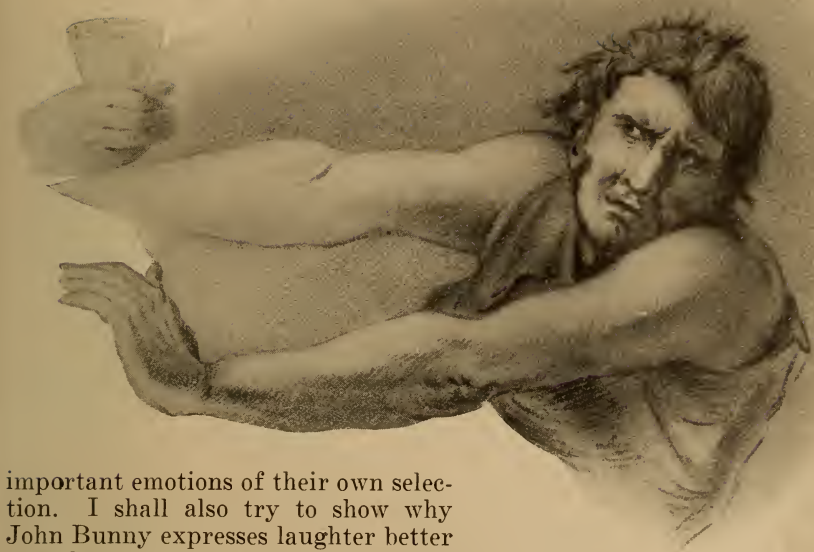
of them have been purposely omitted because it is well known that the imagination of the onlooker plays an important part in the delineation of character and emotion. Thus, if the word *contempt* were to be printed beneath one of the pictures, your imagination would go to work to find that quality, and you would soon recognize it; whereas, otherwise, you might think the expression was that of derision, covetousness, or something else. The more time you devote to the study and naming of the emotions and sensations that these pictures represent, the greater will be your powers to recognize expression on the faces of the actors on the stage and on the screen. This much must be said, however: it is often difficult for an artist or a player to depict the fine shades of expression without the aid of gestures and outside influences. It is not difficult for a player to depict pain, but we may not know whether it is grief, fear, wrath, dismay, disgust, or anxiety, unless we know the surrounding circumstances or the state of his mind as shown by what has happened to him to bring that expression to his face. For example, if we know that he is devoted to his child and that he has just learnt that the child is dead, we immediately recognize his expression as that of grief. This would indicate that the same expression may mean

different emotions under different circumstances. Had we known that the player had been wounded by a sword-thrust, his expression of pain would have been immediately recognized by us as that of physical pain. While physical pain and mental pain should be differently expressed, and while there are numerous kinds of mental pain, some of us cannot distinguish the difference unless we are aided by gesture or a knowledge of the surrounding conditions. The accompanying illustrations have mostly been taken from standard books, and were drawn by experienced artists to depict certain emotions; but there is much room for difference of opinion as to how the various emotions are best expressed. I have found it impossible to agree with some of the artists and authors as to what emotions and sensations certain of these pictures express. And perhaps, were I to label each picture according to my own fancy, many of my readers would disagree with me.

I shall endeavor, in this and in succeeding articles, to give my readers a clear and simple analysis of the subject, and I shall illustrate future instalments with photographs of the more prominent photoplayers, in which they have attempted to express



"LAUGHTER," OF COURSE, BUT
WHAT IS THE NATURE OR
CAUSE OF HIS MIRTH?

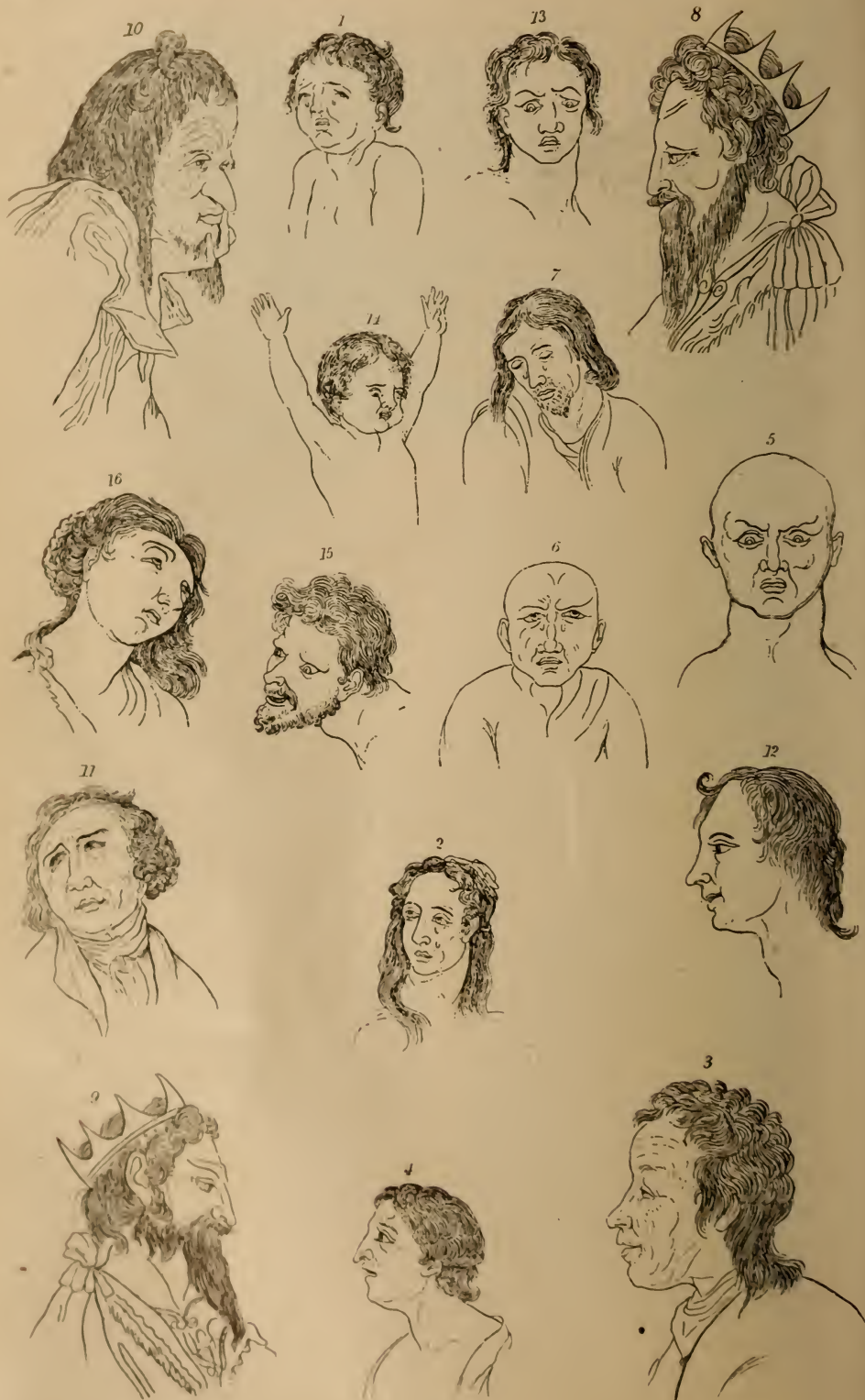


important emotions of their own selection. I shall also try to show why John Bunny expresses laughter better than he does rage, why Alice Joyce is more successful in expressing reproach than remorse, why Henry Walthal can express sarcasm and restraint better than he can affection and idolatry, and so on.

I now call your attention to the illustration showing a man repelling a glass that is being offered to him. If I should tell you that it represents a reformed drunkard who is trying to resist temptation, you would probably declare that it was an exquisite bit of drawing. You would see that the man's face bore signs of previous dissipation, that he was trying hard to reform, that he was sorely tempted, that he loves the liquor and yearns for it, yet that there is a higher voice within him urging him to refuse. You would recognize the expressions of love (of liquor), fear, hatred, determination, dread, yearning, aversion, resolution, wretchedness, and perhaps several others. Kindly turn to the list of one hundred and sixty-eight emotions and sensations on pp. 108-109 and see how many of them this drawing represents. The more you study this picture, the more you will see in it. It is really a great picture, and the wonder is that some great painter has not taken it as a model for a wonderful masterpiece. But now

I must inform you that Sir C. Bell, who drew the picture for his "Anatomy of Expression," did not mean to represent any such thing as I have described. The correct title is "Hydrophobia—Head Repelled by Sight of Water." This is disappointing, no doubt. The picture now loses interest. The expression on the face is not so complex. It is not universal, nor so human as it first appeared. It is not such a great picture, after all. Now, what does all this show? It shows that facial expression alone is not complete; that it is indeterminate; that it is not conclusive; that it may mean different things under different circumstances. I ask you now to place a handkerchief around the arms of the figure so that you can see only the face. What do you now see? Is it the same man? What story does his expression tell? If you can forget what is under the handkerchief, you will agree, I think, that the man is nothing but an ordinary prize-fighter; that he is agitated by some kind of emotion, perhaps fear and cruelty intermixed; and that he has none of the higher virtues. Thus we see that, to tell the whole story, more than facial expression is needed.

I prefer my own interpretation of





the picture. The proffered cup, the agonized poise of the body, the repelling hand, the extended arm, the turn of the head, these and other ideas in the picture are very suggestive and expressive. Words are unnecessary. We know full well what the man is saying, or would say, under the circumstances. Art requires that we leave something to the imagination. If the man were to speak and to say: "I am a reformed drunkard. I smell the liquor in that cup. I want it. I crave it. Yet I must not partake. I lost my family and fortune thru drink. I know that if I but taste a drop I shall want more, and then I am lost," and so on, it would not add to the tale the picture tells. Words do not help the picture. We prefer to *imagine* what is going on in the man's mind. And this brings us to the point of contrast between the stage and the screen. On the stage, mostly everything is told by words. While the actors move about, and make gestures and facial expressions, we are dependent on the spoken words for the burden of the plot. On the screen it is almost the reverse. Here the players must depend almost exclusively on their actions and expression. In the regular theater, we see the actors from a

distance and cannot observe the fine shades of expression that might cross their faces. "Close up" views are impossible! But in the photodrama, when there is a tense scene, and when it is desired to show the inward workings of the player's mind, we are given a "close up" view, and the head is enlarged to many times its normal size. If the face is well lighted and photographed, we see every line, every movement of the muscles, every gleam of the eye, and every changing mood or passion. How important, then, that the photoplayer be a master of facial expression!

Facial expression plays a great part in determining whether a face is beautiful or not. A face may be beautiful in sleep, and so may an expressionless statue; yet expression may give charm to a face that would appear very ordinary in repose. When we see beauty in a sleeping figure or in a statue, it is because we recognize in them the *capacity* for expression; for our minds are active in imagining what may be the motions of those features when they are animated. This is why the portraits of some photoplayers impress us favorably, whereas their features are anything but beautiful.





Movement of features indicates quality of thought and emotion. It is the *expression* that dwells pleasantly or painfully in our memory. Dimples and smiles are attractive because they denote a pleasant nature. By the unconscious operation of fancy, when we see a person with large, canine teeth, as in the demons of "The Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo, we are inclined to associate that person with savageness or ferocity, as we might expect of an animal; yet, we are charmed with Dorothy Kelly, whose teeth are slightly above the average length, and this is because we are delighted with her general expression. Ada Gifford's jaw denotes an almost masculine strength of character, yet her general expression makes her charmingly feminine. G. M. Anderson's nose is abnormally large, yet his smile is abnormally winning. Crane Wilbur's eyebrows might suggest an almost savage nature but for his fascinating general expression. Edith Storey's high cheekbones would make her unbeautiful but for her remarkably expressive face. Blanche Sweet's face would denote weakness of character but for her wonderful powers of expression. Earle Williams, on account of his overhanging forehead, could play only parts of the poet or philosopher but for his pleasing and very expressive face. Norma Phillips, on account of her square, full lower face, would hardly be beautiful but for her delightful smile. Thus we see that we are moved more by the expression than

by the features and form of the head. And did this ever occur to you: Why is it that a photoplay audience, differing in age, habits and education, all interpret emotions alike? And why is it that the people in India, and in New Zealand, and in Hawaii, all express the principal emotions the same as we do here in America? Darwin went to endless pains to determine whether all races of men expressed emotions the same, and he found that they do; that is, the principal emotions. Were this not so, some of our American photoplays would indeed seem strange when exhibited in certain foreign countries.

It is a wonderful thing to be able to recognize the expression of the emotions. It adds immensely to our pleasures, particularly to our enjoyment of the photoplay. Very few of the lower animals are able to understand any expression confined to our features. Rengger asserts that monkeys soon learn to distinguish, not only from the tones of voice of their masters, but the expression of their faces; but Darwin says that even a dog fails to understand any facial expression except a smile or laugh. Sir Jas. E. Tennent says that elephants weep and shed tears at the loss of their young, but they fail to recognize similar or other emotions in man. Thus, the recognition of facial expression belongs exclusively to the *genus homo*, speaking generally, and it is an art and a science that can be, and no doubt will be, in the future, cultivated to a degree heretofore undreamt of.

(To be continued)

What Improvement in Motion Pictures Is Needed Most?

IN a recent number we offered a prize of \$10 in gold for the best answer to this question in 200 words or less. It is within the scope of this contest to suggest improvement or improvements in the acting, photography, and exhibition of Motion Pictures, or any other fields, such as the class of photoplays exhibited, mechanical improvements, and perhaps some undiscovered betterment that rests with our readers to solve.

We must confess that, with only a nominal prize offered, this contest has brought out a surprisingly large number of interesting replies. And it all goes to show that the public are becoming more and more discriminating and also better judges of the many conditions that go to make desirable photoplay. We have received replies from many exhibitors as well as from some of the leading actors of photoplay portrayal. Many of these communications were not entered for the contest, but were sent to us merely in the interest of Motion Picture betterment.

Out of the mass of communications, we think many of them are worthy a place in print and that they contain better and more pertinent thoughts than the average criticisms of the paid critics in the magazines and newspapers with photoplay departments. For this reason we are adjourning the closing of the contest until a future number, and trust that many of the ideas herein submitted are meaty and entertaining reading for all of our readers interested in the welfare of Motion Pictures.

Marie Conway, of Chicago, Ill., believes that directors should pay more attention to detail in costumes. Subtitles of "Three Years" or "Ten Years Later" sometimes make no difference in a change of garments and styles.

Carlton White, of New Rochelle, N. Y., avers one of the most impor-

tant things in Motion Pictures is the correct playing of small parts. "Companies have a habit of featuring a few stars, and the minor parts are often colorless. 'A chain is as strong as its weakest link.' Give us good actors in small parts to have us thoroly appreciate a well-rounded performance."

Grover C. Johnson, 504 Dillaye Building, Syracuse, N. Y., believes in "attention to detail." He pleads, "Not only is realism necessary in the studio, but in every part of the work, from the script to the theater. How many times has a writer neglected to familiarize himself with the details in plot, and how often has the actor neglected these same details, with the result that the picture is inaccurate and not true to life!"

Miss Lillian Donovan, 81 Washington St., S. Norwalk, Conn., thinks that photoplay casts are sadly slurred, and suggests that cast slides be used between a change of reels. She says this would also do away with the screening of so many untimely advertising slides.

Mrs. O. Purcell, Marlow, Okla., believes that there is an overdose of kissing in the films, and confesses, "In actual life a lover does not kiss his sweetheart before a crowd, nor do women always kiss and clasp one another's hands so fervently as in photoplay. I also think most of the girls smile too much to be natural."

We regret that lack of space limits the printing in full of many excellent criticisms. Perhaps all of us will agree, however, with Mr. Walter Scott Howard, Buzzards Bay, Mass., whose improvement is suggested in the following eloquent critique:

Plays that appear probable—performed in pantomime that seems possible. "To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature!" This is more important upon the screen than upon the stage. One reflects a natural background, the other an artificial daub. To grimace, smirk, contort the

physiognomy into a thousand twists may pass muster before a painted act-drop; but a scene depicting Nature in all its reality revolts at the antics of a puppet and must be peopled by *genuine human beings*. Oh, you photoplayers, remember this: Your art is great. Respect it with modest actions. Kick not away the ladder that takes you up. Climb gently. And you—you madly dashing mob of photoscissors—Pause! Think! Take breath! Bulk is not what we crave. Give us less nourishment, more naturally served. Human existence—genuine, throbbing life of the people! Bury your crude monstrosities before a second Don Quixote comes to ridicule from off the screen your morbid heroines, your sordid villains, your pack of painted mannikins. Take warning all. The multitude is with you now. Hold its esteem. Drive not this loyal legion from your door, as the rude guardians of unhappy Thespis have.

A. T. Strong, 501 Chase St., Kane, Pa., offers a strong plea for more careful treatment of the positive films:

One great improvement in Moving Pictures would be more careful printing and developing of the positive films. These are, in many cases, terribly slighted, and otherwise beautiful scenes appear upon the screen as little more than so much soot and whitewash. One frequently sees photoplays in which the setting or background is carefully chosen, the acting superb, and the subject deserving of the very best care and treatment known to the photographer; yet are so harsh and contrasty as to cause the faces of the actors to be all but indistinguishable. When such a film is thrown upon the screen, the audience is oftentimes forced to guess at the idea which the actors are striving to "get over"; whereas, every fleeting expression should be as distinct as perfect photography can make it.

Surely, Motion Pictures, which owe their very existence to the photographic art, should be as perfect photographically as they already are in dramatic and scenic values.

V. H. Oxley, a well-known exhibitor of Bradford, Pa., submits this excellent argument, which, if it please the exhibitor, will please his audience:

The big idea is a get-together movement between exhibitor and manufacturer. Motion Pictures is the only big business in which the manufacturer is not everlastingly trying to ascertain his customers'

requirements. The exhibitor knows his patrons' wants better than the exchange. The only inquiry I ever received was from one manufacturer—if more multiples were desired. Exhibitors should be allowed to select subjects. *Better* programming is possible when ALL manufacturers adopt release schedules similar to Essanay's "time-table." *Good* programming will do more to improve things than any one thing. It is doubtful if managers want multiples every day—patrons complain of continually arriving during them. Genuine comedies, real farces, would fill a long-felt want. Horse-play, continuous funny situations and refined comedies still have their stage successes without using chases. Another improvement—the elimination of crowding too many people and furnishings in 9 by 19 spaces. There is no contrast between palace and cottage sizes. Last night I saw a feature with an ocean liner stateroom larger than the navy secretary's office. These are not small inconsistencies, they are noticeable faults.

Manufacturers, put your ears to the ground: listen to the exhibitor as well as the exchanges!

The following communication from a prominent studio official, who asks that we do not publish his name, goes directly to the heart of an important phase of the picture art—conflict of authority:

As an official of this company, I am in a position to say that there is an ever-increasing demand from the authors to have credit on the screen for their story. This is no more than right, for they get little enough for their efforts, and to gratify their ambition to be identified with the creation of the picture is no more than their just dues.

Some companies have thus publicly recognized the author. Others refuse to. The former studios are getting the best offerings from the host of writers. Another thing: it may not be generally known, but there is on the inside of the business constant warfare between the camera-men, who are artists at heart and wish to add the pictorial atmosphere to the scene, and the directors, who are actors and insist that the gestures, facial grimaces and personality of the actor shall be played up, to the detriment of the picture and even the story. What hideously made-up "mugs" we sometimes see in their "close up" stuff, with all the proportion and beauty of the background blocked up with the distorted "actors"!

Let us hope that the correctly balanced picture will soon be the rule, instead of the exception.

PUBLIC OPINIONS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CONDUCTED BY GLADYS HALL

As to criticisms—many come—to wit, that all verse, letters, etc., printed in this department laud only certain players and are partial to these certain exclusively, such is not the case. Some consideration must be given to the merit of the verse and matter used, and thus it may happen that the said available matter runs to certain players frequently. That is chance—not partiality.

To Sydney Russell, of Los Angeles, for his dedication to Miss Mary Pickford, we award the prize this month:

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS MARY PICKFORD.

God gave her two eyes formed from azure
Tints of bright, blue skies;
Sometimes downcast or raised at last,
In sad or glad surprise.
The truant sunbeams love to flit
And revel in her hair;
The golden light of sunrise bright
Is trapped and quivering there.
Sometimes a laughing, elfin maid,
Or downcast in her woe;
As queen or thrall she holds us all
In spell at the photoshow.
The evening stars, with golden sheen,
In tribute rise and fall
To her who reigns an uncrowned queen—
The brightest star of all.

Miss L. O. Edwards is devoted in triplicate:

'Tis said no one loves a fat man,
But somehow I dont think it's so,
For who is more funny
Than our dear friend, John Bunny,
Of those we see at the show?

The same might be said of the villain,
Whose rôle is a difficult one;
Yet who is—gol darn it—
As clever as MacDermott?
I venture to say there is none.

They say all the world loves a lover,
With this I'm sure you'll agree,
For Maurice Costello
Is the love-making fellow—
Was there ever another like he?

There are others quite worthy of mention,
I like them exceedingly, too,
But to each one of these
Allow me—please—
To say, "There are no flies on you!"



Grace C. Kenyon, Butte, Mont., writes that she has "dedicated the following lines to the King of Hearts and Parts":

TO MR. KING BAGGOT.



'm still thinking about "Absinthe,"
And it grieves me to the heart
To think that you, King Baggot,
Took such an awful part.
I cannot make myself believe
That poor, sick fiend was you,
And still I saw you acting
Just as if the thing were true.
You ne'er before have been like that—
It didn't seem quite right
To see our own loved favorite
In such a mood to fight.
Of course it was a pow'rful play
And showed your talent rare—
That time you saw the vision
In the bottle standing there.
I well remember long ago
I saw "The Scarlet Letter,"
And later on "The Wanderer,"
In that you were still better.
You're wonderful in all your parts,
But the best I ever saw
Was when you were the hold-up man
In "Love vs. Law."

"Chip" sends us verse to George Larkin, accompanied by a very earnest note. The note contains more to the glorification of George Larkin than does the verse—hence the excerpt:

Wont you please print something about George Larkin, Kalem?
The way he's neglected is positively scandalous. Yet he can make big audiences laugh themselves hoarse. Why, when he appeared here in "The Landdress and the Lady" even the orchestra was tickled. We had some dreadful music for a while, but that's a tribute to Mr. Larkin. isn't it?

Edna J. Sheehy, of Tacoma, Wash, makes profound apology to James Whitcomb Riley, and indites the following:

TO MISS MAE MARSIL.

A film sweetheart of mine—I have her picture here with me—
To cheer me up when I feel blue and keep me company;
A fair and lovely vision, who my loneliness beguiles,
And I settle back contented when I see her merry smiles.

As I turn the pages of my MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
And gaze upon the faces of the stars that I have seen,
Still at one I smile the longest, whose expression is divine,
And hope she's smiling back at me—this picture girl of mine.

I'll not be satisfied till in her company I've been,
And as she's won my fancy, so hers I'll try to win.
And if by luck we chance to meet, my dreaming I'll resign
To meet the living presence of this picture girl of mine.

DEAR EDITOR—Just a letter of praise in behalf of Edward Coxen, of the American Company. The first time I ever had the pleasure of seeing him upon the screen was in "The Lost Chord," wherein he played the leading rôle. The play itself was beautiful, and I think rather difficult—especially the part played by Edward Coxen as the aged monk. To say his acting is splendid and without a flaw is a meager way of giving him full credit for his sterling worth as a Motion Picture genius. During his presence on the screen the audience has the supreme delight of witnessing everything that is good, brave and noble. His actions are unrestrained and natural, and when I add that his pleasing personality is forever welcomed upon the screen, I am only echoing the praises I have so often heard sung. With best wishes for his future success and in gratitude to him, I am,

Sincerely,

3268 Armitage Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MISS FLORETTA SWANSON.

P. S.—I extend my sincere congratulation to Warren Kerrigan, of the Victor Company. He is well worthy the stamp of public approval.

C. S. hails us from Memphis, Tenn., with his maiden effort in the line of versifying. He expresses the hope that "some good angel may be lurking 'round to keep me from uncharitable thoughts." Whate'er the angel be—here followeth:

TO FRANCIS BUSHMAN.



ail, Francis Bushman, so handsome and noble,
How many times you have made my heart beat!
If I were so old I hardly could hobble,
I'd painfully find you and call it a treat.

Your looks, your bearing, your fine, manly acting,
Have proven to all your character sweet,
So with me rest assured you need no more backing,
Forever I'll be on my shrine at your feet.

Josephine R. writes of a humorous incident she saw at a Moving Picture theater last week. Too much realism in the title upset the German:

The picture was "The Lion and the Mouse," and during the third reel a German, dragging two children behind him, went up the aisle, shouting: "This is a humbug—a swindle! Vere's da lion, vere's da mouse? I bring my kinder to see the lion and a mouse—vere iss one?"

Welcome! James K. Pettyjohn sends his first contribution. Again, welcome!



ere's to the team which leads the rest
In humor, love and wit;
They are always there and give the best,
And ne'er slack up a bit.

Their acting always touches me
As a Moving Picture fan;
So here's to this team composed of three—
The Twins and Wally Van.



The Great Artist Contest

But One More Month, and the Battle of the Ballots Will Have Ended

The Unparalleled Struggle Is Attracting Worldwide Attention

AN "Idea"—what an uppish little imp it is, ready to spring up like a "Jack-in-the-Box" when the lid is unhooked!

One morning a certain editor woke up with such an "Idea" that up he sprang into a right angle.

"By George!" he exclaimed (you see, he was a nice Moving Picture editor, and so even in moments of excitement expressed himself in terms which the National Board of Censorship would pass), "the public would like to do its own thinking, instead of having the professional critics think for it."

He felt sure that the public was just full of critical ideas about the artistic worth of the actors and actresses—that all it needed was an opportunity to express itself. Against arguments, he trusted to the thinking power of the Moving Picture audiences. So off he pulled the lid from the box of the public's ideas, and the skeptic peeked in to see if there were any ideas in the box except "I like this actor because he has such beautiful brown eyes."

Lo! out of the box jumped a million lively "Jacks" and hit the skeptic in the face—served him right, too. The editor, who had understood, is trying now to be good and not to crow "I told you so."

But even he has been amazed at the intellectual judgment that seems to be backing up the votes.

It really takes the same sort of judgment that it does to choose a wife. Short-sighted indeed is the young man who is led into his spring courting by looks alone, and who gives no heed to the real character and mind

underlying the big, blue eyes and pretty, red lips. In truth, Darby must live with Joan long after he has lost the excitement of possessing a "new toy." Then, forsooth, he wants interesting thoughts to come thru those pretty, red lips.

A like problem comes up to every voter in this contest.

How pretty the heroine is in the play being enacted on the screen! But stop—can he see this pretty little rosebud playing the part of Tess of the D'Urbervilles, or of Becky Sharp? Isn't he mixing up her eyes with her acting?

As he asks himself this question, he is becoming a critic—for the critic is the man who thinks with his head, and not just with his heart. He is now experiencing the joy of introducing science into his pleasures. Science is what raises baseball above a game of ball in the back lot; it is what makes the mentality of an electrician more interesting than that of the man who digs the ditch for the electric cable.

For the critical voters, it will be the same theater that they have always attended; but now they will bring to it the added joy of criticism. It is the same checker-board; but now they can play the intellectual game of chess, and not just checkers.

The last coupon will appear in the August number (on sale July 15th), but you have until August 20th to get in your votes. That date is absolutely "last call for breakfast," and all late-comers will just have to go hungry. The result of the contest will be announced in the October issue of the magazine.

THE RULES OF THE CONTEST

Each reader is entitled to vote once a month, on the printed coupon which will be found on another page.

Each vote must contain the name of a male player and the name of a female player, and may also contain a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popu-

larity, good looks, personality, etc., and they may excel in drama, tragedy, comedy, villainy portrayal, or anything you please.

While no valuable prizes will be given, the winners of this contest will be awarded the highest honors that can come in the theatrical profession—the stamp of public approval.

ONE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR PRIZE

The excitement of this contest is not going to close in a simple announcement. No, sir! It is going to develop into the most interesting competition that ever inspired your ambition.

The winning team is to play in a great drama to be written especially for them—(now comes the exciting part). *You* are going to write the drama. *You* are going to see these great artists make alive your dreams.

Once upon a time there was a sculptor named Pygmalion, and he carved a lovely dream-maiden and named her Galatea. And he loved his dream-maiden.

Is it not true that every author loves the child of his fancy? Who that has written a photoplay has not dreamed of his characters until they are real to him; and then he sends off his play, and perhaps it is accepted and produced. Lo! Mary, whom he has conceived of as a darling-little-clinging-vine type of a girl, appears on the screen as a five-foot-ten Juno. It gives him a shock.

This contest offers you the chance for which you have been longing—the wonderful experience of seeing your fancies come alive just as you planned them.

This Pygmalion kist his dream-maiden until she ceased to be stone and became a real woman. And now the chance is likewise yours.

With a thoro knowledge of the personal appearance of your hero and heroine, with an understanding of their particular talents, you can write your drama around those actors. You can make alive the inhabitants of your fancy, as did Pygmalion.

The judges of the scenario contest are to be the Photoplay Clearing House and the scenario department of the winning company.

“But what more is there than the hundred-dollar prize?” you ask.

Well, this magazine is expecting not just one prize photoplay, but a hundred prize-worthy plays—and these plays must live; not be choked to death in a waste-basket. The Clearing House, connected with this magazine, is going to take on itself the responsibility of retailing your plays to the manufacturers. Every salable play in this competition is going to be sold, for the Clearing House has more selling wiles than the most talented of book-agents. The more plays there are for it to dispose of, why, the merrier!

You see, this competition is like Santa Claus' pack. Santa fills every little boy's stocking, but still his pack remains full. The prizes that we are going to help you win are as unlimited as are Santa Claus' toys.

Of course, the scenarios must not be sent in until the full details and particulars are announced, but you can be preparing your ideas. We shall be preparing lodging for the time when your “fancy” children will visit us. We shall help you transform them into real men and women. Not only is there to be one grand prize of \$100 for the best photoplay, but there will probably be a dozen or twenty other prizes—perhaps more, for we intend that the various studios shall see the better scripts and buy them to feature their players who have made a good run in this memorable race. And now

here are a few letters that accompanied some of the votes, and you shall have them just as we picked them out of the numerous ballot boxes, so you will know that there has been no partiality shown:

I cast my votes for Carlyle Blackwell because I have seen him take the part of a convict, lawyer, minister, a rich man, a poor man, a lover and other numerous rôles, and you would think he was really the person whom he is impersonating.

ROSE R. LEE.

Kerrigan's work as Samson is wonderful. He is Samson the successful traveler, Samson the amorous lover, Samson the tragic victim, and Samson the conqueror, even tho he dies in conquering. He runs the whole gamut of emotions in this one drama, and plays every emotion superbly.

PAULINE FRITZ.

Mary Pickford won my heart in "Tess of the Storm Country." It is one of the most powerful character sketches ever played—powerful, for it is elemental—so close to nature that I found myself paying the tribute of real tears. The ragged, little squatter girl is dirty, yet beautiful; full of naughty vagaries; yet capable of great sacrifices—she is the uncivilized woman. How can Mary Pickford, so accustomed to playing complex rôles, discard her own culture and become the elemental Tess? Surely Miss Pickford is an artist.

MARTHA YOUNG.

Crane Wilbur never acts a part as if he were weary of that particular rôle. His enthusiasm is of the "fresh-every-morning" variety, which is necessary for the successful "votes-for-women" speaker, tango belle, or actor.

MARY MARRION.

"Love's Sunset" admirably illustrates Earle Williams' genius. His is the part of the hero, and yet he is but a pawn in the progress of the drama. He cannot control happiness, and yet he must not be made a weakling, or we resent that — died for the lack of him. He must appear before us for the last scene in deepest tragedy—and yet this tragedy must not be forecast, or we resent too gloomy a performance. This is a rôle of subtle contrasts—none of them violent enough for the average actor to grasp, yet each contrast necessary for the success of the play.

HENRY JOHNS.

Mr. Williams is receiving my votes because of his wonderful acting in "Love's Sunset." It was a beautiful play, and the acting of it made it even more so: Mr. Williams is one of those few actors who, when acting, does not always seem conscious of the fact, but makes his acting appear so real.

ANNA SCHOPMANN.

Earle Williams is not conscious of the camera. Alack! how many times have I had the proposal made to me by the "camera-fascinated" hero, instead of to the expectant heroine. Williams never presents his audience with any misplaced proposals.

E. L. TANNER.

(Continued on page 166)

STANDING OF THE GREAT ARTISTS TO DATE

Earle Williams (<i>Vita</i>)	288,505	Benjamin Wilson (<i>Ed</i>)	45,020	Marguerite Courtot	
J. W. Kerrigan (<i>Vic</i>)	276,805	Rosemary Theby (<i>Lu</i>)	43,865	(<i>Kalem</i>)	21,875
Mary Pickford (<i>F. P.</i>)	258,815	O. Moore (<i>Mutual</i>)	43,470	Bessie Eytan (<i>Selig</i>)	21,625
Mary Fuller (<i>Edison</i>)	242,400	Leah Baird (<i>Imp</i>)	43,190	Sidney Drew (<i>Vita</i>)	21,515
Arthur Johnson (<i>Lub</i>)	186,990	Pearl White (<i>Pathé</i>)	43,100	Muriel Ostriche (<i>Prin</i>)	21,335
Marguerite Clayton		E. K. Lincoln (<i>P. P. Co.</i>)	42,875	Wallie Van (<i>Vita</i>)	21,320
(<i>Essanay</i>)	185,765	Beverly Bayne (<i>Ess</i>)	42,675	Octavia Handworth	
Alice Joyce (<i>Kalem</i>)	157,045	Mabel Normand (<i>Key</i>)	42,440	(<i>Ex</i>)	21,225
Carlyle Blackwell		Leo Delaney	41,625	Walter Miller (<i>Imp</i>)	21,215
(<i>F. P.</i>)	155,180	Julia S. Gordon (<i>Vita</i>)	41,220	Phillips Smalley (<i>Imp</i>)	21,105
Crane Wilbur (<i>Pathé</i>)	136,635	Gertrude McCoy (<i>Ed</i>)	41,045	Mary Charleson (<i>Vita</i>)	20,345
Francis X. Bushman		Augustus Phillips (<i>Ed</i>)	38,885	Yale Boss (<i>Edison</i>)	20,080
(<i>Essanay</i>)	135,805	Anna Nilsson (<i>Kalem</i>)	36,645	Mabel Trunnelle (<i>Ed</i>)	19,895
Edith Storey (<i>Vita</i>)	126,530	Jessalyn Van Trump		Margarita Fischer	
Clara K. Young (<i>Vita</i>)	123,335	(<i>Majestic</i>)	36,625	(<i>Beauty</i>)	18,415
King Baggot (<i>Imp</i>)	114,975	Marguerite Snow (<i>Th</i>)	35,545	Lois Weber (<i>Rex</i>)	17,295
Florence Lawrence		Kathlyn Williams (<i>Scl</i>)	35,445	Ethel Granin (<i>Imp</i>)	15,270
(<i>Victor</i>)	112,215	Dorothy Kelly (<i>Vita</i>)	34,775	William Russel (<i>Bio</i>)	14,185
Anita Stewart (<i>Vita</i>)	103,775	Irving Cummings		Ford Sterling (<i>F. S. Co.</i>)	12,165
Romaine Fielding (<i>Lu</i>)	102,259	(<i>Thanhouser</i>)	33,495	Edward Coxen (<i>Am</i>)	11,160
Florence Turner (<i>F. T.</i>)	101,050	Guy Coombs (<i>Kalem</i>)	33,130	Chester Barnett (<i>War</i>)	10,160
Lottie Briscoe (<i>Lubin</i>)	100,905	Wallace Reid (<i>Nestor</i>)	32,880	Lillian Gish (<i>Mutual</i>)	9,265
Maurice Costello (<i>Vit</i>)	100,820	Jack Richardson (<i>Am</i>)	32,845	W. Chrystie Miller (<i>Bi</i>)	9,100
G. M. Anderson (<i>Ess</i>)	91,025	Ruth Roland (<i>Kalem</i>)	32,785	Ruth Stonehouse (<i>Ess</i>)	8,020
Blanche Sweet (<i>Mut</i>)	90,095	William Shay (<i>Imp</i>)	32,750	Barbara Tennant (<i>Ecl</i>)	7,960
True Boardman (<i>Ess</i>)	88,010	Marc MacDermott (<i>Ed</i>)	32,650	Alice Hollister (<i>Kalem</i>)	7,955
Vivian Rich (<i>Am</i>)	70,660	Frederick Church (<i>Un</i>)	32,340	Rogers Lytton (<i>Vita</i>)	7,895
Lillian Walker (<i>Vita</i>)	68,305	Henry Walthall (<i>Mut</i>)	30,185	Richard Travers (<i>Ess</i>)	7,885
Norma Talmadge (<i>Vita</i>)	59,480	Mary Maurice (<i>Vita</i>)	23,850	Louise Lester (<i>Am</i>)	7,750
Pauline Bush (<i>Rex</i>)	58,490	Claire McDowell (<i>Bio</i>)	23,495	Harry Morey (<i>Vita</i>)	7,715
Florence LaBadie (<i>Th</i>)	56,855	Harry Benham (<i>Than</i>)	23,465	Mac Marsh (<i>Mutual</i>)	7,635
Ethel Clayton (<i>Lubin</i>)	56,500	Earle Metcalf (<i>Lubin</i>)	23,465	Edgar Jones (<i>Lubin</i>)	7,565
James Cruze (<i>Thanh</i>)	56,060	Billie Rhodes (<i>Kalem</i>)	23,245	Harold Lockwood	7,560
Ormi Hawley (<i>Lubin</i>)	55,565	Betty Gray (<i>Bio</i>)	22,200	William Mason	7,535
Tom Moore (<i>Kalem</i>)	55,370	Helen Gardner (<i>H. G.</i>)	22,100	Flora Finch (<i>Vita</i>)	7,495
Harry Myers (<i>Lubin</i>)	53,660	John Bunny (<i>Vita</i>)	22,095	Charlotte Burton (<i>Am</i>)	7,460
Edwin August		James Morrison (<i>Vita</i>)	21,980	Helen Costello (<i>Vita</i>)	7,435
(<i>E. A. F. Co.</i>)	52,515	Harry Carey (<i>Prog</i>)	21,885	E. H. Calvert (<i>Ess</i>)	7,425

The Spirit of the Play

By "JUNIUS"

THE reason that critics differ so much is because they have different standards of merit. There are those who think "The House of Temperly," "The Sea-wolf" and "Captain Alvarez" inferior simply because they do not like the themes, the first mentioned being founded on a prize-fight, the second on the career of a ruffian, and the third being a war story. To compare these plays with such as "The Christian" is like comparing a reindeer with a racehorse—both superior animals, but dissimilar. "Captain Alvarez," by the way, is the best photoplay I have seen this month. While it is founded on a very slight and simple plot and gives but little opportunity for emotional acting, it is a wonderfully stirring piece, full of brilliant battles, tense situations, picturesque scenery and excellent photography. The leading man might have been a little more attractive, for such a superbly heroic part, and it is unfortunate that Edith Storey was not given opportunity to show some of her talents. Miss Gonzales and Mr. Holt, however, added much to their reputations and to the success of this play, which ought to prove a very popular one. I could see nothing remarkable about "The House of Temperly," except an excellent chapter in the history of the English prize-ring, altho it was well staged and acted. "The Sea-wolf" is rather picturesque, but it will never take rank among the great photoplays. Mr. Bosworth made rather a good-natured villain, and his pleasant smile and dimples did not harmonize with his duds. "Nephtune's Daughter" must be classed as one of the most interesting, picturesque and successful of spectacles. It is a fairy story, but it will interest the grown-ups just as much as it will the children. "Brewster's Millions" is an amusing comedy of high grade. It is too bad that there are not more plays like

this and less of the Keystone type—popular as the latter are and, for that matter, unexcelled in their class. "Hearts Adrift" and "Tess of Storm County" are exceptionally fine. Mary Pickford has no rivals in plays of this kind, and Harold Lockwood makes an interesting and competent opposite. These two photoplays will live long in the memory of photoplay lovers. Another play that must take high rank among the great photoplays of the month is "East Lynne," an exceedingly good English production. It tells the remarkable story of Mrs. Wood so beautifully and so grippingly that its power is irresistible. Fred Paul deserves special mention for his commanding portrayal of the leading rôle. "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Cloister and the Hearth" are two other English productions that deserve high praise. They are in a class above "The Gamblers" and "The Lion and the Mouse," which did not seem to lend themselves to photoplay, and required too many tiresome subtitles to carry the stories. Nor were these two plays remarkable for fine acting, artistic handling or excellent photography. Cecilia Loftus, in "A Lady of Quality," was picturesque and interesting, but aside from her winning personality and that of Peter Lang, this photoplay has not a great deal to recommend it to a long memory. "Home, Sweet Home" is well done, but not really great. The majority will probably favor "Captain Alvarez" as the best play of the month, and it certainly seems to outclass "Wife Wanted," which appears on the same program at the Vitagraph Theater. It is quite certain, however, that, all things considered, and particularly from the standpoint of art, "The Christian" has not yet been equaled, nor has Biograph's "Judith." I have not yet seen Kleine's "Antony and Cleopatra" and Italia's "Cahiria," which are spoken of very highly by those who have seen them.



GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

"**H**AMLET" is Vitagraph's latest, with James Young in the title rôle and Clara Young as Ophelia. Mr. Young has had an enviable record in Shakespearean rôles on the stage.

To excite Gaby Deslys! That is a task for a great big man, or for a wee small mouse. And yet Gaby is now saying: "I am so excited about the Famous Player film I am to be in." And, oh, the excitement of the village mashers when the thrilling Gaby visits "our town"!

"Me and John Bunny" are the words in which little boys are describing the Motion Picture exhibition in New York City. You see, about all of the photoplayers were there to receive the public, and Mr. Bunny gave away sweet little samples of his hair.

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "The Song in the Dark"; second prize to the author of "The House of Darkness."

Mona Darkfeather will give an Indian toy to any kiddy who will send her her picture which he has drawn himself.

Marie Dressler is about to "appear all over the country"—on the screen. And it is not a case of "cut the child in two," either, to make enough of her to go 'round.

The Strand Theater, of New York City, seems to favor fight pictures. "Brewster's Millions" contained a prize-fight; "The Spoilers" depended on one for its climax; "The Sea-wolf" was little else but a scrap, and "The House of Temperly" was good old prize-ring fighting, with a little love mixed in.

Mary Pickford is to be eight nationalities on her international tour. Even Little Mary must do some remembering, or she will be making big Spanish eyes at a staid German lover.

Francis Ford, who is producing "Lucille Love," has a trying ethical problem to decide. He is Grand High Mucky-muck of 390 imported South Sea Islanders, and he has ordered them vaccinated. Now, no lady wants to be vaccinated on the arm, where it will show. His problem is: Where shall he vaccinate the South Sea Islander belles? [Editor suggests to take it internally.]

Ruth Roland, the Kalem comedian, is getting tired of little odds and ends like boxing and fencing, so she has learnt to pilot an aeroplane.

If Alfred Norton, of the Thanhouser Company, will persist in leaning too far out of a balloon, he must expect exciting adventures in mid-air. But the next time he rocks the air-boat, he may not have with him so talented a rescuer.

'Most all the photoplayers are now playing baseball on the side.

Pauline Bush is having her first real vacation in three whole years. Yes, and she has gained three whole pounds.

Alkali Ike has mysteriously disappeared, and so he is no longer Universal Ike, and they have a "Universal Ike, Jr.," in his place.

The Lubin Company, at St. Augustine, had some very exciting snake experiences. However, they say they were "sho'nuf" temperance snakes.

The Vitagraph Company has purchased a sporty new car to drive over a precipice and to smash all to smithereens. Sounds a leetle extravagant.

Elenor Peggy Blevins has gone from Essanay to Selig, lost her appendix and married a cattle magnate.

William Garwood is leading a double life—oh, the bold, bad man! Not content with being an actor, he has an onion farm hobby on the side.

Marguerite Courtot, of the Kalem Company, has a dressing-room that is all pink, and her poodle, Buddy, wears a big, pink bow. But then Margey is only seventeen.

Princess Mona has won another revolver-shooting contest.

When Mary Pickford saw herself in "Tess of Storm County," she could buy only standing room. Serious matter when a player gets so popular that she cant see herself.

Nearly every company dashes off to a fire and films it, and then has a play written around the fire. That is why a certain old maid was surprised to see herself and her "nighty" in a picture.

Walter Rogers is going to play dramatic instead of comedy rôles for a change. Perhaps Bunny will begin playing juvenile parts to rest his laughing-muscles.

Another book has come to the aid of the benighted photoplay writer. It is entitled, "Playwriting for the Cinema," by Ernest A. Dench, of London, England. It is a clever little handbook, sells for a shilling and includes in its twenty-two chapters some things new—an English point of view, and the difference in writing for British and American production.

The Essanay Company is releasing "Snakeville" stories every Thursday, with Marguerite Clayton in the lead. She is trying to put a stop to "Thursday always was my Jonah day."

Francis Bushman was selected, by three world-famous sculptors, as the typical American, both in figure and facial contour.

Grace Cunard just wont play in a scene with rats. It is going to mean rewriting some of the big scenes.

After changing around so much, Irving Cummings has finally settled down. He has married Mignon Anderson. Good luck, honeymooners!

The other night, hearing a noise in one of the henhouses of his chicken farm, Edwin August went out to investigate. "Who's there?" he asked. And the answer came back, "Jest us chicks." Edwin has been wondering which of his chicks could talk. The strange thing is that King Baggot was on his Western trip at that time, and it is known that he is extremely fond of fowl.

Carlyle Blackwell is still in the East with the Famous Players. He has promised his Western friends to bring home all the new maxixe steps.

Did you know that Myrtle Stedman, who is doing leads in Jack London's plays, was once an opera singer? She must have had as many adventures as Jack himself.

The Famous Players recently gave a sumptuous beefsteak supper.

When it got out that charming Helen Lindroth (Kalem) cooks pies like mother used to make, her "crush" letters doubled.

One of Edgar Allan Poe's stories is being dramatized for the "Mutual Movies." Literature and the films are getting more and more on "speaking" terms.

Wallie Van was knocked down by an automobile on Broadway, but nothing happened but a bump on the head. Wallie can be identified in a certain film by the bump.

Arthur Johnson, in "The Last Rose," returns to the character of a country clergyman, which suggests his early successes.

Florence Lawrence says: "Fate seems to bind me to old-maid characters—but it really is fun doing them."

Jack Kerrigan and Wallace Kerrigan both took part in a wedding. Jack was only best man, but Wallace was the groom.

"It pays to have experience in tumbling down precipices," laughed Mary Fuller, as she and Dick Neil untangled themselves from an unpremeditated fall downstairs.

William V. Ranous, who was one of the first directors at the Vitagraph studios, has again returned to his first love.

Nolan Gane, recently recruited from the legitimate, is playing leads with the Princess, opposite Muriel Ostriche, the youngest leading lady in pictures.

William Taylor, formerly leading man in the Vitagraph Western, has just joined the Balboa Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips Smalley celebrated the tenth anniversary of their wedding last month. They are now prepared to open a store for the sale of wooden ware.

Florence Lawrence is soon to appear in a gripping drama, entitled "The Doctor's Testimony."

Harry Benham (Thanouser) is making himself comfortable for the summer and is hard at work on a sleeping-porch, which he is building unaided, stringing wires for electric lights, painting the interior and putting glass in, that he may view Arcturus ere he closes his eyes for slumberland. Harry works far into the night, but when the festive mosquito will hunt for Harry this summer, it won't be able to locate him.

If you want to get decidedly popular with a player, write him or her to help you get a position. Every player gets hundreds of such requests.

There are two remarkable things about the result of our Great Artist Contest to date. One is that Marguerite Clayton, who is Mr. Anderson's clever little leading woman, has passed Alice Joyce, and the other remarkable thing is that the relative position of nearly all the other players remains about the same as it was previously.

Dollie Larkin, formerly with Edison, Méliès, Pathé, Lubin and Powers, is now with the Frontier Company.

John Bunny once "supported" Maude Adams. Unless his form has changed since then, it's lucky things weren't reversed.

Schoolteacher, actress, doctor's wife and amateur detective are a few of the rôles Peerless Alice Joyce portrays in the dramas which are to appear in the Alice Joyce series. "Oh, yes," sighs the lovable Kalem star, "Motion Picture work is so easy!"

Harold Lockwood nearly had his eye put out recently by a sword-thrust in a duel in "The County Chairman."

"Bull Durham," who disappeared from the New York Baseball Club right after a big hit, has come to light—only now he is a Keystone comedian and is showing the Californian M. P. League what's what in baseball.

Sidney Drew's branch of the Vitagraph Company are now at St. Augustine.

Alice Joyce and Tom Moore have married—Florida the place—last month the time—at least, so the newspapers say.



Lillian Walker
(Vitagraph)



RICHARDSON



KERRIGAN



ARBUCKLE



BUTLER



LACKAYE



WALLACE REID



RUSSELL



EARLE WILLIAMS



BESSIE EYTON



HOUSE-MAN



PHILLIPS



WILBUR



KING (BAGGOT) OF DETECTIVES



CRUZE



WALLIE VAN

OWEN MOORE



MAILES

PAULINE BUSH



Mary Fuller
(Edison)



OGLE



HARRON



RALPH
INCE



RUPERT JULIAN



LIONEL
BARRYMORE



MONA
DARKFEATHER



POPULAR PLAYER PUZZLE

There are more than twenty-five players represented here, and we offer five prizes for the best solutions. We cannot answer any questions concerning this contest. Address
 "PUZZLE EDITOR, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y."



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

HERBERT L. H. LAURENCE.—Irene Boyle was the girl in "The Strike" (Kalem). Miss Hartigan was the invalid sister in "The Blue and the Gray" (Biograph). Betty Shade was the daughter in "The Senator's Bill" (Rex).

MYRA K.—You have no right to write photoplays from the stories you read in other magazines. Your idea has been and is being worked out.

MARIE S., BALTIMORE.—Gertrude Bambrick was the girl in "As It Might Have Been" (Biograph). Yes, that was Louise Glaum. George Stelle was Lincoln in "The Sleeping Sentinel" (Lubin). Harold Lockwood in "Northern Hearts" (Selig). Allen Forest and Pauline Bush in "Discord and Harmony" (Gold Seal). So you want a chat with Mrs. Maurice and Mr. Kent? Mrs. Maurice has been ill.

PRIMROSE F. S.—Yes, that was quite an item. Ernest Truex you refer to. Thanks for the place of honor you have given my picture. Am proud as a peacock.

MARY L. M.—The picture you enclose is of Blanche Sweet. L. Rogers Lytton was the husband in "Heartsease." You ought never to do wrong when anybody is looking, as Mark Twain says.

ZILLAH.—Thomas Carnahan was the little boy in "The Late Mr. Jones" (Vitagraph). Mabel Turner and Francis Carlyle in "The Governor" (Lubin). Irene Boyle was Dorothy in "Out of the Jaws of Death" (Kalem). Yes, that was Myrtle Stedman. Helen Holmes and Lee Maloney in "The Footprint Clue" (Kalem).

BLANCHE S.—The editor expects soon to print a picture of the Costello family. Mabel Van Buren and Joe King in "The Touch of a Child" (Selig). Howard

Mitchell was Ned, and Florence Hackett, Mary in "The Sea Eternal" (Lubin). Yes; Rosemary Theby looked very charming with "reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye."

BETTY BELL.—That play you mention is too old. Joseph Franz was the outlaw in "The Mystery of Buffalo Gap" (Frontier). Leo Delaney was Charles Darnay, and Florence Turner was Lucy in "A Tale of Two Cities" (Vitagraph).

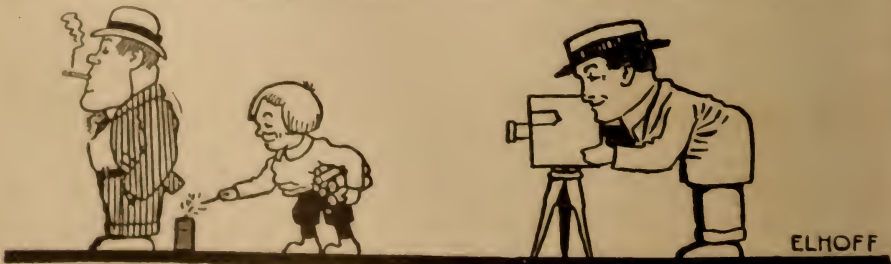
E. L. K.—Harold Lockwood in that play. James Cooley was the clerk in "When the Clock Stopped" (Biograph). Blanche Sweet is with Reliance. Harry Myers is located in Philadelphia.

C. B. HEALDSLING.—Dorothy Bernard and Claire McDowell in "When Kings Were Law" (Biograph). Jack Hopkins and Louise Vale in "The Debt" (Rex). The latter is now with Biograph. You refer to George Larkin in the Ruth Roland branch of Kalem. Josephine Rector is no longer with G. M. Anderson. Those are Shakespeare's words that you put in my mouth: "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

MARY W.—Am not sure, but Sydney Smith says that most of the eminent men in history were diminutive in stature. I am diminutive in stature. Ada Charles was Eleanor, and Edward Peil was Ernest in "The Two Roses" (Lubin). Richard Stanton in "The Frilly."

AGNES L. C.—Thomas Chatterton was Roland, and Anna Little the girl in "The Primitive Call" (Domino). Harry Myers in "The Doctor's Romance" (Lubin).

THOMAS W.—See above. The average life of a film is about one year. The old films are used for by-products.



FERN, 15.—You are one of the many who think that the women players open their faces too much. Well, you see, they want to appear cheerful, and it is better to smile than to frown, isn't it? Charles Ogle and Miriam Nesbitt had the leads in "The Price of the Necklace" (Edison). Baby Stewart was the child in "A Bunch of Flowers" (Biograph). She is a very clever child. Harry Northrup was opposite Edith Storey in "Mid Kentucky Hills."

HERMAN.—And you, sir, are a regular chatterbox; you use big words and make a big noise. Tom Moore and Alice Joyce in "A Bolt from the Sky" (Kalem).

L. REESE.—His name is George, not Harry Larkin. Thomas Commerford, Irene Warfield, E. H. Calvert and Richard Travers in "The Great Game" (Essanay). Van Dyke Brooke was Mathen Keith in "The Blue Rose" (Vitagraph). Yes; Norma Talmadge is very sweet indeed.



ELSA M., BAYSHORE.—Earle Metcalf opposite Ethel Clayton in "Partners in Crime" (Lubin). The four bells in the Metropolitan tower, New York City, weigh 20,000 pounds and cost approximately \$30,000. They are 642 feet above the street.

MRS. MARY C.—Edith Borella was the girl in "The Carbon Copy" (American). Louise Huff was the girl in "The Hazard of Youth" (Lubin). Licensed films are released to theaters who pay for the Licensed service. They may hire part General Film service and part Mutual or Universal, if desired. Louise Orth in "Buy Wool" (Biograph).

WILMA E. K.—Perhaps you refer to Shakespeare's lines, "I would applaud thee to the very echo, that should applaud again." Mr. Williams would no doubt be pleased to know that you felt that way about his work.

ELOISE W., PORTSMOUTH.—The "Mutual Girl Series" is very much like the Pathé Weekly, only it is shown in story form. All the current events of New York are shown. Very interesting.

LAURENCE B.—James Cruze and Florence LaBadie in "The Catpaw" (Thanhouser). Cyril Chadwick was the captain.

BRETTA, N. B.—Ethel Clayton was Dora, and Harry Myers was Paul in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin). Darwin Karr was Billy in "The Mischief-maker" (Vitagraph). Send your suggestions right along.

ISABELLA, 17.—William Humphrey and Leah Baird in "Red and White Roses" (Vitagraph). Yes; William Humphrey did wonderful work in "Mr. Barnes of New York" (Vitagraph Broadway). William Carpenter was Ramabar in "The Adventures of Kathlyn" (Selig). Bessie Eyton was the girl in "The Master of the Garden" (Selig). Harold Lockwood in that Famous Players.

L. C. R.—Lay on, Macduff, but dont call me an old fossil. A fossil is something turned to stone, and if I were as hard as that I might say something that would hurt your feelings—if you have any. Marguerite Risser is now with Universal.

M. G. W. A.—I agree with you that Eve was the mother of all beauty and of all mischief. Her name is Georgie Maurice. Blanche Sweet chatted in January, 1914.

ALMA B.—Bessie Eyton and Wheeler Oakman in "The Uphill Climb" (Selig). That was a mistake; Brinsley Shaw did not play in that Selig. Louise Orth had the lead in "The Janitor's Revenge." Ormi Hawley in "Thru Fire to Fortune."

INDEPENDENCE.—James O'Neill had the lead in "The Count of Monte Cristo" (Famous Players). Cant read the rest of your letter.

MURL S.—Lucien Bull designed a camera capable of taking 2,000 pictures a second, and these are popularly called "quicker-than-thought films."



"Now I wonder," Bobby said,
"How a man may win a maid;
Tho the maid is here to woo,

I dont know just what to do."
Cupid smiled and whispered low:
"Take her to a picture show."

LILLIAN C.—Elsie Albert was the good sister in "The Mother Penitent" (Warner Features). Adele Lane was Venus in "The Story of Venus" (Selig). It is hard to tell which is best—music, food, drink or rest. As Shakespeare says, "Pleasure and action make the hours seem short."

CLARA KNETH.—I believe that contest closed the 1st of May. Yes, that was a real steamship that sank. So you believe that all of my wit and wisdom lies in my beard? Well, I am not a Samson. Your letter is mighty interesting, and I want to hear from you again.

V. CATHERINE.—Gladys Brockwell leads for Romaine Fielding. We expect to chat him soon. Harold Lockwood was Dr. Bronte in "The Midnight Call."

EUNICE W.—Webster Campbell was the man in "The Secret Marriage" (Lubin). Louise Vale in that Biograph. Rosemary Theby the wife in "His Wife" (Lubin).

CLARA G.—Dont know why Max Linder is not in the Great Artist Contest. Send all the postals you can. Almost all the newspapers run photoplay departments nowadays. Thanks.

HORTENSE M. W.—You can get the February number from us. You will soon learn not to break the rules. Put your name at the top of the letter, please. Your point is well taken, because female spiders are much more ferocious than the males, and generally devour their husbands. So, you see, "The female of the species," etc.

VYRGYNYA-JACK.—You missed your calling. you should have been a poet. Baby Turner and Frances Bayless were Little Angel and mother in "Angel Paradise"

(Selig). Raymond McKee was Jim in "Her Sideshow Lover." Thanks so much.

LESTER, I.—Ralph Delmore was the husband in "A Page from Yesterday" (Selig). Mr. Thompson was the director of "The Christian." Six dollars a week.

JOHN W. G.—You must not call her a hippopotamus just because she is fat, and you must not say that that popular player is "as graceful as an elephant." Very naughty. Grace is not everything. Some think that gracefulness in a man is effeminate. Charles Brandt was the father in "Lord Algy" (Lubin). Ormi Hawley and Edward Peil in "The Strength of Family Ties" (Lubin). Ormi Hawley and Edwin Carewe in "The Story the Gate Told."

SWEET ADELIN.—Pleased to meet you. Bessie Eyton and Wheeler Oakman in that Selig. Herbert Rawlinson and Kathlyn Williams in "Wise Old Elephant" (Selig). Billy Quirk in "Billy's Nurse." Alice Joyce the girl in "For Her Sister's Sake."

OLGA, 18.—I dont know of anybody who wants to swap places with me, do you? Marguerite Gibson was the girl in "The Riders of Petersham" (Vitagraph), George Cooper the sweetheart. I try to please, and that is the only way to be pleased.

M. A. D.—Harold Lockwood was Frederick in "Tess of the Storm Country."

ZILLAH.—Richard Travers was Guy in "Thru Many Trials" (Lubin). Isabelle Rae in "The Wrong Road to Happiness" (Pathé). Isabelle Rae and Dixie Compton in "The Blind Composer's Dilemma" (Kalem). Evelyn Selbie was the sweetheart in "Broncho Billy and the Navajo Maid." Winnifred Greenwood and Jack Nelson in "The Post Impressionist."



Said Tommy to Susie, "Let me be your beau,
And I'll give you some candy." But Susie said: "No!
Your peppermint candy is all very fine,
But John has two nickels, so the Movies for mine."

PANSY.—Thou art a gem, your majesty, and I thank you. Thomas Forman was Dick in "A Romance of the Northwest" (Lubin). It was taken in Los Angeles, Cal. Douglas Gerrard was with Rex last.

GLORIA.—Edward Coxen in "Like Father, Like Son" (American). That's just the way—we are all allowed to believe that which would hurt our feelings.

Mrs. M. D.—Harold Lockwood was the lead in "When Thieves Fall Out" (Selig). Harold Vosburg was the reporter in "Suppressed News" (Selig). Ethel Pierce was Marie in "The Guiding Spirit" (Selig). Billie Rhodes and Charles Bartlett in "Tigers of the Hills" (Kalem).

ELVA H.—You ask a lot of questions, but the titles are not right. When you ask for "The Bride's Lion," we look under "B" and can't find it. It should be "The Lion's Bride." We use a card-index system.

MIRIAM H.—My child, I am sorry. Please accept my apologies.

Mrs. C. A. H.—Arthur Johnson had the lead in "The Endless Night" (Lubin). Blanche Sweet in "Judith" (Biograph). James Young opposite Clara Kimball Young in "Women on the Warpath" (Vitagraph). This magazine has more circulation than all the other magazines, weeklies and trade papers put together.

LEONA, BEACON.—The Criterion Theater is on Broadway and Forty-fourth Street.

Vitagraph changed the bill on April 13, showing "Mr. Barnes of New York" in six reels, with Maurice Costello and Mary Charleson; "Love, Luck and Gasoline," with Wallie Van and Lillian Walker, and a silent sketch, with Lillian Walker, Flora Finch, Wallie Van and Hughie Mack. They also show fine, tinted, scenic pictures.

V. I. M., CHICAGO.—Charles Perley was the minister in "The Scarlet Letter" (Kinemacolor). William Nigh had the lead in "A Warm Welcome" (Majestic).

DOROTHEA M.—Thanks for your criticism. They are always welcome. No; Benjamin Wilson is not a newcomer. He has been with Edison for about two years; formerly played in stock in Brooklyn. Chatted in November, 1913.

JACK M.—Dorothy Davenport plays opposite Wallace Reid. Victoria Forde was the girl in that Bison.

W. F. K.—None of the animals were killed. Your vacillations overpower us. I can't cover so much ground in one answer.

IRENE L.—Your letter is long and interesting. Henry King was the husband in "The Midnight Call" (Pathé). William Nigh was Taylor in "The Turn of the Cards." You refer to Darwin Karr. Ruth Hennessy in "The Wedding of Prudence."

KRAZY KAT F.—Can't tell you who that Kleo is. You refer to Louise Glaum. Yes, she is now with Kay-Bee.



"Hello, George, you don't play truant as often as you used to—what's the matter?"

"Oh, we have Moving Pictures in our school every afternoon now, and I never miss a day."

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.—Arthur Allardt was the sheriff, Edythe Sterling was the sweetheart, and Joseph Franz was Joe in "The Heart of Smiling Joe" (Frontier). Vitagraph show all their casts on the screen, but, as you say, it is hard to remember the names, because at the beginning we are not interested.

SOCRATES.—That's usually the operator's fault, or the film is too old. Dont know what arrangement Pearl White has with Pathé. Cant tell whether it will be permanent or not. That was Romaine Fielding as the "farmer on the wagon with the corn" in "The Laziest Man" (Lubin). Your letter is fine.

MRS. JENNIE R.—Clara Williams was the wife in "Divorce" (Kay-Bee). John Buiny's wife is not an actress. Thomas Santschi was Bruce.

D. C., LYNBROOK.—L. C. Shumway was Tom, and Thomas Forman was the brother in "On the Brink" (Lubin). Ray McKee was Jim in "The Dangerous Case" (Lubin). I desire to live long, but not to be old. Broadway is New York's principal street.

MYRTLE O. C.—Richard Stanton was Mr. Lewis in "North of Fifty-three Degrees." Yes; Anna Little was the girl, and Guy Standing was Pat in "True Irish Hearts." William Nigh was Paul,

and Vera Sisson was the stenographer in "The Mix-up of Pedigrees" (Majestic).

HANNAH N.—The pictures you enclose are of Florence Lawrence. You probably refer to Arthur Johnson. He is leading man for Lubin. The girl probably was Marion Leonard. Dorothy Kelly was the girl, Louise Beaudet the mother, Charles Kent the father, and S. Rankin Drew the lover in that Vitagraph.

MARIA EGYPTIA.—Mona Darkfeather says she is not an Indian. Lillian Drew was Alice in "The Other Girl" (Essanay). Send along the snapshot. Always glad to get them. I never assign them to the waste-basket, as you say.

EDNA, 16.—Yes; Joe King in "The Mysterious Way" (Selig). He is now with Selig. Anna Little had the lead in "The Battle of Gettysburg." Letter was fine.

HETTIE W.—Edward Coxen and Winifred Greenwood in "When the Road Forks" (American). William Ehfe in "The War Correspondent" (Broncho). Thanks much for your nice words.

ALVIN M. S.—Violet Messereau has played with Pathé, but she has been with Reliance about a year. I know of no complete list of all the players.

MARIE A. G.—Mr. Griffith directs for Reliance. Vivian Prescott was the restless woman in "The Restless Woman."



A "VANITY CASE"

In olden times the mirror portrayed a maiden's charms;
It teased her, it pleased her, it filled her with alarms;
The modern age has found a better way, I ween,
In wreathing, in breathing her face upon the screen.

EVERYBODY.—Anita Stewart and E. K. Lincoln had the leads in "The Shadow of the Past." Gene Gauntier and Jack Clark in "A Fight for a Birthright." G. M. Anderson and Evelyn Selbie in "The Good-for-Nothing." Alice Washburn and William Wadsworth in "Martha's Rebellion." Florence Lawrence and Matt Moore in "Pawns of Destiny." Louise Hull and Edgar Jones in "Love's Long

Lane." and Claire McDowell in "Her Mother's Weakness."

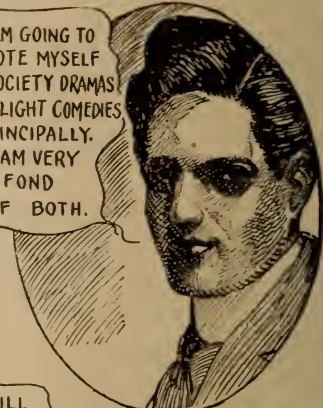
HELEN L. R.—Gertrude Robinson was the sister in "Classmates" (Biograph). Haven't heard of Rita Bori. We have no record of "The Count of Monte Cristo." Robert Drouet was the husband in "The Two Fathers" (Lubin). Darel Goodwin was the maid in "The Adventure of the Alarm Clock" (Edison).

IN PHOTO PLAYS
BE TERRIBLE,
BUT
BE
PITIFUL



JAMES LACKAYE

I AM GOING TO
DEVOTE MYSELF
TO SOCIETY DRAMAS
AND LIGHT COMEDIES
PRINCIPALLY.
I AM VERY
FOND
OF BOTH.



CARLYLE BLACKWELL

THESE STUDIES WILL
OPEN UP TO YOU SOURCES OF
AMUSEMENT WHICH, I THINK
I MAY SAY, WILL OFTEN RISE
INTO HAPPINESS.



FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

TO DO
WELL,
BEGIN
WELL



CRANE
WILBUR

LOVE OF PHOTO
PLAYS ENABLES
MAN TO EXCHANGE
THE WEARY HOURS
WHICH COME TO
EVERYONE, FOR
HOURS OF
DELIGHT.



BLANCHE SWEET

IF THE CROWNS OF ALL KINGDOMS
OF THE EMPIRE WERE LAID DOWN AT
MY FEET IN EXCHANGE FOR MY
LOVE OF MOTION PICTURES
I WOULD SPURN THEM ALL.



MURIEL OSTRICHE

FORMERLY PEOPLE READ NEWSPAPERS
TO OBTAIN INFORMATION; NOWADAYS
PEOPLE GO TO THE NEAREST
MOTION PICTURE THEATRE TO
GET IT.



JOHN BUNNY



REGINA M.—Louise Orth was the girl in "Blame the Sailor" (Biograph). Edwin Barbour, Jean Armour, Kempton Greene, Frederick Smith and Eleanor Barry in "The Cry of Blood" (Lubin).

SARI.—You refer to Tom Forman. So you think him handsome? Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall in that Biograph. We do not sell the original photographs of players. Edward Dillon was the son in "The Doctor's Trust" (Biograph).

HELEN B.—William Scott was the husband, and Harriet Notter the wife in "Destiny of the Sea." Edward Piel and Joe Smiley in "Thru Flaming Paths."

YRGGYNA.—Many thanks for those kind words. You are a prize-winner at letter-writing. Yes, we should all swat the fly. The fly lays four times each summer, and eighty eggs each time. The descendants of one female fly in a single season may therefore number 2,080,320. Get this? "YYUR, YYUB, ICUR YY4 me."

BLANCHE L.—Runa Hodges was the child in "The Impostor" (Komic). Yes, we have had several complaints about that letter asking to cut this department down. The vote now stands about 1,327 to 2, against cutting it down. Baby Garity the little girl in "Thru the Storm."

ELEANOR S.—Harold Lockwood in "When Wifey Went Away" (Selig). William Stowell in "The Speedway of Despair" (Selig). The girl was Louise Vale.

E. W.—William Russell was the engineer, and Rosanna Logan the child in "His Fireman's Conscience." Walter Miller had the lead in "A Bunch of Flowers."

LESTER B. D.—Yes, I am told that it is a common thing for John Bunny and Hughey Mack to fall asleep while standing up. I noticed John Bunny asleep in a theater a short time ago. It is a very

sweet habit they both have. C. Graham was the convict in "Criminology and Reform." Guy D'Ennery and Ormi Hawley the leads in "Madeline's Christmas."

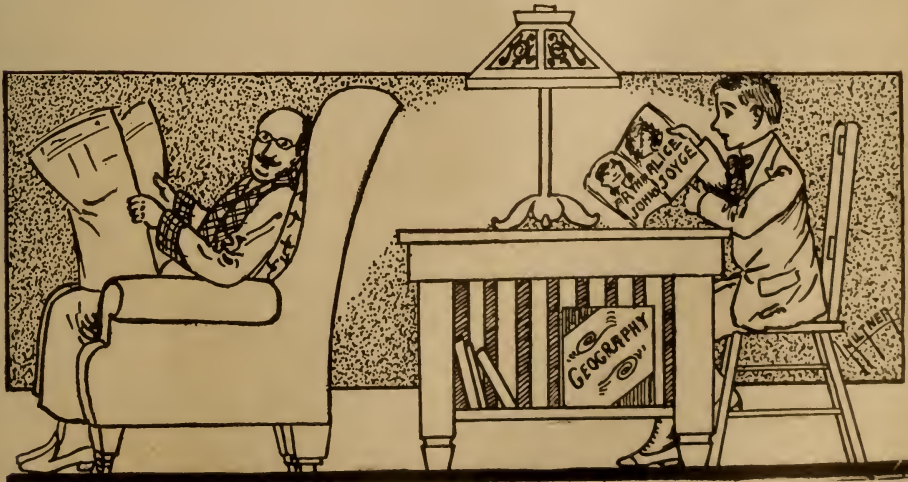
ELIZABETH T.—Harry Millarde was Kenneth in "The Hand-print Mystery" (Kalem). Claire McDowell and Harry Carey in "Her Father's Silent Partner" (Biograph). Rex Downs and Billie Rhodes in "Tigers of the Hills" (Kalem). Ethel Pierce in "Slipping Fingers" (Selig).

LOTTIE D. T.—Where have you been? I missed you. Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen in "When the Road Forks" (American). Riley Chamberlin was the tramp, and Mrs. Sullivan was the suffragette. Sidney Bracy was the milkman in "The Milkman's Revenge" (Thanhouser). James Cooley was the brother in "Concentration." You are strong for Bushman.

CANARSIE MERMAID.—Henry Walthall was Strongheart in "Strongheart" (Biograph). Yes; Crane Wilbur will be interviewed very soon. William Garwood in "The Woman Without a Soul" (Majestic).

IDA HO.—Lionel Barrymore was Dumble, F. Crane was Clay, and F. Hearn was Lindsay in "Classmates" (Biograph). Marshall Neilan was Bert. Gertrude Bambrick was Pansy Good. Bud Ross the secretary, and Mrs. La Varnie and Isabelle Rae the rich girls in "The Billionaire." Yes, you are right; I left out Lillian Walker among the Vitagraph beauties, thoughtlessly.

HELEN L. R.—Emery Johnson was the male lead in "What Came to Bar Q" (Essanay). Thomas Colmesmil and George Holt in "Deception" (Vitagraph). Edna Foster was the little brother in "A Nest Unfeathered" (Biograph). Sydney Ayres was Dayton in "The Turning-point" (American). Victoria Forde was the girl in "What Baby Did" (Nestor).



Father—Willie, are you studying your geography?
Willie—Y-y-yes, father, I'm studying the stars.

MADELEINE R. V.—You refer to Walter Miller in the Biograph. Webster Campbell was Roger in "A Secret Marriage." Anita Stewart in "The Right and Wrong of It."

ALBERT E. L.—Franklin Ritchie was the doctor in "A Restless Woman."

Mrs. H. E. M.—Louise Orth was Peggie in "Peggie, the Daredevil" (Biograph). Octavia Handworth was the lead in "Un-

and Gladden James was Mr. Carlyle in "The Wreck" (Vitagraph). Miss Burke was the wife in "Jane Eyre." In French money, 100 centimes equal one franc.

OZMA, 16.—Wallace Kerrigan does not play in pictures. He is more of a business manager. I expect to spend my Fourth of July at one of the beaches near-by.

NED, N. Z.—Kathlyn Williams and Hobart Bosworth in "The Girl and the Judge" (Selig). Fred Burns was the foreman in "An Indian's Loyalty" (Biograph).

OLGA, 17.—That was not Victor Potel in the Vitagraph cast. You have him mixed with Brinsley Shaw. But you must not lose your temper so often; some time you will lose it permanently.

BETTY BROWN.—Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers in "The Moth" (Lubin). Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe in "The Parasite" (Lubin). Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "The Catch of the Season" (Lubin). Better read the ad. in the back about the Clearing House. They will read any play you send them for 50 cents and coupon, and give you a detailed criticism.

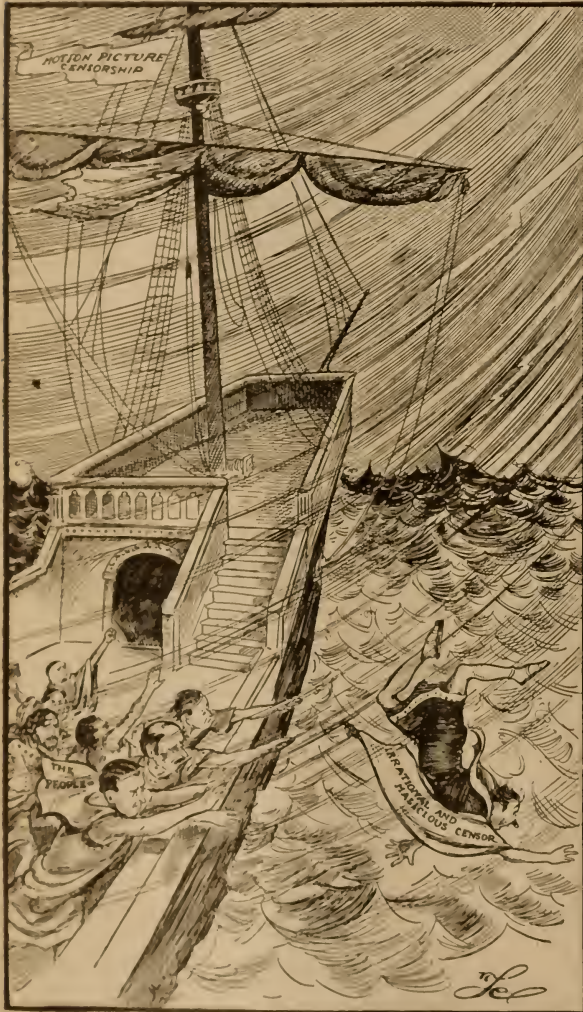
A. H.—Earle Williams was Malcolm, and Harry Morey was James in "The Lady of the Lake" (Vitagraph). Katherine Horne was Cigaret in "Under Two Flags."

I. H. S.—You failed to give the name of the company. Sorry. Thanks for the picture. The Woolworth Building in New York City is 750 feet high, and all made out of five and ten-cent pieces. The Singer Building is 612 feet high and made out of sewing-machines.

HELMAROSE.—Miss Beautiful and Harry Benham had the leads in "The Miser's Rever-sion" (Thanhouser). M. O. Penn was Pete, and Claire Rae was the girl in "The Ghost" (Pathé). Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport had the leads in "The Sins of the Fathers" (Nestor). Anna

Little was with Universal last. James Hodges was the man in "Business and Love" (Lubin). Yes.

SLINKEY.—Howard Hicksman and Richard Rosson were the two boys in "Just Mother" (Powers). Harry Gsell was the young man in "Oh, You Puppy" (Crystal). As the old schoolma'am says, the art of love-making is usually taught at night-schools, for Cupid is an owl.



JONAH

masked" (Pathé). Temple Saxe was the other comedian in "Scotland Forever" (Vitagraph). Glen White was the husband in "Her Old Teacher" (Biograph).

F. MC, NANTICOKE.—Harold Vosburg was the count in "Bleeding Hearts" (Imp). Mr. Margolies was King Casimir.

J. S. B., OCEAN GROVE.—"Pride of Jennico" (Famous Players) was taken in Cuba. E. K. Lincoln was Mr. Hamilton,

WILL H. rises to explain that problem about the hen and the egg—which came first? In the beginning God created all things, among them that humble and useful animal, the hen, and forsooth endowed her with egg-laying proclivities. Ergo, the hen came first. Eggsactly! Sit down, Willie, you're rocking the boat. Your verse is almost sublime, Mr. H.

MATTOON FAN.—Edgar Jones was Dixon, Louise Huff was his sweetheart, and Brinsley Shaw was Reyo in "In the Gambler's Web" (Lubin). Octavia Handworth and William Williams are now with Excelsior, a new company.

MRS. G. M.—You refer to Harold Lockwood in that play. The Famous Players are at Los Angeles. Leo Delaney has left the Vitagraph Company. He is not located at this writing. Rosetta Brice is with Lubin.

CAROLYN W.—No, it is not fair to cheat in solitaire. Will pass your verse for Kerrigan along.

MARGARETTE T.—That was O. A. C. Lund in "When God Wills" (Eclair). Will Sheerer was Burke in the same. No, there are no signs of my leaving for the war. I get all the war I want right here.

BROWN EYES.—Olive Golden was the sister in "Tess of Storm County." Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby in "His Wife" (Lubin). Yes, I rise early, and I require neither yeast, dynamite nor an alarm clock. It is a matter of getting to bed early.

DORG, CHICAGO.—George Cooper finds that he cant get along without playing leads for Vitagraph. He has returned to the Brooklyn studio. Only the coupons that have appeared in the last four issues are good. Not those from last year's contest. Thanks for those success wishes.

LOTTIE D. T.—Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood in "The Lost Treasure" (American). Harry Benham and Miss Beautiful in "Her Love-Letters" (Thanhouser). Irene Hunt and Harry Spingler in "The Faith of Her Fathers."

HELEN L. R.—Wheeler Oakman was John in "Until the Sea" (Selig). Thomas Santschi was the sister in "The Cruel Crown" (Selig). Yes, that was Cleo Ridgely in "Captured by Mexicans" (Kalem). "Did Brooklyn ever win a pennant in baseball?" Of course they did—several, and we have another in view for 1914. Reliance are very hard to obtain information from. Cant tell you about "A Man and a Woman."

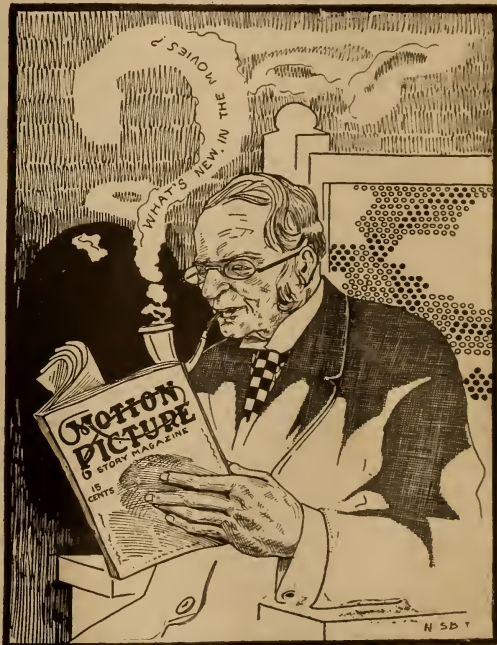
MURL S.—Gadzooks! but a grass widow is never so green as her title would indicate. So you think Warren Kerrigan "cute"? He is a six-footer and weighs 180.

W. T. H.—Days are growing longer, and also your letters, Allah be praised! How could I possibly live without them?

(Your letters, I mean, not the days, altho they come in handy at times.) They tell me that Sidney Drew is getting more popular than Bunny in some towns. I am much beholden unto thee.

TROUBLED.—Thanks for the fee, but you must sign your name. No; Norma Phillips is not subject to St. Vitus' dance. She is young and full of vivacity. The first edition of this magazine Feb., 1911.

EVERYBODY.—Charles R. Holmes, 76 Vicksburg Street, San Francisco, Cal., will send to any one enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, a postcard photo of Evelyn Selbie and Marguerite Clayton.



SOLVING THE ETERNAL QUESTION AT HOME

OLGA, 17.—You say I am becoming an absolute necessity for your life? Say, this is so sudden. So your postman thought you were in the mail-order business. Put not your faith in my epigrams—not even in this one.

ARDIS B. DEXTER.—That unfortunate player was evidently brought up on the bottle and has stuck to it ever since. We could not get the Bison and Frontier information you ask.

C. B.—Your verse for Marc MacDermott is very good, and I shall hand it to the proper person. It is safer to send your verses direct to the Popular Player Department. George Stanley, formerly of Vitagraph, is now with Universal.

EDITH Mc.—Georgia Maurice in "The Warmakers." Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood in "Child of the Sea" (Selig). Yes—to your last.

ABASOURDI.—No, I do not believe that salary report at all. The General Film is the largest. Thanks.

VYRGYNYA.—Too Y's you are, but not too frequent. Robert Burns was Ben in "Her Present" (Lubin). J. Warren Kerrigan was Garriot in "The Bolted Door" (Victor). Vera Sisson opposite him. George Middleton was Kenton in "Kenton's Heir" (Pathé). You always obey the rules.

HERMAN.—The following letter from the Motion Picture Patents Company seems to convey the information you want: "Our records will not give the information you ask for. We understand, however, that the Edison Manufacturing Company, predecessor to Thomas A. Edison, Inc., released the first Motion Picture film. Among the first were some exhibited by Latham in his Idoloscope in 1895, and some that were exhibited by Koster and Biall at Thirty-fourth Street, in 1896."

Joy.—Many thanks for your very nice letter. It is full of messages from the woodlands and wilds. Thanks very much.

H. M. L., GREENFIELD.—Josie Ashdown was the little girl, and Florence Crawford was the older girl in "The Queen of the Water-Nymphs" (Majestic). Emma Butler was the attendant, and James Cruze and Marguerite Snow had the leads in "The Caged Bird" (Thanouser). Edith

Bostwick was the woman in "The Dread Inheritance" (Victor). That was Ramona Langley in "Teaching Dad a Lesson" (Nestor). Richard Stanton was the husband, Thelma Slater was the son, and Barney Sherry was the grand-dad in "The Sea-Dog" (Broncho). King Baggot was Tony, and Marie Hall was the nurse in "The Return of Tony" (Imp). The female of the species usually writes longer letters than the male.

HILLYBILL.—Art Ortega was the chief, Rex Downs was the thief, and Charles Bartlett white medicine man in "The Medicine Man's Vengeance" (Kalem). Ormi Hawley was Marion in "The Price" (Lubin). Yes, I agree with you about Louise Orth, the foremost Biograph blonde and a pretty girl. Thanks.

IDA K.—Brinsley Shaw in "A Deal in Real Estate" (Lubin). No, he is not dead. The scene you refer to looked artificial, and therefore it was not art.

MURL S.—Thanks very much for the snap-shot. Very pretty. So you would like the puzzle picture of me, would you? I object seriously. There are lots of Could Be's and Will Be's in the Motion Picture business, and quite a few Would Be's.

M. A. D.—I hope there is no hidden meaning in those initials. No, I am not Augusta Belding Fleming. You should see Maurice Costello in "Mr. Barnes of New York"—just too utterly too-too.



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Occupation

When answering advertisements kindly mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

DAWN FLOY.—Cannot tell you whether Elsie Albert was in San Antonio on the 22nd of April, and she is too far away to ask. Did you ever stop to think that all of us practice the art of acting every day?

GRETCHEN.—You refer to Rosemary Theby. Pearl White is with Pathé, not Crystal. "Peg Woffington" was written by Charles Reade, and it has not yet been filmed that I know of.

H. M. L., GREENFIELD.—Please dont ask twenty questions in one letter. You take up too much space. Edith Bostwick and Harry Gant in "Lasca" (Bison 101). Chester Barnett in "Girls Will Be Boys" (Crystal). Rupert Julian in "Thieves and the Cross" (Rex). He was the thief. Agnes Gordon was the daughter. Next instalment a little later.

C. E.—Sorry, but I cannot answer your Reliance question. They are asleep up at Yonkers. So you dont think we have enough real actresses, but more pretty faces than the foreigners have.

ANTHONY.—Welcome home. That refers to Reliance and Majestic. I saw that clipping. No, that was not real snow and ice—all is not cold that shivers.

MAYBELL.—You refer to George Field in "The Dream-Child" (American). Leading man in "Leaf in the Storm" is unknown to Warner.

HELMAROSE.—Again! Lillian Burns was Helen, Ethel Jackson was Paula, and Olive Walker was Agnes in "The Battle of the Weak" (Vitagraph). Lester Cuneo, Florence Dye, Sid Jordan and Charles

Wheelock in "A Romance of the Forest Reserves" (Selig). William Norris was the grandmother, and Ernest Truex had the lead. Billy Bowers, Julia Calhoun and Charles Barney in "The Peacemaker's Pay" (Lubin). Antrim Short was the little boy in "The Fruit of Evil" (Nestor).

LOTTIE D. T.—Maude Fealy and James Cruze in "The Woman Pays" (Thanhouser). George Cooper and Marguerite Gibson in "The Riders of Petersham" (Vitagraph). John Brennan and Ruth Roland in "Only One Shirt" (Kalem). Richard Travers and Ruth Stonehouse in "Hear No Evil" (Essanay).

WILL H.—You cant make plays to suit children and old folks all the time—it cant be did. Wait till we get children's theaters. Yes, I am considered very handsome —by those who have not seen me. Expect extracts from Lil' Mary Pickford's diary any time. I rise and stand for correction —Harry Myers is not a female impersonator, but he did appear in "The New Gown."

M. L. C.—You are one of those would-be humorists who think that this is a joke department. Far be it. There are more women than men in Europe, but there are more men than women in America.

INFLUENCE, LOS ANGELES.—You are entirely wrong and have lost your temper and good judgment over nothing. If your questions were according to Hoyle, they were answered. If your questions have not yet appeared, please try again, for I am bound to get you on my side in the Commotion Picture game.



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C. Y. H., WATERTOWN.—Your questions are not "within the law." That Famous Player was taken in Los Angeles. Thanks for the postals. Will see about your MSS.

OLGA, 17.—You ask who purchased the first copy of our magazine. Have a heart!

BETH S. F.—Florence LaBadie in "A Leak in the Foreign Office" (Thanhouser). May Ruby was Lucy in "Captain Jenny" (Gold Seal). Fred Mace is now president of "The Fred Mace Feature Film Co." Sounds good, doesn't it?



Manager: "So you were champion hammer thrower at college, eh? Well, I can't see how you'd be of any use to me."

Applicant: "Well, you see, I thought I might help throw the pictures on the screen."

WALTER E.—Your letter is very interesting. Howard Missimer was with Famous Players, but I believe is with Universal now. Only the unwise claim to be wise. The wise are content otherwise.

EDYTHE H.—The clipping referred to Warren Kerrigan in "Samson" only. Blanche Sweet appeared at Proctor's theater in "Judith," and not in vaudeville. She is still with Reliance. Cleo Ridgely is with Kalem. Heap much thanks.

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—Louise Huff was Elizabeth in that Lubin, Edgar Jones opposite her. Your second criticism is justified; when God made that player, He gave her more beauty than brains.

HOWARD K. R.—Isabelle Rae was the wife, Mrs. Walters the teacher, and Dorothy Gish the girl in "Her Old Teacher" (Biograph). Charles Murray was Skelley in that series. Robert Grey and Jackie Saunders in "The Intrigue" (Kalem). Dolly Larkin and Tom Forman in "In the Dredger's Claw" (Lubin). Lillian Gish and Walter Miller in "The Musketeers of Pig Alley" (Biograph). Elmer Booth was Snapper Kid. Wilfred Lucas was Baffles in the Keystone plays.

FLOWER E. G.—Yes, I have heard the sextet from Lüchow's. No cast for that Pathé. Ray Gallagher was the secret service man in "The Death Trap" (Lubin). You refer to John Francis, who was the inspector. Thanks. When you look over these columns, you should overlook their shortcomings.

LEONORE.—Kempton Greene was Adrian in "The Hazard of Youth" (Lubin). "Caprice" was taken in New York. I have seen Maude Adams, but I do not think she would make a great hit in the pictures. But I think Laurette Taylor would.

SNOOKUMS.—William Campbell and Dolly Larkin in "The Game of Politics" (Lubin). Cannot identify the players from the small strip of film you send. Gladys Field is not playing now.

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—You refer to William Campbell in that Lubin. So you don't like E. K. Lincoln for leaving Vitagraph. Yes, he is real wicked. We may use his picture soon. Mabel Van Buren was the girl in "Thru the Centuries" (Selig). Wrong; there are 150 million English tongues, and only 120 million German.

TESSIEBEL.—You refer to Harold Lockwood. Mary Pickford is going to Japan to do "Madam Butterfly." Maude Fealy was the princess in "The Runaway Princess" (Thanhouser). Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen in "A Spartan Girl of the West" (American).

TILLIE, THE FIRST.—Charles Bartlett and Mona Darkfeather in "The Paleface Brave" (Kalem). Harriet Nottter and Frank Newburg had the leads in "A Message from Home" (Selig). Glad you liked her. Dollie Larkin and Tom Forman in "In the Dredger's Claw" (Lubin).

JOHNNIE X.—Robert Drouet and Eleanor Dunn in "The Inspector's Story" (Lubin). Ethel Davis and Iva Shepard in "Into the Lion's Pit" (Powers). Pearl White with Pathé, yes. You refer to Elizabeth Burbridge in "Slim" (Frontier). Ethel Clayton and Gaston Bell in "The Lion and the Mouse" (Lubin).

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LINCOLN P.—Violet Reid was the wife in "The Birthday Ring" (Biograph). Alma Russell was Miss Lorimer in "The Conspirators" (Selig). Stella Razetto was Helen in "Blue Blood and Red." Adele Lane in "A Cross Purpose." Eugenie Besserer was Alice, and Stella Razetto was the cousin in "A Splendid Sacrifice."

G. E. S.—It was Dr. Johnson, not Arthur Johnson, who said: "The applause of a single human being is of great consequence." But I suppose Arthur, too, would subscribe to those sentiments. William Garwood was Rick in "Rick's Redemption." Dont think either of those plays you mention have been produced.



WITHIN EASY REACH OF ALL

J. C.—The time is approaching when a film will be made as long as it's worth, and not exactly 1,000 feet or 2,000 feet long. If the play runs 600 feet, it will stop there. If it runs 1,250 feet, it will stop there. There is too much padding.

HORTENSE.—Cant tell you about those sisters. Mary Ryan in "The Man from the West" (Lubin). "Perils of Pauline" is in series; which one?

FLORENCE A.—The dog you refer to in that film was a dachshund—a low-down dog. Harry Carey and Claire McDowell in "Her Hand" (Biograph). Clifford Lee was Morton, and Elinor Raye was Margaret in "A Race for a Mine."

GERTIE.—"In the Days of War" appeared in our May 1913 issue. Yes; that was Mildred Hutchinson. Thanks for that fine verse.

PEG O' MY HEART.—Louise Glaum in "The Convict's Story" (Kalem). Edwin Carewe was Dane in "Her Husband's Friend" (Lubin). Yes, that was a man dressed up in "The Old Maid's Call."

CLIFFORD L.—I guess Norma Phillips has as large and elegant a wardrobe as anybody. It would make even Queen Elizabeth jealous, and Lizzie had 1,400 different gowns, I believe. Why dont you send in a stamped, addressed envelope?

GRACE W., SALIDA.—Kathlyn Williams in that Selig. William Russell in "The Dilemma" (Biograph).

SHORTY, GREENFIELD.—Rupert Julian was the thief in "Thieves and the Cross"

(Rex). Agnes Gordon was the widow in the same. Mr. McCabe was Levi in "Levi and McGinnis Running for Office" (Imp). Mrs. La Varnie was the aunt in "An Evening with Wilder Spender."

Mrs. W. H.—The complaint was that there was too much kissing in the films—not elsewhere. Perhaps there is, but some think there isn't enough to go around. Ho-hum! Was Blanche Sweet in that Biograph? Yea, verily, she is sweet in everything. Glad you sympathacise with poor, little John Bunny.

LOTTIE D. T.—I dont know of that play; they aint no sech animal. Mr. Hayakowa and Tsuru Aoki had the leads in "The Courtship of O San" (Domino). Leona Hutton and Walter Edwards in "The Play's the Thing" (Domino). Claire Rae was Joan in "The Ghost" (Pathé). That was Florence LaBadie in "The Elevator Man" (Thanhouser).

PHILO H. H.—Vera Sisson was Vera in "An Academy Romance" (Powers). Leo Delaney was Sperry Atkins in "The Sacrifice of Kathleen" (Vitagraph). You did not give the name of that company. The Ridgely contest was decided by themselves, but the answer never was printed in our magazine.

GERTIE.—Your description is very good; come right along—I am never disappointed in meeting a friend. William Bailey was Frank in "The Conqueror" (Essanay). Your other is against the rules—watcherstep!

M. A. H. BUFF.—So you would not take my job at twice my salary? Well, nobody axed you, sir. See the Kerrigan autobiography in this issue. I admire muchly that envelope you painted.

EDNA, 16.—Your letter is long and interesting, but you must write only on one side of the page, please. Walter Smith was the cashier in "Out of the Depths" (Lubin).

ADELAIDE G.—Thanks for the fee, but it is impossible for me to locate your other letter, so you will have to await your turn, my dear.

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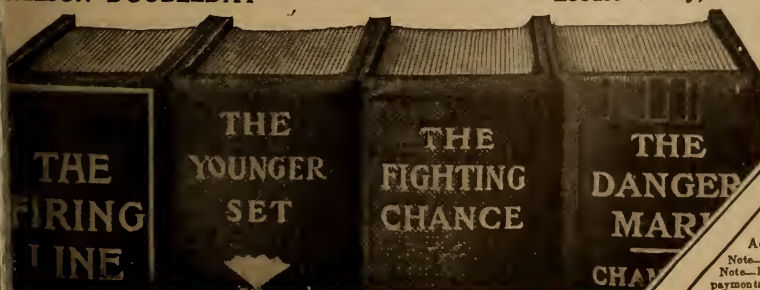
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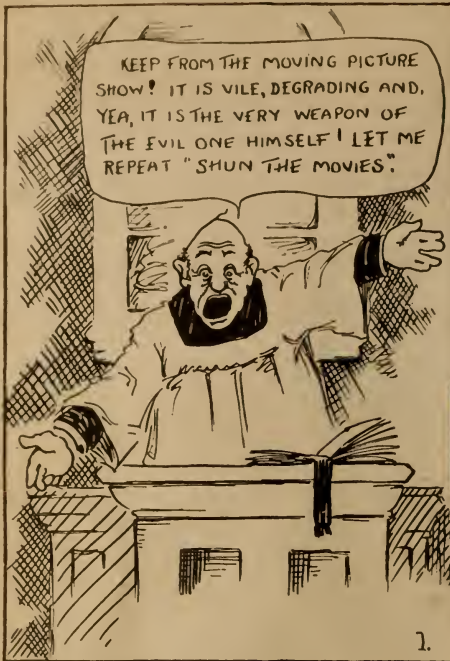
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LAWRENCE L.—Alice Joyce is now appearing in a two-reel play that is to be released every Monday. When you praise me so highly, I question *your* judgment; when you censure me, my own.

PINKY, 17.—Carol Halloway was Mary, and John Smiley was Shorty in "A Strange Melody" (Lubin). Yes, they were married some time ago, but perhaps they are not now. Will see you in July.

JOY JULIUS.—Yes; Arthur Johnson formerly played for Biograph. You refer either to Marion Leonard or Florence Lawrence. Edgena de Lespine played leads for Reliance, and last I heard of her she was with Biograph.

SALKAREST.—Miss Hartigan was the girl in "The Blue or the Gray" (Biograph). Mayme Kelso is the aunt in "Our Mutual Girl." Georgia Maurice is Mrs. Maurice Costello.

MR. W. H.—Certainly, Just-in-a-Huff in "Thru Flaming Paths." Verily, your luster outshines mine own. You are right; the players are only human and like to receive honest praise—the truest truth ever spoken. And still it is "Rosemary Theby, the Imperial One?"

CARLYLE, NEW ZEALAND.—No, I am not Mr. Brewster; three strikes and out! The "Q" stands for Qubrentia. Brinsley Shaw was the "horrid man" in "Broncho Billy's Promise" (Essanay). Bessie Sankey was the girl. Address Alice Joyce and all of the players in care of the studio. Letters will be forwarded to them.

ED. K., DETROIT.—Harry Millarde was

the brother in "Finger-Print Mystery" (Kalem). Tom Moore opposite Alice Joyce. Henry King in "To Love and Cherish" (Lubin). Pearl White is playing opposite Crane Wilbur, and both Clara K. Young and Edith Storey opposite Earle Williams. I don't know why they always use blondes for angels. Certainly all blondes are *not* angels.

WILBURETTE.—Your little essay on the human countenance is very clever, particularly your definition of a face: "A fertile, open expanse, lying midway between collar-button and scalp, full of cheek, chin, and chatter. The crop of the male face is hair, spinach, or full lace curtains. The female face product is powder, whence the expression 'shoot off the face.' Each is supplied with lamps, snuffers, and bread boxes." George Larkin was opposite Ruth Roland in "And the Villain Still Pursued Her" (Kalem). Wouldn't you think that villain would get tired pursuing people? Edgar Jones was the man who married in "Inscription."

LOTTIE D. T.—Your pen will never rust for want of use. Herschal Mayall and Clara Williams in "The Informer" (Domino). Margaret Thompson in "A Kentucky Romance" (Kay-Bee). Robert Leonard and Hazel Buckham in "In the Eye of the Law" (Rex). William Shay and Leah Baird in "The Seacoast of Bohemia" (Imp).

CONSTANCE.—Yes, it would be well to teach history by means of Motion Pictures, yet, after all, what is history but the evil that men do?



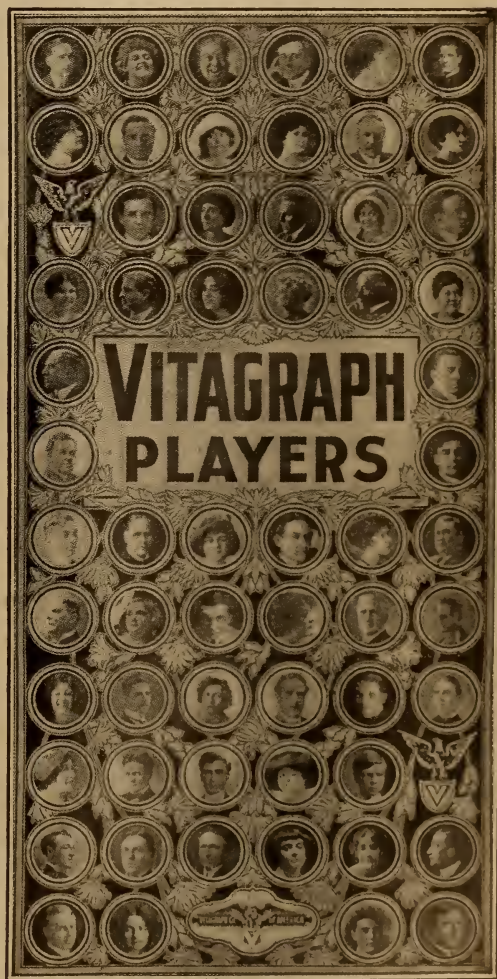
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RACHAEL S.—Yes, charming smile Lillian Walker has. A miss is as good as her smile, and Lillian's is worth about \$1,000 a mile. Belle Bennett was the girl in "What the Crystal Told" (Majestic). Sydney Ayres and Vivian Rich in "American Born."

MARY B.—"A Pair of Prodigals" was produced by Western Vitagraph, and E. K. Lincoln did not play in it. Helen Holmes and Leo Maloney had the leads in "In Peril of His Life" (Kalem). Lloyd Hamilton was the Colonel in "The Colonel." Thomas Commerford was the old gentleman in that Essanay.

SUSIE P.—Harold Lockwood in that Famous Players. Mary Pickford wants all her friends to know that she did not do the dance on the distant beach, without any bathing suit, in "Hearts Adrift" (Famous Players). The girl who did is unknown. Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan in "Mother-Love vs. Gold" (Selig). Harold Lockwood in "Northern Hearts" (Selig). Dolly Larkin and Velma Whitman were the sisters in "When He Sees." Louise Glauin in "The Convict's Story."

GUSSIE H.—Herschel Mayall was Mr. White, Mildred Harris was Mildred, Clara Williams the mother and Richard Stanton the father in "In Divorce" (Kay-Bee). Carrie Ward was leading lady in "The Pride of the Force" (Majestic). You refer to William Nigh in "The Power of the Mind" (Majestic).

L. S. W., YONKERS.—Very nice of you to set up in type your letter to me. I appreciate your trouble and compliments.

You must have remarkable detective powers to discover "marvelous perspicuity, keen insight, range of knowledge, epigrammatic originality, sense of humor, barbed wit, timely quotations and virile philosophy" in my columns. I haven't noticed anything like that; in fact, I always try to keep my department clean and wholesome.

PINKIE, SOUTH CAIRO.—Thanks muchly for that fee. I am sorry, but I need no help at present. Perhaps later.

PESKY CUPID.—I am not an authority on the science of osculation, nor a practitioner, so if you "wish to submit to the exquisite ecstacy of the process and imbibe some of its wonderful sensations," you must needs look elsewhere. 'Ch'ss means cheese it. Are you aware that most of my correspondents are very sensible, thoughtful persons?

ANNA K. S.—No. I don't know where Victor Narane is: does anybody know?

LILY MAY C.—Babies aren't cast in the casts. We will chat Irene Boyle soon. Warren Kerrigan's picture appeared in May, 1914, and September, 1913. Eugenie Besserer was the actress in "Phantoms" (Selig). Brinsley Shaw in "The Golden Pathway" (Vitagraph).

MRS. F. K.—I fear you are inclined to exaggeration. Thanks for your letter.

OLGA, 17.—Now that the baseball season is on, you will do me a very great service if you will make your letters just a wee bit shorter, so that I can get out early of an afternoon once in a while. Glad you liked Crane Wilbur in that play.



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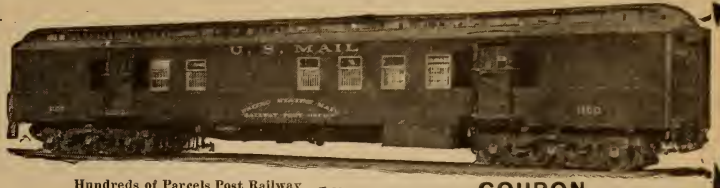
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FRED C.—Remember that actresses are not always as pretty as they are painted. I am not particularly fond of the Jean Valjean of Henri Krauss in "Les Misérables." He did not create the same lovable character that Victor Hugo draws. We love Hugo's Jean, in spite of his faults, but Krauss is more forceful than lovable. Alice Hollister was Anne in "The Colleen Bawn" (Kalem).

MRS. THOMAS Q.—Henry King was Harry in "The Power of the Print" (Pathé). Thomas Chatterton was Patrick in "True Irish Hearts" (Domino). James Cruze and Maude Fealy had the leads, and William Schappe was the son in "The Woman Pays" (Thanhouser).

ALLEN L. R.—We are using oil paintings by great artists on our covers now, so we do not accept contributions. Leo White was Eliot in "The Wedding of Prudence" (Essanay). Miss Thatcher was the wife in "Universal Ike Has One Foot in the Grave" (Universal).

ELSIE B.—That was a Keystone; Keystone likes to make a noise like a football game with their players. Have you noticed how they kick one another all over the lot? Robert Grey was the brother in "The Three Gamblers" (Essanay). Claire McDowell in "For Her Government" (Biograph). Oh, yes; French ice-cream, sure!

VESTA.—The latter, of course. Marguerite Snow has never been chatted in our magazine. Blanche Sweet was the sister-in-law in "The House of Discord" (Biograph). Gladden James was Bopp in "Iron and Steel" (Vitagraph). Mr. Foster and Marguerite Snow as Jack and May in "Their Best Friend" (Thanhouser). I am enjoying that book you so kindly sent me.

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—I cant tell Hoo's Hoo in those foreign plays. Yes; Alice Joyce in "An Unseen Terror" (Kalem). Rosemary Theby was Amy in "The Price

of a Ruby" (Lubin). No, I never indulge in shaves. Send along the snapshots.

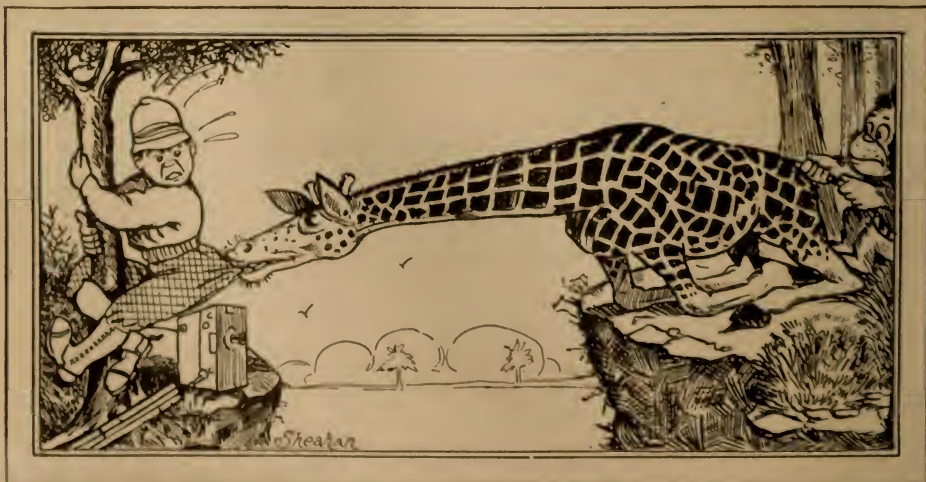
CHINOOKER.—Dont know where you can get a list of the players. Write to Leah Morgan, 831 Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa., to join the Correspondence Club. It is growing and is in fine condition. Leah Baird was the girl in "Absinthe" (Imp). Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby.

M.E.H.—It may often happen that those of whom we speak the least are the greatest artists. William Stowell was Arthur in "His Guiding Spirit" (Selig). Henry King was the superintendent in "The Measure of a Man" (Lubin). You refer to Bobby Connelly in "Daddy Jim" (Vitagraph). James Morrison was Boone in "Children of the Feud" (Vitagraph). Little Audrey Berry was the child who posed for the picture entitled "Innocence." She has also posed for several plaster casts. She is a little beauty. She has called on me twice and is one of my favorite sweethearts.

LUCY L.—You refer to William Garwood. Cant tell you why King Baggot does not make love any more on the screen. Perhaps it's a case of "My wife wont let me." The quotation "Love understands love; it needs no talk," is by F. R. Havergal, but she wrote it before Motion Pictures were born.

L. A. D.—My lords and ladies, one and all, you must not try to make this a matrimonial bureau. Now you want Edith Storey to hurry and get married so you can be sure of Earle Williams for yourself. I dont know what I can do in the matter, but I'll try and urge Edith on.

LITTLE BLONDIE.—Norma Talmadge was the girl in "Blue Rose." Sallie Crute and Augustus Phillips in "The Price of Human Lives" (Edison). Edna Wilson was the little girl in "The Turn of the Cards" (Majestic). I am supposed to supply you with answers—not with brains.



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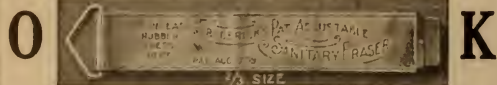


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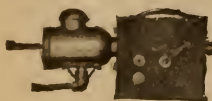
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GIRLIE U.—Lay on, Macduff, lay on!
(By the way, I know a farmer who named a hen Macduff for that reason.) Arthur Ashley was St. Billy Brinkley in "An Officer and a Gentleman" (Vitagraph). "Hearts Adrift" was taken in California.

BLANCHE S.—Alice Hollister and Tom Moore in "The Primitive Man" (Kalem). Thomas Chatterton and Anna Little in "The Primitive Call" (Domino). Chester Withey was the sheriff, and Robert Grey was Jim in "Single-Handed Jim."

LELA L. J.—The crook was Harry Carey in "The Crook and the Girl" (Biograph). He is the champion crook in the pictures, unless it be George Cooper. The time is coming when exhibitors will pay for a film what it is worth. In that event, they would pay as low as three cents for some that they are now showing, and should pay as high as \$75 for others.

PAULA K., DAVENPORT.—Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley in "Leaves in the Storm" (Rex). Sydney Ayres and Vivian Rich in "The Call of the Traumeri."

Mrs. E. G. H.—Edwin August and Ethel Davis in "Into the Lion's Pit" (Powers). Mabel Normand and Charles Chaplin in "Mabel's Strange Predicament" (Keystone). Yes, I sometimes give tips on the stocks. My stock tip is—let them alone.

(Continued from page 88)

bloods accounts for her versatility and ability along so many lines. But, strange to say, the one thing that she is most proud of is—not her fine acting, her clever short stories, or her remarkable conversational gifts—it is the fact that she was one of the very few women chosen as an immigrant inspector some time ago out of the hundreds that applied. And, pray, how did she qualify for the job? By climbing a swaying, swinging, dizzy rope ladder over the side of a far-from-stationary steamship in the harbor, without the slightest sign of a scream or the smallest symptom of a faint.

I have already said that Miss Nesbitt is singularly suggestive of metaphors. She is still, deep water, she is restrained force, she is a looker-on of life, she is a sort of charming, tactful and conversational Sphinx. But let us say that she is a very interesting and attractive woman, and let it go at that. After all, that covers the inexplicable and the inexpressible very well. PETER WADE.

J. W. T.—It is really lamentable that I am unable to tell you who the girl was in the theater box in the third reel of "Our Mutual Girl." Certainly Arthur Johnson smiles. I once saw him do it.

THE PEST.—Your letter is as interesting as past letters. Where have you been? So Mary Fuller wouldn't write in your diary. Mary is busy. Memory is what makes us young or old.

BETTY.—Matt Moore in "The False Bride," "The Romance of a Photograph" and "The Honeymooners" (Victors). Wilfred Lucas in "When Kings Were Law" (Biograph). Harold Lockwood in that other play.

EVELYN S.—Haven't heard of Edward W. Hellwig as yet. Anybody know?

KATHLYN E. H.—Courtenay Foote has left Mutual and has gone to Europe. Harry Benham in "Frou-Frou" (Thanhouser). It was Tennyson who said that marriages are made in heaven, but I know of several that were apparently made in the other place.

ELFRIEDA.—Alfred Vosburg was the husband and Marguerite Gibson the wife in "Ginger's Reign" (Vitagraph). Clara Williams in "The Frame-up" (Broncho). Yes, that was Rosemary Theby in "His Wife" (Lubin). Justina Huff and Clarence Elmer in "The Engineer's Revenge."



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LENORE L.—Alice Hollister in that Kalem. Vivian Rich was the queen in "The Adventures of Jacques" (American). Edward Coxen was the husband. Winnifred Greenwood the wife and George Field the gambler in "The Open Door" (American). Thomas Chatterton was the missionary. Hazel Buckham his wife and Charles Ray the brother in "The Cure" Broncho).

MARIE A. H.—Sorry you have been ill. Velma Whitman and Walter Smith in "Out of the Depths" (Lubin). Vera Sisson in "The Ten of Spades" (Majestic). Mabel Van Buren was the girl in "Tested by Fire" (Selig).

ADELE.—The poem you sent in for Harold Lockwood is fine, and he deserves it. Roy Watson was John in "His Guiding Spirit" (Selig). Jack Standing and Isabel Lamon in "The Exile" (Lubin). Yes, that player is what I call an amateurish professional. I suppose I should use the word novice instead of amateur, however, because an amateur is simply one who does not work for pay, while a novice is one who is inefficient, a beginner.

CHARLOTTE.—Letter very interesting. Harry Benham in "Frou-Frou" (Thanhouser). James Cruze had the lead in "In the Land of Egypt" (Thanhouser). I do not think that those Western plays encourage gambling. Everybody knows that gambling is simply picking one's own pocket. The odds are always largely in favor of the dealer, and the player is bound to lose in the end.

FRANCIS S. P.—Your letter is clever. You express your ideas all right. Don't get discouraged. Work a little each night on your books and you will get along.

MARY ELLEN.—Mildred Gregory, Kempton Greene and Earle Metcalfe were the other players in "His Wife." Carlotta Nilsson, Hal Clarendon and House Peters in "Leah Kleschma" (Famous Players). Walter Belasco, Billie West and Elsie Greeson in "The Moonshiner's Daughter."

ELSIE H.—Joseph Holland, of whom you inquired, writes that he was in New York on May 17th, playing in "Belles of Beauty Row." Thanks to Mr. Holland.

MARY W. B.—Most up-to-date theaters have their machines run by a motor, rather than by a man who turns a crank, so as to insure steadiness of projection. Arthur Ashley was Dan in "Local Color."

STARLEE M. P.—You refer to Mayme Kelso. You place that player wrongly.

IOWA GIRL.—Yes; Lillian Walker's pictures have been used in advertisements. No; Dorothy Hughes does not act. She is a young artist, and a very promising one. Yes, that player has a mind of her own, and I am told she often gives a piece of it to her director.

E. T., QUEENSLAND.—Your letter is very interesting. Edgar Jones had the lead, and James Farrell was Alfred in "Between Two Fires" (Lubin).

E. B. B.—I saw that fine verse written by Edward Lifka. Yes to your first question. Many N. Y. papers advertise the theaters, giving the names of the photoplays to be shown. Thanks for that bottle of imported sauce, but the best seasoning for food is hunger; for drink, thirst; and I usually have both.

EDWARD F.—Your letter is very bright; you apparently notice all the details.

MARSHALL B. M.—I like your toast, "When going up the hill of Prosperity, may you never meet a friend coming down." But I would like it more if it said something about helping that friend to turn back. There is always bound to be some one coming down. Dolly Larkin and Webster Campbell in "The Secret Marriage" (Lubin).

I. B. INTERESTED.—Pathé Frères means Pathé Brothers in English. You will get an expiration blank when your subscription runs out. Your jokes are fine, but you certainly are long-winded.

C. A. P., NEW YORK.—The Colonial Motion Picture Corporation are releasing multiple-reel features. Their first film was called "The Seats of the Mighty," by Sir Gilbert Parker. Thomas Chatterton in "The Heart of a Woman."

JACQUES.—No, that is not the same Herman who writes to me. Harold Lockwood in "The Midnight Call" (Selig). William Stowell in "The Speedway of Despair." Mrs. Mary Bensen was the mother in "My Mother's Irish Shawl."

MARION H.—William Brunton was Crane in "Refrigerator Cars" (Kalem). I am afraid I appreciate most those compliments that I do not deserve. Irving Cummings was Ivan in "Leech of Industry" (Pathé). That was George Larkin as Peggie in "And the Villain Still Pursued Her" (Kalem). (Still at it, I see.)

PEG O' MY HEART.—Myrtle Gonzalez was the daughter in "Tainted Money" (Vitagraph). Mildred Gregory was Lucy in "His Wife" (Lubin). Asta Nielson was Hannah in "The Devil's Assistant."

WALTER J. B. O.—Thanks immensely! Your letter is very interesting. I am eating three meals a day myself, but I am not sure yet that all of us are under the orders of General Peace, General Plenty and General Prosperity.

FLOWER E. G.—Yes, I saw "A Scrap of Paper," with Ethel Barrymore and John Drew, but it has not been filmed yet. I certainly did like Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart." House Peters was the Duke in "A Lady of Quality."

ROSE AND ANNA.—Looky here! you must respect my gray hairs—what there are of them. I don't know why hair persists in growing so abundantly on my chin instead of on my pate. Joseph King and Anna Little in "The Battle of Gettysburg" (Kay-Bee). Vera Sisson was the girl in "The Ten of Spades." Rhea Mitchell was Miss Worth in "Repaid."

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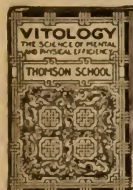
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KATHLEEN M. G.—Anna Little and Thomas Chatterton in "The Primitive Call" (Domino).

JOHN P. SHORT.—So you are on your way home after walking from New Orleans to New York City. We were all glad to see you here.

RAE K.—Miss Jewett was the wife in "Red and Pete, Partners" (Selig). Louise Orth is now with Selig; left Biograph. Olive Golden was the sister in "Tess of the Storm Country" (Famous Players). Ruth Hennessy and Leo White in "The Wedding of Prudence." The cast in "On the Altar of Patriotism" is not obtainable. You refer to Percy Winters and John Ince in "Cruel Revenge" (Lubin). William Stowell was Arthur in "His Guiding Spirit" (Selig).

MINNIE C.—I do not think that the modern dance craze is a passing fad. It seems to be a mode of expression of emotions that are deep-rooted and have been long locked up within us. It marks the dawn of the new spirit, a new era, but also, I fear, the letting down of the bars of our moral standards. Belle Bennett had the lead in "Romance and Duty."

DELANEY.—I really can't tell you what caused Augustus Carney to leave Essanay, but now he has left Universal, and I can't tell you why he did that, either. "Her Brother's Pard" was taken in California.

C. E. K.—Of course Alice Joyce signed the photograph. And no doubt she sent it herself. Send all letters for her to the Kalem New York office. Anything at all.

IVAN D.—Thanks for the beautiful pictures. Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "Self-Convicted" (Lubin). Gene Hathaway was the other girl in "The Sea-Maiden" (Vitagraph). Beverly Bayne in "A Tango Tangle" (Essanay). Miss O'Connor was the extra girl in "The Spell."

WINNIFRED M. S.—William Clifford's picture appeared in July, 1913, November, 1911, and July, 1911. Betty Schade in "The Senator's Bill" (Rex) and Rhea Mitchell was the Princess in "A Barrier Royal" (Broncho).

MARION H.—I appreciate your cry, "Let him live to be a hundred!" Anna Nilsson played both parts in that Kalem. Frances Ne Moyer played the part of the girl in "The Best Man" (Lubin). Gene Gauntier was Eily O'Connor in "The Colleen Bawn" (Kalem).

MARE M. R., THAMES.—No, my child, you must not be so inquisitive. Francella Billington was the girl in "For His Loved One" (Majestic). By all means, start a savings-bank account, but don't grow avaricious. Avarice is only prudence and economy pushed to excess.

LILLIAN C.—Cleo Ridgely has been with Kalem and Lubin companies. Adele Lane in "Father's Day" (Selig).

OWL S.—No; Arthur V. Johnson is not Mr. Lubin's son. Your letter is a gem. Many thanks.

DRY H.—You say "No matter what date a Movie battle is supposed to be, they always use the same old Springfield rifles of about 1856 model. It is very amusing to see a picture of a modern fight with guns that were used before the Civil War." Yes, the little things count.

ELSIE T., CHRIST CHURCH, N. Z.—Tom Powers has never been chatted as yet. Yes; James Young. Your letter is very interesting. Had I the eyes of Argus, the gold of Midas, the longevity of Methuselah, the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job, I would not be smart as you be.

WILLARD C.—Dont know about Charles Chaplin, but Ford Sterling has left Keystone. George Morgan is the country sweetheart in "Our Mutual Girl." Vivian Rich has not been chatted. Velma Pearce in "Too Many Brides" (Keystone).

RUTH, 18.—Marguerite Gibson and George Cooper had the leads in "The Riders of Petersham" (Vitagraph). Address all players at the studio.

MOVIE GIRL.—In the long run, you will find that it is much cheaper to learn from other people's experiences than to let them learn from yours. William Campbell and Melvin Mayo in "A Game of Politics" (Lubin). You refer to Thomas Santschi.

IRIS W. G.—Rosetta Brice was Lily in "Cruel Revenge" (Lubin). Florence Hackett and Lottie Briscoe in "The Parasite" (Lubin). Yes, that player is getting so thin that she looks like a fried moonbeam.

TULSA, OKLA.—Frank Borzage was John in "The Geisha" (Kay-Bee). Why dont you join the club? Then you can communicate with Lottie D. T. and Olga.

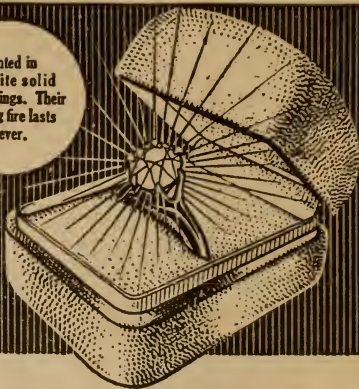
RAE, 19.—I understand that the last word in theaters is the Hebbel Theater in Berlin, named after the Austrian dramatist and built by Oskar Kaufmann. You refer to Mrs. Walters. Dorothy Gish was Marjory in "Her Old Teacher" (Biograph). Miss Ellis was the wife; Harriet Notter, Lucette, and William Stowell was Jack in "In Remembrance" (Selig). Harry Carey now directing for Progressive Co.

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—That question is out of my line—"If you feed molasses instead of gasoline to a 60-horsepower engine, will the motor choke?" Kindly take a haul on your emergency brake.

MARIE A. H.—Della Connor was the girl in "The Fat Man's Burden" (Pathé). Charles Chaplin in "Twenty Minutes of Love" (Keystone). John Smiley was John, and Edgar Jones was Andrew in "From Out the Flood" (Lubin).

RAE K.—Edward Dillon was the mayor in "When a Woman Guides" (Biograph). Guy Oliver and Stella Razetto in "Mistress of His House" (Selig). Sidney Ayres was Buck in "The 'Pote Lariat'" (American). Mignon Anderson was the girl in "The Elusive Diamond" (Thanhouser).

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MARITA O.—Webster Campbell was the son in "Secret Marriage" (Lubin). Anita Stewart was Madame Renee in "He Never Knew" (Vitagraph). I know the answer to your question: "Why do married men live longer than single men?" They don't—it only seems longer. Do I go to the head of the class?

INDIAN PRINCESS, OKLA.—Edwin Carewe and Ormi Hawley had the leads in "Winning His Wife" (Lubin). Jane Wolfe and Carlyle Blackwell in "The Masquerader" (Kalem). Address, Florence Lawrence, in care of Victor Co. Your letter was very interesting and made me happy.

E. D. B.—Herschel Mayall was Dan in "Love vs. Duty" (Kay-Be).

PEGGY, 20.—William Campbell was Dick in "The Game of Politics" (Lubin). Thanks. The clipping is correct, so far as I know.

HELEN L. R.—David Hartford was Mary's father in "Tess of Storm County" (Famous Players). Boots Wall was the sister in "Caprice" (Famous Players). Edith Boswick and Jessalyn Van Trump were the girls in "The Dread Inheritance" (Victor). Gerda Holmes was the girl in "In the Moon's Ray" (Essanay). Irene Howley was the girl in "An Hour of Terror" (Biograph). Lillian Burns was Helen in "The Battle of the Weak."

D. M. B., Sopus.—Grace Cunard was Nell in "The Return of the Twin's Double" (Universal). Yes, to your second. Myrtle Stedman was the schoolmarm in "The Capture of Bad Brown" (Selig). William Duncan was Buck. Frances and Marguerite Ne Moyer in "Father's Choice."

OLGA, 18.—I liked Mary Pickford in "Hearts Adrift" best, next in "Tess of Storm County." Your letters are long and interesting.

WILFUL WINNIE.—Edgar Jones and Louise Huff were the sweethearts in "In Treasures on Earth." Verse is very fine.

BOOZER.—Don't know about Blanche Sweet, but I think you might try Norma Talmadge. She is very obliging. 115 Nassau Street, New York.

MURL S.—You are sorry Warren Kerrigan did not win, but Francis Bushman's admirers are glad that he won.

DAISY B. H.—Barbara Tennant's picture appeared in March, 1913, and February, 1914. Eclair studio at Fort Lee, N. J.

LAURENCE B.—Marie Walcamp was Mary. Elsie Fay was Grace, and Frank Lloyd was Jack in "Won in the Clouds" (Bison). Anita Stewart was the girl in "The Girl from Prosperity."

JOHN W. G.—Mary Moore was the sister in "The Brute" (Famous Players). Hobart Bosworth was "The Sea Wolf." "Hearts Adrift" was taken at Santa Monica, Cal.

C. G. B., CHICAGO.—Naomi Childers was the wife of the doctor in "The Crucible of Fate" (Vitagraph). Yes; Charles Chaplin is still with Keystone. Helen Hilton was the contractor's wife in "The Brute."

Mrs. C. E. B. L.—You are all wrong about Clara Young. She is not in love with Mr. Costello, nor he with her. You are away off again. I am not Edwin Markham. Yes, to your "Judith" question. Cant tell who Will Redding was in "Under Desperation" (Kalem). They dont know. Miss Sackville was Winnie in the Kathryn series. No, I always read every letter once, and some letters twice.

CINCY Jo.—Edward Peil opposite Ormi Hawley in "The Price" (Lubin). Yes: Florence Turner has her own company. Thanks very much.

FRITZ, VT.—You refer to Walter Smith and Velma Whitman in that Lubin. Ruth Roland and George Larkin in the Kalem. Hope you have recovered by now.

JACK, READING.—Earle Williams was Peter, and Darwin Karr was Billy in "The Mischief-Maker" (Vitagraph). Bessie Eyton in that Selig.

SAM AND BUD.—King Baggot still with Imp. There are about twelve branches under Universal.

NELLIE A. M.—Sorry, but I cannot tell the name of the play from your description. No doubt Essanay could tell you.

MURL S.—Oh, yes; Warren Kerrigan answers all of his correspondents. He was good in "The Bolted Door."

RUTH M. C.—They are real Californians, and not Hindoos. Webster Campbell was Roger in "The Secret Marriage" (Lubin). Dolly Larkin was Mary. Miss Maamussed was the artist's wife in "Lost in Mid-ocean." Henry Gsell was the husband, Laura Sheldon the new cook, and Marian De Forrest first cook in "Some Doings."

H. G. M.—The principal spy in "The Port of Missing Men" (Famous Players) was Cameron Smith, now one of the assistant directors. Yes, I agree with you that his work is very good.

INQUISITIVE.—Thanks for the cards. Mabel Van Buren was Lucine in "The Master Mind" (Lasky's). Frederick Church is with Universal, and Florence Turner is in Europe.

CATHERINE M.—Sidney Ayres was the artist in that American. Of course I am going to be at the exposition.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Six full pages. too. Romaine Fielding has never been with Solax. Yes. The greatest ancient philosopher was Plato, I guess. Isabelle Rea opposite Walter Miller. We have February 1911 issue. It's a tie between George Cooper and Harry Carey. Looks pretty bad for the Dodgers now. To be continued.

EDNA C.—I believe Richard Stanton will play as well as direct. No, there is no truth in it; read Dr. Hirshberg's articles on the eyes, in April issue. Romona Radcliff was the American girl in "The Geisha" (Kay-Bee). Thanks very much.

FATTY.—So Roscoe Arbuckle is your favorite. Yes, write to him. We expect to interview him soon.

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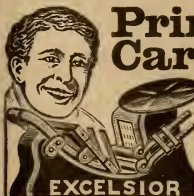
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Motion Picture Magazine

EVERYBODY.—If your answers do not appear in this issue, be patient. I am rushed with letters this month, but promise to clear up everything next month. Will have to be brief and attend strictly to business in these last two pages.

MARGARETTE K. T.—I am sorry I got you twisted. All right now? Anna Drew was the girl in "Greater Love" (Majestic). Florence LaBadie in "Oh! What a Beautiful Ocean" (Thanhouser). Billie West was the girl in "The Moonshiner's Daughter" (Majestic). Elizabeth Burbridge in "A Common Mistake" (Domino). Jack Nelson was the artist. Donald Crisp had the lead in "The Miniature Portrait."

MARY T. S.—Chester Barnett and Louise Huff in "Her Supreme Sacrifice" (Pyramid). Carlyle Blackwell is still with Famous Players.

GERRIE H.—I refuse to straighten out the marriage of players. Whitney Raymond was with Famous Players last.

DAWN FLOY.—That was a trick picture. Miss Ashton was the wife in "The Children of Destiny." Ford Sterling has his own company now.

B. G. B.—Jack Standing and Marguerite Risser in "The Millionaire's Ward" (Pathé). Frank Bennett was Goldberg in "The Third Generation" (Victor). Frank Hallock was Frank in "His Own Blood" (Powers). Marcia Moore and Herschal Mayall in "In the Days of '49." Grace Cunard was the wolf in "The She-Wolf."

M. M. M., MAINE.—I am indeed sorry. Charles Ray had the lead in "The Bondsman" (Domino). Dorothy Davenport was the sweetheart. William Duncan in "Bud's Heiress" (Selig). Mildred Bracken was the mother in "The Way of a Mother" (Broncho). Margaret Thompson was the step-sister in "A Southern Cinderella."

JOHN H. F.—Thanks for the interesting note; also the snapshots. I like to receive summer snapshots.

MISS S., PLAINFIELD.—Thanks. You refer to Harold Lockwood in "When Thieves Fall Out" (Selig).

CURIOSITY.—Walter Edwards had the lead in "The Bells of Austi" (Domino). Carlyle Blackwell will be seen in "Spitfire."

BARBERRY.—Thomas Chatterton. You have selected the best photographs. We can't print a good picture if the photograph is not good. And we have to take what is sent to us.

MAJORIE R., THAMES.—House Peters was Obermuller in "In the Bishop's Carriage" (Famous Players). Kathryn Kerrihan played only in "Samson" (Victor).

ELERIEDA.—Elsie Kerns was the girl in "His Little Pal" (Majestic). Fay Tincher was Cleo in "The Battle of the Sexes" (Griffith Mutual). Irene Warfield was Helen in "The Three Scrath Flue" (Essanay). Bessie Eyton in that Selig.

W. H.—Have you seen "Captain Alvarez" now playing at the Vitagraph Theater? Edith Storey is fine.

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LAURENCE L. G.—Walter Miller, Millicent Evans and Charles Mailes played in "The Fatal Wedding" (Biograph). Josephine Kaufman and Edwin De Wolff in "The Drug Terror" (Lubin). Betty Harte was the wife in "The Unfeathered Nest" (Biograph).

M. O. NEWMAN.—Larry Peyton was leading man in "The Shadow of Guilt" (Kalem). Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Blind Power" (Lubin).

ASBURY PARK.—George Gebhardt is now on the directing staff of Ramo Film Company. Irene Howley is the wife in "The Fatal Wedding" (Biograph). Red Wing had the lead in "A Slave to Firewater" (Pathé). Mr. Vosburgh was the artist in "Lost in Midocean." Belle Adair was the girl in "The Diamond Master" (Eclair).

GEORGE W.—Thomas Ross and Katherine La Salle in "Checkers" (All Star). Mabel Normand plays opposite Roscoe Arbuckle sometimes.

VIOLA E.—James Cooley was the cashier in "The Detective's Stratagem" (Biograph). Peggy O'Neill was Peggy in "The Two Fathers" (Lubin). Maurice Costello was chatted in April, 1912. James Vincent in that Kalem.

R. A. G.—"Sunken Village" (Lubin) was taken in Philadelphia. "Judith" was taken at Chatsworth Park, Cal. The D., L. & W. R.R. was used, and it was taken at Jersey City, that is "A Leech of Industry" (Pathé).

MILE, MOSELLE.—George Field was the son in "Like Father, Like Son" (American). Charles Wellesley was the colonel in "An Officer and a Gentleman" (Vitagraph). Lillian Wade was the child in "Elizabeth's Prayer" (Selig).

BLANCHE B.—Romaine Fielding had the lead in "When Mountain and Valley Meet" (Lubin). Peggy O'Neill and Robert Drouet in "The Man in the Hamper" (Biograph). So you like "The Little Page" (Vitagraph)?

PITTSBURGIAN.—Louise Vale was the wife in "A Friend of the District Attorney" (Biograph). George Morgan was the lover.

MARIE T.—You evidently have not read the magazine yet. See our artist contest.

RUBY L.—Richard Travers was the lead in "The Pay-as-You-Enter Man" (Essanay). Gladys Brockwell in that Lubin. Charles Lucas was the sweetheart in "The Champion Driver" (Keystone). Dolly Larkin and William E. Parsons in "A Father's Heart" (Lubin).

MARION M. E.—Harold Shaw directed "The House of Temperley." Claire McDowell in "The Massacre" (Biograph).

SOCRATES.—Edith Storey played for Méliès before going with Vitagraph.

C. A. P.—Yes, the Nicholas Power Company (90 Gold St., N. Y.) have sold several new theaters projecting machines. The new ones are, the Globe, Herald Square, Republic and several others.

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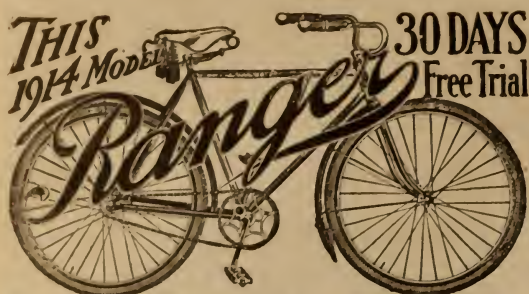
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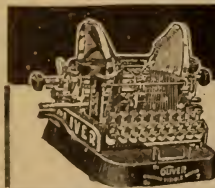
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GREAT ARTIST CONTEST

(Continued from page 123.)

Maude Fealy proved her art as “Frou Frou.” She is not just a good woman whom we love (which is so easy to do), nor just a bad woman whom we hate (which is so easy to do). She is, instead, the eternal feminine combination of charm and selfishness, the creature whom we alternately adore and want to send to bed without any supper for punishment. Logically to act an illogical character is art.

MARTIN SCOTT.

One evening I had a woefully “grouchy” companion, and so I suggested “Love and Vengeance,” with Ford Sterling in the lead. Presto—change! My companion came forth smiling. Verily, an alchemist who can transmute grouches into smiles must rank in art with the prettiest miss who smiles upon her audience.

MARY WILSON.

I consider J. Warren Kerrigan the greatest photoplayer, because he puts his own personality so strongly into his work that an audience is drawn to him with a feeling of sympathy for him in his varied rôles. Even inferior plays have been unable to keep this genius down. A minor detail—he *never* overdoes his “make-up.”

HAZEL EDWARDS.

Kerrigan's acting makes one think after the play is over—which is the real gauge of any accomplishment. In “The Man Between,” for instance, he was not merely being the character; he was driving home the fact which every woman should realize—that man's actions are often influenced by a few words from a woman.

M. A. CORSACK.

Here's to Henry B. Walthall, the greatest actor on the screen! The reason for Walthall's superiority over any other film actor is, first, because of his ability to play a variety of parts and play them all perfectly; second, because of his pleasing personality. Take, for instance, his work in “Classmate” and in “The Mysterious Shot.” In the first, he played the part of a clean, good, but rather quiet, young fellow; but in the other, what a difference! Here he was a breezy cowboy, who turns out to be a treacherous scoundrel. Now there was no similarity in the way Walthall played these two parts, which shows his ability.

HOWARD K. RATHMANN.

I think Romaine Fielding the greatest artist, because he is the most natural player on the screen. He never seems to know where the camera is. I have seen many a player face the camera, and jerk out a few words to some one behind him.

DORA E. TEXTER.

When answering advertisements kindly mention **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**.

I don't think there ever was a more versatile actor than J. Warren Kerrigan. He can be the thug or the gentleman, the prince or the pauper—all with no effort. He is never "stagey"; every emotion is perfectly natural. I can mention no particular picture in which he excels, for he is always at his best.

WM. H. CORDNER, JR.

Miss Garner is to me the great artist. In "Vanity Fair" she was a fetching Becky Sharp—such a cold-blooded, fascinating little villain that it was hard on one's nerves to have her turn around and, lo! appear as Egyptian Cleopatra. Her versatility is wonderful.

THELMA WILCOX.

Mariechen Pickford is a natural little actress, who appeals to me because she does not appear to be acting, as so many do on the films. You *know* they are acting. Miss Pickford is not afraid to turn her back on the furious camera.

Her work in "Hearts Adrift" was excellent, with the material at hand. The fireworks were a little humorous, as the audience testified by smiling audibly. The truth is that when a photoplay is made of another play, or with artificial nature, it is like trying to make two wrongs a right.

E. B. strikes near the bull's-eye in the letter in June issue. But that's the way of the world. Mr. Williams, I believe, has been miscast a good deal, and is capable of better work in real life dramas. You can tell by what the spectators do. Lately, I saw "Memories That Haunt." Mr. Williams places a photograph in a bunch of roses, etc. Now, the audience should not have laughed at that, but it did. It was so unlikeliest. If he had placed a rose before the photo, or sprinkled rose-leaves over it, it would have caught the old chord, which knows those old stunts.

A TOILER ON THE FRINGE.

In looking over the schedule of votes for the great artists, am somewhat surprised to note that Henry King's name has not been placed thereon.

This may be due, perhaps, to the fact that he has not been featured quite enough to win popularity from the people. To my mind, he is superb in the "silent drama." I first noticed him in a photoplay entitled "By Impulse," a Pathé production, I believe; later, I saw him again in "A Race for a Mine," Kalem Company. He seems to be everything that a photoplay artist should be—unassuming, graceful, well groomed—in fact he is just right. Have often heard people about me in a picture house admire him, at the same time wondering who he was. I really think Kalem Company—believe he is with them at present—should feature him more, and thereby enable him to become familiar to his many unknown admirers.

AUDREY M. LANE.



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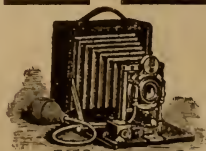
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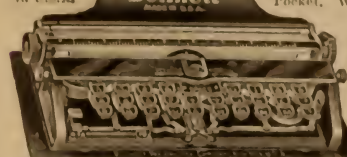
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I vote King Baggot the greatest of all Motion Picture artists, because of his superb portrayal of the absinthe fiend, in his great photoplay, "Absinthe." Having had experience with this terrible thing in my own family, I feel competent to say that his portrayal of a drink fiend was perfectly true and *not one bit* overdrawn. I hope to see this great artist in more and better pictures.

J. S. SAUNDERS.

Versatile, daring, resourceful, Mabel Normand pleases more people—likewise, people more—than any other screen artist. In farce-comedy it requires the player's resources at every second to please—unlike drama; and she fills the bill. The majority of "fans" prefer comedy. Vote for "Keystone Mabel."

JOHN V. LOEFFLER.

All of my coterie of friends want Clara Young to win, for we think her the most talented and experienced Motion Picture actress. Just think of the ordeal that she was put thru in playing Babbie in "The Little Minister." Here was a part that Maude Adams had made famous. It was "painting the rose" to add anything to Miss Adams' Babbie—and to present an entirely new Babbie was like illustrating "Alice in Wonderland" and giving her curls. Yet an artist like Clara Young could not be content to copy from even a great actress. This wonderful film is the answer to the question: "Did she succeed?"

M. E. H.

I am a strong advocate of Moving Pictures; and, if I but had the price would spend, I fear, all of my time and money at the theaters. Maybe it is fortunate that I was born poor. I think Mary Pickford deserves a laurel wreath for her acting. Her impersonation of the blind girl in "A Good Little Devil" is wonderful. John Bunny is by far the most remarkable looking and acting comedian I have ever seen. Wouldn't I just love to meet him personally! He looks just like a granddaddy in a fairy story. I wish Lillian Walker and Wallie Van knew how I love to watch them in Moving Picture plays. There was one especially good one called "Art for Hearts' Sake."

K. M. BEEBE.

Earle Williams in "Love's Sunset" was superb. He carried me with him thru all of his emotions. I went a-courting with him, and I was happy with him in his married life. I received the great shock with him when he learnt of his wife's past. I was cruel with him when he let her go out of his life. I suffered the bluest agony with him when he discovered that he had forgiven too late. Surely no other actor than Earle Williams can thus play on the emotions of his audience.

KATHERINE DOWLING.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Constant Reader," from Albuquerque, N. M., shows a very fair spirit in her difference of opinion with "Broadway," and we gladly publish her side of the "comedy" question:

DEAR EDITOR:

If the young man who signed himself "Broadway" in a letter published in the March number had not written that letter to you, I would have been able to spare you the reading of this letter, which will probably be long and tiresome to you. However, I do not feel that I can overlook the unjust criticisms which were heaped on some of the pictures which I consider the leading ones shown on the screen today, and I feel safe in saying that I am not alone in my opinion.

The writer above referred to says that so many of the pictures lack "snap," which is essential to a good comedy. If by "snap" he means the jumping and hopping around that the Biograph and Keystone actors are characterized by, we can be glad that some of the rest of them lack "snap." I have seen numerous farce comedies put on by the Biograph Company, also the Keystone Company, and they invariably end by having the entire company fall over fences, sidewalks, and the like, in a mad chase for one who is in the lead. If these are what may be called comedies, I think many people would prefer something a little more intelligent if not quite so funny. What can be funnier or more laughable than some of the comedies that the Edison Company put out, for example, "Why Girls Leave Home," "An American King," or some of the Essanay comedies featuring Billy Mason and Wallace Beery? And the Vitagraph Company are right in the same class with such a picture as "A Regiment of Two." Such pictures as these are funny and at the same time sane and interesting.

As for the foreign pictures, they may be very high-class, but hardly without exception they are characterized by so much gesticulating that interest is lost even in a serious picture by the manner in which the play is enacted.

I do not intend to make this a letter of criticisms of a few films which do not happen to please me, but I do want to say that it is a grave injustice to companies like the Vitagraph, Edison, Lubin, Essanay, Kalem and Selig to say that their pictures lack "punch," are too detailed to hold the interest as they should and that the action is too sluggish. Details are what make the picture, and a very good picture may lose much of its force by the lack of some little detail. Who ever saw a picture featuring actors like Earle Williams, Leo Delaney, Maurice Costello, Francis Bushman, Arthur Johnson, Harry Morey, Ben Wilson, Clara K. Young, Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Julia S. Gordon, Gertrude McCoy, Beverly Bayne, Lottie Briscoe, Mary Charleson (I might mention fifty others) that was too detailed, too sluggish in action to be interesting? When the photos of such actors as I have mentioned are posted in front of a Moving Picture theater here, the management is assured of a crowd, and the crowd is seldom disappointed in the pictures. Take such plays as "Love's Sunset," "The Wreck," "The Mills of the Gods," "The Next Generation," "The Silver Skull," "The Test," "The Trap," "The Awakening of a Man," "A Leader of Men," "When the Earth Trembled," "Dear Old Girl," "The Parasite," "The Tiger Lily"—I might go on and mention dozens of them—how can any one say that they are too detailed, that they lack the "punch" necessary to make them interesting? Why, one could see such pictures three and four times and not grow tired of a single detail in them.

I hope I have not been too presumptuous in writing this letter, but really it made me so angry to have any one attack pictures which are put on by companies which cannot be sur-

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And we have prepared another exceptional treat for our readers. The August cover will be a reproduction of an exceedingly meritorious work of art, entitled "Peasant Girl," by the celebrated French artist, Louis Deschamps. The paintings of Deschamps are dear to the hearts of all art-lovers, and here is one that has never before been published. You surely must have an example of Deschamps in your den or parlor, and we are having 1,000 copies made, in all the original colors, suitable for framing, and we will mail a copy, carefully wrapped, to any address, on receipt of twenty-five cents. Art stores charge \$1.00 each and upwards for pictures not nearly so good. Better place your orders now. First come, first served, and we shall not print any more than the first edition of 1,000. For fifty cents we will mail a copy of each of these two paintings, while they last. The Deschamps painting is not a brilliant piece of color, such as is seen so frequently nowadays, but it is a soft, delicate blending of colors that sets off to advantage the masterly conception of the artist. In fact, it is almost somber rather than gay, but it has in it a touch of poetry that will at once appeal to the fancy of all lovers of high art. We are sure you will say at once, when you see this picture without the lettering, "What a soft, dainty, beautiful bit of color!" The original painting is 16x25, which we now offer for sale at \$250, and it is worth double that.

Address ART EDITOR
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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passed, so far as Motion Pictures are concerned, that I just had to write it. I wish I had "Broadway's" address—I would send him a copy.

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is the best ever, and while you probably hear this so often that it has lost its savor, I cannot let this opportunity slip, so you had better add my opinion to the rest.

Very sincerely yours,
A CONSTANT READER.

Exhibitor Sumner Clarke, of Lakewood, N. J., sends us the following socially interesting letter:

I am sending you the following news items, which you are at liberty to publish if you desire for the good of the business.

Last season Mrs. George J. Gould and children attended our matinees and became interested in the pictures, so much so that Mrs. Gould secured the Bijou one night for a private exhibition of selected subjects for about sixty of her guests and some of the help at Georgian Court, one of their winter homes here in Lakewood. She was so pleased with the show that she considered installing a picture theater of her own in the casino at Georgian Court. Mr. George J. Gould has now ordered a new Powers GA motor-driven machine, large size mirror screen, and will run eight reels of very new, selected subjects of their own selection for the entertainment of themselves and their guests, viewing the pictures from a balcony.

Last October, a party of five, including Mrs. George J. Gould, her daughter and her husband, and Mr. and Mrs. Drexel, Jr., visited the Bijou and remained for the full show of five reels. In the audience were several hundred Daughters of Pocahontas, who were then holding a convention in Lakewood.

Also in the audience was a party of five from Seton Inn, including Miss Mary Pickford—"Little Mary"—and her mother, who visited the Bijou several times during their stay in Lakewood. "Little Mary" expressed a desire to see herself in the pictures. We secured for Tuesday, Oct. 28, the only available reel, "The New York Hat." Seats were reserved for the party, and others accepted invitations. She presented Mrs. Clarke with a hand-colored, autographed portrait of herself, which we value very highly and have on exhibition in our case. She left here Thursday for a visit to Mr. Lubin's farm.

Here is a characteristic letter, sprouting sense and good-humor, from a brother in the far-off Antipodes:

DEAR SIR:

I haven't received any letter from you in answer to my other two letters, and I count that as a great, a very great loss indeed, because I would dearly love to get into some interesting conversation on photoplay acting with you. But if it turns out to be a case of "no time," I am only too glad to forgive you, and, on the other hand, if it is on its way to me now, I am very much obliged to you.

When I come home from work, I get cleaned up, have my tea, and then "vamoose" to the Motion Pictures, which I wouldn't miss if you were to pay me to. When arrived there, I buy my ticket, pass thru the door, and then I have half an hour's read or chat, as the case may be, and then "give vent to a chuckle of satisfaction" as the pianist bangs away on the latest music hits and the pictures start.

If you want my opinion as to which is the best Motion Picture company in the world, I say it is the Biograph, or A.B. Vitagraph comes next, and for comies the Keystone takes the cake. Why, one night, when the picture "A Noise from the Deep" (Keystone) was shown, I simply laughed, shrieked, bellowed and roared, and it was a blooming wonder that the boro council didn't have to provide us with a new town hall, because the audience, including myself, nearly took the roof

off, and sat on the chairs, stood up, sat down again and stood up just like they would on trotting horses, and I am sure that it was a miracle that the floor stood the weight of our stamping and kicking. If a man was in some terrible trouble and was about to commit "hari kari," when he saw this picture he would shriek and roar instead, and would think that life was worth living after all.

I intend to become a photoplay actor as soon as possible in the Biograph or Vitagraph, but the difficulty is that I won't be able to get over there unless I join some traveling company or else work my way over to your country as a seaman.

I have got a box at home in which I keep the photos of my favorites in the Motion Picture world. The topmost group is the Biograph, then Vitagraph, then Edison, etc., according to how I like them.

If I had the choice as to who I liked best, American, or any other nationality, I would most certainly say that Americans beat all others into cocked-hats.

I can't stand those colored French pictures, because, besides many other bad traits, such as being unnatural and exaggerating in their acting, they keep on glancing towards the camera, and, if there is anything that I can't stand, that's it.

Here is luck, health, prosperity and long life to all Motion Picture actors and actresses; also everybody else connected with Motion Pictures and your magazine, the best in the world.

Wishing you every success,

MARCUS TOZER.

Marton, North Island, N. Z.

The famous Censorship Debate between Canon Chase and President Frank Dyer has stirred up a good deal of interest among our readers, as well as among the newspapers and trade journals. Mr. Hennig's letter is a pretty strong vote for non-censorship:

MOVIES OF GRAFTING OR BRUTAL COPS FORBIDDEN

Chicago, Feb. 19.—Police Censor Funkhouser has forbidden the production in Chicago of Moving Pictures showing policemen taking bribes or indulging in brutality, because he says they lessen the public's respect for the police.

EDITOR MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE:

I am greatly interested in the Great Debate now going on in your publication, and offer the foregoing clipping which shows a liberty already taken with the office of censorship, which must be particularly obnoxious to every liberal-minded person. Who but a member of the police would have thought of this? Most certainly the 99.99 per cent. of the population would as soon have thought of throwing out a picture of this kind as to throw out an educational or travel picture. I say a brutal or bribe-taking police are worthy of no respect whatsoever. Are we to place the police upon a pedestal and worship them? They cannot muzzle the press when such sensations as the Becker affair in New York City come up. But they can muzzle the film, and they proceed to do so.

And so when the film shows some of these instances it must be promptly suppressed. Heaven help us if an august (?) board of censorship such as Canon Chase advocates ever comes to pass. I don't want to take up any more of your time, but I want to congratulate you in securing this debate for your magazine. It is the best thing you have done yet in the year and a half that I have been a reader. Keep up your fight for a better Motion Picture and the rights that it ought to have. I'm sure you'll find the great mass of "Mr. Common Peepul" with you from first to last.

Very truly yours,

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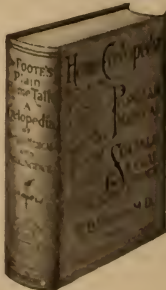
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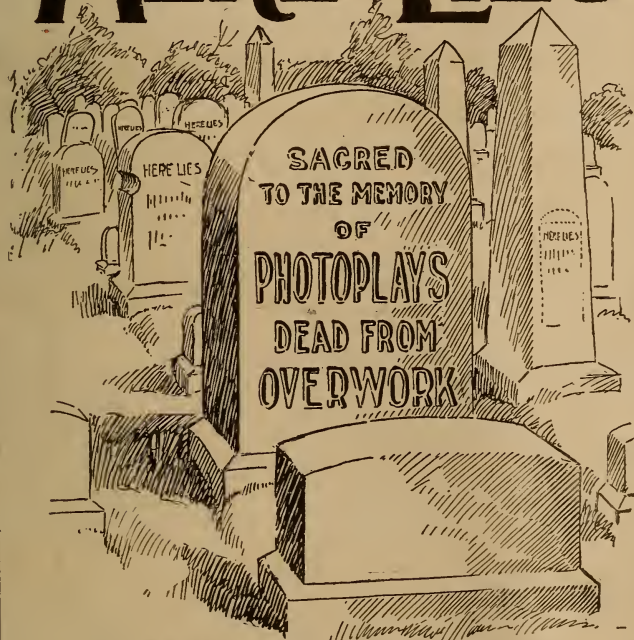
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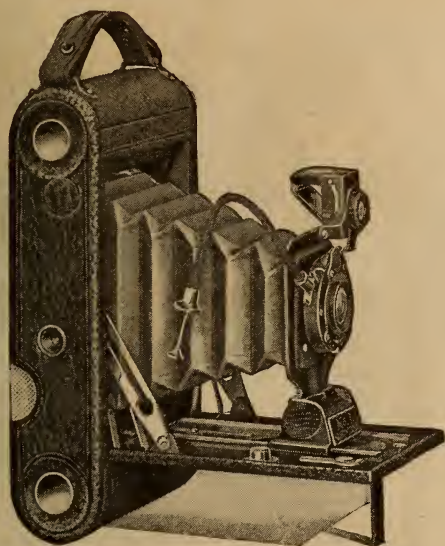
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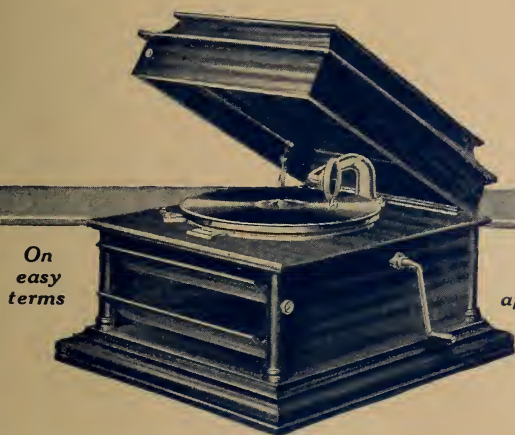


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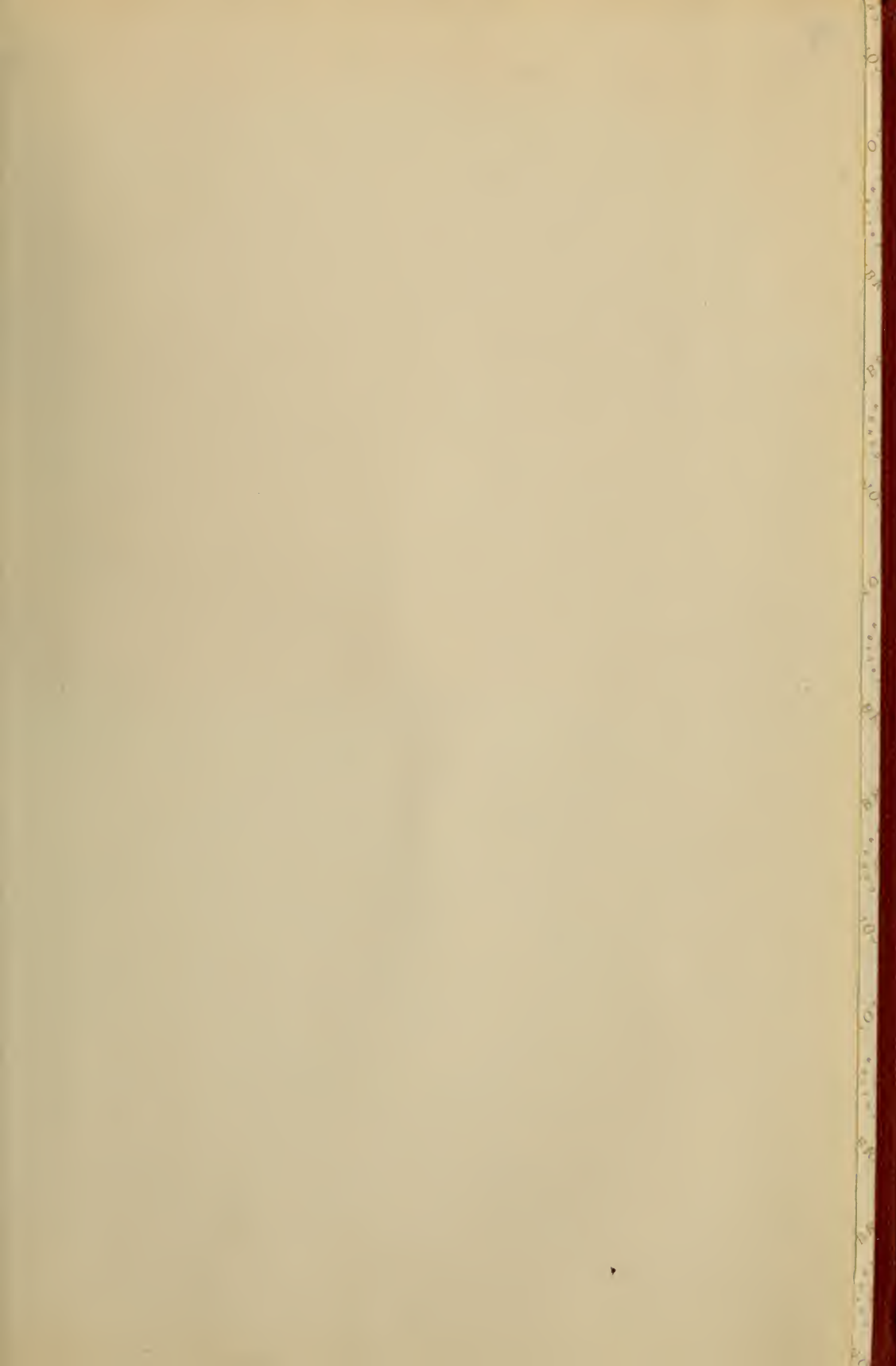
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